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THE DAWN OF A NEW LIFE

NEWLY ARRIVED IMMIGRANTS APPROACHING THE SKY-SCRAPERS OF LOWER MANHATTAN

FROM THE PAINTING BY THOMAS SHIELDS CLARKE

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. 88 66 MAY, 1914 No. 1

A CATHEDRAL SINGER

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

Author of "The Choir Invisible," "The Kentucky Cardinal," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

I

SLOWLY on Morningside Heights rises the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, standing there on a high rock under the Northern sky, above the long wash of the untroubled sea, above the wash of the troubled waves of men.

It has fit neighbors. Across the street to the north looms the many-towered, gray-walled St. Luke's Hospital, cathedral of our ruins, of our sufferings and our dust, near the cathedral of our souls.

Across the block to the south is situated a shed-like two-story building with dormer-windows and a crumpled, three-sided roof, the studios of the National Academy of Design, and under that low, brittle skylight youth toils over the shapes and colors of the earth's visible vanishing paradise in the shadow of the cathedral which promises an unseen, an eternal one.

At the rear of the cathedral, across the roadway, stands a low stone wall. Beyond the wall the earth sinks down a precipice to a green valley bottom far below. Out here is a rugged slope of rock and verdure and forest growth which brings upon the scene an ancient presence, nature—nature, the Elysian Fields of the art school, the potter's field of the hospital, the harvest field of the church.

Past the foot of this strip of nature, which fronts the dawn and is called Morningside Park, a thoroughfare stretches northward and southward, level and wide and smooth. Over it the two opposite-moving streams of the city's traffic and travel rush headlong. Beyond this thoroughfare an embankment of houses shoves its mass before the eyes, and behind the embankment the city stretches across flats where human beings are as thick as river reeds.

Thus within close reach humanity is here: the cathedral, the hospital, the art school, a field of nature, a broad highway along which, with their hearthfires flickering under their tents of stone, camp life's restless, light-hearted, heavy-hearted Gipsies.

IT was Monday morning and it was nine o'clock. Over at the National Academy of Design, in an upper room, the members of one of the women's portrait classes were assembled, ready to begin work. Easels had been drawn into position; a clear light from the blue sky of the last of April fell through the opened roof upon new canvases fastened to the frames. And it poured down bountifully upon intelligent

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young faces. The scene was beautiful, and it was complete except in one particular: the teacher of the class was missing —the teacher and a model.

Minutes passed without his coming, and when at last he did enter, he advanced two or three steps, and paused as though he meant presently to go out again. With his sober smile and quiet good morning he gave his alert listeners the clue to an unusual situation:

"I told the class that to-day we should begin a fresh study. I had not myself decided what this would be. Several models were in reserve, any one of whom could have been used to advantage at this closing stage of the year's course. Then the unexpected happened: on Saturday a stranger came to see me and asked to be engaged. It is this model that is waiting down-stairs now. I have been detained while making some arrangements for her and while explaining to her a few things about which she wished to feel satisfied."

Their thoughts instantly passed to the model: the teacher's manner, his words, invested her with mystery, with fascination. His countenance lighted up wonderfully as he went on:

"She is not a professional; she has never posed. In asking me to engage her she proffered barely the explanation which she seemed to feel due herself. I turn this explanation over to you because she wished, I think, that you also should not misunderstand. It is the fee, then, that is needed, the model's wage; she has felt the common lash of the poor. Plainly here is some one who has stepped down from her place in life, who has traveled far outside her inclinations, to raise a small sum of money. Why she does so is of course her own affair. But the spirit in which she does so becomes our affair, because it becomes a matter of expression. This self-sacrifice, this ordeal which she voluntarily undergoes to gain her end, gives her a look, it shows in her face; and if while she poses, you should be fortunate enough to see this look, along with even finer things, greater things, it will be the aim of your art to catch them all upon your canvases—if you can."

He smiled on them with a kind of fostering challenge to their over-confident impulses and immature art. But he had not yet brought out what most he had in mind about the mysterious stranger waiting below, and he continued:

"We teachers of art schools in engaging models have to take our human material as we can find it. The best we find is seldom or never what we would prefer. If I, for instance, could have my choice, my students would never be allowed to work from a model who repelled the student or left the student indifferent. No students of mine, if I could have my way, would ever use a model that failed to call forth the finest feelings. Otherwise how can your best emotions have full play in your work; and unless your best emotions enter into your work, what will your work be worth? For if you have never before understood the truth, try to realize it now: that you will succeed in painting only through the best that is in you; just as only the best in you will ever carry you triumphantly to the end of any practical human road that is worth the travel, just as you will reach all life's best goals only by your best. But in painting remember that the best is never in the eye, for the eye can only perceive, the eye can only direct; and the best is never in the hand, for the hand can only measure, the hand can only move. In painting the best comes from emotion. You may lack eyes and be none the poorer in character; you may lack hands and be none the poorer in character; but whenever in life you lack any great emotion, you are the poorer in everything. And so in painting you can fail after the eye has gained all necessary knowledge, you can fail after your hand has received all necessary training, either because nature has denied you the foundations of great feeling, or because, having these foundations, you have failed to make them the foundations of your work.

"But among a hundred models there might not be one such. Actually in the world, among the thousands of people we meet, how few stir in us our best, force us to our best! It is the rarest experience of our lifetimes that we meet a man or a woman who literally drives us to the realization of what we really are and can really do. What we all most need for our careers is one who can liberate within us that lifelong prisoner whose doom it is to remain a captive until some one else sets it free—our best. For we can never

set our best free by our own hands; that must always be done by another."

They were listening to him with a startled first-hand recognition of their inmost selves. He was now ready to drive home his point about the waiting stranger:

"I am going to introduce to you, then, a model who beyond all the others you have worked with will liberate in you your finer selves. It is a rare opportunity. Do not thank me. I did not find her. Life's storms have driven her violently across the landscape of the world against the walls of the art school; we must see to it at least that she be not bruised while it remains her shelter, her refuge. Who she is, what her life has been, where she comes from, how she happens to arrive here—these are privacies into which of course we do not intrude. Immediately behind herself she drops a curtain of silence which obliterates every such sign of her past. But there are other signs of that past which she cannot hide, and which it is our privilege, our duty, the aim of our art, to read. They are written on her face, on her bearing, on her hands; they are written all over her—the bruises of life's rudenesses, the lingering shadows of former dark days, the pride and the wounded pride, the stripped fortunes, the unconquerable will, a spirit whose wings are meant for the upper air, but which are tied, and beat the dust. All these are sublime things to paint in any human being; they are the footprints of destiny on our faces. The greatest masters of the brush that the world has ever known could not have asked for anything greater. When you behold her, perhaps some of you may think of certain brief, but eternal, words of Pascal: 'Man is a reed that bends, but does not break.' Such is your model, then, a face with a great look; the fighting face of a woman at peace. For out upon the darkened battle-field of this woman's face shines one serene sun, and that sun brings out upon it its marvelous human radiance, its supreme expression: it is the love of the mother. Your model has the beauty of motherhood, the sacredness of motherhood, the glory of motherhood."

He was content to stop now. Their countenances glowed; their eyes disclosed depths in their natures never stirred before; from out those depths youthful, tender forces came forth, eager to serve, to obey. He added a few particulars:

"For a while after she is posed you will no doubt see many different expressions pass rapidly over her face. This will be a new and painful experience to which she will not be able to adapt herself at once. She will be uncomfortable, she will be awkward, she will be embarrassed, she will be without her full value. But I think from what I have discovered that she will soon grow oblivious to her surroundings. They will not overwhelm her; she will overwhelm them. She will soon forget you and me and the studio; the one ruling passion of her life will sweep back over her; and then out upon her features will come again that marvelous look which has almost remodeled them to itself alone." He added, "I will go for her."

As he turned to leave, he glanced at some screens placed at that end of the room; behind these the models made their preparations to pose.

"I have arranged," he said significantly, "that she leave her things down-stairs."

It seemed long before they heard him on the way back. He came slowly, as though concerned not to hurry his model, as though to shield her from the disrespect of urgency. Even the natural noise of his feet on the bare hallway was restrained. They listened for the sounds of her footsteps. In the tense silence of the studio a pin-drop might have been noticeable, a breath would have been audible; but they could not hear her footsteps. He might have been followed by a spirit. Those feet of hers must be very light feet, very quiet feet.

He entered and advanced a few paces, and turned as though to make way for some one of far more importance than himself; and there walked forward and stopped at a delicate distance from them all a woman, bareheaded, ungloved, slender, straight, of middle height, and in life's middle years—Rachel Truesdale.

She did not look at him or at them; she did not look at anything. It was not her rôle to notice. She merely waited, perfectly composed, to be told what to do. Her actual life did not enter into the scene at all; she was there solely as having been hired for a work.

One privilege she had exercised unsparingly—not to offer herself for this em-

ployment after any indulgence in ornament. She submitted herself to be painted in austerest fidelity to nature, plainly dressed, her hair parted and brushed severely back. Women, sometimes great women, have in history, at the hour of their supreme tragedies, dressed so—for the hospital, for baptism, for the guillotine, for the stake, for the cross.

But because she thus made herself poor in apparel, she became most rich in her humanity. There was nothing for the eye to rest upon but her bare self. And thus the contours of the head, the beauty of the hair, the line of it along the forehead and temples, the curvature of the brows, the chiseling of the proud nostrils and the high bridge of the nose, the molding of the mouth, the modeling of the throat, the shaping of the shoulders, the grace of the arms and the hands—all became conspicuous, overwhelming. The slightest elements of physique and personality came into the picture powerful, unforgetable.

She stood, not noticing anything, waiting for instructions. With the courtesy which was the soul of him and the secret of his genius for inspiring others to do their utmost, the artist glanced at her and glanced at the members of the class, and tried to draw them together with a smile of sympathetic introduction. It was a wish to break the ice. For them it did break the ice; all responded to it with a smile or with other play of the features that meant gracious recognition. With her the ice remained unbroken: she withheld all response to the humane overture. Either she may not have trusted herself to respond; or standing there merely as a model, she declined to establish any other understanding with them whatsoever. So that he went further in the kindness of his intention and said, a procedure altogether unusual:

"Madam, this is my class of eager, warm, generous young natures who are to have the opportunity of trying to paint you. They are mere beginners; their art is still unformed. But you may believe that they will put their best into what they are about to undertake: the loyalty of the hand, the respect of the eye, the tenderness of their memories, consecration to their art, their dreams and hopes of future success. Now if you will be good enough to sit here, I will pose you."

He stepped toward a circular revolving-platform placed at the focus of the massed easels: it was the model's rack of patience, the mount of humiliation, the scaffold of exposure.

She had perhaps not understood that this would be required of her, this indignity, that she must climb upon a block, like an old-time slave at an auction. For one instant her fighting look came back, and her eyes, though they rested on vacancy, blazed on vacancy, and an ugly red rushed over her face, which had been whiter than colorless. Then as though she had become disciplined through years of necessity to do the unworthy things that must be done, she stepped resolutely, though unsteadily, upon the platform. A long procession of men and women, preceding her, had climbed thither from many a motive, on many an upward or downward road.

He had specially chosen a chair for a three-quarter portrait, stately, richly carved; about it hung an atmosphere of high-born things.

Now, the body has definite memories, as the mind has definite memories, and scarcely had she started to seat herself before the physical memory of former years revived in her, and she yielded herself to the chair as though she had risen from it a moment before. He did not have to pose her; she had posed herself by right of bygone scenes. A few changes in the arrangement of the hands he did make. There was required some separation of the fingers; excitement caused her to hold them too closely together. And he drew the entire hands into notice; he specially wished them to be valued in the portrait. They were wonderful hands: they looked eloquent with the histories of generations; their youth seemed centuries old. Yet all over them, barely to be seen, were the marks of life experience, the delicate, but dread, sculpture of adversity.

For a while it was as he had foreseen. She was aware only of the brutality of her position; and her face, by its confused expressions and quick changes of color, showed what thoughts surged. Afterward a change came gradually. As though she could endure the ordeal only by forgetting it, and could forget it only by looking ahead into the happiness for which it was endured, slowly there began to shine out

upon her face its ruling passion—the acceptance of life and the love of the mother glinting as from a cloud-hidden sun across the world's storm. And when this expression had once come out, it stayed there. She had forgotten her surroundings, she had forgotten herself. What difference did it make, what difference did anything make, if some one else was the happier and was advanced prosperously along life's road! Poor indeed must have been the soul that would not have been touched by the spectacle of her, thrilled by it.

There was awe in the room of youthful workers. Before them, on the face of the unknown, was the only look that the whole world knows—the love and self-sacrifice of the mother; perhaps the only element of our better humanity that never once in the history of mankind has been misunderstood and ridiculed or envied and reviled.

Some worked with faces brightened by thoughts of mothers at home; the eyes of one or two were dimmed by memories of the lost.

II

THAT morning on the ledge of rock at the rear of the cathedral Nature hinted to passers what they would more fully see if fortunate enough to be with her where she actually stayed, out in the country.

The young grass along the foot of this slope was thick and green; imagination almost missed from the picture rural sheep, their fleeces wet with April rain. Along the summit of the slope trees of oak and ash and maple and chestnut and poplar lifted against the sky their united forest strength. Between trees above and grass below, the embankment spread before the eye the tapestry of a spring landscape, with backward, bare boughs and forward, green boughs and boughs between in blossom.

The earliest blossoms on our part of the earth's surface are nearly always white; they have forced their way to the sun along a frozen path, and look akin to the perils of their road: the snow-threatened lily of the valley, the chilled snowdrop, the frosty snowball, the bleak hawtree, the wintry wild cherry, the wintry dogwood. As the eye swept the park expanse this morning, here and there patches of some of these were as the last shreds of winter's mantle.

There were flushes of color also, as where in deep soil, on a projection of rock, a pink hawthorn stood studded to the tips of its branches with leaf and flower. But such flushes of color were as false notes of the earth, as harmonies of summer thrust forward out of place and become discords. The time for them was not yet. The hour called for hardy, adventurous things awakened out of their cold sleep, and started on their way over the rocks. The blue of the firmament was not dark summer blue, but seemed the sky's first pale flower to the sun. The sun was not rich summer gold, but flashed silver rays to the ground. The ground scattered no odors; all was the first youth of Nature on the rocks.

Paths wind hither and thither over this park hillside. Benches are placed at different levels along the way. If you are going up, you may rest; if you are coming down, you may linger; if neither going up nor coming down, you may with a book seek out some retreat of shade and coolness and keep at arm's-length the millions that rush and crush around as waters from afar roar against some lone ocean fortress.

About eleven o'clock that morning, on one of these benches, placed where rock is steepest, and forest trees stand close together, and vines are rank with shade, a sociable-looking little fellow of some ten hardy, well-buffeted years had sat down for the moment without a companion. He had thrown upon the bench beside him his sun-faded, rain-faded, shapeless cap, uncovering much bronzed hair; and as though by this simple act he had cleared the way for business, he thrust one capable-looking hand deep into one of his pockets. The fingers closed upon what they found there, like the meshes of a deep-sea net filled with its catch, and were slowly drawn to the surface. The catch consisted of one-cent and five-cent pieces, representing the sales of his morning papers. He counted the coins one by one over into the palm of the other hand, which then closed upon the total like another net, and dropped the treasure back into the deep sea of the other pocket.

His absorption in this process had been intense; his satisfaction with the result

was complete. Perhaps after every act of successful banking there takes place in the mind of man, spendthrift and miser, a momentary lull of energy, a kind of brief *Pax vobiscum,* O my soul and stomach, my twin masters of need and greed! And possibly, as the lad deposited his earnings, he was old enough to enter a little way into this adult and despicable joy. Be this as it may, he was not the next instant up again and busy. He caught at his cap, dropped it not on his head, but on one of his ragged knees; planted a sturdy hand on it, and the other sturdy hand on the other knee; and with his sturdy legs swinging under the bench, toe kicking heel and heel kicking toe, he rested briefly from life's battle.

The signs of battle were thick on him, unmistakable. The palpable sign, the conqueror's sign, was the profits, won in the struggle of the streets; the other signs may be set down as loss—dirt and raggedness and disorder. His hair might never have been straightened out with a comb; his hands were not politely mentionable; his coarse shoes, which seemed to have been bought with the agreement that they were never to wear out, were ill-conditioned with general dust and the special grime of melted pitch from the typical contractor's cheapened asphalt; one of his stockings had a fresh rent, and old rents renewed their grievances.

A single sign of victory was better even than the money in the pocket—the whole lad himself. He was strongly built, frankly fashioned, with happy, grayish eyes, which also had in them some of the cold warrior blue of the sky that day; and they were set wide apart in a compact, round head, which somehow suggested a bronze sphere on a column of triumph. Altogether he belonged to that hillside of nature, himself a human growth budding out of wintry fortunes into life's April, opening on the rocks, hardy and all white.

But to sit there, swinging his legs, this did not suffice to get the heart out of him, did not enable him to celebrate his instincts; and suddenly forth from his thicket of forest trees and greening bushes he began to pour forth a thrilling little tide of song, with the native sweetness of some human linnet unaware of its transcendent gift.

Up the steep hill a man not yet of middle age had mounted from the flats. He was on his way toward the parapet above. He came on slowly, hat in hand, perspiration on his forehead; that climb from base to summit stretches a healthy walker and does him good. At a turn of the road under the forest trees, with shrubbery alongside, he stopped suddenly, as a naturalist might pause with half-lifted foot beside a dense copse in which some unknown species of a bird sang—a young bird trying its notes.

It was his vocation to discover and to train voices. His definite work in music was to help perpetually to rebuild for the world that ever-sinking bridge of sound over which Faith aids itself in walking toward the eternal. This bridge of falling notes is as Nature's bridge of falling drops: individual drops appear for an instant in the rainbow, then disappear, but century after century the great arch stands there on the sky unshaken. So throughout the ages the bridge of sacred music, in which individual voices are heard a little while and then are heard no longer, remains for man as one same structure of rock by which he ever passes over from the mortal to the immortal.

Such was his life-work. As he now paused and listened, you might have interpreted his demeanor as that of a professional whose ears brought him tidings that greatly astonished. The thought had indeed come to him of how the papers of New York once in a while print a story of the accidental finding in it of a wonderful voice—New York, where you can find everything that is human. He recalled throughout the history of music instances in which some one of the world's famous singers had been picked up on life's road where it is roughest. Was this to become now his own experience? Falling on his ears was an unmistakable gift of song, a wandering, haunting, unidentified note under that April blue. He had never heard anything like it.

Voice alone did not suffice for his purpose; the singer's face, personality, manners, some unfortunate strain in the blood, might outweigh the voice, block its acceptance, ruin everything. He almost dreaded to walk on, hesitated to explore what was ahead. But his road lay that way, and three steps brought him around the woody bend of it.

There he stopped again. In an embrasure of rock on which vines were turning green, a little fellow, seasoned by wind and sun, with a countenance open and friendly like the sky, was easing his too full, his too happy heart.

The instant the man came into view, the song was broken off. The sturdy figure started up and sprang forward with the instinct of business. When any one paused and looked questioningly at him, it meant papers to him. He now thought of papers, and his inquiry was quite breathless:

"Do you want a paper, Mister? What paper do you want? I can get you one on the avenue in a minute."

He stood looking up at the man, his whole heart in his act, alert, capable, fearless, ingratiating. The man had instantly taken note of the speaking voice, which is often a safer first criterion to go by than the singing voice itself. He pronounced it sincere, robust, true, sweet, victorious. And very quickly also he made up his mind that conditions must have been rare with the lad in his birth: blood will tell, and blood told now, even in dirt and rags.

His reply bore testimony to how appreciative he felt of all that faced him there humanly on the rock.

"Thank you," he said, "I have read my paper."

Having thus disposed of some of the lad's words, he addressed a pointed question to the rest:

"But how did you happen to call me mister? I thought boss was what you little New-Yorkers generally said."

"I 'm not a New-Yorker," announced the lad, with ready courtesy and good nature. "I don't say boss. We are Southerners. I say mister."

He gave the man a look as though instantly of a mind to take his measure; also as being of a mind to let the man know that he had not taken the boy's measure.

The man smiled at being corrected to such good purpose; but before he could speak, the lad went on to clinch his correction:

"And I only say mister when I am selling papers, and am not at home."

"What do you say when not selling papers, and when you are at home?" asked the man, goaded to a smile.

"I say sir, if I say anything," retorted the lad, still polite, but flaring up.

The man looked at him with increasing interest. Another word in the lad's speech had caught his attention—Southerner.

That word had been with him a good deal in recent years; he had not quite seemed able to get away from it. Nearly all classes of people in New York who were not Southerners had been increasingly reminded that the Southerners were upon them. He had satirically worked it out in his own mind that if he were ever pushed out of his own position, it would be some Southerner who pushed him. He sometimes thought of the whole New York situation as a wonderful, awful dinner at which almost nothing was served that did not have a Southern flavor, a kind of pepper. The guests were bound to have administered to them their shares of this pepper; there was no getting away from the table and no getting the pepper out of the dinner.

"We are Southerners," the lad had announced decisively; and there it was again, though this time as a mere pepper-box in a school basket. Thus his next remark was addressed to his own thoughts on the subject rather than to the lad:

"And so *you* are a Southerner!" he mused, looking down at the plague in small form.

"Why, yes, Mister, we are Southerners," replied the lad, with a gay and careless patriotism; and giving his handy pepper-box a shake, he began to dust the air with its contents: "I was born on an old Southern battle-field. When Granny was born there it had hardly stopped smoking; it was still piled with wounded and dead Northerners. Why, one of the worst batteries was planted in our front porch."

The enthusiasm as to the front porch was assumed to be acceptable to the listener. The battery might have been a Cherokee rose, with perfume for both sides.

The man had listened with a quizzical light in his eyes.

"In what direction did you say that battery was pointed?"

"I did n't say; but it was pointed up this way, of course."

The man laughed outright.

"And so you followed in the direction of the deadly Southern shell, and came north—as a small grape-shot!"

"But, Mister, that was long ago. They had their quarrel out long ago. That 's the way we boys do: fight it out and make friends again. Don't you do that way?"

"It 's a very good way to do," said the man, and mentally he stood back a little, out of the way of the lad's pepper. "And so you sell papers?"

"I sell papers to people in the park, Mister, and back up on the avenue. Granny is particular. I 'm not a regular newsboy."

"I heard you singing. Does anybody teach you?"

"Granny."

More Granny! Granny began to occupy the central scene, as the Egyptian obelisk dominates its region of Central Park.

"And so your grandmother is your music teacher?"

It was the lad's turn to laugh.

"Granny is n't my grandmother; Granny is my mother. I call her Granny sometimes."

Toppling over in the dust of imagination went a gaunt granny image; in its place a much more vital being appeared just behind the form of the lad, guarding him even now while he spoke.

"And so your mother takes pupils?"

"Only me."

"Has any one heard you sing?"

"Only she."

It grew more and more the part of the man during this colloquy to smile; he felt repeatedly in the flank of his mind a jab of the comic spur. Now he laughed at the lad's deadly preparedness; evidently business competition in New York had taught him that he who hesitates a moment is lost. The boy was almost ready with answers before he heard questions.

"Do you mind telling me your name?"

"My name is Ashby. Ashby Truesdale. We come from an old English family. What is your name, and what kind of family do you come from, Mister?"

"And where do you live?"

The lad wheeled, and strode to the edge of the rock,—the path along there is hewn out of solid rock,—and looking downward, he pointed to the first row of buildings in the flats below.

"We live down there. You see that house in the middle of the block, the little old one between the two big ones?"

The man did not feel sure.

"Well, Mister, you see the statue of Washington and Lafayette?"

The man was certain he saw Washington and Lafayette.

"Well, from there you follow my finger along the row of houses till you come to the littlest, oldest, dingiest one. You see it now, don't you? We live up under the roof."

"What is the number?"

"It is n't any number. It 's half a number. We live in the half that is n't numbered; the other half gets the number."

"And you take your music lessons in the half?"

"Why, yes, Mister."

"On a piano?"

"Why, yes, Mister; on *my* piano."

"Oh, you have a piano, have you?"

"A little old rented one, but there is n't any sound in about half the keys. Granny says the time has come to rent a good one. So she has gone over to the art school to-day to pose."

A chill of silence fell between the talkers, the one looking up and the other looking down. The man's next question was put in a more guarded tone:

"Does your mother pose as a model?"

"No, Mister, she does n't pose as a model. She 's posing to-day as herself. She 's going to pose for a while. She said I must have a piano and a teacher if she had to rent herself out as a model. Mister, were *you* ever poor?"

The man looked the boy over from head to foot.

"Do you think you are poor?" he asked.

The good-natured reply came back in a droll tone:

"Well, Mister, we certainly are n't rich."

"Let us see," objected the man, as though this were a point which had better not be yielded, and he began with a voice of one reckoning up items: "Two feet, each cheap at, say, five millions. Two hands—five millions apiece for hands. At least ten millions for each eye. About the same for the ears. Certainly twenty millions for your teeth. Forty millions for your stomach. On the whole, at a rough estimate you must easily be worth over one hundred millions. There are quite a number of old gentlemen in New York,

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

"HERE WAS ALWAYS THE BEST OF THEIR EVENING"

FROM A PAINTING BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

and a good many young ones, who would gladly pay that amount for your investments, for your securities."

Now, the lad, with eager, upturned countenance, did not conceal his amusement while the man drew this picture of him as a living, ragged gold-mine, as actually put together and made up of pieces of fabulous treasure. A child's notion of wealth is the power to pay for what it has not. The wealth that childhood *is,* escapes childhood; it does not escape the old. What most concerned the lad as to these priceless feet and hands and eyes and ears was the hard-knocked-in fact that many a time he ached throughout this reputed treasury of his being for a five-cent piece, and these reputed millionaires, acting together and doing their level best, could not produce one.

Nevertheless, the fresh and never-before-imagined image of his self-riches staggered him. It somehow put him over into the class of enormously opulent things; and finding himself a little lonely on that mental landscape, he cast about for some object of comparison. Thus his mind was led to the richest of all near-by objects.

"If I were worth a hundred million," he said, with a satisfied twinkle in his eyes, "I would be as rich as the cathedral."

A significant silence followed. The man broke it gravely:

"How did you happen to think of the cathedral?"

"I did n't happen to think of it; I could n't help thinking of it."

"Have you ever been in the cathedral?" inquired the man, incredulously.

"Been in it! We go there all the time. It 's our church. Why, good Lord! Mister, we are descended from a bishop!"

The man laughed long and heartily.

"Thank you for telling me," he said as one who feels himself a very small object in the neighborhood of such hereditary beatitudes and ecclesiastical sanctities. "Are you, indeed? I am glad to know."

"Why, Mister, we have been watching the cathedral from our windows for years. We can see the workmen away up in the air as they finish one part and then another part. I can count the Apostles on the roof. You begin with James the Less, and keep straight on around until you come out at Simon. St. Big Jim and St. Pete are in the middle of the row." He laughed.

"Surely, no one of the Apostles was called Big Jim!" protested the man, with forced sobriety and wholesome reverence.

"I call him that sometimes. He is really James the Greater. He 's no bigger than the others; they are all nine and a half feet. The Archangel Gabriel on the roof he 's nine and a half. Everybody standing around on the outside is nine and a half. If Gabriel had been turned a little to one side, he would blow his trumpet straight over our roof. He did n't blow anywhere one night, for a big wind came up behind him and blew him down, and he blew at the gutter. But he did n't stay down," boasted the lad with a prompt, proud joy.

Throughout this talk he made it clear that the cathedral was a neighborhood affair, that its haps and mishaps possessed the flesh-and-blood interest of a living neighbor. Plainly his affections were imbedded in it. Love always takes mental possession of its object, and by virtue of his love it was his.

"You seem rather interested in the cathedral, very much interested," observed the man, with increased attention.

"Why, of course, Mister. I 've been passing there nearly every day since I 've been selling papers on the avenue. Sometimes I stop and watch the masons. Granny tells me to. When I went with her to the art school this morning, she told me to go home that way. I have just been over there. They are building another one of the chapels now, and the men were up on the scaffolding. They had carried more rock up than they wanted, and they would walk to the edge and throw big pieces of it down with a smash. The old house they are using for the choir school is just under there. Sometimes when the class is practising, I can hear them from the outside. If they sing high, I sing high; if they sing low, I sing low. Why, Mister, I can sing—"

He broke off abruptly. He had been pouring out all kinds of confidences to his new-found friend. Now he hesitated. The boldness of his nature deserted him. The deadly preparedness ran short. A shy, appealing look came into his eyes as

he asked his next question—a grave question indeed:

"Mister, do you love music?"

"Do I love music?" echoed the startled musician, pierced by the spear-like sincerity of the question, which seemed to go clean through him and through all his knowledge and to point back to childhood's springs of feeling. "Do I love music? Yes, some music, I hope. Some kinds of music, I hope."

These moderate, chastened words restored the boy's confidence and captured his friendship completely. Now he felt sure of his comrade, and he put to him a more daring question:

"Do *you* know anything about the cathedral?"

The man smiled guiltily.

"A little. I know a little about the cathedral," he admitted.

And now the whole secret came out:

"Do you know how boys get into the cathedral choir school?"

The man did not answer, but stood looking down at the lad, in whose eyes all at once a great baffled desire told its story. Then he pulled out his watch and merely said:

"I must be going. Good morning." He turned his way across the rock.

Disappointment darkened the lad's face when he saw that he was to receive no answer; withering blight dried up its joy. But he recovered himself quickly.

"Well, I must be going, too," he said bravely and sweetly. "Good morning." He turned his way across the rock. But he had had a good time talking with this stranger, and, after all, he *was* a Southerner; and so, as his head was about to disappear below the cliff, he called back in his frank, human way, "I 'm glad I met you, Mister."

The man went up, and the boy went down.

The man, having climbed to the parapet, leaned over the stone wall. The tops of some of the tall poplar-trees, rooted far below, were on a level with his eyes. Often he stopped there to watch them swaying like upright plumes against the wind. They swayed now in the silvery April air with a ripple of silvery leaves. His eyes sought out intimately the barely swollen buds on the boughs of other forest trees yet far from leaf. They lingered on the white blossoms of the various shrubs. They found the pink hawthorn; in the boughs of one of those trees one night in England in mid-May he had heard the nightingale, master singer of the non-human world. Up to him rose the enchanting picture of grass and moss and fern. It was all like a sheet of soft organ music to his reading eyes.

While he gazed, he listened. Down past the shadows and the greenness, through the blossoms and the light, growing fainter and fainter, went a wandering little drift of melody, a haunting, unidentified sound under the blue cathedral dome of the sky. He reflected again that he had never heard anything like it.

Then he saw the lad's sturdy figure bound across the valley to join friends in play on the thoroughfare that skirts the park alongside the row of houses.

He himself turned and went in the direction of the cathedral.

As he walked slowly along, one thing haunted him acutely—the upturned face of the lad and the look in his eyes as he asked the question which brought out the secret desire of a life: "Do you know how boys get into the cathedral choir school?" Then the blight of disappointment when there was no answer.

The man walked thoughtfully on, seemingly as one who was turning over and over in his mind some difficult, delicate matter, looking at it on all sides and in every light, as he must do.

Finally he quickened his pace as though having decided what ought to be done.

III

THAT night in an attic-like room of an old building opposite Morningside Park a tiny supper-table for two stood ready in the middle of the floor; the supper itself, the entire meal, was spread. There is a victory which human nature in thousands of lives daily wins over want, that though it cannot drive poverty from the scene, it can hide its desolation in the open by the genius of choice and of touch. A battle of that brave and desperate kind had been won in this garret. Lacking every luxury, it had the charm of tasteful bareness, of exquisite penury. The supper-table, cheap wood roughly carpentered, was hidden under a piece of fine, long-used table-linen; into the gleaming damask were

wrought clusters of snowballs. The glare of a plain glass lamp was softened by a too costly silk shade. Over the rim of a common vase hung a few daffodils, too costly daffodils. The supper, frugal to a bargain, tempted by the good sense with which it had been chosen and prepared. Thus the whole scene betokened human nature at bay, but victorious in the presence of that wolf whose near-by howl startles the poor out of their sleep.

Into this empty room sounds penetrated through a door. They proceeded from piano-keys evidently so old that one wondered whether possibly they had not begun their labors in the days of Beethoven, whether they were not such as were new on the clavichord of Bach. The fingers that pressed them were unmistakably those of a child. As the hands wandered up and down the keyboard, the ear now and then took notice of a broken string. There were many of these broken strings. The instrument plainly announced itself to be a remote, well-nigh mythical ancestor, preternaturally lingering on amid an innumerable deafening modern progeny. It suggested a superannuated human being whose loudest utterances for the world had sunk to ghostly whispers in a corner.

Once the wandering hands stopped, and a voice was heard. It sounded as though pitched to reach some one in an inner room farther away, possibly a person who might just have passed from a kitchen to a bedroom to make some change of dress. It was a very affectionate voice, very true and sweet, very tender, very endearing.

"Another string snapped to-day. There 's another key silent. There won't be any but silent keys soon."

The speaker seemed sorry without feeling obliged to be sorry; remorseful, but not troubled by remorse.

There must have been a reply. Responding to it, the voice at the piano sounded again, this time very loyal and devoted to an object closer at hand:

"But when we do get a new one, we won't throw the old one away. It has done *its* best."

Whereupon the musical ancestor was encouraged to speak up again while he had a chance, being a very dear ancestor, and not by any means dead in some regions. Soon, however, the voice pleaded anew with a kind of patient impatience:

"I 'm awfully hungry. Are n't you nearly ready?"

The reply could not be heard.

"Are you putting on the dress *I* like?"

The reply was not heard.

"Don't you want me to bring you a daffodil to wear?"

The reply was lost. For a few minutes the progenitor emptied his ancient lungs of some further moribund intimations of tone. Later came another protest, truly plaintive:

"You could n't look any nicer. I 'm awfully hungry."

Then all at once, as though the death-due musical lungs had in a spasm fallen in upon themselves, there was a tremendous smash on the keys, a joyous smash, and a moment afterward the door was softly opened.

Mother and son entered the supper-room. One of his arms was around her waist, one of hers enfolded him about the neck and shoulders; they were laughing.

The teacher of the portrait class and his pupils would hardly have recognized their model; the stranger on the hillside might not at once have identified the newsboy. For model and newsboy, having laid aside the masks of the day that so often in New York people find it necessary to wear,—the tragic mask, the comic mask, the callous, coarse, brutal mask, the mask of the human pack, the mask of the human sty,—reappeared at home with each other as nearly what in truth they were as the denials of life would allow.

There entered the room a woman of high breeding, with a certain Pallas-like purity and energy of mien, clasping to her side her only child, a son whom she secretly believed to be destined to greatness. She was dressed not with the studied plainness and abnegation of the model in the studio, but out of regard for her true station and her motherly responsibilities. Her utmost wish was that in years to come, when he looked back upon his childhood, he would always remember his evenings with his mother. During the day he must see her drudge, and many a picture of herself on a plane of life below her own she knew to be fastened to his growing brain; but as nearly as possible blotting these out, daily blotting them out one by one, must be the evening pictures

when the day's work was done, its disguises dropped, its humiliations over, and she, a serving-woman of fate, reappeared before him in the lineaments of his mother, to remain with him throughout his life as the supreme woman of the human race, his idol until death, his mother.

She now looked worthy of such an ideal. But it was upon him that her heart lavished extravagance when nightly he had laid aside the coarse, half-ragged fighting clothes of the streets. In those after years when he was to gaze across a long distance, he must be made to realize that away back there when he was a little fellow, it was his mother who first had seen his star while it was still low on the horizon; and that from the beginning she had so reared him that there would be stamped upon his memory the gentleness of his birth and her resolve to support him in keeping with this through the neediest hours.

While he was in his bath, she, as though she were his valet, had laid out trim house shoes and black stockings; and as the spring night had a breath of summer warmth, of almost Southern summer warmth, she had put out also a suit of white linen knickerbockers. Under his broad sailor collar she herself tied a big, soft, flowing black ribbon of the finest silk. Above this rose the solid-looking head like a sphere on a column of triumph, with its lustrous, bronzed hair, which, as she brushed it, she tenderly stroked with her hands, often kissing the bronzed face, ardent and friendly to the world, and thinking to herself of the double blue in his eyes, the old Saxon blue of battle and the old Saxon blue of the minstrel, too.

It was the evening meal that always brought them together, and he was at once curious to hear how everything had gone at the art school. With some unsold papers under his arm he had walked with her to the entrance, a new pang in his breast about her that he did not understand. At the door-step she had stooped and kissed him and bade him good-by. Her quiet, quivering words were:

"Go home, dear, by way of the cathedral."

If he took the other convenient route, it would lead him into one of the city's main cross streets, beset with dangers. She would be able to sit more at peace through those hours of posing if she could know that he had gone across the cathedral grounds and then across the park, as along a country road, bordered with the green of young grass and with shrubs in bloom and forest trees in early leaf. She wished to keep all day before her eyes the picture of him as straying that April morn along such a country road—sometimes the road of faint, far girlhood memories to her.

Then with a great incomprehensible look she had vanished from him. But before the doors closed, he, peering past her, had caught sight of the walls inside thickly hung with portraits of men and women in rich colors and in golden frames. Into this splendid world his mother had vanished, herself to be painted.

Now as he began ravenously to eat his supper he wished to hear all about it. She told him. Part of her experience she kept back, a true part; the other, no less true, she described. With deft fingers she went over the somberly woven web of the hours, and plucking here a bright thread and there a bright thread, rewove these into a smaller picture, on which fell the day's far-separated sunbeams; they were condensed now and made a solid brightness.

This is how she painted for him a bright picture out of the things not many of which were bright. The teacher of the portrait class, to begin, had been very considerate. He had arranged that she should leave her things with the janitor's wife down-stairs, and not go up-stairs and take them off behind some screens in a corner of the room where the class was assembled. That would have been dreadful, to have to go behind the screens. Then instead of sending word for her to come up, he himself had come down. As he led the way past the confusing halls and studios, he had looked back over his shoulder just a little, to let her know that not for a moment did he lose thought of her. To have walked in front of her, looking straight ahead, might have meant that he esteemed her a person of no consequence. A master so walks before a servant, a superior before an inferior. Out of respect, he had even lessened the natural noisiness of his feet on the bare floor. If you put your feet down hard in the house, it does not mean that you are thinking for other peo-

ple. He had mounted the stairs slowly lest she get out of breath. When he preceded her into the presence of the class, he had turned as though he introduced to them his own mother. In everything he did he was really a man; that is, a gentleman. For being a gentleman is being really a man; if you are really a man, you *are* a gentleman.

As for the members of the class, they had been beautiful in their treatment of her. Not a word had been exchanged with them, but she could *feel* their beautiful thoughts. Sometimes when she glanced at them, while they worked, such beautiful expressions rested on their faces. Unconsciously their natures had opened like young flowers, and as at the hearts of young flowers there is for each a clear drop of honey, so in each of their minds was one same thought, the remembrance of their mothers. Altogether it was as though they were all there for her sake, and not she there for everybody's.

As to posing itself, one had not a thing to do but sit perfectly still. One got such a good rest from being too much on one's feet. And they had placed for her such a splendid carved-oak chair. When she took her seat, all at once she had felt as in old times. There were immense windows; she had had all the fresh air she wished, and she did enjoy fresh air. The whole roof was a window, and she could look out at the sky: sometimes the loveliest clouds drifted over, and sometimes the dearest little bird flew past, no doubt on its way to the park. Last, but not least, she had not been crowded. In New York it was almost impossible to occupy a good seat in a public place without being nudged or bumped or crowded. But that had actually happened to her. She had had a delightful chair in a *very* public place, with plenty of room in every direction. Oh, plenty of room, more than enough. How fortunate at last to discover that she could pose! It would fit in perfectly at times when she did not have to go out for needlework or for the other demands. Dollars would now soon begin to be brought in like their bits of coal, by the scuttleful! And then the piano! And then the *real* teacher and the *real* lessons! And *then,* and *then*—

Her happy story ended. She had watched the play of lights on his face as sometimes he, though hungry, with fork in the air paused to listen and to question. Now as she finished and looked across the table at the picture of him under the lamplight, she was rewarded, she was content; while he ate his plain food, out of her misfortunes she had richly nourished his mind. He did not know this; but she knew it, knew by his look and by his only comment:

"You had a perfectly splendid time, did n't you?"

She laughed to herself.

"Now, then," she said, coming to what had all along been most in her consciousness—"now, then, tell me about *your* day. Begin at the moment *you* left *me.*"

He laid down his napkin,—he could eat no more, and there was nothing more to eat,—and he folded his hands quite like the head of the house at ease at his board after a careless feast, and then he began his story.

Well, he had had a splendid day, too. After he had left her he had gone to the dealer's on the avenue with the unsold papers. Then he had crossed over to the cathedral, and for a while had watched the men at work up in the air. He had walked around to the choir school, but no one was there that morning, not a sound coming from the inside. Then he had started down across the park. As he sat down to count his money, a man who had come up the hillside stopped and asked him a great many questions: who taught him music and whether any one had ever heard him sing. This stranger also liked music and he also went to the cathedral, so he claimed. From that point the story wound its way onward across the busy hours till nightfall.

It was a child's story, not an older person's. Therefore it did not draw the line between pleasant and unpleasant, between fair and unfair, right and wrong, which make up for each of us the history of our checkered human day. It separated life as a swimmer separates the sea: to the swimmer, in front and on each side is the same sea; it is one water which he parts by his passage. So the child, who is still wholly a child, divides the world.

But as she pondered, she discriminated. Out of the long, rambling narrative she laid hold of one overwhelming incident and held on to that, forgetting the rest:

a passing stranger, hearing a few notes of his voice, had stopped to question him about it. To her this was the long-awaited approach of destiny, the first outside evidence that her faith in him was not groundless.

When he had ended his story and sat as now revealed to her by a stranger's discovery, she regarded him across the table with something new in her eyes—something of awe; but she made no comment. She had never hinted to him what she believed he would some day be. She might be wrong, and thus might start him on the wrong course; or, being right, might never have the chance to start him on the right one. In either case she might be bringing to him disappointment, perhaps the failure of his whole life.

Now she hid the emotion his story caused. But the stranger of the park that night kindled within her what she herself had long tended unlit—the alabaster flame of worship which the mother burns before the altar of a great son.

An hour later they were in another small attic-like space next to the supper-room. Here was always the best of their evening. No matter how poor the spot, if there reach it some solitary ray of the higher light of the world, let it be called your drawing-room. Where civilization sends its beams through a roof, there be your drawing-room. This part of the garret was theirs.

In one corner stood a small table on which were some tantalizing books and a lamp—the same lamp, and a tantalizing lamp, for a different reason. Another corner, farthest away, but far from far away, was filled by the littlest, oldest imaginable of six-octave pianos, the mythical ancestor; on its back was piled some yellowed folios of music, her music once. Thus two different rays of civilization entered their garret and fell upon two points; and, falling there, fell mystically upon allied mountain-peaks, the twin mountain-peaks of the night—books and music.

Toward these she wished regularly to lead him as darkness descended over the illimitable city and upon its weary, grimy battle-fields. She liked him to fall asleep on one or the other of these mountain-tops. When he awoke, it would be as from a mountain that he would see the dawn. From there let him come down to the things that won the day; but at night back to the things that win life.

They were in their drawing-room, then, as she had taught him to call it, and she was reading to him. A knock interrupted her. She interrogated the fact doubtfully to herself for a moment.

"Ashby," she finally said, turning her eyes toward the door, with permission that he open it.

The janitor of the building handed in a card. The name was strange, and she knew no reason why a stranger should call. Then a foolish uneasiness attacked her: perhaps this unwelcome incident bore upon the engagement at the studio. They might not wish her to return; that little door to a larger income was to be shut in her face. Now, after the event, a woman's scruple warned her: she had made herself too plain. If only she had done herself a little more justice in her appearance!

She addressed the janitor with even courtesy:

"Will you ask him to come up?"

With her hand on the half-open door, she waited. If it should merely be some tradesman, she would speak with him there. She waited and she listened. Up the steps, from flight to flight, she could hear the feet of a man mounting like a deliberate, good walker. He reached her floor. He reached her door, and then she stepped out to confront him. A gentleman stood before her with an unmistakable air of feeling himself happy in his mission. For a moment he forgot to state it, startled by the group of the two. His eyes passed back and forth from one to the other: it was an unlooked for revelation of life's harmony, of nature's sacredness.

"Is this Mrs. Truesdale?" he asked with the utmost deference.

She stepped back.

"I am Mrs. Truesdale," she replied in a way to remind him of his intrusion; and not discourteously she waited for him to withdraw. But he was not of a mind to withdraw; on the contrary, he explained:

"As I crossed the park this morning I happened to hear a few notes of a voice that interested me. I train the voice. I teach certain kinds of music. I took the liberty of asking the owner of the voice where he lived, and I have taken the fur-

ther liberty of coming to see whether I may speak with you on that subject—about his voice."

She gave sudden attention. This, then, was the stranger of the park whom she believed to have gone his way after leaving words of destiny for her. Instead of vanishing, he had reappeared, following up his discovery into her presence. The effect was instantaneous: she did not desire him to follow up his discovery. She put out one hand and pressed her son back into the room and was about to close the door.

"I should first have stated, of course," said the visitor, smiling quietly as after an awkward self-recovery, "that I am the choir-master of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine."

Stillness followed, the stillness in which misunderstandings dissolve. The scene slowly changed into another scene, as when on the stage of a theater which has hitherto been dark an invisible light is gradually turned, showing everything in its actual relation to everything else. In truth a shaft of light suddenly fell upon her doorway; a far-sent radiance rested on the head of her son; in her ears began to sound old words spoken ages ago to another mother on account of him she had borne.

Her first act was to place her hand on the head of the lad and bend it back until his eyes looked up into hers; his mother must be the first to congratulate him and to catch from his eyes their first flash of delight as he realized where he stood in the world of little boys.

Then she threw open the door.

"Will you come in?"

It was a marvelous welcome, a splendor of spiritual hospitality.

The musician took up straightway the purpose of his visit.

"Will you, then, send him to-morrow and let me try his voice?"

"Yes," she said as one who now directs with firm, responsible hand the helm of wayward genius, "I will."

"And if his voice should prove to be what is wanted," continued the music-master, though with delicate hesitancy, "would he be—free? Is there any other person whose consent—"

She could not reply at once. The question brought up so much of the past, such tragedy! She spoke with composure at last:

"He can come. He is free. He is mine—wholly mine."

The choir-master looked across the small room at his pupil, who, upon the discovery of the visitor's identity, had withdrawn as far as possible from him.

"And you are willing to come?" he asked, wishing to make the first advance toward acquaintanceship on the new footing.

No reply reached him. The mother smiled at her awe-stricken son, and hastened to his rescue.

"He is overwhelmed," she said, her faith in him strengthened by this revelation of his fright. "He is overwhelmed. This means so much more to him than you can understand just yet."

"But you will come?" the choir-master persisted in asking. For his own reasons he wished to hear the voice of his terrified pupil. "I thought you wanted to come. You *will* come?"

The lad stirred uneasily on his chair.

"Yes, sir," he said with an effort.

His inquisitive, interesting friend of the park path, then, was himself choir-master of St. John's! And he had asked him whether *he* knew anything about the cathedral! Whether *he* liked music! Whether *he* knew how boys got into the school! To him he had betrayed his habit of idly hanging about the old building where the choir practised and of singing along with them to show what he could do, and would do if he had the chance; and because he could not keep from singing. As sometimes he had loitered outside circus tents when he had no money, and whistled with the band under the canvas. He had called one of the Apostles Jim! And another one Pete! He had rejoiced that Gabriel had not been strong enough to stand up in a high wind one night! Everybody standing about on the outside was nine and a half feet!

Thus with mortification he remembered the past—the past which has such a way of keeping up breathlessly with the present, as though determined to see whether it is going to be forgotten. The past first. Then his thoughts were swept in the opposite direction to what now opened before him: he was to be taken into the choir, he was to sing in the cathedral.

The high, blinding, stately magnificence of those scenes and processions lay before him.

More than this, much more still. The thing which had long been such a torture of desire to him, the thing that had grown and grown within him until it began to press more and more to burst out, this had now on that very day come forth, and had come true; his dream was a reality: he was to begin to learn music, he was to live where it was taught. And the person who was to take him by the hand and lead him into that world of enchantment sat there quietly talking with his mother about the matter and looking across at him, studying him closely.

But, no, none of this was true yet. Not yet true. It might never be true. First, he must be put to the test. The man there was going to draw out of him the meaning of that old dream, of that old longing, of that old desire. He was going to examine and see what it amounted to. And if it amounted to nothing, if it amounted to nothing, then what?

He sat there shy, silent, afraid, all the hardy boldness and business preparedness and fighting capacity of the streets gone out of him. A little forlorn, he looked across at his mother; not even she could help him.

In truth there had settled upon him that terror of uncertainty about their gift and their fate which is known only to the children of genius. For throughout the region of art, as in the region of material things, nature brings forth all life from the seat of all sensitiveness, and the young of both worlds appear on the rough earth unready.

"You *do* wish to come?"

"Yes, sir."

THE visitor was gone, and they had talked everything over, and the evening had ended, and it was long past his bedtime, and she waited for him to come and say good night. Presently he ran in, climbed into her lap, threw his arms around her neck, and pressed his cheek against hers.

"Now on this side," he said, holding her tightly, "and now on the other side, and now on both sides and all around."

She, with jealous pangs at this good-night hour, often thought of what a lover he would be when the time came—the time for her to be pushed aside, to drop out. These last moments of every night were for affection; nothing else lived in him. They were for his affection. She said to herself that he was, in the bud, the born lover.

As he now withdrew his arms, he sat looking into her eyes with his face close to her. Then leaning over, he began to measure his face upon her face, starting with the forehead, being very particular when he got to the long eyelashes, then coming down past the nose. They were very silly and merry about the measuring of the noses. The noses would not fit the one upon the other, not being flat enough. He returned to his mischievous, teasing mood:

"Suppose he does n't like my voice!"

She laughed the idea to scorn.

"Suppose he would n't take me!"

"Ah, but he *will* take you."

"If he would n't have me, you 'd never want to see me any more, would you?"

She strained him to her heart and rocked to and fro over him.

"This is what I could most have wished in all the world," she said, holding him at arm's-length with idolatry.

"Not more than a fine house and servants and a greenhouse and a carriage and horses and a *new* piano—not more than everything you used to have!"

"More than anything! More than anything in this world!"

He returned to the teasing.

"If he does n't take me, I 'm going to run away. You won't want ever to see me any more. And then nobody will ever know what becomes of poor little me because I could n't sing."

She strained him again to herself, and murmured over him:

"My chorister! My minstrel! My life!"

"Good night and pleasant dreams!" he said, with his arms around her neck again. "Good night and sweet sleep!"

EVERYTHING was quiet. She had tipped to his bedside and stood looking at him after slumber had carried him away from her, a little distance away.

"My heavenly guest!" she murmured. "My heavenly guest!"

Though worn out with the strain and

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

"SHE HAD RELIEVED THE NURSE, AND WAS ALONE WITH HIM"

FROM A PAINTING BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

excitements of the day, she was not yet ready for sleep. She must have the luxuries of consciousness; she must tread the roomy spaces of reflection, and be quieted by their largeness. And so she had gone to her windows, and had remained there for a long time looking out upon the night.

The street beneath was dimly lighted. Traffic had almost ceased. Now and then a car sped past. The thoroughfare along here is level and broad and smooth, and being skirted on one side by the park, it offers the illusive freedom of a country road. Across the street at the foot of the park a few lights gleamed scant amid the April foliage. She began at the foot of the hill and followed the line of them upward, upward over the face of the rock, leading this way and that way, but always upward. There on the height in the darkness loomed the cathedral.

Often during the trouble and discouragement of years it had seemed to her that her own life and every other life would have had more meaning if only there had been, away off somewhere in the universe, some higher evil intelligence to look on and laugh, to laugh pitilessly at everything human. She had held on to her faith because she must hold on to something, and she had nothing else. Now as she stood there, following the winding, steep road over the rock, her thoughts went back and searched once more along the wandering pathway of her years; and she said within herself that a Power greater than any earthly had led her with her son to the hidden goal of them both, the cathedral.

The next day brought no disappointment: he had rushed home and thrown himself into her arms and told her that he was accepted. He was to sing in the choir. The dream was a reality.

Later that day the choir-master himself had come down to speak to her when the pupil was not present. He was guarded in his words, but could not conceal the enthusiasm of his mood.

"I do not know what it may develop into," he said,—"that is something we cannot foretell,—but I believe it will be a great voice in the world. I do know that it will be a wonderful voice in the choir."

She stood before him mute with emotion. She was dry sand drinking the shower.

"You have made no mistake," she said. "It is a great voice, and he will have a great career."

The choir-master was impatient to have the lessons begin. She asked for a few days to get him in readiness. She needed them, she said to herself; he could not make his first appearance at the school in white linen knickerbockers.

This school would be his first, for she had taught him at home, haunted by a sense of responsibility that he must be specially guarded. Now just as the unsafe years came on, he would be safe in that fold. When natural changes followed, as follow they must later on, and his voice broke, and then came again, whatever afterward befell, behind would be the memories of his childhood. And when he had grown to full manhood, when he was an old man and she no longer with him, wherever on the earth he might wander or might work, always he would be going back to those years in the cathedral: they would be his safeguard, a consecration to the end.

Now a few days later she stood in the same favorite spot, at her windows; and it was her favorite hour to be there, the coming on of twilight.

All day until nearly sundown a cold April rain had fallen. These contradictory days of young green and winter cold the pious folk of older lands and ages named the days of the ice saints. They really fall in May, but this had been like one of them. So raw and chill had been the atmosphere of the grateless garret that the window-frames had been fastened down, their rusty catches clamped.

At them she stood looking out and looking up and away toward a scene of splendor in the heavens.

It was sunset, the rain was over, the sky had cleared. She had been tracing the retreating line of sunlight. First it crossed the street to the edge of the park, then crossed the wet grass at the foot of the slope; then it passed upward over the bowed, dripping shrubbery and lingered on the tree-tops along the crest; and then it had flamed out far off on the western sky behind the cathedral.

It was a gorgeous spectacle in nature.

The cathedral seemed not to be situated in the city, not to be based on the rocks of the island, but risen out of infinite space, and to abide on the eternity of light. Long she gazed into that vision, full of happiness at last, full of peace, full of prayer.

Standing at her windows at that hour, she stood on the pinnacle of her life.

From the dark, slippery street shrill, familiar sounds rose to her ear, and drew her attention downward, and she smiled. He was down there at play with friends whose parents lived in the houses of the row. She laughed as those victorious cries reached the upper air. Leaning forward, she pressed her face against the window-pane and peered over and watched the group of them. Sometimes she could see them and sometimes not as they struggled from one side of the street to the other. No one younger or older, stronger or weaker, was ever defeated down there; everybody at some time got worsted; no one was ever defeated. All the whipped were conquerors. Unconquerable children! She said to herself that she must learn a lesson from them once more.

With her face still against the glass she caught sight of something approaching carefully up the street. It was the car of a physician who had a patient in one of the houses near by. It was his hour to make his call. He guided the car himself, and the great mass of tons of weight responded to his guidance as if it possessed intelligence, as if it entered into his foresight and caution: it became to her, as she watched it, almost conscious, almost human. She thought of it as being like some great characters in human life which need so little to make them go easily and make them go right. A wise touch, and their enormous influence is sent whither it should be sent by a pressure that would not push a leaf.

She chid herself once more that in a world where the great is good she had so often been hard and bitter; that many a time she had found pleasure in setting the empty cup of her life out under the clouds and catching the very showers as though they were drops of gall.

All at once her attention was riveted on an object up the street. Around a bend a few hundred yards away a huge, wild object swung recklessly, unsteadily, almost striking the curb and lamp-post, and then, righting itself, came on with a rush—the dark terror. Now on one side of the street, now in the middle, now on the wrong side; gliding along through the twilight, barely to be seen, creeping nearer and nearer under the shadows, on the wrong side of the street where it would not be looked for.

A bolt of horror shot through her. She pressed her face quickly against the window-panes as closely as possible, searching for the whereabouts of the lads. As she looked, the mass of them went down, the others piled on one. She thought she knew which one,—he was the strongest,—then they passed from sight, rolling in nearer to the sidewalk. And straight toward them rushed that terror of the land. She tried to throw up the sashes, to lean out and cry down to him, to wave her hands to him as she had often done with joy. She could not raise the sashes. She had not the strength left in her to turn the rusty bolts. Nor was there time. She looked again; she saw what was going to happen. Then she began with frenzy to beat against the window-sashes and to moan and stifle her moans. And then as shrill, startled screams and piteous cries came up to her, crazed now and no longer knowing what she did, she beat against the window-panes in her futile agony until they were shattered and she thrust her arms out through them with a last, blind instinct to reach him, to wave to him, to drag him out of the way. For a moment the arms hung there, and a shower of drops from her fingers splashed on the paving-stones far below. Without reason she kept on waving them more and more faintly; and then they slipped inward after the body, which dropped unconscious.

IV

It was a gay scene over at the art school next morning. Even before the accustomed hour the big, barnlike room, with a few prize pictures of former classes scattered about the walls, and with the old academy easels standing about like a caravan of patient camels, ever loaded with new burdens, but ever traveling the same ancient sands of art—even before nine o'clock the barnlike room presented

a scene of the tumult of eager, healthy animal spirits. On the easel of every youthful worker, nearly finished, lay the portrait of the mother.

In every case it had been differently done, in all cases inadequately done; but it had been done. Hardly could any observer have failed to recognize what was there depicted. Through smearings and daubings of paint, as past the edges of concealing clouds, one caught glimpses of a serene and steadfast human radiance, made out the familiar image of that orb which in dark and pathless hours has been immutable light of the world.

The best in them had gone into the painting of this portrait, and the outgo of our best gives us the sense of our power, and the consciousness of our power yields us our enthusiasm; hence the exhilaration and energy of the studio scene.

The interest of the members of the class was not concerned solely with the portrait, however: a larger share went to the model herself. They had become strongly bound to her. All the more perhaps because she held them firmly to the understanding that her life touched theirs only at the point of the stranger in need of a small sum of money. Repulsed and baffled in their wish to know her better, they nevertheless became aware that she was undergoing a wonderful transformation. The change had begun after the ordeal of the first morning. When she returned for the second sitting, and then at later sittings, they had remarked this change, and had spoken of it to one another—that she was as a person into whose life some joyous, unbelievable event has fallen to brighten the entire future. Every day some old, cloudy care seemed to loose itself from its lurking-place and drift across her face, leaving it less obscured and thus the more real to them. Now, with the end of the sittings not far off, what they looked forward to with most regret was the last, when she, leaving her portrait in their hands, would herself vanish, taking with her both the mystery of her old sorrows and the mystery of this new happiness which covered her like a radiant veil.

Promptly at nine o'clock the teacher of the class entered, greeted them, and glanced around for the model. Not seeing her, he looked at his watch, then without comment crossed to the easels, and studied again the progress made the previous day, correcting, approving, guiding, encouraging. His demeanor showed that he entered into the unique enthusiasm of his class for this particular piece of work.

A few minutes were thus quickly consumed. Then, watch in hand once more, he spoke of the absence of the model:

"Something seems to detain the model this morning. But she has sent me no word, and she will no doubt be here in a few minutes."

He went back to the other end of the studio and sat down, facing them with the impressiveness which belonged to him even without speech. They fixed their eyes on him with a sudden expectancy. Whenever as now an unforeseen delay occurred, he was always prompt to take advantage of the interval with a brief talk. To them there were never enough of these brief talks, which invariably drew human life into relationship to the art of portraiture, set the one over against the other—the turbulence of humanity and the still image. They hoped he would talk to them now; and in truth he wore the air of casting about in his mind for a theme best suited to the moment.

THAT mother, now absent, when she had blindly found her way to him, asking to pose, had fallen into good hands. He was a great teacher and he was a remarkable man, remarkable even to look at. Massively built, with a big head of black hair, an olive complexion, and a bluntly pointed, black beard, and with a mold of countenance grave and strong, he looked like great Rembrandt; like some splendid full-length portrait by Rembrandt painted as that master painted men in the prime of his power. And with shadows on him. Even when the sun beat down upon him outdoors, even when you met him in the blaze of the city streets, he seemed not altogether to have emerged from a background of shadow, to bear on himself the traces of a human night, a living darkness. There was light within him, but it did not irradiate him wholly.

Once he had been a headlong art student himself, starting out to become a great painter, a great one. After years abroad under the foremost masters and other years of self-trial with every favorable circumstance his, nature had one day

pointed her unswerved finger at his latest canvas as at the earlier ones and had judged him to the quick: you will never be a great painter. If you cannot be content to remain less, quit, stop!

Thus youth's choice and a man's half a lifetime of effort and ambition ended in abandonment not because he was a failure, but because the choice had been a blunder. A multitude of men topple into this chasm, and crawl out nobody. Few of them at middle age in the darkness of that pit can grope within themselves for some second candle, and by it once more become illumined through and through. He found *his* second candle,—it should have been his first,—and he lighted it, and it became the light of his life; but it did not illumine him completely, it never dispelled the shadows of the one that had burned out.

What he did with it was this: having reached the end of his own career, he turned and made his way back to the fields of youth, and taking his stand by that ever fresh path, always, as students would rashly pass him, he halted them like a wise monitor, describing the best way to travel, warning of the difficulties of the country ahead, but insisting that the goal was worth the toil and the trouble; searching secretly among his pupils year after year for signs of what he was not, a great painter, and pouring out his sympathies on all those who, like himself, would never be one.

Now he sat looking across at his class with mastery of them. They sat looking eagerly at him. Then he struck his theme:

"Your work on this portrait is your best, because the model, as I stated to you at the outset would be the case, has called forth your finer selves; she has caused you to *feel*. And she has been able to do this because her countenance, her whole being, radiates one of the great passions and faiths of our common humanity—the look of reverent motherhood. You recognize that look, that mood; you believe in it; you honor it; you have worked at the outpost of its living eloquence. Observe, then, the result. Turn again to your canvases and see how, though proceeding differently, you have all dipped your brushes as in a common light; how you have all drawn an identical line around that old-time tenderness. You have in truth copied from her one of the great beacon-lights of human expression that has been burning and signaling through ages upon ages of human history—the look of the devoted mother, the angel of self-sacrifice.

"While we wait, we might go a little way into this general matter, since you, in the study of portraiture, will always have to deal with it. This look of hers, which you have caught on your canvases, with all the other great beacon-lights of human expression, stands, of course, for the inner energies of our lives, the leading forces of our characters. But, as ages pass, human life changes; its chief elements shift their places, some forcing their way to the front, others being pushed to the rear; and the great beacon-lights change correspondingly. Ancient ones go out, new ones appear; and your art of portraiture, which is the undying historian of the human countenance, is subject to this law of the birth and death of its material.

"Perhaps more ancient lights have died out of human faces than modern lights have been kindled to replace them. Do you understand why? The reason is this: throughout an immeasurable time the aim of nature was to make the human countenance as complete an instrument of expression as it could possibly be. Man, except for his gestures and wordless sounds, had nothing else with which to speak; he must speak with his face. And thus the primitive face became the chronicle of what was going on within him as well as of what had taken place without. It was his earliest bulletin-board of intelligence. It was the first parchment to bear tidings, it was the original newspaper; it was the rude, but vivid, book of the woods. The human face was all that. Ages more had to pass before spoken language began, and still more ages before written language began. Thus for an immeasurable time nature developed the face and multiplied its expressions to enable man to make himself understood. At last this development was checked; what we may call the natural occupation of the face culminated. Civilization began, and as soon as civilization began, the decline in natural expressiveness began with it. Gradually civilization supplanted primeval needs; it contrived other means for doing what the face alone had done

frankly, marvelously. When you can print news on paper, you may cease to print news on the living skin. Moreover, the aim of civilization is to develop in us the consciousness not to express, but to suppress. Its aim is not to reveal, but to conceal, thought and emotion; not to make the countenance a beacon-light, but a muffler of the inner candle, whatever that candle for the time may be. All our ruling passions, good or bad, noble or ignoble, we now try publicly to hide. This is civilization. And thus the face, having started out expressionless in nature, tends through civilization to become expressionless again.

"How few faces does any one of us know that frankly radiate the great passions and moods of human nature except what little is left of this ancient tremendous drama in the poor pantomime of the stage? Search crowds, search the streets. See everywhere masked faces, telling as little as possible to those around them of what they glory in or what they suffer. Search modern portrait galleries. Do you find portraits of either men or women who radiate the overwhelming passions, the vital moods, of our galled and soaring nature? It is not a long time since the Middle Ages. In the stretch of history centuries shrink to nothing, and the Middle Ages are as the earlier hours of our own day. But has there not been a change even within that short time? Did not the medieval portrait-painters portray in their sitters great moods as no painter portrays them now? How many painters of to-day can find them in the faces of his sitters?

"And so I come again to your model. What makes her so remarkable, so significant, so touching, so exquisite, so human, is the fact that her face seems almost a survival of a great tender past in which the beacon-lights of humanity did more openly appear upon the features. In her case one beacon-light most of all,—the greatest that has ever shone on the faces of women,—the one which seems to be slowly vanishing from the faces of modern women, the look of the mother, that transfiguration of the face of the mother who believed that the nativity was the divine event in her earthly existence, and the emotions and energies of whose life centered about her offspring. How often does any living painter have his chance to paint that look now! Galleries are well filled with portraits of contemporary women who have borne children: how often among these is to be found the portrait of the mother of old? Well, you have found it. Here in this studio with this woman you have painted the mother of ages which seem slipping away from us."

He rose. The talk was ended. He looked again at his watch, and said:

"It does not seem worth while to wait longer. Evidently your model has been kept away to-day. Let us hope that no ill has befallen her and that she will be here to-morrow. If she is here, we shall go on with her portrait. If she should not be here, I will have another model ready, and we shall take up another study until she returns. Bring fresh canvases."

He left the room. They lingered, looking again at their canvases, understanding their own work as they had not, and more strongly drawn than ever toward the woman whom that day they missed. Slowly, and with disappointment and with many conjectures as to why she had not come, they separated.

V

It was the Sunday after. All round St. Luke's Hospital quiet reigned. The day was very still on the heights up there under the blue curtain of the sky.

When he had been left stretched against the curb on the dark roadway, rolled over and tossed there with no outcry, no movement, as limp and senseless as a mangled weed, the careless crowd which somewhere in the city every day gathers about such scenes quickly gathered about him. In this throng was the physician whose car stood near by; and he, used to sights of suffering, but touched by that street tragedy of unconscious child and half-crazed mother, hurried them both to St. Luke's —to St. Luke's, which is always open, always ready, and always free to those who lack means.

Just before they stopped at the entrance she had pleaded in the doctor's ear.

"To the private ward," he said to those who lifted the lad to the stretcher, speaking as though he added his authority to her entreaty.

"One of the best rooms," he said before the operation, speaking again as though he shouldered the responsibility of the ex-

pense. "And a room for her near by," he added. "Everything for them! Everything! Everything!"

So there he was now, the lad, or what there was left of him, this quiet Sunday, in a pleasant room opposite the cathedral. The air was like early summer. The windows were open. He lay on his back, not seeing anything. The skin of his forehead had been torn entirely off; there was a bandage over his eyes. And there were bruises on his body and on his face, which was horribly disfigured. The lips were swollen two or three thicknesses; it was agony to speak. When he realized what had happened, after the operation, his first mumbled words to her were:

"They will never have me now."

About the middle of the forenoon of this still Sunday morning, when the doctor left, she followed him into the hall as usual, and questioned him once more with her eyes. He encouraged her, and encouraged himself:

"I believe he is going to get well. He has the will to get well, he has the bravery to get well. He is brave about it; he is as brave as he can be."

"Of course he is brave," she said stolidly. "Of course he is brave."

"The love of such a mother would call him back to life," the doctor added, and he laid one of his hands on her head for a moment.

"Don't do that," she said. "I shall break down."

Everybody had said he was brave, the head nurse, the day nurse, the night nurse, the woman who brought in the meals, the woman who scrubbed the floor. Each day as she wiped the floor around the bed she kept muttering to herself, "What a shame!" All this gave her something to live on. If anybody paid any kind of tribute to him, realized in any way what he was, she lived on that.

After the doctor left, as the nurse was with him, she walked up and down the halls, too restless to be quiet.

At the end of one hall she could look down on the fragrant, leafy park. Yes, summer was nigh. Where a little while before had been only white blossoms, there were fewer white now, more pink, and some red, and many to match the yellow of the sun. The whole hillside of swaying boughs seemed to quiver with happiness. Her eyes wandered farther down to the row of the houses at the foot of the park. She could see the dreadful spot on the street, the horrible spot. She could see her shattered window-panes up above. The points of broken glass still seemed to slit the flesh of her hands within their bandages.

She shrank back, and walked to the end of the transverse hall. Across the road was the cathedral. The morning service was just over. People were pouring out through the temporary side doors and the temporary front doors so placidly, so contentedly! Some were evidently strangers; as they reached the outside they turned and studied the cathedral curiously as those who had never before seen it. Others turned and looked at it familiarly, with pride in its progress. Some stopped and looked down at the young grass, stroking it with their toes; they were saying how fresh and green it was. Some looked up at the sky; they were saying how blue it was. Some looked at one another keenly; they were discussing some agreeable matter. Not one looked across at the hospital. Not a soul of them seemed to be even aware of its existence. Not a soul of them.

Particularly her eyes became riveted upon two middle-aged ladies in black who came out through a side door of the cathedral—slow-paced women, bereft, full of pity. As they crossed the yard, a gray squirrel came jumping along in front of them on its way to the park. One stooped and coaxed it and tried to pet it: it became a vital matter with both of them to pour out upon the little creature which had no need of them their pent-up, ungratified affection. With not a glance across to the window where she stood, with her mortal need of them, her need of all mothers, of everybody—her mortal need of everybody! Why were they not there at his bedside? Why had they not heard? Why had not all of them heard? Why had anything else been talked of that day? Why were they not all massed around the hospital doors, clamoring their sympathies? How could they hold services in the cathedral—*ordinary* services? Why was it not crowded to the doors with the clergy of all faiths and the laymen of every blood, lifting one outcry

against such destruction? Why did they not stop building temples to God, to the God of life, to the God who gave little children, until they had stopped the murder of children, His children!

Everybody had been kind. Even his little rivals who had fought with him over the sale of papers had given some of their pennies and had bought flowers for him, and one of them had brought their gift to the great hospital entrance. Every day a shy group of them had gathered on the street while one came to inquire how he was. Kindness had rained on her; it could not keep from raining, for there was that in the sight of her that unsealed kindness in every heart that was not stone.

She had been too nearly crazed to know all this. Her bitterness and anguish broke through the near cordon of sympathy, and went out against the whole brutal and careless world that did not care—to legislatures that did not care, to magistrates that did not care, to juries that did not care, to officials that did not care, to drivers that did not care, to the whole world that did not care save only those who mourned for the maimed and the dead.

Through the doors of the cathedral the people streamed out unconcerned. Beneath her, along the street, young couples passed, flushed with their climb of the park hillside, and flushed with young love, young health. Sometimes they held each other's hands; they mocked her agony in their careless joy.

One last figure issued from the side door of the cathedral hurriedly, and looked eagerly across at the hospital—looked straight at her, and came straight toward her, the choir-master. She had not sent word to him or to any one; but he, when his new pupil had failed to report as promised, had come down to find out why. And he, like all the others, had been kind; and he was coming now to inquire.

THE bright, serene hours of the day passed one by one in nature's carelessness. It was afternoon and near the hour for the choral even-song across the way at the cathedral, the temporary windows of which were open.

She had relieved the nurse, and was alone with him. Often during these days he had put out one of his hands and groped about with it to touch her, turning his head a little toward her under his bandaged eyes, and feeling much mystified about her, but saying nothing. She kept out of his reach, but leaned over in response, and talked ever to him, barely stroking him with the tips of her stiffened fingers.

The afternoon was so still that by and by through the opened windows a deep note sent a thrill into the room—the awakened soul of the organ. And as the two heard it in silence, soon there floated over to them the voices of the choir as the line moved slowly down the aisle, the blended voices of the chosen band, his school-fellows of the altar. By the bedside she suddenly rocked to and fro, and then she bent over and said with a smile in her tone:

"Do you hear? Do you hear them?"

He made a motion with his lips, but they hurt him. So he nodded: he heard them.

A moment later he tugged at the bandage over his eyes.

She saw it, and sprang toward him.

"O my precious one, you must not tear the bandage off your eyes!"

"I want to see you!" he said. "It has been so long since I saw you!"

VI

THE class had been engaged with another model. Their work was forced and listless. As days passed without her return, their thought and their talk dwelt more and more upon her disappearance. Why had she not come back? What had befallen her? What did it all mean? Would they never know?

One day after their luncheon-hour, as they were about to resume work, the teacher of the class entered. There was a shock in his eyes; his look shocked them; an instant sympathy ran through them. He spoke quietly, with some effort:

"She has come back. She is downstairs. Something has befallen her indeed. She told me as briefly as possible, and I tell you all I know. Her son, a little fellow who had just been chosen for the cathedral choir school was run over. A mention of it—the usual story—was in the papers, but who of us reads such things in the papers? They bore us; they are not even news. He was taken to St.

Luke's, and she has been at St. Luke's, and the end came at St. Luke's, and all the time we have been here a few yards distant and have known nothing of it. Such is New York! It was for his musical education that she first came to us, she said. And it was the news that he had been chosen for the choir school that accounts for the new happiness which we saw brighten her day by day. Now she comes again for the same small wage, with other need, no doubt; the expenses of it all, a rose-bush for his breast. She told me this as calmly as though it caused her no grief. It was not my privilege, not our privilege, to share her tragedy; she does not impose it upon us.

"She has asked to go on with the sittings. I have told her to come to-morrow. But she does not realize all that this involves. You will have to bring new canvases, it will have to be a new portrait. She is in mourning. Her hands will have to be left out, for she has hurt them; they are bandaged. The new portrait will be of the head and face only. But the chief reason is the change of expression. The light that was in her face, which you have partly caught upon your canvases, has died out; it was brutally put out. The look is gone. It is gone, and will never come back—the tender, brooding, reverent happiness and peace of motherhood with the child at her knee—that great earthly beacon-light of humanity in women of ages past. It was brutally put out, but it did not leave darkness behind it. As it died, there came in its place another light, another ancient beacon-light on the faces of women of old—the look of faith in immortal things. Now she is not the mother with the tenderness of this earth, but the mother with the expectation of eternity. Her eyes have followed some one who has left her arms and gone into a distance. Ever she follows him into that distance."

When she entered the room next morning, at the sight of her in mourning, so changed, with one impulse of respect they all rose to her. She took no notice,—perhaps it would have been unendurable to notice,—but she advanced, and climbed to the platform without faltering, and he posed her for the head and shoulders. Then, to study the effect from different angles, he went behind the easels, passing from one to another. As he returned, with the thought of giving her pleasure, he brought along with him one of the students' sketches of herself, and held it out before her.

"Do you recognize it?" he asked.

At first she refused to look. Then with indifference she glanced at it, arousing herself. But when she beheld there what she had never seen, how great had been her love of him; when she beheld the light now gone out and the end of happy days, quickly she shut her eyes, and jerked her head to one side with a motion for him to take the picture away. But brought too close to her bereavement and to the fount of self-pity, suddenly over her hands she bent like a broken reed, and the storm of her anguish came upon her.

They started up. They fought one another to get to her. They crowded around the platform, and tried to hide her from one another's eyes, and knelt down, and wound their arms about her, and sobbed beside her; and then they lifted her and guided her behind the screens.

"Now, if you will allow them," he said, when she came out with them, "some of these young friends will go home with you. And whenever you wish, whenever you feel like it, come back to us. We shall be ready. We shall be waiting. We shall all be glad."

On the heights the cathedral rises—slowly, as the great houses of its faith have always risen.

Years have drifted by as silently as the winds since the first rock was riven where its foundations were to be laid, and still all day on the clean air sounds the lonely clink of drill and chisel as the blasting and the shaping of the stone goes on. The snows of winters have sifted deep above its rough beginnings; the suns of many a spring have melted them. Well nigh a generation of human lives has already crumbled about its corner-stones. Far-brought, many-tongued toilers, toiling on the rising walls, have dropped their work and stretched themselves for their sleep; others have climbed to their places; the work goes on. Upon the shoulders of the images of the Apostles, which stand about the chancel, generations of pigeons, the doves of the temple whose nests are in the

niches—upon the shoulders of the Apostles generations of pigeons, having been born in the niches and having learned to fly, have descended out of the azure with the benediction of shimmering wings. Generations of the wind-borne seeds of wild flowers have lodged in low crevices and have sprouted and blossomed, and as seeds again have been blown on, harbingers of vines and mosses on their venerable way.

A mighty shape begins to answer back to the cathedrals of other lands and ages, bespeaking for itself admittance into the league of the world's august sanctuaries. It begins to send its annunciation onward into ages yet to be, so remote, so strange, that we know not in what sense the men of it will even be our human brothers save as they are children of the same Father.

Between this past and this future, the one of which cannot answer because it is too late, and the other of which cannot answer because it is too soon—between this past and this future the cathedral stands in a present that answers back to it more and more. For a world of living men and women see kindled there the same ancient flame that has been the light of all earlier stations on that solitary road of faith which runs for a little space between the two eternities—a road strewn with the dust of countless wayfarers bearing each a different cross, but with eyes turned toward the same cross.

As on some mountain-top a tall pine-tree casts its lengthened shadow upon the valleys far below, round and round with the circuit of the sun, so the cathedral flings hither and thither athwart the whole land its spiritual shaft of light. A vast, unnumbered throng begin to hear of it, begin to look toward it, begin to grow familiar with its emerging form. In imagination they see its chapels bathed in the glories of the morning sun; they remember its unfinished dome gilded at the hush of sunsets. Between the roar of the eastern and of the western ocean its organ tones utter peace above the storm. Pilgrims from afar off, known only to themselves as pilgrims, being pilgrim-hearted, but not pilgrim-clad, reach at its gates the borders of Gethsemane. Bowed as penitents, they hail its lily of forgiveness and the resurrection.

Slowly it rises, in what unknown years to stand finished! Crowning a city of new people, let it be hoped of better laws. Finished and standing on its rock for the order of the streets, for the order of the land, for order in the secret places of the soul, and order throughout the world. Majestical rebuker of the waste of lives, rebuker of a country which invites all lives into it, and cuts down lives most ruthlessly—lives which it stands there to save.

So it speaks to the distant through space and time; but it speaks also to the near.

Although not half risen out of the earth, encumbering it rough and shapeless, already it draws into its service many who dwell around. These seek to cast their weaknesses on its strength, to join their brief day to its innumerable years, to fall into the spiritual splendor of it as out in space small darkened wanderers drop into the orbit of a sun. Anguished memories begin to bequeath their jewels to its shrine; dimmed eyes will their tears to its eyes, to its windows. Old age with one foot in the grave drags the other peacefully about its crypt. In its choir sound the voices of children herded in from the green hillside of life's April.

Rachel Truesdale's life became one of these near-by lives which it blesses, a darkened wanderer caught into the splendor of a spiritual sun. It gathered her into its service; it found useful work for her to do; and in this new life of hers it drew out of her nature the last thing that is ever born of the mother—faith that she is separated a little while from her children only because they have received the gift of eternal youth.

Many a proud, happy, jealous thought became hers as time went on. She had had her share in its glory, for it had needed him whom she had brought into the world. It had called upon him to help give breath to its message and build that ever-falling rainbow of sound over which Hope walks into the eternal.

Always as the line of white-clad choristers passed down the aisle, among them was one who brushed tenderly against her as he walked by, whom no one else saw. Rising above the actual voices, and heard by her alone, up to the dome soared a voice sweeter than the rest.

Often she was at her window, watching the workmen at their toil as they brought out more and more a great shape on the heights. Often she stood there looking across at the park hillside opposite. Whenever spring came back, and the slope lived again with young leaves and white blossoms, always she thought of him. In Elysium she saw him playing in an eternal April. When autumn returned, and leaves drifted and dropped, thinking of herself.

Sometimes standing beside his piano.

Always in her face the look of the immortal.

The cathedral there on its rock for ages.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S REVIEW OF PRESIDENT WILSON'S FIRST YEAR

BY A. MAURICE LOW

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THIRTY-FIVE days after Mr. Wilson took the oath as President of the United States he appeared in the House of Representatives and addressed Congress assembled in joint session, thus reverting to the practice of the first President. It was a startling and almost bold thing to do. Many persons doubted its wisdom. To a people fond of novelty, as the American people is, it made its appeal.

In itself this departure from custom was less important than interesting, but it helps amazingly to understand the President's character and his purposes, and to gain an insight into a complicated and, in some respects, conflicting nature. As historian and student of the machinery of government, Mr. Wilson knew that "The President's Message" had forfeited its high estate and become almost contemptuous. Droned out by a clerk to empty benches, it was read by nobody. Intended originally as a means to convey information to Congress "of the state of the Union," it had degenerated into a rehash of the reports of the heads of the departments or platitudinous observations that Congress and the country treated with the respect they deserved.

An institution that becomes ridiculous soon falls into decay. Mr. Wilson may have asked himself whether his predecessors, as the guardians of the high dignity of the Presidency, had not been guilty of lessening the esteem in which the public held the Presidential office by the ridicule many of their messages excited. And thus thinking, as perhaps he did, one can very well see that Mr. Wilson would conclude that the respect demanded of the Presidency required that when the President spoke he should be listened to with attention not merely by the few hundreds of Congress, but by the many millions of the country; and to command his audience, the President must not make himself cheap by frequent talk, or weary by excessive length, or disgust by the trivial.

Wisdom, says Carlyle, is intrinsically of silent nature. Of such silent nature is Woodrow Wilson, whose reticence would have delighted Carlyle, scornful of talk and intolerant of words with no meaning. But reticence is not a quality to attract in a day when mankind is vocal and a man can escape listening only by talking. When Mr. Wilson came to the Presidency a year ago he was so little known that virtually he was unknown, the first American President of whom that can be said. He has done nothing to dispel that ignorance. An enigma then, an enigma he remains.

Nearly every public man in America has a dual personality. There is the character, largely mythical, fashioned by the country out of its own imagination; there is the man he really is as Washington, sometimes unjust, but more often fairly accurate, in its judgment, knows him from

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDMONSTON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

intimate association and daily observation. The difference between the Washington view and that of the rest of the country is the difference between a photograph and a Cubist picture. The one reproduces with pitiless fidelity, even though the focus may be distorted; the other is whatever erratic fancy may choose to see. It is as easy for a Cubist to find in a meaningless collection of splotches a nude descending a staircase as it is for the country to see in a demagogue a demigod.

In the three months between Mr. Wilson's election and his inauguration it was noted by a close observer that of the scores of Democrats who turned their steps toward New Jersey as religiously as the true believer faces the east on the call of the muezzin not one brought back any report of what Mr. Wilson said. An account of a visit to Trenton or Princeton usually took this form:

"I said to Mr. Wilson that in my opinion we—"

"Yes," the impatient listener, knowing the stereotyped form from having heard it so often, would interrupt, "but what did Mr. Wilson say?"

"He did n't say anything."

Whereupon it was said that Mr. Wilson was "self-centered." It fits in with the American temperament for Americans to find a word that is all-embracing, that, like the ideograph of a shorthand writer, which expresses a sentence by a sign, can describe a man emotionally and intellectually with a mental shrug of the shoulders. Before inauguration Mr. Wilson was too "self-centered" to make a successful President; events since the fourth of March a year ago have not robbed that useful descriptive adjective of either its value or frequent application.

Nearly every President has either been a party leader in fact or has attempted to be one no less than the President; but no President has considered it to be in keeping with Presidential ethics and the constitutional limitation of his office to impress upon the public his political leadership. Mr. Wilson has gone out of his way to make the people understand that by their votes they elected him to two offices, both intimately associated, but with different functions: he was elected to the Presidency, as every one knew; and he was also elected to be the leader of his party.

In the second message that Mr. Wilson read to Congress, on June 23, he referred to himself in this language, "I have come to you, as the head of the Government and the responsible leader of the party in power." Some of Mr. Wilson's critics pointed out that while the Constitution explicitly defined the duties of the President, singularly enough its framers neglected to include political leadership among them. But this, like other things that Mr. Wilson has done, was no sudden judgment; it was simply putting into effect at the first opportunity a matured conclusion. The President, Mr. Wilson wrote, "because he is at once the choice of the party and of the nation" can escape being the leader of his party only "by incapacity or lack of personal force." It was no new thought that the people, having voted him into the Presidency, had also voted him the party leader, because, as Mr. Wilson wrote, "he is the party nominee, and the only party nominee for whom the whole nation votes."

Much has been said about the great accomplishments of Mr. Wilson's first year of his Presidency, and repeatedly it has been asked what is the secret of the President's success. The secret, if any, which ought not to be a secret to persons who have closely followed Mr. Wilson's methods, is simply that he has asserted leadership and made his party accept it through the force of a dominating personality. He began right. From the first day he made his mastery felt. He spent no "honeymoon" weeks, hoping to win by amiability, and later, if necessary, to demand. Politicians did not quickly take his full measure, but they soon realized that here was a man who neither feared nor could be forced to favor. Other Presidents, preserving the fiction of the President not being the party leader, and yet attempting to lead, have considered that they were entitled to be "consulted" while a great party measure was in process of formation, to try to put their own impress upon it, to intimate the possibility of a veto if necessary, to coerce or conciliate the recalcitrant, to preserve at all cost that priceless jewel of the politician, "party harmony"; to compromise, even to sacrifice convictions, rather than to see the bill fail; and always being able to offer in excuse that it was necessary to yield something to Con-

gress if the labors of a session were not to be wasted. It was this system of dual evasion that led to many legislative crimes. The President evaded responsibility by throwing the onus upon Congress; Congress pretended that it would have passed a better bill had it not been for the folly or obstinacy of the President.

Mr. Wilson had no hesitation in exercising the functions that he believed the people conferred upon him. He resorted to no subterfuge to shape the tariff bill as he desired. There were no vague hints as to what he might do if a bill passed which was unsatisfactory to him. Mr. Wilson knew what he wanted, and he insisted that his party must either follow him or destroy the party by deserting him. His position was impregnable. It is not material whether his party followed him willingly or grudgingly, whether he was wiser than his party or his party wiser than he. That the future will determine; dealing with the present it is sufficient to say that the tariff and currency bills were passed in the shape they assumed because he led. They were the bills he demanded.

But while it is easy enough to sum up the result in a few words, it was not reached without much tact, vast patience, great self-denial, inflexible determination. In those long, hot, weary summer months when men's nerves were on edge, and they were in resentful mood because they were forced to labor against their will, it would have been easy to disrupt the party or to make it impossible for legislation honestly carrying out party pledges to be passed. A less conscientious President would have allowed Congress to stew in its own oratorical juice while he watched the pot from a rocking-chair set to catch the pleasant breezes of sea-shore or mountain. Verily Mr. Wilson "stuck to his job." So long as Congress sweltered, he sweltered, sharing and directing its labors, by his presence encouraging his party, inspiring it with his own high devotion to the public service.

It was no light achievement to secure the passage of the tariff bill; it was a much greater achievement to secure the passage of the currency bill. On the tariff, Democrats must either vote for the bill or vote themselves out of the party; on the currency, Democrats might disagree and still not risk the charge of disloyalty. There was a time while the bill was pending in the Senate that Mr. Wilson was told his bill was in danger. A President under less self-control and determined to be a "boss" (and curiously enough one of the grounds of complaint against Mr. Wilson is that he is too much of a boss, and has reduced Congress to a nullity, so as to magnify the power of the Presidency) would have denounced his opponents. A weaker and less "self-centered" President would have become panic-stricken and sold his Presidential birthright for senatorial support, thus putting himself virtually in pawn to a senatorial oligarchy. Mr. Wilson was neither angry nor fearsome. He neither threatened nor fawned. He denounced no one, nor did he buy peace. A great many persons wanted to see an opportunity to test Mr. Wilson's capacity as leader. They wanted to take his measure as strategist and tactician. The currency bill was the answer.

Mr. Wilson came to the Presidency under peculiar circumstances, in some respects more peculiar than those surrounding any of his predecessors. He was a minority President, President by a rare combination of luck and chance, as we may all admit. He was the unknown, and he must have been aware that the country accepted him with some distrust. The things in his favor were few; those against him were many. The impression as to his reticence and aloofness had already gone abroad; although the country professes to have no great respect for politicians, it questioned whether a politician was not more qualified to do a politician's work than a college professor. He succeeded a President who was sensational for the love of sensation and the excitement he created, and another, disliking sensation, who made life seem dull by comparison. Mr. Wilson could not be sensational, and he must not be commonplace.

Mr. Wilson is that rare combination, a conservative iconoclast. He is a breaker of precedent and a defier of tradition. Not that he delights to smash for the pure joy of destruction; but when precedents and traditions lumber up the way, the sensible thing is to throw them out. Yet with all his impatience of being tied to forms and customs that have neither use nor picturesqueness to commend them, his habit

of thought is conservative rather than radical.

This man, naturally conservative, disliking show, almost timid in parading himself, with no gift for advertisement and a contempt for the sensational, has done many sensational things in his first year; but I am convinced they have not been done simply for love of the spectacular, but with a purpose. That feeling the country has. He is not feared as an unstable man willing to sacrifice custom founded on wisdom for the vanity of the momentary applause of the unthinking.

It came as something of a shock when Mr. Wilson announced that he did not wish the customary ball on the night of inauguration. Mr. Wilson has never given any reason for having broken that precedent, and it was not necessary that he should, but one can well understand his motive. Why should the President of the United States put himself on exhibition in the same way that fat stock is exhibited at an agricultural fair? The President was to be used simply to swell the gate-receipts and enable the local committeemen to enjoy their brief hour of glory. But if the Presidency is a great and dignified office, and withal a serious office, then it was not a dignified thing for its occupant to make of himself an adjunct of the box-office. Reference has already been made to the President addressing Congress in person; not less a departure from precedent was his going to the Capitol to confer with senators instead of inviting them to the White House. It was criticized as being unseemly; the President, it was contended, should go to no one. To Mr. Wilson it appeared the sensible thing to do; it was the short cut to results, and it saved time. Mr. Wilson, it will be noted, is a stickler for dignity when the dignity of the Presidency is involved, but he is not so sensitive about his own dignity that he is afraid to outrage it by common sense.

That—common sense—is his dominant characteristic. An English writer said of him: "He has no vague ideas of reform that are impossible of accomplishment. He lives in no intellectual Utopia, and spreads no Barmecide feast." It is curious, but nevertheless true, that the most practical President in recent years is the President who by training and environment should be the least practical.

He has shown how the practical dominates him in all that he has done. He began with the tariff as the legislation of the highest importance. His message was very brief, very concise, very simple. He used short words. There was no attempt at epigram or phrase-making; neither was there any oratorical ambiguity. No one could twist two meanings into his words. He not only knew what he wanted, but he was insistent that every one else should share that knowledge. He held Congress strictly to the one thing in hand—the tariff. There must be nothing to dissipate its energies, nothing to distract its concentration, nothing to serve excuse for delay. It was the same with the currency. His message was equally brief, equally workmanlike, almost matter of fact in its simplicity, and yet not without a certain charm. Congress was weary, and would like to adjourn, but the President refused. Congress would compromise; if the President would agree to adjournment, it would not object to meeting in advance, and thus compensating for the time lost. But the President remained firm, and again he got what he wanted.

In Washington, at the end of his first year, one can get two diametrically opposite views of President Wilson, and both the honest conviction of those who hold them. One is that of the "self-centered," cold, passionless man, almost unhuman in his control of emotion and concealment of sympathy; the other is that of a magnetic personality who appeals and attracts. Now, the truth is that men get from others a part of what they give, and friendship is a reflection of ourselves. Mr. Wilson is not magnetic in the ordinary use of the word. He is neither "mixer" nor "good fellow," as politicians use that term, but he has a great force of intellectual magnetism, a rare gift that makes little appeal to the multitude. Among other things, the unwritten law requires that a President shall coin epigrams and say smart things and write quotable letters. One may search the newspapers diligently during the last year, and not find a single paragraph beginning, "President Wilson was reminded the other day to tell a story." He has not the national vice of "being reminded" by a "story," nor does he indulge in the pseudo-philosophy of the anecdote. His manner of speaking and

his form of expression are as direct as his desk is orderly. He no more clutters up his conversation with idle words than he litters his desk with papers. He keeps to the subject in hand with as much fidelity as he keeps his appointments. Mr. Roosevelt was often so interested in a visitor's conversation that he forgot that other people were waiting to see him. Mr. Taft was notorious for being from thirty minutes to an hour or more behind his schedule. Mr. Wilson adheres to his schedule as punctiliously as a train-despatcher. He listens or talks, as the occasion may demand; but he remains master of his own time, and brings the interview to a close on the tick of the clock. The man who comes primed to tell a story in the hope of impressing the President with his "good-fellowship" goes away chilled; the man to whom intellect appeals, who the force of character impresses, and a clear-cut decision is a delight, goes away warmed by the intellectual magnetism that has radiated from the President. Hence two opinions so contradictory, the general belief in Mr. Wilson's coldness, and the feeling confined to a few that he is magnetic.

It is doubtful whether any man with a serious purpose has ever been helped by popularity or hindered because he was deemed unpopular. Contemporary public opinion, a thing usually wrong and seldom enduring, can neither add an iota to a man's moral or intellectual stature nor subtract from it. Yet valueless as popularity is, scornful as a man may be who cares nothing for the verdict of the moment and looks to the future to do him justice, it must be conceded that it is an asset no sensible man will reject and not every man may possess. In the larger sense Mr. Wilson has not yet succeeded in making himself popular in Washington, nor has he infused the imagination of the country. Democrat though he is by heredity, environment, and conviction, he is an intellectual aristocrat, to whom knowledge is the one thing to excite reverence. A nature cast in this mold is apt to have little pliability; it breaks seldom and bends never. Mr. Wilson has little tolerance for the superficial. "He could not or would not suffer fools gladly." Hence he listens not willingly to the ordinary person, rates men by his own standard, and makes few friends.

Mr. Taft complained of the seclusion of the White House, and no matter how frequently the President entertains and how numerous his visitors, from the day he enters the White House he is no longer free to come and go or to mingle with men as he did before. But despite these restrictions, Presidents have not lived the hermit life in Washington; they either renewed friendships made in the earlier days of their Washington service, as Harrison and Cleveland and McKinley and Roosevelt and Taft did, or they formed new ones. Mr. Wilson came to Washington almost a total stranger, knowing no one intimately, and it is doubtful if he has really made a friend in the year he has been in office. With the exception of a call at the house of Mr. Tumulty, his secretary, one has yet to hear of his entering any private house in Washington, or "dropping in" on friends for a chat and a cup of tea, as did his predecessors. He has accepted no invitations outside of the immediate cabinet circle. Sordid as politics often are, warm and lasting friendships are frequently made between politicians; for common interests and a natural liking bring men together, and each finds the best in the other. Although Washington is a selfish and artificial place, it has another and more generous side.

Mr. Wilson cares little for society, for which one cannot blame him. His society is in his home, his wife, and his daughters. Large dinners and rich food, much chattering small talk when nothing is said worth remembering, fuss and feathers and show, do not attract him, perhaps because he has known little of that exotic life. Plain living and high thinking make their appeal. He finds his relaxation at the theater in the company of Mrs. Wilson and his daughters, or in a book. He golfs not avidly, but as a penance imposed by his physician. By preference he goes to bed early, sleeps eight or nine hours, and gets up early. He has none of that catholicity of taste and interest that Queen Victoria had, who delighted hearing from their own lips the reports of statesmen, soldiers, travelers, or any one who had done something out of the usual.

Rather he is of the type of the late Lord Salisbury, who was noted for his belief that when a man had something important to communicate, he could do it much bet-

ter in writing than orally. And yet a serious man, as the President is, need not necessarily be a melancholy man, to whom life is as unjoyous as it was to the Puritan, crushed under the immensities of the weight of existence and always struggling to repress the desire to live gladly. Mr. Wilson finds his enjoyment in the way he would; he has humor, and he can laugh. No man needs to be pitied so long as he has not forgotten how to laugh.

It would be better for Mr. Wilson personally, and it would make his leadership easier, if he were able to cultivate the art of companionship and remembered that life is reciprocity. A man of warm and generous impulses, he suffers as Cleveland and Harrison did under the imputation of coldness and indifference; he is accused of being as unmindful of obligation as was his immediate predecessor; for Mr. Taft, despite his good nature and large heart, was often curiously careless of acknowledging service. It is easy for a President to show appreciation, and even the man inspired by the highest motives, unselfishly working for the public good rather than for his personal advantage, likes to know that his efforts are appreciated.

As President Mr. Wilson has done in his first year two things, and has done or not done or has still to do, according to the point of view, one thing. Accomplishment is written in the two great legislative acts of the special session, the tariff and the currency. Still inchoate is Mexico.

Exactly as there are two views held as to the President's personality, so there are two views as to the President's Mexican policy. He is commended for what he has done; he has been vigorously attacked not only for what he has done, but even more for what he has failed to do. Both schools, however much they may disagree on the main proposition, are united as to its consequences. Supporters and opponents concur that Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy will either make or break him. If it is successful, his position will be unassailable; if it is a failure, it will destroy him.

I shall not discuss Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy, for it would be absurd and impertinent to attempt to pass judgment without a knowledge of all the facts, and that no one has; it would be as unjust to the President as it would to an artist to criticize a half-finished portrait. But while nothing shall be said as to what the future may bring in regard to Mexico, certain things arising out of the Mexican revolution can properly be said as contributing to a better understanding of Mr. Wilson's aims and purposes.

Mr. Wilson has formulated a broad policy touching the relations of the United States with Latin America, and of Central America more especially as being peculiarly the victim of its own unhappy political system. In brief, it is that the United States has been morally responsible for Latin American revolutions and disorder, first by the encouragement citizens of the United States have given to Central Americans by providing them with money and munitions to raise a revolution, looking for their return in valuable concessions and other profitable favors; and again in the laissez-faire policy of the United States in recognizing de-facto governments without ascertaining how these governments came into existence. Mr. Wilson is resolved not to recognize every adventurer who may set up a so-called government. He reverses the traditional American policy of more than half a century, that the United States could not go behind the returns, and when a man called himself president and appeared to be in possession of the government, that was sufficient for the United States to accord him recognition. That policy has done incalculable harm. It has been a direct incitement to revolution. There was no profit in being the President of a Latin American state unless the world accepted the title as valid, and Europe followed the lead of the United States. Mr. Wilson purposes not to accept a revolution as the certificate of the electoral college. He purposes to do what President Pierce said could not be done. He purposes to go behind the returns if necessary, to ascertain whether the president is in fact as well as in law president, or whether he has by force, cunning, and perhaps murder seized power.

Whether this is a practical policy or idealism run mad it would be foreign to the purpose of this article to discuss; nor would its discussion be of much importance. Time and the course of events will render the answer; but it is proper to note that Mr. Wilson has saved the coun-

try from war; and while every one vehemently asserts that the whole of Mexico is n't worth the life of a single American soldier, many of these same people in the same breath condemn Mr. Wilson for having no policy. Any time in the last year it would have been easier to have brought on war than it has been to avert it.

The Mexican complications have afforded Mr. Wilson an opportunity to reaffirm in a broad and emphatic manner the Monroe Doctrine. As an Englishman, I am naturally not particularly enamoured of a doctrine which, no matter how essential it was to the safety and well-being of the United States in the past, is to-day, in my opinion, as injurious to Latin America as it is unnecessary to the United States, and detrimental to the progress of all the rest of the world; but that is a controversial subject not properly belonging here. As an American, as President of the United States, Mr. Wilson holds to the national polity, and permits no weakening of the Monroe Doctrine while in his keeping. In the early days of his Presidency, when relations with Mexico began to assume a threatening aspect, and some of the great European powers were showing signs of nervousness about the safety of their subjects and their investments in Mexico, suggestions were thrown out that Mexico was an international, and not purely an American, question, and certain newspapers urged the President to call a conference or in other ways invite the coöperation of Europe. That would not have been unpopular in some quarters, even although it might not unlikely have brought down on the President criticism for ignoring the Monroe Doctrine; but at least it would have made Mr. Wilson's task easier. He not only refused to listen to the suggestion, but without offending European sensibilities he made it known that the United States would not consent to European interference in an American question, which Mexico is, and rather than the Monroe Doctrine being relaxed, it would be strengthened, if necessary. There is now no doubt in any European foreign office what President Wilson's attitude is on the Monroe Doctrine, and what his course would be should any European power challenge it. Whether for good or evil, the Monroe Doctrine exists as long as Woodrow Wilson remains in the White House. The rest of the world "allows" the United States a free hand in dealing with Mexico because it has no alternative.

Mr. Wilson has been his own foreign minister, as he has been his own cabinet. The Mexican policy is his policy. He cannot shift responsibility. He must accept blame for whatever happens, and to him will be accorded the credit if he brings about peace without having forced his own country into war. He has put his impress upon the state department, as he has upon all the other departments of the Government. He controls Congress. He dominates Washington. He is the most masterful figure American politics has known, as determined as Jackson, but with the persuasion and tact that were foreign to Jackson's nature. He has done things. Among the men to whom the White House is a background there is no more interesting study, none with nature more perplexing, none whose future defies prediction. Time will deliver the verdict.

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson and H. C. Merrill

PORTRAIT STUDY

FROM THE PAINTING BY CECILIA BEAUX

MUSIC OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY JAMES HUNEKER

DESPITE the fact that he played the flute and ranked Rossini above Wagner, Arthur Schopenhauer said some notable things about music. "Art is ever on the quest," is a wise observation of his, "a quest, and a divine adventure"; though this restless search for the new often ends in plain reaction, progress may be crab-wise and still be progress. I fear that "progress" as usually understood is a glittering "general idea" that blinds us to the truth. Reform in art is not like reform in politics; you can't reform the St. Matthew Passion or the Fifth Symphony. Is "Parsifal" a reformation of Gluck? This talk of reform is only confusing the historical with the esthetic. Art is a tricksy quantity and, like quicksilver, is ever mobile. As in all genuine revolutions the personal equation counts the heaviest, so in dealing with the conditions of music at the present time one must study the temperament of our music-makers and let prophecy sulk in its tent as it may.

If Ruskin had written music-criticism, he might have amplified the meaning of his once-famous phrase, the "pathetic fallacy," for I consider it a pathetic fallacy —though not in the Ruskinian sense—in criticism to be overshadowed by the fear that, because some of our critical predecessors misjudged Wagner or Manet or Ibsen, we should be too merciful in criticizing our contemporaries. This is the "pathos of distance" run to sentimental seed. The music of to-day may be the music of to-morrow, but if it is not, what then? It may satisfy the emotional needs of the moment, yet to-morrow be a stale formula. But what does that prove? Because Bach and Beethoven built their work on the bases of eternity (employing this tremendous term in its limited sense), one may nevertheless enjoy the men whose music is of slighter texture and "modern." Nor is this a plea for mediocrity. Mediocrity we shall always have with us: mediocrity is mankind in the normal, and normal man demands of art what he can read without running. Every century produces artists who are forgotten in a few generations, though they fill the eye and the ear for the time being with their clever production. This has led to another general idea, that of transition, of intermediate types. After critical perspective has been attained, it is seen that the majority of composers fall into this category, not a consoling notion, but an unavoidable. Richard Wagner has his epigones; the same was the case with Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. Mendelssohn was a delightful feminine variation on Bach, and after Schumann came Brahms.

The Wagner-Liszt tradition of music-drama, so-called, and the symphonic poem have been continued with personal modifications by Richard Strauss; Max Reger has pinned his faith to Brahms and absolute music, though not without a marked individual variation. In considering his "Sinfonietta," the "Serenade," the "Hiller Variations," the "Prologue to a Tragedy," the "Lustspiel Overture," the two concertos respectively for piano-forte and violin, we are struck not so much by the easy handling of old forms, but by the stark emotional content of these compositions. Reger began as a *Brahmsianer,* but he has thus far not succeeded in fusing form and theme so wonderfully as did his master. There is a Dionysian strain in his music that too often is in jarring discord with the intellectual plan of his work. But there is no denying that Max Reger is the one man in Germany to-day who is looked upon as the inevitable rival of Richard Strauss. Their disparate tendencies bring to the lips the old query, Under which king? Some think that Arnold Schoenberg may be a possible antagonist in the future, but for the present it 's Reger and Strauss, and no third in opposition.

The Strauss problem is a serious one.

In America much criticism of his performances has contrived to evade the real issue. He has been called hard names because he is money-loving, or because he has not followed in the steps of Beethoven, because of a thousand and one things of no actual critical value. That he is easily the greatest technical master of his art now living there can be no question. And he has wound up a peg or two the emotional intensity of tone. Whether this striving after nerve-shattering combinations is a dangerous tendency is quite beside the mark. Let us register the fact. Beginning in the paths laid out by Brahms, he soon came under the influence of Liszt, and we were given a chaplet of tone-poems, sheer program-music, but cast in a bigger and more flexible mold than the thrice-familiar Liszt pattern. Whatever fate is reserved for "Death and Transfiguration," "Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche," "Also Sprach Zarathustra," "Hero's Life," and "Don Quixote," there is no denying their significance during the last decade of the nineteenth century. For me it seemed a decided step backward when Strauss invaded the operatic field. One so conspicuously rich in the gift of music-making (for the titles of his symphonies never prevented me from enjoying their coloring and eloquence) might have avoided the more facile triumphs of the stage. However, "Elektra" needs no apology, and the joyous "Rosenkavalier" is a distinct addition to the repertory of musical comedy. Strauss is an experimenter and no doubt a man for whom the visible box-office exists, to parody a saying of Gautier's. But we must judge him by his own highest standard, the standard of "Elektra," "Don Quixote," and "Till Eulenspiegels," not to mention the beautiful songs. "Ariadne on Naxos" was a not particularly successful experiment, and what the newly composed Alp Symphony may prove to be one can only surmise. Probably this versatile tone poet has said his best. He is not a second Richard Wagner, not yet has he the charm of the Liszt personality, but he bulks too large in contemporary history to be called a decadent, although in the precise meaning of the word, without its stupid misinterpretation, he is a decadent inasmuch as he dwells with emphasis on the technic of his composition, sacrificing the whole for the page, putting the phrase above the page, and the single note in equal competition with the phrase. In a word, Richard Strauss is a romantic, and flies the red flag of his faith. He has not followed the advice of Paul Verlaine in taking eloquence by the neck and wringing it. He is nothing if not eloquent and expressive, magnifying his Bavarian song-birds to the size of Alpine eagles. The newer choir has avoided the very things in which Strauss has excelled, for that way lies repetition and satiety.

However, Strauss is not the only member of the post-Wagnerian group, but he is the chief one who has kept his individual head above water in the welter and chaos of the school. Where is Cyrill Kistner, Hans Sommer, August Bungert, and the others? Humperdinck is a mediocrity, even more so than Puccini. And what of the banalities of Bruckner? His Wagnerian cloak is a world too large for his trifling themes. Siegfried Wagner does not count, and for anything novel we are forced to turn our eyes and ears in the direction of France. After Berlioz, a small fry, indeed, yet not without interest. The visit made by Claude Debussy to Russia during his formative period had consequences. He absorbed Moussorgsky, and built upon him, and he had Wagner at his finger-ends; like Charpentier he cannot keep Wagner out of his scores; the Bayreuth composer is the King Charles's head on his manuscript. "Tristan und Isolde" in particular must have haunted the composers of "Louise" and "Pelléas et Mélisande." The "Julien" of Charpentier is on a lower literary and musical level than "Louise," which, all said and done, has in certain episodes a picturesque charm; the new work is replete with bad symbolism and worse music-spinning. Debussy has at least a novel, if somewhat monotonous, manner. He is "precious," and in ideas as constipated as Mallarmé, whose "Afternoon of a Faun" he so adequately set. Nevertheless, there is magic in his music at times. It is the magic of suggestiveness, of the hinted mystery which only Huysmans's ten superior persons scattered throughout the universe may guess. After Debussy comes Dukas, Ravel, Florent Schmitt, Roger-Ducasse, men who seem to have caught

anew the spirit of the eighteenth-century music and given it to us not through the poetic haze of Debussy, but in gleaming, brilliant phrases. There is promise in Schmitt. As to Vincent d'Indy, you differ with his scheme, yet he is a master, as was César Franck a master, as are masters the two followers of D'Indy, Albert Roussel and Theodat de Sévérac. Personally I admire Paul Dukas, though without any warrant whatever for placing him on the same plane with Claude Debussy, who, after all, has added a novel nuance to art. But they are all makers of anxious mosaics; never do they carve the big block.

It is hardly necessary to consider here the fantastic fashionings of Erik Satie, the "newest" French composer. He seems to have out-Schoenberged Schoenberg in his little piano pieces bearing the alluring titles of "Embryons desséchés," preludes and pastorales. Apart from the extravagant titles, the music itself is ludicrous *qua* music, but not without subtle irony. That trio of Chopin's "Funeral March" played in C and declared as a citation from the celebrated mazurka of Schubert does touch the rib risible. There is neither time signature nor bars. All is gentle chaos and is devoted to the celebration, in tone, of certain sea-plants and creatures. This sounds like Futurism or the passionate patterns of the Cubists, but I assure you I 've seen and tried to play the piano-music of Satie. That he is an arch-humbug I shall neither maintain nor deny. After Schoenberg anything is possible in this vale of agonizing dissonance. I recall with positive satisfaction a tiny composition for piano by Rebikoff, which he calls a setting of "The Devil's Daughters," a mural design by Franz Stuck of Munich. To be sure, the bass is in C and the treble in D-flat, nevertheless the effect is almost piquant. The humor of the new composer is melancholy in its originality, but Gauguin has said that in art one must be either a plagiarist or a revolutionist. Satie is hardly a plagiarist, though the value of his revolution is doubtful.

The influence of Verdi has been supreme among the Verists of young Italy, though not one has proved knee-high to a grasshopper when compared to the composer of that incomparable masterpiece, "Falstaffo." Ponchielli played his part, and under his guidance such dissimilar talents as Puccini, Mascagni, and Leoncavallo were fostered. Puccini stopped with "La Bohème," all the rest is repetition and not altogether admirable repetition. That he has been the hero of many box-offices has nothing to do with his intrinsic merits. Cleverness is his predominating vice, and a marked predilection for time-serving; that is, he, like the excellent musical journalist that he is, feels the public pulse, spreads his sails to the breeze of popular favor, and while he is never as banal as Humperdinck or Leoncavallo, he exhibits both these qualities in suffusion. Above all, he is not original. If Mascagni had only followed the example of Single-Speech Hamilton, he would have spared himself many mortifications and his admirers much boredom. The new men, such as Wolf-Ferrari, Montemezzi, Giordano, and numerous others are electics; they belong to any country, and their musical cosmopolitanism, while affording agreeable specimens, may be dismissed with the comment that their art lacks pronounced personal profile. This does not mean that "L'Amore dei Tre Re" is less delightful. The same may be said of Ludwig Thuille and also of the Neo-Belgian group. Sibelius, the Finn, is a composer with a marked temperament. Among the English Delius shows strongest. He is more personal, therefore more original, than Elgar. Not one of these can tie the shoe-strings of Peter Cornelius, the composer of short masterpieces, "The Barber of Bagdad"—the original version, not the bedeviled version of Mottl.

In Germany there is an active group of young men; Ernest Boehe, Walter Braunfels, Max Schillings, Hans Pfitzner, a gifted composer, F. Klose, Karl Ehrenberg, Dohnány, H. G. Noren. The list is long. Fresh, agreeable, and indicative of a high order of talent is a new opera by Franz Schreker, "Das Spielwerk und die Prinzessin." Schreker's earlier opera, "Der ferne Klang," I missed, but I enjoyed the later composition, charged as it is with fantasy, atmosphere, bold climaxes, and framing a legendary libretto.

Curiously enough, the Russian Moussorgsky, whose work was neglected during his lifetime, has proved to be a precursor to latter-day music. He was not affected in his development by Franz Liszt, whose

influence on Tschaikovsky, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakof, Glazounof—he less than the others—was considerable. Like Dostoyevsky, Moussorgsky is *ur*-Russian, not a polished production of Western culture, as are Turgenieff, Tschaikovsky, Tolstoy, or Rubinstein. He is not a romantic, this Russian bear; the entire modern school is at one in their rejection of romantic moods and attitudes. Now, music is preeminently a romantic art. I once called music a species of emotional mathematics, yet so vast is its kingdom that it may contain the sentimentalities of Mendelssohn, the old-world romance of Schumann, the sublimated poetry of Chopin, and the thunderous epical accents of Beethoven.

Moussorgsky has been styled a "primitive," and I fancy it is as good an ascription as another. He is certainly as primitive as Paul Gauguin, who accomplished the difficult feat of shedding his Parisian skin as an artist and reappearing as a modified Tahitian savage. But I suspect there was a profounder sincerity in the case of the Muscovite. Little need now to sing the praises of Boris Godunoff, though not having seen and heard Chaliapine, New York is yet to receive the fullest and sharpest impression of the rôle. "Khovanchtchina" is even more rugged, more Russian. Hearing it after Tschaikovsky's charming, but weak, setting of "Eugen Onegin," the forthright and characteristic qualities of Moussorgsky were set in higher relief. All the old rhetoric goes by the board; and sentiment, in our sense of the word, is not drawn upon too heavily. Stravinsky is a new man not to be slighted, nor are Kodaly and Bartok. I mention only the names of those composers with whose music I am fairly familiar. Probably Stravinsky will be called a Futurist, whatever that portentous title may mean. However, the music of Tschaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakof, Rachmaninof, and the others is no longer revolutionary, but may be considered as evolutionary. Again the theory of transitional periods and types comes into play, but I notice this theory has been applied only to minor masters, never to creators. We don't call Bach or Handel or Mozart or Beethoven intermediate types. Perhaps some day Wagner will seem as original to posterity as Beethoven does to our generation.

Was n't it George Saintsbury who once remarked that all discussion of contemporaries is conversation, not criticism? If this be the case, then it is suicidal for a critic to pass judgment upon the music-making of his day, a fact obviously at variance with daily practice. Yet it is a dictum not to be altogether contravened. For instance, my first impressions of Schoenberg were neither flattering to his composition nor to my indifferent critical acumen. If I had begun by listening to the comparatively mellifluous D-minor string quartet, as did my New York colleagues, instead of undergoing the terrifying aural tortures of "Lieder des Pierrot lunaire," I might have been as amiable as were the critics I mention. But circumstances were otherwise, and it was later that I heard the two string quartets —the latter in F-sharp minor (by courtesy, this tonality), with voices at the close —the astounding "Gurrelieder" and the piano-pieces. The orchestral poem of "Pelléas et Mélisande" I have yet to enjoy or execrate; there seems to be no middle term for Schoenberg's amazing art. If I say I hate or like it, that is only a personal expression, not a criticism standing foursquare. I fear I subscribe to the truth of Mr. Saintsbury's epigram.

It may be considered singular that the "new" music hails from Austria, not Germany. No doubt that Strauss is the protagonist of the romantics, dating from Liszt and Wagner; and that Max Reger is the protagonist of the modern classicists, counting Brahms as their fount (did you ever read what Wagner, almost a septuagenarian, wrote of Brahms: "Der judischen Czardas-Aufspieler!"). But they are no longer proclaimed by those ultra-moderns who dare to call Strauss an intermediate type. So rapidly doth music speed down the grooves of time. From Vienna comes Schoenberg; in Vienna lives and composes the youthful Erich Korngold, whose earlier music seems to well as if from some mountain spring, although with all its spontaneity it has no affinity with Mozart. It is distinctively "modern," employing the resources of the "new" harmonic displacements and the multicolored modern orchestral apparatus. Korngold is so receptive that he reveals just now the joint influences of Strauss and Schoenberg. Yet I think the path

lies straight before this young genius, straight and shining. He ought to go far, Hugo Wolf was a song-writer who perilously grazed genius, but he rotted before he was ripe. Need we consider the respective positions of Bruckner or Mahler, one all prodigality and diffuseness, the other largely cerebral? And Mahler without Bruckner would hardly have been possible. Those huge tonal edifices, skyscrapers in bulk, soon prove barren to the spirit. A mountain in parturition with a mouse! Nor need we dwell upon the ecstatic Scriabine who mimicked Chopin so deftly in his piano pieces, and "going" Liszt and Strauss one better,—or ten, if you will,—spilt his soul in swooning, roseate vibrations. Withal, a man of ability and vast ambitions.

More than a year ago I heard in Vienna Schoenberg's "Gurrelieder," a setting to a dramatic legend by Jens Peter Jacobsen. The December previous (1912) I had undergone a hearing of his "Pierrot lunaire," said to be in his latest manner—at that time; he may have evolved a new one since then. The choral and orchestral work, "Gurrelieder," was composed in 1902, but it sounds newer than the quartets or the sextet. In magnitude it beats Berlioz. It demands five solo singers, a dramatic reader, three choral bodies, and an orchestra of one hundred and forty, in which figure eight flutes, seven clarinets, six horns, four Wagner tubas. Little wonder the impression was a stupendous one. There were episodes of great beauty, dramatic moments, and appalling climaxes. As Schoenberg has decided both in his teaching and practice that there are no unrelated harmonies, cacophony was not absent. Another thing: this composer has temperament, I mean musical temperament. He is cerebral, as few before him, yet in this work the bigness of the design did not detract from the emotional quality. I confess I did not understand at one hearing the curious dislocated harmonies and splintered themes —melodies they are not—in the "Pierrot lunaire." I have been informed that the ear plays a secondary rôle in this "new" music; no longer through the porches of the ear must filter plangent tones, wooing the tympanum with ravishing accords. It is now the "inner ear," which is symbolic of a higher type of musical art. A complete disassociation of ideas, harmonies, of rhythmic life, of architectonics is demanded. To quote an admirer of the Vienna revolutionist, "The entire man in you must be made over before you can divine Schoenberg's art." Perhaps his *æsthetik* embraces what the metaphysicians call the Langley-James hypothesis; fear, anxiety, pain are the "content," and his hearers actually suffer as are supposed to suffer his characters or moods or ideas. The old order has changed, changed very much, yet I dimly feel that if this art is to endure it contains, perhaps in precipitation, the elements without which no music is permanent. But his elliptical patterns are interesting, above all bold. There is no such thing as absolute originality. Even the individual Schoenberg, the fabricator of nervous noises, leans heavily on Wagner. Wagner is the fountain-head of the new school, let them mock his romanticism as they may.

Is all this to be the music of to-morrow? Frankly, I don't know, and I 'm sure Schoenberg does n't know. He is said to be guided by his daimon, as was Socrates; let us hope that familiar may prompt him to more comprehensible utterances. But he must be counted with nowadays. He is significant of the reaction against formal or romantic beauty. I said the same over a decade ago of Debussy. Again the critical watchmen in the high towers are signaling Schoenberg's movements not without dismay. Cheer up, brethren! Preserve an open mind. It is too soon to beat reactionary bosoms, crying aloud, *Nunc dimittis!* Remember the monstrous fuss made over the methods of Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy. I should n't be surprised if ten years hence Arnold Schoenberg would prove quite as conventional a member of musical society as those other two "anarchs of art."

RODIN'S NOTE-BOOK

COMPILED BY JUDITH CLADEL AND TRANSLATED BY S. K. STAR

INTRODUCTION BY JUDITH CLADEL

AT a period in which, among the many manifestations of intellectual activity in the nations, art is placed in the background, the advent of a great artist invariably calls forth the same phenomena: a few men of taste become enthusiasts, the majority become indignant, and the public, not being possessed of sufficient esthetic education, and intolerant because of their lack of understanding, ridicule the intruder who has overthrown the accepted standards of the century. Friends and foes alike consider him a revolutionist; as a matter of fact, he is in open revolt against ignorance and general inability.

Little by little the great truth embodied in such a man is revealed. Comprehension, like a contagion, seems to take hold of the minds of people, which impels them to study his art at first hand. A study not only of his own significance, but of the principles which he represents, quickly reveals that the work of this innovator, this revolutionist, is in fact deeply allied to tradition, and far from being a mysterious, isolated uprising, is, on the contrary, closely linked to general artistic ideals.

Our aim is to penetrate the doctrines of this master, his method, his manner of working—all that which at other times would have been called his secrets.

Auguste Rodin's career has passed through the inevitable phases. He, who has been so generally discussed and attacked, is to-day the most regarded of all artists. He likes to talk of his art; for he knows that his observations have a priceless value, that of experience,—the experience of sixty years of uninterrupted work,—and of a conscience perhaps even more exacting to-day than at the time of his impetuous youth. He says, "My principles are the laws of experience." The combination of these principles embodies his greatest precept; namely, that of thinking and executing a thing simultaneously. We must listen to Rodin as we would listen to Michelangelo or Rembrandt if they were living. For his method may be the starting-point of an artistic renaissance in Europe, perhaps throughout the whole world. Definite signs of a decided resurrection in taste are already manifesting themselves, and it is a splendid satisfaction for the illustrious sculptor to receive such acknowledgment in his glorious old age. For, like every great genius, he has a profound love for the race from which he springs, and feels a strong instinctive confidence in it. Indeed, how should this be otherwise? In the course of centuries, has not this wonderful Celtic race on various occasions reconstructed its understanding and interpretation of beauty?

Auguste Rodin expresses himself by preference on subjects from which he can draw an actual lesson. He is no theorist; he has an eminently positive mind, one might even say a practical mind. His teachings, dissimilar to the abstract teachings of books, can be characterized by two words, observation and deduction. His are not more or less arbitrary meditations in which personal imagination plays the principal part; they are rather the account of a sagacious, truthful traveler, of a soldier who relates the story of his campaigns, or of a scholar who records the result of an analysis. Reality is his only basis, and with justice to himself he can say, "I am not a rhetorician, but a man of action."

We hear him chat, it may be in his atelier about some piece of antique sculpture which has just come into his possession or about a work he has in hand, or during his rambles through his garden, which is situated in the most delightful country in the suburbs of the capital, or on a walk through the museums, or through the old quarter of Paris. For in his opinion "the streets of Paris, with their shops of old furniture, etchings, and works of art, are a veritable museum, far less tiring than official museums, and from which one imbibes just as much as one can."

ANCIENT WORKSHOPS AND MODERN SCHOOLS

BY AUGUSTE RODIN

I USE the words of the people, of the man in the street; for thoughts should be clear and easily comprehended. I desire to be understood by the great majority, and I leave scholarly words and unusual phrasing to specialists in estheticism. Moreover, what I say is very simple. It is within the grasp of mediocre intelligence. Up to now it has been of hardly any value. It is something quite new, and will remain so as long as the ideas which I stand for are not actively carried out.

If these ideas were understood and applied, the destruction of ancient works of art would cease immediately. By bad restorations we are ruining our most beautiful works of art, our marvelous architecture, our Gothic cathedrals, Renaissance city halls, all those old houses which transformed France into a garden of beauty of which it was impossible to grow weary, for everything was a delight to the eye and intelligence. Our workmen would have to be as capable as those of former times to restore those works of art without changing them, they would have to possess the same wonderfully trained eye and hand. But to-day we have lost that conception and execution. We live in a period of ignorance, and when we put our hand to a masterpiece, we spoil it. Restoring, in our way, is almost like jewelers replacing pearls with false diamonds, which the ignorant accept with complacency.

The Americans who buy our paintings, our antique furniture, our old engravings, our materials, pay very dearly for them. At least we think so. As a matter of fact they buy them very cheaply, for they obtain originals which can never be duplicated. We mock at the American collectors; in reality we ought to laugh at ourselves. For we permit our most precious treasures to be taken out of the country, and it is they who have the intelligence to acquire them.

My ideas, once understood and applied, would immediately revive art, all arts, not only sculpture, painting, and architecture, but also those arts which are called minor, such as decoration, tapestry, furniture, the designing of jewelry and medals, etc. The artisan would revert to fundamental truth, to the principles of the ancients—principles which are the eternal basis of all art regardless of difference of race and temperament.

CONSTRUCTION AND MODELING

IN the first place, art is only a close study of nature. Without that we can have no salvation and no artists. Those who pretend that they can improve on the living model, that glorious creation of which we know so little, of which we in our ignorance barely grasp the admirable proportions, are most insignificant, and they will never produce anything but mediocre work.

We must strive to understand nature not only with our heart, but above all with our intellect. He who is impressionable, but not intelligent, is incapable of expressing his emotion. The world is full of men who worship the beauty of women; but how many can make beautiful portraits or beautiful busts of the woman they adore? Intelligence alone, after lengthy research, has discovered the general principles without which there can be no real art.

In sculpture the first of these principles is that of construction. Construction is the first problem that faces an artist studying his model, whether that model be a human being, animal, tree, or flower. The question arises regarding the model as a whole, and regarding it in its separate parts. All form that is to be reproduced ought to be reproduced in its true dimensions in its complete volume. And what is this volume?

It is the space that an object occupies in the atmosphere. The essential basis of art is to determine that exact space; it is the alpha and omega, it is the general law. To model these volumes in depth is to model in the round, while modeling on the surface is bas-relief. In a reproduction of nature such as a work of art attempts, sculpture in the round approaches reality more closely than does bas-relief.

To-day we are constantly working in bas-relief, and that is why our products are so cold and meager. Sculpture in the round alone produces the qualities of life. For instance, to make a bust does not con-

sist in executing the different surfaces and their details one after another, successively making the forehead, the cheeks, the chin, and then the eyes, nose, and mouth. On the contrary, from the first sitting the whole mass must be conceived and constructed in its varying circumferences; that is to say, in each of its profiles.

A head may appear ovoid, or like a sphere in its variations. If we slowly encircle this sphere, we shall see it in its successive profiles. As it presents itself, each profile differs from the one preceding. It is this succession of profiles which must be reproduced, and which are the means of establishing the true volume of a head.

Each profile is actually the outer evidence of the interior mass; each is the perceptible surface of a deep section, like the slices of a melon, so that if one is faithful to the accuracy of these profiles, the reality of the model, instead of being a superficial reproduction, seems to emanate from within. The solidity of the whole, the accuracy of plan, and the veritable life of a work of art, proceed therefrom.

The same method applies to details which must all be modeled in conformity with the whole. Deference to plan necessitates accuracy of modeling. The one is derived from the other. The first engenders the second.

These are the main principles of construction and modeling,—principles to which we owe the force and charm of works of art. They are the key not only to the handicraft of sculpture, but to all the handicrafts of art. For that which is true of a bust applies equally to the human form, to a tree, to a flower, or to an ornament.

It is neither mysterious nor hard to understand. It is thoroughly commonplace, very prosaic. Others may say that art is emotion, inspiration. Those are only phrases, tales with which to amuse the ignorant.

Sculpture is quite simply the art of depression and protuberance. There is no getting away from that. Without a doubt the sensibility of an artist and his particular temperament play a part in the creation of a work of art, but the essential thing is to command that science which can be acquired only by work and daily experience. The essential thing is to respect the law, and the characteristic of that fruitful law is to be the same for all things.

Moreover, such was the method employed by the ancients, and which we ourselves employed till the end of the eighteenth century, and by which the spirit of the Gothic genius, and that of the Renaissance, and of the periods of culture and elegance of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were transmitted to us. Only in our day we have completely lost that technic.

These rules do not constitute a system individual to myself. They are general principles which govern the world of art, just as other immutable laws govern the celestial world. They are mathematical principles which I found again because my work inevitably led me to follow in the footsteps of the great masters, my ancestors.

THE TRADITIONAL LAWS OF ANCIENT ART

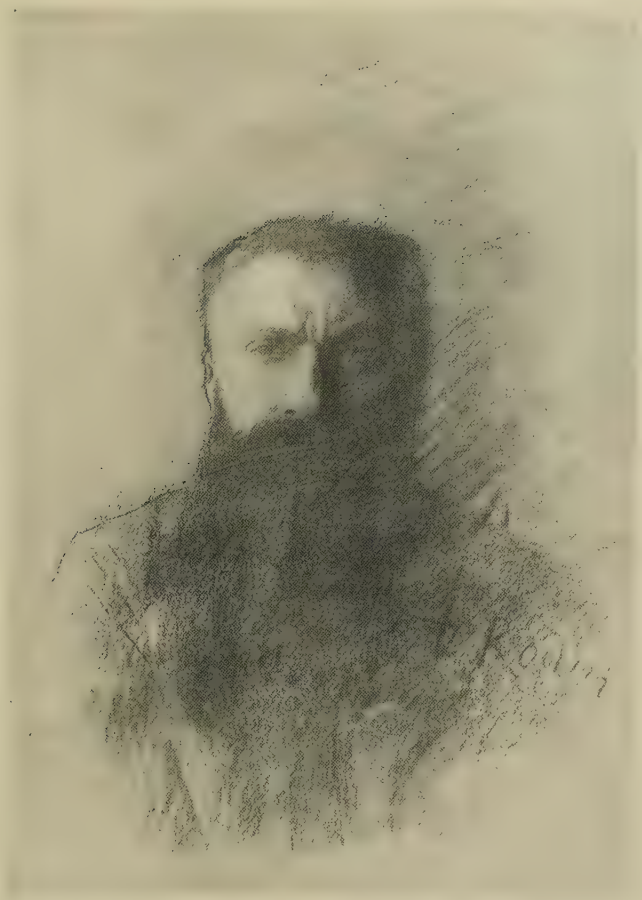
In days of old precise laws were handed down from generation to generation, from master to student, in all the workshops of the workers in art, sculptors, painters, decorators, cabinet-makers, jewelers. But at that time workshops existed where one actually taught, where the master worked in view of the pupil. In our day by what have we replaced that marvelously productive school, the workshop? By academies in which one learns nothing, because one sets out from such a contrary point of view.

These principles of art were first pointed out to me not by a celebrated sculptor, or by an authorized teacher, but by a comrade in the workshop, a humble artisan, a little plasterer from the neighborhood of Blois called Constant Simon. We worked together at a decorator's. I was quite at the beginning of my career, earning six francs a day. Our models were leaves and flowers, which we picked in the garden. I was carving a capital when Constant Simon said to me: "You don't go about that correctly. You make all your leaves flatwise. Turn them, on the contrary, with the point facing you. Execute them in depth and not in relief. Always work in that manner, so that a surface will never seem other than the termination of a mass. Only thus can you achieve success in sculpture."

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

PORTRAIT OF MRS. X——

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY AUGUSTE RODIN



A PORTRAIT OF AUGUSTE RODIN, DRAWN BY HIMSELF

I understood at once. Since then I have discovered many other things, but that rule has remained my absolute basis. Constant Simon was only an obscure workman, but he possessed the principles and a little of the genius of the great ornamentists who worked at the châteaux of the Loire. On the St.-Michel fountain in Paris there are very beautifully carved decorations, rich and at the same time graceful, which were made by the hand of this little modeler, who knew far more than all the professors of esthetics.

Such was the purpose for which the workshops of old served. The apprentice passed successively through all the stages, and became acquainted with all the secrets of his handicraft. He began by sweeping the studio, and that already taught him care and patience, which are the essential virtues of a workman. He posed, he served as model for his comrades. The master in turn worked before him among his students. He heard his companions discuss their art, he benefited by the discoveries that they communicated to one another. He found himself faced every day by those unforeseen difficulties which go to make an artist till the moment when the artist is sufficiently capable to master his difficulties. Alternately, they were both teacher and companion, and they conveyed to one another the science of the ancients.

What have we to-day in place of those splendid institutions which developed character and intelligence simultaneously? Schools at which the students think only of obtaining a prize, not attained by close study, but in flattering the professors. The professors themselves, without any deep attachment for their academies, come

AUGUSTE RODIN

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRI MANUEL, PARIS

hurriedly, overburdened by official duties and all sorts of work; weighed down by perfunctory obligations, they correct the students' papers hastily, and hurriedly return to their regular occupation.

As to the students, twenty or thirty work from a single model, which is some distance from them and around which they can hardly turn. They ignore all those inevitable laws which are learned in the course of work, and which escape the attention of an artist working alone. They attend courses, or read books on esthetics written in technical language with obscure, abstract terms, lacking all connection with concrete reality—books in which the same mistakes are repeated because frequently they are copied from one another. What sort of students can develop under such disastrous conditions? If one among them is seriously desirous of learning, he breaks loose from his destructive surroundings, is obliged to lose several years first in ridding himself of a poor method, and then in searching for a method which formerly one had mastered on leaving the atelier.

That is the method which I preach to-day as emphatically as I can, calling attention to the numerous benefits and advantages of taking up a variety of handicrafts. Aside from sculpture and drawing, I have worked at all sorts of things, ornamentation, ceramics, jewelry. I have learned my lesson from matter itself, and have adapted myself accordingly. Only

From a photograph by Limet

THE INTERIOR OF RODIN'S STUDIO AT MEUDON

From a photograph by Limet

THE STUDIO OF RODIN AT CHENDON

in being faithful to this principle can one understand and know how to work. I am an artisan.

Will my experience be of benefit to others? I hope so. At all events, we have a bit to relearn. It will take years of patience and application to rise from the abyss of ignorance into which we have fallen. However, I believe in a renaissance. A number of our artists have already seen the light—the light of intellectual truth. Acts of barbarism against masterpieces cannot be committed any more without arousing the indignation of cultivated people. That in itself is an inestimable gain, for those works of art are the relics of our traditions, and if we have the strength to become an artistic people again, to reincarnate an era of beauty, then those are the works of art which will serve as our models, expressions of a national conscience that will be the mile-stones on our path.

JUDGED by his work, Auguste Rodin is the most modern of artists; judged by his life and character, he is unquestionably a man of bygone days. As a sculptor, he is such as were Phidias, Praxiteles, and the master architects of the Middle Ages; that is to say, he is of all times. One single idea guides his thoughts, one single aim arouses his energies—art, art through the study of nature.

It is by the concentration of his unusual mind on a single purpose that he attains his remarkable understanding of man, physical and moral, his contemporary, and of the spirit of our age. In the lifelike features of his statues he inscribes the history of the day. They seem to live, and the potency of their life enters into us and dominates us. For the moment we are only a silent spring, merely reflecting their authority.

Through this secret of genius, his statues and groups have an individual charm. They have taken their place in the history of sculpture. There is the charm of the antique, the charm of the Gothic, and the charm of Michelangelo. There is also the charm of Rodin.

THE BIRTH OF THE GOD OF WAR

BY MARÍA CRISTINA MENA

Author of "The Education of Popo," "John of God, the Water-Carrier," etc.

"Remember Huitzilopochtli!" is still a potent battle-cry of the Mexicans.

WITH A PICTURE BY F. LUIS MORA

WHEN I had been attentive and obliging, my grandmother would tell me stories of our pristine ancestors. She had many *cuentos* by heart, which she told in flowery and rhythmic prose that she never varied by a word; and those epic narrations, often repeated, engraved a network of permanent channels in the memory-stuff of one small child. Indeed, the tales of *mamagrande* were so precious to me that I would pray for afternoons of shade, which were the propitious ones, and I almost hated the sun, because when it baked our patio my grandmother would not occupy her favorite hammock, nor I my perch near by, on the margin of the blue-tiled fountain. And I invented a plan by which I could earn a reward.

Her cigarettes, which were very special, came from the coast once a month, packed in a cane box. Tapering at one end and large at the other, in wrappings of corn-husk, they were fastened together in cone-shaped bundles of twenty-five, and tied at apex and base with corn-husk ribbon. Now, I knew that *mamagrande* disliked to untie knots (she had often called me to unknot the waxed thread of her embroidering), so I would privately overhaul her stock of cigarettes, making five very tight knots at each end of each cone; and then at the golden hour I would watch from behind the flower-pots on the upper gallery for her tall figure in spreading black silk, with her fan in her hand and her little gold cigarette-pincers hanging at her waist. When she appeared, I would wait breathlessly for the business of her getting settled in her hammock, and suddenly calling me in a sweet, troubled voice to release a cone of cigarettes; whereupon I would run down to her and untie those bad little knots with such honeyed affability that she would proceed to recompense me from her store of Aztec mythology.

It was not mythology to me; no, indeed. I knew that *mamagrande* was marvelously old,—almost as old as the world, perhaps,—and although she denied, doubtless from excessive modesty, having enjoyed the personal acquaintance of any gods or heroes, I had a dim feeling that her intimate knowledge of the facts connected with such unusual events as, for instance, the birth of Huitzilopochtli, was in its origin more or less neighborly and reminiscent.

Huitzilopochtli was the god of war. More honored anciently in sacrificial blood than any other deity ever set up by man, I loved him once for his mother's sake, for his gallant and wonder-stirring birth, and for the eagle light in the black eyes of my grandmother as she pronounced his name.

It is not so difficult to pronounce as might be thought. "Weet-zee-lo-potch-tlee," spoken quickly and clearly with the accent on the "potch," will come somewhere near it, though it lack the relishing curl of my grandmother's square-cut lips. And the god's sweet mother Coatlicue may safely be called "Kwaht-lee-quay," with the accent on the "lee." But I had better begin at the beginning, as my grandmother always did, after lighting her first cigarette, and while adjusting the gold pincers in a hand like a dried leaf.

"The forests have their mysteries, which are sung in their own language by the waters, the breezes, the birds."

Thus *mamagrande* would begin in a hushed voice, with a wave of the hand that would make the blue smoke of her cigarette flicker in the air like a line of handwriting.

"Nature weeps and laughs, sings and

Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"SHE WOULD PROCEED TO RECOMPENSE ME FROM HER STORE OF AZTEC MYTHOLOGY"

cries, and man listens to that weeping and that laughter without knowing the cause. When the branch of the tree inclines itself under the weight of the wind, it speaks, it sings, or it cries. When the water of the forest runs murmuring, it tells a story; and its voice may be accordingly either a whisper or a harsh accent.

"Listen to the legend of the forest; listen to it as sung by the birds, the breezes, the waters! The hunters have arrived. The forest is full of the thunder of their cries, and the mountain repeats from echo to echo those shouts which threaten peace and happiness. Our ancestors, the Aztecs, loved the hunt because it was the counterpart of war.

"Camatzin has given the signal to begin. His dart traverses the air and, trembling, buries itself in the heart of the stag, which falls without life. Only the great hunter Camatzin can wound in this manner; only from his bow of ebony can spring the arrows that carry certain death. At the running of the first blood the fury of the hunters is kindled. All at one time draw their bows, and a thousand arrows traverse the air, covering as a cloud of passage the brilliant face of the sun. The slaughter has begun, the fight between the irrational and man, between force and cunning."

Alas! the sonorous imagery of those well-remembered phrases loses much in my attempt to render them in sober English. Hasten we, then, to the encounter between Camatzin and the lioness, which, with its cub, the hunter has pursued to its lair.

"She raises the depressed head, she opens the mandibles, armed with white and sharp teeth. Her red tongue cleans hastily the black snout. She contracts her members of iron, and prepares to launch herself upon him who approaches.

"Camatzin is valiant. He trembles not before death, but he understands the danger of the fight with the ruler of the forest. Woe to him if he misses his aim!

"The gaze of the lioness finds that of Camatzin. Two clouds meet; they clash, and give forth a ray which strikes death. The dart sings from the bow, and nails itself in the body of the cub. Roars this for the last time—"

"Ruge éste por la vez postrera," as it rolled out in my grandmother's voice, the *éste* signifying that ill-fated cub, for which I always wept. I render the construction literally because it seems to carry more of the perfume that came with those phrases as I heard them by the blue-tiled fountain.

"Roars this for the last time, and the mother roars with sorrow and anger. She sniffs at the blood that issues from the body of her young. She crouches, and so launches herself outside of the cave.

"Shines the solar ray in her red pupils! Moves *suavemente* her tail, which strikes her sides! Walks her gaze all around her!"

How expressive, in the mouth of *mamagrande,* was that desperate reconnoiter, and how plainly I could see the beast's yellow gaze "walking" from object to object!

"She straightens her members, as if to assure herself that they will not relax. She crouches with all her weight on her rear feet, and throws herself at Camatzin. He, without retreating, aims his bow, and the wild beast falls with its loins to earth, wounded in the right eye.

"Roars she, and the forest trembles to her roaring. She recovers, she rises, and so rapid is her movement that Camatzin cannot aim in time. The arrow falls without point at the foot of the rock. The bow is useless, brave Camatzin; take the *macana!* He lifts his great saber of wood edged with sharp flint, and the lion receives a well-aimed blow in the center of the forehead. Now the attack is body against body! Falls the *macana,* but already the beast has driven its potent claw in the muscular arm of Camatzin. He wishes to show his force, which has made him respected by all; but the beast continually tears his flesh, and he grows weaker."

But in mercy to the reader I 'll leave the end of that ferocious conflict to the imagination, and turn to the fortunes of the beloved and blessed Coatlicue.

"Now, Camatzin had a wife," my grandmother would continue softly, after I had supplied her with a fresh cigarette, "of noble lineage, like himself. She was called the loving wife, the saintly woman, by the hearth and in the temple; and her name was Coatlicue.

"Coatlicue sees the night arrive and turn darker and darker. The owl sings;

the husband delays longer than usual. The wind moans in the forest, and the branches bend as in prayer. When the hunters return at last, their arrival startles Coatlicue, as they had not announced their coming with the usual cries of victory. On their shoulders they bring the spoils of the day—the torn body of Camatzin! Coatlicue embraces the corpse of Camatzin, and her children gaze with tear-blurred eyes at the relic that death has sent them."

After a moving description of that first night of bereavement—a description in which the mystic voices of nature sounded their significant notes, my grandmother would proceed to recite in measured rhetoric the spiritual stages by which Coatlicue found consolation in religion. For the Aztecs, apart from and above their hero demigods, to one of whom this saintly widow was destined to give birth, worshiped an invisible Ruler of the Universe.

"Daily, when the afternoon falls, Coatlicue burns incense in the temple to the god of her ancestors, at the feet of whose image her beloved Camatzin had deposited a thousand times the laurels of his victories in the hunt and in war. Religion is the consolation unique in these afflictions. When cries the soul, only one balsam exists to cure its wound. Pray, souls that cry, if you wish that your pains be diminished!

"Arrived the autumn, and the afternoons became painted with rich reds, the nights tepid and clear. The first night of full moon bathed in its pale light the temple and Coatlicue, who prayed there. That night she felt a certain pleasure in her weeping. It was no longer that which tears the heart in order to come forth; no, it was the sweet balsam that cures a wound. When her children saw her coming in, they felt themselves happy, because for the first time they saw her smile."

My grandmother would dwell significantly on that smile, which seemed to mark a vague annunciation in the legend of miraculous birth, to be followed in the morning by a miracle of conception narrated with a naïve brevity which always took my breath away.

"Then came the aurora, and it was the first day that the heavens had beautiful color and light since the first day of orphanage. Ran Coatlicue to the temple, and censed the idol and cleaned the floor carefully, according to her custom. The sun was ascending when a white cloud concealed the radiant face of the king of the heavens.

"Lifts Coatlicue her eyes, and fixes them in space. With all the colors of the rainbow appears one brilliant little cloud that, tearing itself from heaven, reaches the temple: it was a ball of plumes; not more brilliant have the birds of the earth. It rolled over the altar, and fell to the floor. Coatlicue, with respectful gesture, took the plumes and guarded them in the bosom of her white robe. She censed the idol anew, prayed, and started for home. Before descending the last step of the temple she looked in her bosom for the plumes, but they had vanished!"

Such was the conception of the Mexican god of war, and it brought strife into the home of Coatlicue. All ignorant of the miracle that had been wrought, the children of Camatzin presumed to be scandalized at the ineffable happiness that had descended upon their mother, and to conspire against her life. Her own daughter was the malignant ringleader, taunting her two brothers with cowardice, and invoking vengeance in the name of the dead father's honor. And she, with her younger brother, sealed a pact of blood. Their mother felt a change in their regard, and trembled with fear before them, and marveled greatly at the remembrance of the celestial token that had disappeared in her bosom. Meditating on her unworthiness, she deemed it impossible that she should have been chosen by the divinity to engender a god, and she went to the temple to pray for light.

In sharp whispers, with narrowed eyes, my grandmother would go on to describe how the two conspirators followed their mother furtively into the gloom of the temple. Armed with a knife, the son fell upon her as she prayed. A terrible cry filled the space.

"Son of mine, stop thy hand! Wait! Give heed!"

"Adulteress!"

She feared not death, but wished to pray for the assassin, whose fate, she knew, would be more dreadful than his crime. But now sounded a new voice, a stentorian voice which made the temple quake:

"Mother, fear not! I will save thee!"

How it thrilled, the voice of *mamagrande,* as she repeated the first words of the god! And how it thrilled the little heart of the never-wearied listener! And then:

"The hills repeat the echo of those words. All space shines with a beautiful light, which bathes directly the face of Coatlicue. The assassin remains immobile, and the sister mute with terror, as from the bosom of Coatlicue springs forth a being gigantic, strange. His head is covered with the plumage of hummingbirds; in his right hand he carries the destructive *macana,* on his left arm the shining shield. Irate the face, fierce the frown. With one blow of the *macana* he strikes his brother lifeless, and with another his sister, the instigator of the crime. Thus was born the potent Huitzilopochtli, protector-genius of the Aztecs."

And Coatlicue, the gentle Coatlicue of my childish love? Throned in clouds of miraculously beautiful coloring, she was forthwith transported to heaven. Once I voiced the infantile view that the fate of Coatlicue was much more charming than that of the Virgin Mary, who had remained on this sad earth as the wife of a carpenter; but *mamagrande* was so distressed, and signed my forehead and her own so often, and made me repeat so many credos, and disquieted me so with a vision of a feathered Apache coming to carry me off to the mountains, that I was brought to a speedy realization of my sin, and never repeated it. Ordinarily *mamagrande* would conclude pacifically:

"Such, attentive little daughter mine, is the legend narrated to the Aztec priests by the forests, the waters, and the birds. And on Sunday, when *papacito* carries thee to the cathedral, fix it in thy mind that the porch, foundation, and courtyard of that saintly edifice remain from the great temple built by our warrior ancestors for the worship of the god Huitzilopochtli. Edifice immense and majestic, it extended to what to-day is called the Street of the Silversmiths, and that of the Old Bishop's House, and on the north embraced the streets of the Incarnation, Santa Teresa, and Monte Alegre. I am a little fatigued, *chiquita.* Rock thy little old one to sleep."

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE COLLEGE?

BY HAROLD C. GODDARD

FROM the kindergarten to the university, our present educational system is encountering searching criticism and undergoing radical readjustment. Few persons of liberal mind will fail to agree that the most auspicious aspect of this revolution is the wide-spread tendency to vitalize education by bringing it into closer contact with the actual life, present and future, of the student, a tendency of which the growth of industrial and agricultural, indeed of all forms of vocational training, is the most striking example. Education in America for the first time gives signs of becoming genuinely democratic. The very persons, however, who welcome these changes most enthusiastically should be the ones to insist most strenuously that whatever was sound in the old education should not be lost. As one of the chief repositories of this education, the college, together with the department of liberal arts of the university, presents, therefore, a problem of peculiar interest. Two things about the college, at any rate, are certain: it still has a function of supreme importance; it is performing that function at present inefficiently.

What is wrong with the college? As I ask myself that question, I find my mind traveling back to a certain organization of which I was once a member. It was a small group of relatively insignificant persons; and yet, as I have listened in the last few years to reiterated indict-

ments of our present collegiate education, I have found the conviction growing within me that that little organization, in its trivial way and on its restricted scale, had caught the secret which the American college has missed.

The wind bloweth where it listeth; the body of which I speak was nothing but a high-school debating-society. It was nothing but a debating-society, but it had got hold of a miraculous power, to define or even to describe which I shall not try. I can only put down a few of its results. It had the knack, somehow or other, of taking raw and callow high-school freshmen and sophomores and instilling into them, sometimes with a suddenness that was startling, a literally furious interest in all sorts of questions, political, social, and ethical, and an equally furious desire to discuss them endlessly. My memory may play me some tricks of exaggeration as I look back, but as I remember it, we boys came to reckon time in those days from one Friday night to the next. In their turmoil and fervor, the meetings themselves stand out in my mind as a sort of vivid contrast, especially in the matter of demands for the floor, with certain prayer-meetings I have attended. Social functions, even dances, could not compete with them. If there was an athletic event on a Friday afternoon, the club did not adjourn in the evening to help celebrate the victory. The debate was held as usual, merely with added zest and an access of virtue. No January blizzard was severe enough seriously to impair the attendance. The meetings began on the dot, and ended when it was no longer possible to force or bribe the janitor to keep the building open. Most of my other high-school experiences, much even of my college life, fade into fog and haze compared with the vivid memories of that society. I have no doubt that, in any absolute sense, its meetings were as absurd, its debates as wild and whirling, as any that were ever held. The product, then and there, was useless; but the spirit back of it all! That was authentic. That was, and is, a living thing. I use the word "spirit." But no one word will do. It was a something in the air, an atmosphere, a tradition, a grip, a pressure, an urgency, an uplift, a quickening of the will, an intellectual enthusiasm, an esprit de corps. What one calls it is of no account. The point is, it is what the American college of to-day is most in need of. And the question is, how is it to get it?

THE UNIFYING INFLUENCE OF COLLEGE SPIRIT

Now, the first fact to be grasped with regard to this spirit is that, like everything else that is alive, it can inhabit only a body where there is unity. It is no idle chance that the phrase "college spirit" has come in our day to have oftentimes an almost exclusively athletic connotation. The reason is that on the athletic-field we have team-work among the players and unity of interest on the part of all. The conditions for the emergence of an intellectual college spirit are the same. Whatever makes for the intellectual integrity of a college, renders more likely the appearance of this spirit. Whatever impairs that integrity, acts as a potent spell to keep it at a distance.

A normal boy or girl of college age, introduced into an atmosphere of high intellectual pressure, can no more resist it than a bit of coal can avoid incandescence in the furnace. He can no more resist it than a person can resist the hush that falls over an audience in the presence of eloquence, or the spirit of panic, once under way, in the burning theater. A tone and tradition of mental enthusiasm once firmly established in a college, thereafter the predominant set of the current will be from the whole to the parts. But in the meantime the problem is more complex, and calls for more drastic action.

In every college in the country there are at present a large number of students who are intellectually alert. Why, then, do not their individual enthusiasms fuse into that collective enthusiasm of which we speak? There are various reasons, but a fundamental one is the presence among them of a large number of students who have come to college for social reasons, or because, as the phrase runs, it is "the thing to do," or, vaguer still, for no reason at all. We all slip too easily into the feeling that the presence of these students in the college community, while not beneficial, to be sure, is at least not positively harmful. A more fatal blunder could not be committed. They are the intellectual non-conductors that break the circuit, that

insulate the real students from one another, and so prevent the emergence of a mental current. Hence, to get rid of one student who is mentally inert may be of more avail in this matter than to acquire three who are mentally awake. It is at first a question not so much of size and range as of continuity. If a number of old friends look forward to an evening of congenial reminiscence round the fire, it may be more important that all the strangers go than that all the friends remain. The one false note mars the whole melody. The one chilly and unresponsive guest dissipates the spirit of festivity.

THE INCUBUS OF THE IDLE STUDENT

Looked at in this light, we see how specious are the arguments which have led us to tolerate the college idler so long. Clinging to the remote hope of his regeneration, we have permitted him to contaminate hundreds with the virus of intellectual listlessness. The time for tolerance is past. War measures are now necessary. The first and crying need of the American college to-day is the ejection, the ruthless ejection, of the man with the idle mind. He is the leper of college society.

Later, when conditions are less desperate, we may be able to treat him more leniently. But, then, the chances are that he will either be converted or will eliminate himself, for college will have become a place where a man with an idle mind will feel as uncomfortable as a churl in fine society. In bringing this condition about, however, we must not lose our sense of distinction. Greater vigilance over the intellectual life of the college must not be interpreted to mean that the poorly prepared student shall never be admitted, or that the man who gets low marks shall be instantly dismissed, or that the girl who is ruining her health over her books shall be tacitly applauded. I am not speaking of mental endowment or of mental results. I am speaking of mental hunger, a very different thing. The curve of mental hunger cannot be plotted from statistics in the registrar's office.

But all this is not enough. This is only the preparation of the soil. Next there must be the seed, an entire student body open-minded and alert is the indispensable condition; but, as in that little debating-society, above them and around them and within them must be the unifying force of a central intellectual interest. A dozen words and phrases come to the tip of my pen to indicate what this interest might be, but I will not let myself put them down. All are inadequate, and each is bound to arouse the antagonism of some one who has another name for the same idea. But whatever we call this focusing power, who can doubt that a step of prime importance toward its attainment is the complete abolition of the compartment type of modern college—the college, I mean, made up of intellectually water-tight departments? In other words, we must wage unrelenting war on the spirit of narrow specialization. It was probably necessary, while our universities were being placed on a firm basis, for our colleges to pass through a period of the domination of this spirit. But that necessity is past. Hereafter specialization should be left to the universities and vocational schools; and it should stand out more and more clearly as the duty of the college teacher to humanize his subject, to bring it home to the lives and experience of his students, to relate it to other subjects the study of which they are pursuing. And to this end we must exorcise a superstition that looms in the path—the obnoxious doctrine that largeness of outlook means lack of thoroughness and accuracy; that the presence of imagination means lack of respect for facts. It ought to mean, and it can mean, just the opposite. No one whose mind is healthy loses interest in the towns and cities because he has seen a map of the whole country.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE TEACHER TOWARD HIS SUBJECT

In this condemnation of the water-tight department I do not mean to include the system of major subjects, or the value of intensive study along some definite line. I refer, rather, to a distinct and easily recognizable attitude on the part of the teacher. Every one who has been through college has undoubtedly had the misfortune to fall into the clutches of at least one extreme example of the type—the man who teaches even the most elementary course in his subject as if all the stu-

dents in the class were to give exclusive attention for the rest of their lives to his own particular little province of human knowledge. With the feeling of large leisure that this sense imparts, he begins far from the center, and with correspondingly imperceptible motion proceeds—well, the students have no notion whither he is proceeding, for they are plunged into abysmal ignorance as to that part of the intellectual universe into which they have suddenly been dropped. Will not the real college teacher, on the other hand, remember that most of his students are never to follow the subject much further in the classroom and that the probability of their maintaining an interest in it on their own account will depend very largely on the degree to which they grasp it as a whole and the extent to which its relations are made plain to other parts of their experience and other subjects in the curriculum? And if any teacher modestly doubts his ability to treat his material in this way, is not that proof once for all that, whatever his scientific standing in his own field, he is no *college* teacher?

Fortunately, we have all had teachers of the broader type. It was my own good fortune to have such an instructor in mathematics. I mention it here chiefly because, if mathematics can be humanized, any subject can. It was not that professor's custom to make wide excursions from his subject. It was rather a passing illustration here, an application there, now a telling analogy, now a specially vivid diagram—devices sufficient to touch the thing to vitality, to render the most abstract of subjects the most concrete, until gradually we came to feel mathematical truth as a law permeating all life; and so a realm that might have been one of dead signs and symbols was transmuted into a veritable temple of intellectual beauty. That man was, to the core, a college teacher.

Moreover, there exists the same distinction among students as among teachers. There is the student who in a formal way does well in this subject and in that, but who apparently never dreams that any two of his classrooms are in the same universe. On the other hand, there is the student who stops at the teacher's desk as he comes in to observe that the point the class was discussing last week came up the next day in a course in economics; or who remarks in the midst of the recitation, "There was a good illustration of that in the morning paper," or, "Is n't that where the middle ages were wiser than we are?" or, "The psychologists have proved that that is n't so"; or who, better yet, is overheard, after the class has been dismissed, continuing the discussion with some fellow-student and bringing in some telling example from literature or chemistry or philosophy or his own experience. This is the type of student that is meat and drink to the teacher; for these are the evidences of mental life—evidences that the course does not stop at the door of the classroom. And this type of student, at the present time especially, is a far better asset to a college than the highest honor student of the merely intensive sort. He is the thread that strings the intellectual beads of the college community. Happy is the institution that can capture a number of his kind.

THE CORRELATION OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE VITAL

THIS process of correlating, of vitalizing, of humanizing knowledge, a process to which both teachers and students must contribute, is the very essence of making education liberal. It is also the essence of making education practical. Indeed, is it not about time for us to recognize that, in any high sense, liberal and practical mean the same thing? The long conflict between the two doctrines of which these are the watchwords has been due to the fact that while each stands for a great truth, each has become identified in many minds with a great falsehood. The great truth in the doctrine of the liberal education is the perception that power over things that are large and high and far away often bestows the best control over things that are detailed and near. The great error in the doctrine is the false inference that anything that is distant and removed must, ipso facto, possess that power. The great truth in the doctrine of the practical education is the perception that nothing is worth while that does not relate itself to the every-day life of man. Its great error is the belief that the only things that possess that relationship are things of an immediate, bread-and-butter nature. It is not enough, the prac-

tical education must remember, that a subject enables a student to get results; those results must be shown to be worth while in the light of human life as a whole. But it is also not enough, the liberal education must remember, that a subject *has* a relationship to the real and palpitating issues of human life; it is necessary that the student be made to see and feel that connection clearly, constantly, and vitally.

"But how," one asks, "can these things be done? You are demanding at the outset of the college course that which should be its end and consummation." Precisely. That is the paradox that confronts every teacher—the educational paradox, it might be called: the curious fact that only through an interest in the whole can one arouse an interest in the parts; that what logically should be the fruit and outcome must, by a queer twist in the nature of things, be likewise the seed and starting-point. How, for instance, does a small boy learn the game of base-ball? Why, by learning the game of base-ball, of course. We would never dream of initiating him into the mysteries of that sport by delivering in his presence an elaborate disquisition on the kinds of wood of which base-ball bats may be made. When he has once grasped the game as a whole, however, he will then listen eagerly to the most recondite discussion of anything related to it, whether it be the materials of which bats are made, the principles of the gyroscope, the law of falling bodies, or the biography of some star player of the last generation. He will subject himself to any hardship, physical or mental, to obtain the practical or theoretical knowledge that makes up a real comprehension of the game. But anterior to all this is his interest in the game of base-ball.

SPIRIT SHOULD COME BEFORE DISCIPLINE

THIS simple principle we sometimes seem to lose sight of in our education, consistently putting the cart before the horse. In the days of the Renaissance, when people had caught a vision of a new world, they studied Greek with avidity because they believed it was a path into that world. We reverse the process. We set our students to grinding Greek verbs in order that in an indefinite future they may come in contact with the Hellenic spirit, when what they wanted was a touch of the Hellenic spirit to transform the Greek grammar into a book of magic. We set them to cutting up earthworms when what they wanted first was to have their thoughts turned toward the mystery of physical life. We put them to studying Italian, trusting that in due time a knowledge of that language may prove an incentive to read Dante, never perceiving that a craving for Dante might be made the strongest incentive for studying Italian. We red-ink and blue-pencil their compositions, believing, with a touching faith, that there is some intrinsic beauty in correct spelling and perfect punctuation that will appeal to the undergraduate mind; and all the while what they needed was a sense, however dim, of the wonder of literary creation.

What is true of the separate subject is true of collegiate education as a whole. We do not go to college to do four years of drudgery in order that the rest of our lives may be made easier and brighter. We go rather to catch a vision that will hold our faces toward the goal even amid the blackest passages of our later experience; for

> tasks in hours of insight willed
> Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

There, in a couplet, is the whole philosophy of the liberal education, and of its practical relation to after life. Youth is the period of vision. If we deny vision to our young men, let us not complain later if the people perish.

But the *discipline* of the old education! What, some one cries, is to become of that? This theory that work should be attractive, what is it but the abominable modern doctrine of making everything interesting, of offering our mental pabulum in predigested form, of bringing everything down to the intellectual level of a baby? Let us not lose our sense of distinction. It is nothing of the sort. I agree that the modern doctrine referred to is abominable. I agree that we must have discipline; that nothing can take the place of the hard task systematically performed, of the difficult obstacle systematically overcome. I even go so far as to believe that it would not be a bad thing to compel every student to pass a few courses that are dis-

tinctly disagreeable, though I would immediately add that it is a good rule for every teacher to leave to his colleagues the duty of providing the collegiate bill of fare with these unpalatable dishes.

But one need not make a task disagreeable in order to get discipline out of it. One merely has to make it hard. We must rid our minds of the superstition that to make work attractive deprives it of its difficulty. To make it easy may make it attractive; but to make it attractive is not necessarily to make it easy. A few years ago I heard of a college student who quite voluntarily spent his whole Christmas vacation in a finally successful attempt to solve a single problem in the integral calculus. The subject had been made fascinating to him. That did not make the problem any easier; it merely would not let him give it up.

The truth at the heart of the whole matter, however, may be seen in its simplest form in the case of children. A mother tells her little girl to pick up her blocks, which lie scattered on the floor. The child pouts and gives no sign of obeying. The mother suggests that the blocks are stones and the basket a deep well, with the result that all the stones are in the well within a minute. The example is a trivial one, but the principle it illustrates is at the root of human achievement. Education will reckon ill if it leaves it out. Let us go the whole way with the most orthodox, therefore, in the demand that college work be made difficult; but let us also go the whole way with the most revolutionary in their demand that it be made human and appealing. Then we can preach the gospel of the joy of work without fear that it may degenerate into the perilous doctrine that a man should labor only at the tasks for which he has an inclination, develop only in the direction along which he is already well endowed by nature.

Now, in conclusion, as we return from these reflections on things as they ought to be to the conditions that actually exist, we realize how deep is the discrepancy. When I try for a moment to picture the American college as it is, I find that it comes before my imagination as a heterogeneous collection of detached groups.

Here, in a dormitory room, dimly visible through clouds of tobacco smoke, are a dozen undergraduates discussing batting averages or listening to a large man on a couch who is explaining in detail how the foot-ball game of the afternoon was lost. Here is a lonely figure, a note-book under his arm, emerging late at night from the chemical laboratory. Here, in the hall outside the classroom, is a group of young men and maidens filling out dance-programs. Here is a pale girl at her desk, her head wrapped in a towel, cramming her memory with German irregular verbs. Here are four men about a table in a fraternity house exulting over the recent capture of an important college office from their rival. Here, late in the evening, are two other men preparing copy for the college paper. Here are three young women boarding a trolley-car on their way to a social settlement in the city. Here— But why go on? Any one of us can continue the picture, or, rather, the pictures, for the whole point is that the thing is plural and not singular. Every one of these things, we recognize, is in its own place and proper measure commendable; but in their detached and exaggerated form they indicate what a travesty our colleges are of what they ought to be.

THE STUDENT SHOULD HAVE A VITAL INTEREST IN LIFE

"Of what they ought to be." As I let that phrase linger in my mind, there comes before me another picture. Again it is a group of students. I am not sure whether they are gathered about the teacher's desk after the recitation or are lingering at the table after the dessert or are sprawling in various postures, long after they ought to be in bed, in some dormitory room. The place is unessential. All I know is that they are discussing. History is hurling the lie at economic theory. Economic theory is retorting in like kind. Religion is coming to the deadly grapple with science. Philosophy is endeavoring to arbitrate a dispute between biology and psychology. The modern is touching shoulders, now amicably, now belligerently, with the ancient. Mathematics and metaphysics and music and poetry are comparing their points of agreement and difference.

It is that old high-school debating-society, only on a grander scale, exalted, purged of its grosser absurdities, with

wider interests, in closer contact with facts and the authority of experience, its spirit of argument not exactly gone, but transmuted and sublimated out of a narrow, logical dialectic into a loftier and more tolerant intellectual curiosity.

As I let the picture linger in my imagination, I realize that those students are not alone. Behind them and above them there are spirits present: the men and women, the ideas and purposes, that, in whatever sphere of activity, are shaping the life of the present and opening paths into the future; and beyond and far outnumbering these, the master minds and master conceptions of the past. An ordinary college room has suddenly been transformed into the forum of the ages.

Here Darwin rubs shoulders with Empedocles, Charlemagne with Cæsar, the Mosaic law with the Mendelian. Here Nietzsche passes judgment on St. Paul, and Prometheus is confronted with the superman. Here Marconi and Mozart sit at the feet of Pythagoras, and Plato at the feet of William James. Here, in this debate of the centuries, is made plain the subtle bearing of Democritus on democracy and the occult relations that connect Pericles and Pompeii and Pasteur, Rembrandt and Ibsen, Copernicus and Cromwell, Mephisto and the Sphinx. Here Heraclitus expounds the Revelation of St. John the Divine, and Tacitus and Ferrero discuss the philosophy of history. Here—for the vision grows even more grotesque—we behold Archimedes criticizing the theories of Mr. Frederick W. Taylor, and Mr. Taylor in turn explaining to Hamlet why he was inefficient. Here Duns Scotus, warmly seconded by Mr. Dooley, reopens his old feud with the Delphic Sibyl, and we hear, at last, the comments of Karl Marx on the battle of Marathon. Here we detect Jack Falstaff in close communion with St. Francis, and trace the hidden influence of Peter the Hermit on Voltaire. Here Mr. Luther Burbank exhibits his chrysanthemums to Aristotle, and Mr. Pickwick appears to Mrs. Piper in a trance. Here—

"But this," some one impatiently exclaims, "is mere insanity." It is quite the opposite. It is the very diversity that insures the sanity of the seeker after truth. It is the very plurality that renders unity safe. For it is out of just such far-fetched juxtapositions, out of just such contrasts, paradoxes, incongruities, and conflicts, out of just such warfare of the lower orders of knowledge, that there emerges that higher knowledge for which there is no adequate name, but which makes up that something that is at once mental justness, the power of criticism, the standard of selection, creative vision, wisdom, philosophy—philosophy not in the modern and pedantic, but in the ancient and bracing, signification of the term.

And this it is, more fundamentally than anything else, that the student comes to college to attain. He comes not to acquire the superficial polish of a useless culture; not to be transformed into one more crack-brained, pettifogging researcher; not to heap up a little pile of information, or to acquire a few tricks of skill, which a few years later can be converted, unit for unit, into bread and butter. He comes rather to acquaint himself with the problems of the world as it now is, to make his own all that is choicest in the inheritance of the past, and to catch a vision of the world as it ought to be; and to do all these things not for their own sakes, but to the end that when he approaches his own particular task in the practical world, he may bring to it background, amplitude, imagination, grasp, the combined daring and restraint, serenity and tenacity, of the disciplined mind.

Here is at least a partial program for the regeneration of the American college:

(1) Eject from the student body the intellectually inert.

(2) Eliminate from the faculty the narrow specialist, who at his best belongs to the university, at his worst is a pedant.

(3) Encourage, among teachers and students, in the classroom, and still more out of it, every influence that tends to unify, to socialize, to humanize knowledge. And let it be remembered—for I have not forgotten that little debating-club—that one important means to this end is simply the creation of a current of vital ideas. Let every one talk, then, talk ardently and endlessly, each about the subject of his special interest, but all about that larger something in which these special interests inhere, and for which, indefinite as the term is, we have no better name than life.

ON HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S "SNOW QUEEN"

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

YELLOW catkins on the sallows
In the osiered river-shallows,
But the sunshine and the swallows
Doubt the death of little Kay.
As they counsel, Gerda follows
On a gray March day.

Where the reeds grow tall and rank
On the pebbly river-bank
Gerda flings her small red shoes
To the river for its news.
Have you seen my little comrade?
But the river floweth fleet,
And her shoes return on ripples
To the pebbles at her feet.

Withholding still their oracle,
The chuckling ripples chide.
But see, a fisher's coracle
Is rocking on the tide!
Gerda seeks it. Yet once more
To the tide her shoes she flings,
And they float in widening rings;
But the waves withhold their lore
From the wee one as before.
Then she turns in sudden terror.
She is drifting from the shore!

Oh, the garden, little Gerda, where the flower-tales were told,
The princess, and the ravens, and the magic sleeping-hall,
The royal guards in silver lace, the lackeys all in gold—
You foresee them not at all;
Nor, further to befall,
The robber-maiden's reindeer, nor the chill enchanted sights
In the Snow Queen's frozen palace of a thousand northern lights;
But Kay shall yet be rescued from her cold and cruel thrall.

Shining angels of your innocence your childish steps attend
To disperse the white snow-goblins. And the mirror-fragments dance
To spell the word *Eternity,* and free your little friend,
Through the magic of your tears for him, your warm, love-brimming glance.
In the realm of true romance
Can your perfume ever fail
To float like rose-leaves round us from the old, old fairy-tale?
For this trusting child and small, Hans of Denmark, be thou blest,
Who could talk to children all, north or south or east or west,
And discern their purest sweetness; and can draw our smiles and tears
After all these many years!

"THEN SHE TURNS IN SUDDEN TERROR.
SHE IS DRIFTING FROM THE SHORE"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

THE TWO ADMIRALS

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Kerrigan's Christmas Sermon," "The Shanty-Man," etc.

THEY were lying off the town of Limón, Costa Rica, waiting for their cargo to come down from the back country, and one night the crew had gathered on the forecastle-deck. It was hot, and the crew were listless, and in silence they smoked and idly watched the lights of the town shimmering across the still water. Then out of the darkness Kerrigan spoke:

"'T is little I know of steam, and less care, but I was the admiral of a steam-fleet wance, and right here on this coast, though knowun' no more the juties of thim native admirals than 't is expectud of thim to get captured. And I done ut, and by me fri'nds. 'T was a glorious victhory. Wance I saw a gutter of a gr-reat city run red wid—paint, and shtrong min and women fainted at the dreadful sight. 'T was thot kind of a victhory. 'T would have made ye think of the drop-curtain of a tin-cint theayter—rale like thot.

"'T was at Bluefields, up the coast, and there was war and bloody rivolution. The Gonzalez party was wan, and the Gomez party anither, wid a dozen little parties in between thot wint fir-rist wid Gonzalez and thin wid Gomez, but fightun' always among thimsilves. And in the harbor was the Gonzalez navy, three owld side-wheel tugboats, for the Gonzalez ar-rmy just thin held the city. And they placed an embargo on us, which m'anes if ye was there, ye had to shtay, and if ye was not there, ye c'u'd n't come in for love or money. And we was there in an owld English brig.

"The owld mon was careful of us, and mostly kept us aboard, tuckun' us in iv'ry night, in a way of speakun', to see we was there. And sometimes we was n't, and thin he 'd have a blue fit, thinkun' we 'd get mixed up ashore wid thim rivolutioners and bring on an international complication. And I was wan. And this is the way it happened.

"I was born wid a wandherun' foot, and I was young thin, and I knew a gyr-rl ashore, which m'anes, as the song says, that shtone walls don't mak' a prison nor ir-ron bars keep a la-ad in the cage whin he wa-ants to see a gyr-rl in the nixt street; and so the owld mon c'u'd n't keep me from goun' over the back fince of the brig. She was a señorita, the gyr-rl, and she c'u'd n't speak wan wor-rd of me language, nor I wan of hers; but her eyes knew the whole international code of love-signals, which was enough for me sailun' ordhers. We did n't need annything more.

"'T was a Sathurday night, and the nixt day a fiesta, and thinks I, I 'll tak' an airly start for the fun of the marnun', as the owld mon would be on the watch for me later; so I hired a shmall Dago la-ad to row off for me wid a boat at midnight. 'T was the rainy s'ason, and goun' and comun' surrep'tious like thot, I 'd bought me a long, blue cloak, partly to keep me dry and partly to mak' me look like wan of thim high-born dons whin ashore. I 'd pull the big collar up over me face, and drop me nose in ut, and shtalk along shtately-like. And sometimes it desaved thim. But wance it did n't.

"The la-ad come for me afther a bit, and found me roostun' on the bobstay, tryun' to keep me tail-feathers (which was me long cloak) out of the wather, and he rowed me ashore, and I slept in a storage shed by the landun' till 't was time for me breakfast, and thin sallied forth, as they say, for the señorita's.

"Well, we 'll pass over the day, as 't was not histhory, and come to the night, whin I meandered down to the wather-side to find me b'y to tak' me back to the brig. The night ut was black as a nigger's pockut, and rainun' gentle, wid a fog ye c'u'd cut wid an ax. Why, la-ads, ye c'u'd lean against ut and not fall, and ye had to kick a chunk out of ut before ye c'u'd tak' a step. 'T was thick like thot, a gr-reat fog.

"The la-ad was waitun' for me, asleep in the shed, and we rowed away from the shore. 'T was tin o'clock whin we shtartud; for I shtartud airly, knowun' the owld mon w'u'd be waitun' for me wid a brick, and I did n't want to spoil his temper by keepun' him out in the wet too long, and ut was twelve by the cathedral clock whin we 'd come to nothun' at all in thot murk. Where we 'd been I don't know. Thin all at wance we bumped hard. And we bumped at the stern.

"Me la-ad give a squeal, and me a grunt, wid me fallun' back wid the shock, and some wan co't me by the head. And fir-rst I thought 't was to save me, and thin I thought 't was not; for they would n't let go and they pawed me face shameful'. And all the whilst me scaired la-ad was a-rowun' for dear life, and me grippun' the boat wid me hands and legs to keep from shlippun' over the stern into the wather. I tried to yell out, but they had me by the throat, chokun' me wind off, and me hands was in use, as I told ye, and I c'u'd n't shtrike back. Thin some wan lit a blue match. And ut told thim (and me) who I was.

" '*Hola!* 't is the Americano *capitan*—the admiral!' yells soft-like wan of thim holdun' me head. And he told me b'y to shtop rowun', and held me gentle till he done ut.

" 'Pardon, Señor Admiral, for the rough handlun',' says he in a whisper in English. 'We did n't know ye. We waitud for ye ashore, and ye did n't come, so was goun' widout ye. 'T is the last chance.'

"And 't was news to me, so I kept shtill, and they asked me polite' to get into their boat, and I did, and they rowed on. And him thot spoke English said:

" 'There 'll be no fight at prisent,' says he, 'for all but our secrut fri'nds has gone ashore to the fiesta.'

" 'Thot 's good,' says I, 'for ut 's a bad night for fightun'. 'T is as likely as not ye 'd be battun' your mither over the head by misthake in the murk,' says I, rememberun' his hand on me windpipe.

"And they rowed on soft' to where they was goun', and they did n't find ut; and thin I grew sleepy, and thin me fri'nd says, 'Hist! the signal!' And I looked up and saw a blue light swingun' close to the wather. And we rowed to ut, and 't was undher the guards of wan of thim tugboat war-ships I told ye about. And so I knew what was up: I was a Gomez mon, engaged to help rob the Gonzalez hen-roost of his navy. And there was no fight, as the mon said; 't was a collusion. All the faithful Gonzalez min were ashore, and only the Gomez spies shtayed on juty, to hand the fleet over to us, which proves the sayun' that virtue 's its own reward, for thim virtuous wans escaped trouble. But not us.

"Well, we wint over the rail, wid a reciption committee of half a dozen grinnun' little min waitun' for us on the deck, and they tuk us across ut and over the starboard rail, and thin over anither, and says I:

" 'What is ut? A hurdle-race? Are we goun' to climb rails all the night?'

"And me fri'nd says:

" ' 'T is to get to the flag-ship. They 've got the three war-ships lashed side by side, to concinthrate our forces.'

" 'And where are we goun'?' says I. And says he:

" 'What, did n't they tell ye? We 're goun' five miles down the coast to pick up our crew, and thin we 'll come back and shtorm the city,' says he.

"And I looked dubious' at the fog.

" 'Have ye a pilot?' says I.

" 'The best,' says he, and he called him. And we three wint up to the wheel-house of the middle tugboat, which they called the flag-ship, and says I to mesilf:

" 'Ut 's a lar-rk; thim bir-rds fly by night. I 'll accipt the position. Ut 's a long time I 'd shtayed in the forecastle of thot English brig before gettun' to be admiral.' And I wondhered where the rale admiral was.

"Well, we got out a chart, and says the pilot, wid me fri'nd interpretun' for me:

" ' 'T is an aisy course. 'T is mostly southaste till ye come to shoal wather, and thin ut 's due aste till ye 're outside, and thin all plain sailun' down the coast to where we 're goun',' says he.

" 'We 'll shtart at wance, thin,' says I, takun' command. And we stationed our min mostly as lookouts on the fleet, and we sint the pilot forward wid a mon to heave the lead, and I putt me fri'nd at the wheel. He was a captain, ut seems. Thin we shlipped our cables and shtartud.

"And we did n't shtart, for among

thim spies there was wan or two who were so fond of the game that they 'd changed back to the ither party wance more, and had putt out our fires and gone off in a boat. And we 'd shlipped our cables, and so of course driftud; but no wan knew how the tide was runnun', and there was no wind, so where we was driftun' we did n't know anny more than a blind cow. Thin me and me fri'nd driftud down to the engine-room of the flag-ship on the jump to ordher up steam again. And before we 'd got ut, down comes the pilot to say he 'd lost his point of departure wid the driftun' and would throw up his job. So I putt him in ir-rons.

" 'I 'll tak' me own point of departure,' says I, and wint back to the wheel-house to do ut. And I did.

"I had n't looked at the compass before, so I did n't know how the fleet had been headed, but I shtartud at quarther speed and sint the fleet straight ahead for a bit for good measure.

" 'If we 've driftud astern, we 'll get back to where we shtartud from—approximately,' says I, 'and thin we 'll tak' the pilot's course; but if the fleet don't know anny more nor we where ut is, and has turned a bit, we 'll find ut out soon enough. So here goes.' Thin I shteered southaste.

"I shteered southaste for three minut's, and thin we bumped har-rd. Mither of Saints! Ye 'd thought we 'd fetched up in the middle of Parus by the hullybaloo thim monseers shtartud undher our bows. Thim Frinchmin has the shtrong lungs.

" 'Thot 's betther,' says I as I rang the bell to go astern; 'I 've got me bearun's now. Thot 's the Frinch barque lyun' off the custhom-house. A minut' more, and we 'd paid our respicts to the custhom-house utsilf. 'T is the unnicessary politeniss.'

"And I backed off, and shtartud wance more, and just to keep the time from hangun' heavy on our hands, in the nixt tin minut's thim war-ships scraped along the side of wan vessel and carried away the jib-boom of anither. 'T was a fair exchange, for ut tuk the wheel-house and shmoke-stack of our port war-ship wid ut, wid wan of thim Dagoes thrown in for good measure. You c'u'd hear him yelpun' astern for the nixt half-hour. Ye 'd have thought he was lonesome.

"But *we* was n't. By the time we 'd fouled iv'ry last craft in the fairway, ut was like beun' lost on Coney Island of a Sathurday night; for thim fog-horns was tootun' their heads off, wid flares a-prickun' little orange dots in the fog and min a-yellun' for us to keep off. And thin the town woke up and began to tak' notus, wid guns a-firun' and drums a-beatun' to quarthers.

"And thin we bumped har-rd into anither craft, and I heard me own owld mon a-roarun' on the deck. And 't was the last shtraw.

" 'How in the divil c'u'd he be southaste of thot Frinchmon?' says I as I backed away. 'He was due north last night. The harbor 's bewitched.'

"And I looked har-rd at thot compass, and gave ut a jab wid me fist, and out dropped an ir-ron spike. And the needle of the compass swung twinty-nine points around, and did n't shtay shtill even thin, but wobbled about like a duck thot did n't know the way home. And I knew 't was thim spies thot had done ut. They 're the bright wans.

"And I looked again to find the ir-ron thot was seducun' thot needle out of uts course, and I did n't find ut; so I ups wid me foot and smashed the compass to flinders.

" 'Dom ye!' says I, 'I 'll shteer by the light of nashur, thin,' and beun' at the ind of me skill, tried luck, and so rang the bell to go ahead at full speed.

"And we did n't; we only kept backun' away, accordun' to me last ordher.

" 'I think thim min in the engine-room have taken to the boats,' says me fri'nd. 'I 'll go down and investhigate,' says he. And he wint in a hurry, and 't was the last time I iver saw him.

"And afther a bit, whin he did n't come back, I putt the wheel har-rd aport, thinkun' the fleet w'u'd be longer in gettun' to where ut wantud to go if ut wint in circles, and mesilf wint down to the lower deck to shlip over the side at the fir-rst shtoppun'-place. And the fir-rst shtoppun'-place was the last, and ut was undher wather; for all at wance we grounded har-rd, and thin stuck fast, wid the propeller churnun' away in the mud as if nothun' had happened at all. So I run down to the engine-room and shut off the steam, thinkun' we 'd had too

much attintion alriddy for a private rehearsal.

"There was n't a soul aboar-rd the whole fleet, nor a boat left, and I was no shwimmer, havun' been born in a barony thot, excipt for the usquebaugh, was as dry as the back of your hand. And where would I be shwimmun' to, annyway, whin I did n't know where I was shtartun' from? So I shtayed where I was till there was more light.

"I got ut at tin the nixt marnun', whin all at wance the sun burned the fog away, and there was me fine fleet run home to uts mither, ye might say, right undher the walls of the fort, and ut shwarmun' wid the Gonzalez ar-rmy. And I looked slyly out of a port-hole, and there on top of the fort was a long line of the heads of thim soldiers, and a-starun' down at the fleet as if they wantud to be introduced, but was too bashful to do more than peek around the corner of the house. And I shtepped over to the ither side of me flagship, and there was a long jetty, and ut was lined along the tops of the rocks wid heads, too, and watchun' the fleet in the same way.

" 'I 'm in a hole,' says I to mesilf, 'but I 'll seem not to know ut.' And wid thot I walked out to the deck and looked up at the fort bowld-like.

"And whin thim brave soldiers seen me, the whole line of thim ducked behint the wall of the fort as if I 'd been a rapid-fire gun aimed at thim.

" 'Thot 's queer,' says I to mesilf. 'Are we playun' the game of I-spy?' And I called to thim to come down and tak' their fleet off of me hands.

"And at thot their heads bobbed up again, and afther we 'd parleyed a bit in two languages thot nayther parthy undherstood at all, down comes two fine officers to the causeway in front of the fort. And they knew English, and they asked me nervous-like what I wantud, as if they thought I wantud too much, and they towld me to tak' the fleet away. And I was mad.

" 'And why should I tak' ut away?' says I. 'Come and get ut, and tak' me off.'

"And thim officers looked at ache ither, and wan of thim said:

" 'The señor is anxious,' says he. 'He will wait where he is outside till we know ut is safe to go near. Ut 's very strange business.'

"Ut came to me thin all at wance what ailed thim to be hidun' behint the walls in the way I towld ye: they thought 't was a plot to blow the fort up, wid me a-ridun' to glory on the pinnacle of a fir-rst-class ixplosion. And I roared; but ut made me mind aisier and belikes a bit over-bowld.

" 'Do I look like wan of your pathriots?' says I, scornful. 'And is ut strange business thot I want me salvage-money afther bringun' the fleet in whilst direlict on the high seas?'

"So afther a bit they tuk me off, and cartud me in to the commandant of the fort. And I towld him the same tale, and demanded to be taken to the British consul. And afther a bit wan officer and two min tuk me to the consul undher guard. 'T is there I made a misthake. In common sinse I sh'u'd have tipped the three into the harbor as we wint along the causeway, and thin tuk to me heels; but I 'd lost me head dreamun' of salvage-money, and so wint wid thim peaceful', like a lamb to the slaughter, as they say.

"Thot consul was a fine mon. He heard me expurgatud shtory in a room alone, and thin says he:

" 'Where did ye find the fleet?'

" 'Where?' says I. 'Did ye shtick your nose out of the door last night? If ye did, ye 'd know that no wan but God knows where I found the fleet. The fog was like cheese. But the fleet was cavortun' through ut, breathun' fire and destruction to all, fri'nd and foe, and single-handed I brought ut back safe to uts fri'nds, undher the walls of the fort.'

"And he rubbed his chin wid his hand thoughtful' and said:

" ' 'T is a queer tale,' says he.

" 'Well, wan shtory 's good till anither 's towld,' says I.

" ' 'T is no more than right,' says he, 'to let ye know thot anither 's been towld alriddy. They say there was a plot to seize the fleet, and thot ye was to be admiral, and your name 's William J. Stanton, a filibusterun' Yankee.'

" 'Do I look like an admiral?' says I. 'And, what 's more, do I look like a Yankee?'

" 'Thim points is well taken,' says he. 'I 'll inquire into the matther.' And I wint back to the guard-house in the fort,

only now there was a whole squad of soldiers to tak' me.

"And at the fort they had the pilot I 'd putt in ir-rons and half a dozen of thim spies on the fleet to swear to me indenthity. And they swore to ut. And thim officials decidud thot I was William J. Stanton, a Yankee; and what was more to the point, they decidud thot I was to be shot on the nixt Sunday marnun' for tryun' to dishrupt a fri'ndly counthry. They 're the gr-reat wans down here for takun' their pleasure on Sunday.

" 'T was along about the sicond day of me incarceration thot they shoved a young mon into me lonely cell and thin wint away; and he looked at me har-rd and thin grinned. He was a fine, tall young felly, and well set up, wid a divil-may-care eye. And, as I said, he looked at me and grinned.

" 'And do I look like thot?' says he, eying me up and down slow-like.

" 'If ye do, ye look like a handsomer mon than even your mither ever thought ye to be—and a betther wan,' says I. 'And why, in hiven's name, did they putt your nose on crooked like thot?' says I, just to keep the ball of reparthee a-rollun'.

"And he laughed, and rubbed his nose thoughtful'.

" 'Ye can't help the things thot are putt on ye,' says he; 'and by the same token,' says he, 'how do ye like me name, which they 've putt on ye, I hear?'

" 'Are ye William J. Stanton, the Yankee?' says I, wondherun'-like.

" 'So me father and mither have always given me to undherstand,' says he. ' 'T is a good name.'

" 'Ye can have ut back, and welcome,' says I.

" 'Ut covers a multitude of sins—yours and mine,' says he; 'for we 're in the same boat.' And thin he explained.

"He 'd been a midshipmon in the United Shtates navy, ut seems, but had found ut too slow for his taste, and so afther a bit had wandhered down to these parts, lookun' for trouble. And comun' across Gomez down the coast, he had offered his services to him, and had been made admiral of the fleet of the counthry. Thot Gonzalez thin held the counthry meant nothun' to the b'y; he 'd have all the more fun gettun' ut. Comun' up to the town overland, he had been lost in the fog thot had landud me in his shoes and name. But some wan who had seen him wid Gomez had spottud him the nixt day, and now we were to be shot together, two bir-rds wid wan shtone, ye might say.

"Well, the American consul and me fri'nd the English consul got busy. The American wan was a bit of a lawyer back home, and says he to thim señors:

" 'Can two min be punished for the same offinse, whin wan did n't do ut at all, and the ither has been indictud falsely undher the name of the fir-rst? 'T is conthrary to the sinse of justice of the nations and to the code. The whole wor-rld will shtand aghast,' says he.

" 'We shtand aghast oursilves,' said the señors; 'but war is a terrible thing—so terrible thot ut is nicessary to tak' some slight liberthy wid the law. The executions will tak' place at the hour and place appointud.'

"Thot was wan day, and on the nixt the consuls wint about on a new tack. They brought ashore all the captains of the vessels me fleet had fouled thot night, and marched thim up to the señors wid claims for damages as long as your ar-rm. And the consuls said thot I w'u'd be needud as a witness thot the damage had been done by the fleet, and if the witness was tampered wid, the navies of their counthries w'u'd know the r'ason why. And to show thim thot he meant ut, the English consul tilegraphed to Jamaica for a war-ship at wance. And thim señors looked thoughtful, and said they 'd consider the matther. And thot was the third day.

"And the fourth day nothun' happened at all, and me and me fri'nd William J. Stanton began to wondher if thim señors w'u'd putt off thinkun' till 't was too late. They 're the gr-reat wans for puttun' off things down here. But sometimes they do thim too soon. 'T w'u'd be like thim to shoot us on Friday, and think of ut aftherwards. And the fifth day passed the same way, wid no wor-rd.

"Thin along about dar-rk on Sathurday in comes wan of thim officers who spake English, and he set down on me cot as if he 'd come to spind the day. But prisently he asked how we was, and I towld him poorly, and I had me doubts I 'd keep me hilth long in their climate. And he looked at me sharp.

" 'Thot depinds on the señor himsilf,' says he; and thin he asked me w'u'd I swear thot I was actun' for Gomez whin I navigathud thot fleet through the harbor to the dithrimint of the vessels of fri'ndly nations. 'Thot was a gr-reat sorrow to us,' says he; 'but shtill we 'd like to spare the señor, and we have a plan to do ut. Only we must be frank wid aich ither,' says he.

" 'I 'm riddy to be as frank as the nixt wan if 't will spare me annything I don't want,' says I, dilicate-like, not mentionun' their little shootun'-parthy on Sunday.

"And thin he towld us the plan.

" 'The trisury is exhaustud,' says he; 'we have no money at all, and the claims for damages done by the fleet thot night is tin times gr-reater nor the fleet is worth. Señores, ye see the unjustus of our payun' thim whin the har-rm was all done in a way by Gomez himself, the arch-thraitor? But if the señor will swear he was operatun' the fleet for Gomez at the time, and the fleet sh'u'd aftherwards be found in Gomez's possission, will he not be responsible for thim claims? 'T w'u'd be a case for the courts, annyway,' says he; ' 't is worth tryun'.'

" 'Ut is all very interestun',' says William J. Stanton; 'but, Señor, the pomps and vanithies of the wor-rld, and even uts law-suits, are little to us. We 're thinkun' more of your little entertainmint for us on Sunday. And what about thot?'

" 'I was just comun' to thot,' says he. 'Now, 't is known thot the city is full of Gomez's spies; me own brither may be wan, I don't know. There 's no depindun' on anny wan. So what is more likely than thot some of thim even in the fort here sh'u'd open the door of your room to-night whin we loyal min are sleepun' peaceful', and conduct ye to the fleet, now lyun' off in the harbor again? The steam is up. 'T is the custhom on war-ships, I undherstand. Gomez is at Punta Gorda, fifty miles down the coast. But the señor knows thot, I believe,' says he, bowing to William J. Stanton.

" 'So I 've been towld,' says William J. Stanton, aisy-like.

" 'Well, Señores?' says the officer.

" 'But what about Gomez?' says I. 'Won't he look thot gift-horse in the mouth whin he hears ut 's libeled by half the counthries of the wor-rld? He may be findun' some ither long-winded Yankee name to be shootun' me undher.'

" 'I can't speak for Gomez,' says the señor. 'But why cross thot bridge till ye come to ut?'

"And so we agreed to his plan, and he wint away. And airly in the marnun' before light two min in masks opened our door and tiptoed us down to a boat thot was waitun' for us, and they took us off to the fleet. Four min who 'd been captured from Gomez were aboard for engineers and coal-passers, and shlippun' our cable at wance, we wint away at half-speed, wid the three war-ships lashed abreast as before, but only the middle wan undher steam. And no wan shtopped us.

" 'T was along about eight that marnun' thot I was asleep on a locker whin William J. Stanton woke me up.

" 'Come here,' says he, and I wint. 'T was a war-rm day and shtill, wid only a bit of a swell on, and half a mile ahead a British tramp rollun' up to meet us.

" 'Our boat 's astern yet,' says William J. Stanton. 'We 'll drop into her quiut-like and get picked up by the tramp.'

" 'And where is she bound?' says I.

" 'What matther?' says he. 'Ut 's not to Gomez, unliss she 's steamun' stern first.'

"He putt the wheel a bit to starboard, catchun' a spoke in the becket, and thin called down to the engine-room for more steam. We heard thim shovelun' on coal whin we dropped in our boat and cast off, and whin, fifteen minut's later, we wint over the side of the tramp, the fleet was shtill turnun' in towards the land, and no wan in sight on the decks. Sometimes I 've wondhered where ut fetched up and who paid thim damages."

THE LUCK OF BATTURE BAPTISTE[1]

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

WITH A PICTURE BY P. V. E. IVORY

I DO not recall much of his testimony, but as a pictorial personality the man was unforgetable. It was many years ago that he appeared as witness for the prosecution in a case I was defending. A tall, keen mulatto, he was astute to a degree, and so voluble that I should have squelched him more than once but for his play of humor which kept the Court in a titter, a fact which I finally succeeded in turning to my own account, and thereby winning my case.

His name, to begin with, arrested the Court's attention, and I remember the judge smiled as he said:

"Please give the Court your real name," to which the man answered quite naïvely:

" 'T is my name, sure, yo' Honor, juste Batture Baptiste. Anybody 'long de coas' will tell you."

"How did you come by such a name?"

"A name—excuse me—ees w'at a man *go* by, not w'at he come by."

"Give us your baptismal name. I assume that you have been baptized?"

"Sure, yo' Honor."

"And you were baptized 'Batture' in a Christian church?"

"Oh, well, *non,* not in de church, may*be, mais* de name come to me straight. I deen' solic' it. W'en my ol' marster, Colonel Baptiste, he tu'n me free, he pass to me de deed to one li'l strip caving-in river front, to recompense me."

"To 'recompense' you? For what, pray?"

"Fo' freedom. Fo' tu'n me loose dat way on de worl'—w'y not? I tell you, sudden freedom, 't is one terrible t'ing, yas, an' no ration to draw. Me, I was rais' to 'ave h'always plen'y everyt'ing, plen'y to eat, plen'y good clo'es, plen'y med'cine w'en I am sick. *Sure* he should recompense me fo' dat, an' he know dat; so he pass me dat caving *pointe* o' lan' an' one 'ondred dollar in de bank—an' tu'n me loose."

And he added, with a bland smile: "I know I geeve eem some troub' on de plantation, too. I never like, me, to work, on 'coun' dat foot"—He pointed to a foot still in bandages—"an' *be*side, in doze day I was not so bad-looking, no, an' all de yo'ng women—oh, well! 'T ain' dat I wan' to brag, *mais* w'erever I am, troub' like dat seem to follow me; *mais* I run into good luck, any'ow. Trouble be'ind me, but good luck *biff*o', dat ees my rule.

"He laugh eemself, Colonel Baptiste, w'en he pass me dat so-fas'-caving-in lan', an' he say to me, he say, 'You 'ave already one foot in de grave, an' dat li'l *pointe* lan' ees got bote feet in de riv', so I t'ink you will slip away about de same time; an' de lan' ees twen'y mile up, far enough for a lame leg—so you will be out of harm's way.' Juste dat way he pass de joke—an' de lan'. Now, he ees many year dead; I am here; an' de lan'—well, it ees not in de river, no!

"So, dat time, dey *be*gin to call me 'Cave-in-Charlie,' to ri*dic*ule me on 'coun' dat dropping-in-de-riv' estate. *Mais,* listen! *Biff*o' de h'ink was col', I mean to say *biff*o' de pen ees dry, come dat terrible wash-out pas' de ten-mile-ben'—time de whole blame t'ing drop in de riv', an' de li'l red church, de riv', she swallow eet whole, an' full of people, too. I remember, me, ol' man Solomon Byers, Baptis' preacher from Concordia, he was preaching hell-fire so strong w'en de church slip in de riv' dey say you could hear de fire sizz, an' smell de brimstone, he was a so pow'ful preacher. I was not dere, *bic*cause I am Cat'lic, me; *mais* I los' two-t'ree brud'-in-law dere. Mos' all my wives ees Prodes'ant."

"And what has all this to do with your name, pray?" The judge had been most patient up to this.

"Excuse me, yo' Honor. I am now coming to dat. You see, w'en dat *cat*as-

[1] Batture, from the French, is a word in familiar use in New Orleans, meaning sand-bars, shallows, etc., and, locally, especially the land thrown up by the river in its windings.

trophe took place 'cross de riv' from my lan', de river, she twis' 'erself suddenly an' *begin* to chew de bank 'cross from my *pointe,* an' to spit it up on *my side*—an' so she ees still t'rowing me up *one fine batture.* Twen'y year an' more ees pass, an' de lan' she make so fas' I am almos' to say nearly rich, wid dat *beau*tiful batture.

"An' so, from dat, w'en somebody call me 'Cave-in-Charlie,' me, I say nutting, h'only put my finger on de side my nose an' wink my h'eye. So, dat way, bimebye dey *begin* to change my name, an' dey call me Batture Baptiste, an' me, I accep' de name. *Mais,* like I tol' you, I deen' solic' it!

"*Mais,* I like de name, *bic*cause it represent to me dat Almighty God keep ees h'eye on one po' ol' lame nigger, even tu'n de riv' upside down to get eem ees rights. An so, eef yo' Honor will excuse me, de river, she ees chris' me, Batture Baptiste."

"Although not so really baptized?"

"*Non, M'sieu',* yo' Honor, *mais* so summonsed to appear in dis court to-day, an' here I am."

The name was allowed to stand. Then quickly, as if repenting the courtesy, or so it seemed to me, the judge said:

"I noticed just now that you spoke of 'all your wives.' Kindly explain. This is a Christian community, and you say you are a Catholic?"

The man changed color. A tinge of copper burnished his cheek as, drawing himself to his height, he answered:

"I h'always drive tandem, yo' Honor, one at a time—no double team." Then, after a pause, "You 'ristocrat w'ite gen-'lemen, I am sure you understan' all dat."

This is meager enough, I know, but as a vagrant memory, it has served to set the man apart all these years, although I doubt that I should ever have recalled him but for the incident which gives me my story.

A VERY little, very wrinkled, very black woman, "Aunt Bella," had for several seasons peddled her wares at our gate in town, which is to say in New Orleans, and she had always referred so freely to her "old man," appealing for patronage through her reports of his invalidism, that when we bought her field mushrooms or blackberries or ferns—"ferms" she called them—the purchase seemed to bear a relation to the lonely old husband at home, and into her emptied basket occasionally went small gratuities for the invalid.

As she had thus for several years kept herself in perpetual remembrance, when we began to miss her in lily-time and then in fig season; when autumn passed without a mushroom from the Jefferson pastures, and no one brought us frost-sweetened persimmons, we began to be uneasy lest some trouble had befallen the old woman. But when a second spring was well advanced and her place was being unsatisfactorily filled by relays of strapping darky girls topped by gaudy vegetable-baskets, she passed out of our minds, so that when, one morning, while I sat reading my newspaper on the back porch and quite under my vision suddenly appeared a flat Indian "fanner" filled with blooming fleur-de-lis which proceeded noiselessly to the foot of the steps at my feet, it never occurred to me to suspect that the little black hands which cautiously removed the basket from their owner's head might belong to the loved and lost Bella.

Indeed, even when I found myself dimly recognizing a hole burned by my own cigar in the sleeve of the old red smoking-jacket she wore, it took several seconds to get my impressions into line; and before I had clearly remembered the sending of the jacket to Bella's husband, the lily of France was blooming at my feet and the little old woman, grotesque but delightful in red coat and wrinkles, was curtseying in old-time fashion, her wizened face in a broad grin.

"Well!" I exclaimed, really delighted; "Aunt Bella, back again!"

"Yas, sir, here I is!" She chuckled, while she removed the coil upon which she had balanced her basket. I glanced involuntarily behind me into the library window, hoping to see the mistress; but she had not come down, so I said:

"How glad the Madam will be! She has been worried about you. And the old man? Is he still living?"

"Oh, yas, sir," she sighed, fanning herself with the coil as she dropped on the step beside her basket. "Oh, yas, sir, he 's settin' dar yit—*de Lord's will be done!*"

It was hard to suppress a smile as she thus frankly voiced her resignation.

"*'Sitting,'* did you say?" I inquired. "He is n't confined to his chair, I hope?"

"No, sir, not perzac'ly. But he gits along mighty slow, jes' inchin' along—inchin' along!"

"Been lame a long time, I believe?"

"Oh, yas, sir, often an' on. He been had trouble wid 'is laig all 'is life, purty nigh, but de doctor done kyored all dat sence las' watermilion-time."

"Since watermelon-time? Why watermelon-time?"

Just then, the lady appeared, and Aunt Bella, after answering her greeting, gave us the story:

"You see," she began, "de trouble, hit come on 'im befo' my time, whilst he was a yo'ng buck. He was out wid a passel o' triflin', no 'count loafers dat was jallous of 'im on account o' him damagin' 'em wid de ladies, an' dey tempted 'im wid tricked watermilion 'tel he gorged 'isse'f wid it. Dey had cast a spell on de milion so 's it pizened 'im, an' when he come home, he swelt up percizely lak a grea' big-bellied watermilion, an' so he circulated roun' in s'ciety for years, an' de doctors, dey used to tap 'im jes' for a pastime.

"He cost 'is marster a pile o' money, an' de doctors dey insulted togedder, an' dey bled an' dey poulticed an' dey cupped an' dey leeched, an' all dey ever dreened out was watermilion-juice! Howsomever, dey nuver reco'nized it, so dey kep' on wid Latin names an' 'spensive diseases, but de most dey ever done was to draw his trouble out'n 'is waistcoat down into 'is laig. An' so it went on, year arter year, mountin' up'ards in watermilion-season, an' den hit would 'a' split open 'is waistcoat ef dey had n't kep' 'im satisfied wid ripe watermilion. Dat was all he craved to subjue de fever in 'im—jes' heart chunks o' red-ripe milion, ice col'. So dey 'd keep 'im cancelized endurin' de summer.

"An' so he passed most of 'is life—a pompious, fat man wid two spindle laigs endurin' de summer, an' de rest o' de time, a miser'ble puny man wid one laig swelt up same as a thirty-poun' watermilion.

"Dey tell me his laig swelt so big one time dat he could n't straddle 'is mule widout it reachin' up an' getherin' moss off'n de trees, so he could n't call on a gal he was co'tin' an' she was obligated to walk de ten miles th'ough de woods to see him, yas, sir."

"Did you say 'courting'?" the lady interrupted. "It is n't possible that he went courting in that condition?"

The old woman laughed, a shrill falsetto.

"Who? Baptiste? Y'all don't know Baptiste! Yas, sir, why not? Baptiste been married consider'ble, often an' on. Dey ain't nuver been no time, sca'cely, when he war n't either married or seekin' ma'iage. He 's great for de ladies!"

"And you?"

I could hardly enunciate the question in the thick of a kindly mustache as I looked down at the pathetic little woman, as dark and wrinkled as a raisin.

"Well, sir,"—a faint smile lighted her old face—"you got me close-t here! But I don't min' rehearsin' it to you.

"You see, me, I 's a country nigger, 'Merican an' Pronesant, an' Baptiste, he 's Creole an' Cat'lic, an' he was raised high, in a rich man's yard. He can talk good gumbo-French an' he can read readin', an' some writin', too, an' he got good language to talk. He ain't like me.

"Well, ma'am—well, sir—hit was at a bobbecue in de country, on de Fofe o' July, when I fus' sot eyes on Baptiste; an' you know dat 's de height o' watermilion-season. Of co'se, at dat time he looked to be jes' a portly, slim-laig man wid bigoty manners, in a tight plaid waistcoat. He had jes' buried 'is wife de week befo', dat is to say, he did n't haf to bury 'er 'caze she was drownded in de river, rowin' 'im acrost in a skift. Seem lak he leant 'is heft to one side too sudden an' swamped de skift, an' over she went; an' Baptiste, he jes' bumped along on de surfish o' de water 'tel another boat picked 'im up.

"Sir? What dat you say? 'Could he swim?' No, sir! He did n't need to swim! Not in July! You drap a watermilion in de river an' see what it 'll do—an' you know he war n't no mo'n a human watermilion at dat season. No, sir, dat 'spe'unce in de water, hit jes' cooled 'im off good! An' so he was 'oner'bly widderered, widout de expense of a fun'al or nothin'. Dat quick Massissippi current, hit swep' 'er down in de depths to de gulf, yas 'm. Of co'se, nobody could n't blame Baptiste, 'caze *she had de oars!* Baptiste, he always was lucky!

"So dat 's huccome he come to de bobbecue in fresh crape; howsomever, it

war n't fresh. Baptiste been keepin' dat crape th'ough all 'is wid'rin's, but hit nuver is had mo'n a week or so of wear. He thinks I got it put away yit, but, eh, Lord! I burnt it up here las' summer. I ain't got no intention for 'im to wear no mo' wid'rin' crape, not Bella!" And she wiped her face with her apron, as she chuckled.

"Well, I went home wid 'im. Sir? Jes' a week. No, sir, I ain't sayin' it was love at fus' sight, an' I ain't sayin' it war n't. To begin wid, we-all knowed Baptiste was a free nigger, an' you know Freedom is a big word. Me, I war n't free, dem days. All dis took place in de keen las' days o' slavery, but I hired my time f'om my marster on wages an' I was free to go anywhar in de State, jes' git a pass f'om de overseer; an' I knowed I could mek mo' wages down close-t to de city 'n what I could on Bayou Crapaud.

"An', besides dat, we-all had heerd about dat batture lan' dat was makin' for Baptiste, an' 'money in bank'—of co'se dat news travels fas'. So, Baptiste, he passed for a rich man, Gord forgive 'im!"

That word struck me—"batture," and now "Baptiste."

"What batture is that?" I asked, my curiosity now fully pointed.

"Oh!" Shrugging her shoulders, "hit 's our po' little mud-hole up 'g'inst de river. You know, dat 's huccome he got dat crazy name, on account o' dat fool sand-bank."

Now I listened. I had my man; but as I looked down upon the little old wife a sense of the incongruity of the mating struck me; I seemed to see again the tall Chesterfieldian man of words in the old court-house, and my heart went out afresh to the humble toiler at my feet.

"And is this the man you have been supporting all these years?" I asked, but her face showed me my mistake even before she snapped:

"Who got a right to s'po't a man, ef 't ain't 'is own wife, I like to know? An' him half crippled, at dat! Yas, sir, I sho does s'po't Baptiste, I sho does—an' de po' man is settin' out on de river-bank waitin' for my ministry dis minute!"

"All alone?" This was cruel in me, but she was good sport, was Bella.

"Huh!" she chuckled, "Huh! I 'd be a heap mo' cancelized in my mind ef I knowed he *was* alone! No, sir, I ain't claim dat! Baptiste is Baptiste, an' he allus was a sociable man predispositioned to de ladies; an' so, of co'se, dey 's allus a stragglin' lot o' my-color she-devils 'long de coast dat ain't got nothin' better to do, so dey strolls down to whar he sets on de levee wid plenty o' free talk an' a fan to spare. But I don't torture my mind wid sech as dat. What is a little whirlwind on de bank to spile married happiness? An' he don't forgit me! Many 's de time he 'll have de live-coals ready an' de kittle b'ilin', time I gits home wid de spare-ribs an' 'taters to cook! An' you know dat shows intruss—an' him hobblin'!"

The lady had been called to the telephone some moments before, but she returned just in time for these words.

"Hobbling!" she repeated; "I thought you said he was cured?"

"So he is, honey! He is kyored. De pizen is squenched out'n 'is systerm, but yit 'n' still he 's sort o' heavy on 'is laigs, he bein' so long subjec' to indulgencies, an' so we has to go slow."

"Tell us about his cure," I demanded, "if you can. How was it connected with watermelon? Don't you think that may have been a mistake?"

She had risen and was beginning to call attention to her lilies, but at this she settled herself again.

"Mistake about de watermilion?" she piped. "No, sir! We done proved de watermilion!"

"*You* proved it? I thought you said you had a doctor?"

"So I is, honey! He war n't yo' sort o' doctor, an' I ain't sayin' he 's my sort. He come f'om behin' Palmetter-swamp in all dat mixtry o' de quadroon quarter. I tell you, sir, de day he come, hit was bakin' hot an' po' Baptiste, he looked fit to pop, he sho did! Well, sir, de doctor, he gi'en 'im one searchin' look an' he flipped 'im wid 'is finger, same as you 'd flip a watermilion to soun' ef it 's ripe, an' he shuk 'is haid an' 'lowed we 'd better wait. I s'pec' he was 'feard he 'd pop on 'is hands. He 'lowed dat we better wait 'tel dat watermilion pressure moved f'om de neighborhoods of 'is heart, an' he say de devil dat was in 'im was a hiber'atin' devil an' we better hold on 'tel it went down into its winter quarters, an' so we waited. Yas 'm; yas, sir.

"Well, dat was de fust word o' sense I had heerd on de subjec' o' de ole man's trouble, so we let time run along 'tel vergin' on Christmas, an de doctor he 'd drap in once-t every so long to sample 'is pulses an' c'lect a few picayunes or maybe a fresh aig.

"But when he finely come wid 'is kyarpet-bag full of bottles an' cans an' bones an' feathers an' sarpents' rattles an' alligator toofs, tell de trufe, I was skeerd, me, an' I say to myself, 'Dishere doctor, he look to me monst'ous lak a hoodoo,' an' I sho did shy off f'om 'im; an' seem lak he read my mind, an' he say to me, he say, 'Daughter, what is you trimblin' about?' an' I up an' 'spon' dat I was raised a Christian Baptist, an' I did n't want no consortin' wid de devil; an' he say, 'My daughter, you is right, befo' Gord, but is you nuver heerd say, "De hair o' de dog is good for de bite?" We 'bleeged to fight de devil wid fire.'

"Well, dat eased my mind, an' I sot to an' helped. I drug in a table an' put it besides 'im whilst he 'ranged 'is physics, but eve'y so long he 'd go to de winder an' scan de firmamint, an' all de time he was workin' 'is mouf an' I s'picion he was prayin' for rain, 'caze he had done warned us dat dis mericle had to be performed either endurin' a storm whilst de doors o' heaven was open, or else at midnight when de eyes o' de sun was shet.

"Well, sir, fus' thing we knowed, a clap o' cannon-ball thunder stahted a breeze, an' time he was ready wid 'is philters de rain she come down a-peltin'.

"He had been poulticin' de ol' man's foot a week or so, 'to pacify de devil in it,' he say, so 's he 'd come out widout too much scorn. So when de rain stahted, he placed de wash-basin on de flo' besides 'isse'f, an' he po'ed some mad-lookin' green stuff in it; den he unwropped de ol' man's laig an' measu'ed it an', sir, hit measu'ed fifty inches aroun', yas, sir. Den he call-t to de ol' man, 'Fall on yo' knees, my brother!' an' when Baptiste was settled down good, he say to me, he say, 'Daughter, do thou lakwise,' an' down I drapped besides my ol' man, wid my face in de dust.

"Den he say to Baptiste, he say: 'Lay yo' face in humility on de groun', an' lif' up yo' foots behin'!' An' Baptiste, he done so. An', wid dat, de doctor, he commenced callin' on de snake; den he twis' 'isse'f, same as a sarpent, *an'* wriggle *an'* squirm, an', wid dat, he stahted 'slip-slap! slip-slap!' on what seem lak de sole o' de ole man's foot, howsomever dey war n't no sole to it! You see, de doctor, he was behin' us, an' we could n't righteously witness what he done.

"Well, sir, dat 's de way he stahted; 'slip-slap! slip-slap!' An' 'twix' every slap we 'd hear some'h'n go 'r-r-rip!' Den a splash, lak toads in a pond, *an'* another, *an'* another, an' all de time he shoutin' an' callin' on Baptiste an' me to shout wid 'im, an' of co'se, me, I shouted. 'T ain' no trouble for me to shout, but Baptiste, he 's Cat'lic an' Creole, an' he ain't subjec' to shoutin', but he 'd groan good, 'tel de time he swooned.

"Well, sir—well, mistus—maybe you won't believe me, but whilst all dis ruction was gwine on, we heerd some'h'n' *fizz,* same as a match; howsomever, de doctor 'lowed it was de lightnin's o' heaven wha' stahted dem flames, an' a green an' yaller flicker lit up de cabin, an' den de doctor, lookin' lak Satan in dat green light, he say, 'Bless de Lord!' And wid de name o' de Lord, he drapped 'is horns an' tail.

"An' wid dat, he say to me, he say, 'Daughter, take a-holt!' So 'twix' de two of us we lif' Baptiste off'n 'is knees an' de doctor helt some'h'n' to 'is nose to bring 'im to, an' when de ole man opened 'is eyes, de doctor p'inted to de wash-basin an' I see a whole passel o' varmints wrigglin' midst de flames, an' de doctor say, he say, 'Dey name is legion!' an' you may strak me daid ef dey war n't a whole passel o' scorpions, writhin' in de flames an' fumes! Some yaller, some red, some spotted, some daid, an' some strugglin' in de agonies. An' in de midst of it all, 'bout a hondred watermilion-seeds! He had cas' all dem devils out'n my po' ole man's foot. Yas, sir!

"I trus' nuver to see hell-fire ag'in, but I sho is seen it dat once-t an' smelt it, too!

"Well, sir an' mistus, I stood de scorpions, an' I stood de hell-fire, but when I seen dem watermilion-seeds, I tell yer my soul surged up an' dey say dey heerd me shoutin' clean down to de turpentine-stills, an' I was shoutin' 'g'inst de elemints, at dat, 'caze de rain an' thunder nuver let up 'tel dey had got me subjuded down!

"You see, marster an' mistus, de years had been long—an' I was tired, strivin' an' peddlin', an' I read deliverance in dem seeds—an' I read it right, too!"

By this time the little woman was fairly shouting where she stood, but she suddenly recovered herself and even laughed as she exclaimed:

"Lemme stop all dis rip-rearin' an' git along! Y'all stahts me talkin' 'ligion an' I don't know when to quit. Here, lady, come look at my greens an' lemme git home, honey!"

She lifted from her basket its top layer of lilies, then the ragged but clean bit of coarse Nottingham lace which covered a lot of river shrimp which were fairly kicking themselves out of the basket.

"Now I know this is really Bella!" exclaimed the lady, her housewife's eyes fairly dancing before the tempting display.

It took but a moment to "buy the old woman out," but before we let her go, I had taken careful note of her somewhat vague address, and when I suggested that some day when we were out in our motor-car we might drop in to see the old man, she chuckled:

"Lordy! Ef folks sees you quality automobillionaires runnin' up to our mud-dauber's nest, dey 'll be talk, sho!"

"You don't seem very proud of your husband's estate," I ventured.

"Who? Me?" she chuckled, "not much! No, sir! I ain't no stick-in-de-mud, ef I is mud-color! I allus is craved to see de world! Dat was half de intice-mint o' marryin' Baptiste in de fust place, him livin' fureign to us—an' on de aidge o' de big city!

"No, sir! I mought o' been borned in a crawfish-hole, but I ain't no crawfish, an' I can't backslide! Ef I 'd been a crawfish, dey is been times when ole Baptiste would 'a' been a grass-widderer, but I ain't dat sort. I would n't give dem visitin' ladies dat satisfaction!

"No, I 's a for'ard traveler, an' ef I had my wush, I 'd see de world befo' I pass on to glory—yas, sir!"

"And what would you most like to see?" I ventured.

"Eve'ything, marster! All dat 's gwine! I done learned a heap a'ready down in dis New 'Leans! I 's seen de 'lection-lights, an' de street-kyars hooked on to a wire clo'es-line, spittin' fire! An' I 's seen de trim'lin' picture-shows an—I 'spec' I 's seen mos' all dey is *here,* but it ain't done no mo'n gimme a appetite for mo'! I craves to travel! I wants to ride one minute in de elevated an' de nex' minute in de undervated! I craves to set up in a automobile an' ride by lightnin'! I craves to mount de elemints to de stars in one o' deze airships an' see what 's on de yether side o' de moon—an' maybe git to heaven widout dyin', he, he! Oh, my Gord!"

She had been mechanically adjusting the coil to her head even as she spoke, and now, tossing the emptied basket upon it, she ducked her body and started off, even forgetting to collect her money, and when the lady had given her a folded bill and said "Keep the change," she cackled afresh, and twisting the money under the edge of her bandana she called back:

" 'Keep de change'? Yas 'm, I 'll keep it 'tel I gits to de market! I done sol' out so soon, I gwine s'prise my ole man, an' I bet you dey 'll be a scatteration o' tukky-red Mother-Hubbards along dat levee when dey see me 'proachin'!" And, as she started again, she added:

"Ricollec', I gwine look for y'all! Come on an' I 'll show yer dem legion o' varmints de doctor cast out o' my ole man's foot, seven scorpions an' a horned frog! I got 'em all encased in a bottle o' alicohol settin' on de mantel-shelf, wid de Bible an' a pot o' basil besides 'em, yas 'm!"

"And the watermelon-seed?" I asked maliciously.

"Yas, sir, sho 's you born! I was gwine plant dem seeds, but de doctor he say we ain't got no right to plant de devil's seeds, less'n we craves to raise hell! He 'low dat eve'y one o' dem seeds would bring fo'th hoodoo melons, same as de one wha' pizened de ol' man, so I drapped 'em in de alicohol, an' eve'y day or so, de doctor comes an' 'stracts out another seed f'om 'is foot, an' draps it in de bottle. He say ef one seed 's lef' in 'is systerm, hit 'll staht another watermilion growth, ef not a patch, an' in dat case, he would be liable to splode into fractions! I sho will be glad when he 's kyored an' we gits de doctor paid off. He 's pretty nigh kyored now, all 'cep'n' dat mor'bund appetite for cold ripe watermilion, an' dat 's hard to satisfy.

"So, I prays de good Lord for de ol'

man an' cultifates patience—an' a few artichokes an' things—an' de Lord ain't forgot us! Sometimes whilst you seem to see a ol' swiveled-up nigger gwine along deze city streets peddlin' greens, my soul 's mountin' to glory an' I feels myself standin' in line, robed in white, wid de n'eye o' faith fixed on de th'one!

"But lemme git out o' here or I 'll be shoutin', sho nough!" And now she was really gone, and in a moment we saw across the garden a flitting streak of red, topped by the flat basket, hurrying down the street.

Not only had my interest been reawakened and my curiosity piqued by this most pictorial interview with old Bella Baptiste, but as she had stood there beside the jasmine vine, clad in incongruous rags, in all the pathos of ignorance, superstition, poverty, and insignificance, yet showing through all her pitiful recital occasional gleams of human nature at its strongest and frailest, there flickered within me a sudden desire to meet the old man, Baptiste, again, and on his own estate.

And so, three days later, furnishing a hamper with a small stock of provisions, including a bottle of really good wine for the man who could "read readin'," we started early in the afternoon for the upper coast.

It was a perfect April day. We should have stopped at the first wretched little cabin on the road to inquire the way but for the gleam of my smoking-jacket which caught the lady's eye as it passed between the gray-green rows of artichokes behind the house; and so, first sounding several staccato "honks" by way of warning, and then waving our handkerchiefs as the wearer of the jacket lifted her head, we swerved to the front door, where sat the lord of the manor, old man Baptiste himself, indeed.

He had changed much with the years, but when he had hobbled forward and was courteously leading us to chairs upon what he called "my *galerie,*" I caught a gleam of his quick eye which assured me that he was mentally "all there."

The old woman had not joined us. After a most effusive greeting, she had dipped into the front door and disappeared. Indeed, as I glanced at the bare chamber within, I suspected that there might not be a fourth chair available. The host was courtesy itself, even insisting that the lady should take the rocker in which he declared he "never sat," but against which his crutch was at that moment bracing itself to give him the lie while the footstool before it held his smoking pipe; and while we frankly laughed when, seeing us seated, he protestingly dropped into place, he even smiled with us as, with a wave of his hand, he said:

" 'T is politeness—not too much in fashion no more, doze days," and then he added, quite as a gentleman of the court might have done, "No best rocking-chair ees comfor*tab*le fo' me w'ile one lady ees sitting straight."

The very evident fact that the wife of his choice habitually "sat straight" in the presence of her lord if she sat at all, was —well, that was another matter. Even the reflection seems discourteous in the face of the man's manner.

It took me but a moment to recall the court scene of the long ago, and to select from it his reference to his batture estate which it was such a pleasure to see.

"Oh, yas, sir," he said with a shrug, " 't is one paradise—*mais* unimproved, *hein?*"

"I don't know about that." I was glancing at the new levee in process of building. "It seems to me you 're to have the greatest possible improvement there. I am wondering how you managed it?"

"Me? Ah, no, *M'sieu'*. I deen' manage nutting. My bote-side rich neighbors, dey pass de 'probriation in de legislature to build de new levee, so me, I get once more de crumb dat fall from de rich man's table. An' it ain' no mean crumb, needer, you see me so!

"Hall doze year I deen' had no levee, I 'ad one growing rich garden for raise eve'yt'ing, vege*tab*le, chicken, duck, goose. Las' year we raise mos' two dozen goose, an' dey come handy fo' pay de doctor, yas. Of co'se, in *too* 'igh water, de garden, she los' 'erself for a while sometime, an' we 'ad to drive in eve'yt'ing behin' de ol' levee; *mais* every 'igh water make dat outside lan' mo' richer an' raise de grade. Now, when de new levee is build, dey say dey will raise de *tax,* an' God knows 'ow I am going to pay it."

I was just opening my lips to say, "Why don't you sell?" when the old woman,

Bella, reappeared with a new, flowered tin tray upon which were two glasses and a pitcher of what I judged to be lemonade, but which proved to be a delicious fabrication of orange-flower syrup and water in which floated a few bits of the rind of the sour orange, generously iced.

"He'p yo'se'f, lady," and then, "He'p yo'se'f, sir," said the eager hostess, while she placed the tray upon the table beside us.

When we had filled our glasses, my lady turned to the old woman in her prettiest manner with, "And are n't you going to have some?"

"All in good time, lady." The black woman curtsied as she said it, but while we sipped our really delicious nectar—for such it seemed to our thirst—I remembered the bottle of wine, and instead of leaving it as I had intended, I drew it from the hamper beside me and suggested to the old wife that I should like to have the invalid sample it. The fact was, I was curious to see how he would deport himself. His manners up to this point had been excruciatingly fine.

He would not hear to having the cork drawn until we had done, and then I filled two glasses, one for his lady, who declined it, declaring that she was "much obleeged, all de same," but she was "Baptist an' temperance"; but she slipped away, and returned in a moment with a tin cup into which she poured some of our beverage, which she carried out to drink. But she was back presently, smiling.

"Lady," she said, "I wants to tell yer dat I laid in all dis green glass grandeur, on de count o' y'all's promisin' to come —an' de ice, hit jes' did hold out. Ef y'all had n't 'a' come to-day, I 'lowed to lay in mo' ice, 'caze my knowledge o' ways an' manners goes way pas' my looks, thank Gord!"

Happening just then to glance at her husband and seeing his glass lifted, she screamed with laughter:

"I wush y'all 'd look at Baptiste! A pusson would think he drinked wine eve'y day! Tas'e an' lif' 'is haid an' blink 'is eyes jes' percizely lak my ol' rade rooster!"

The man was evidently enjoying his glass, and after a sip or two he warmed to it like a Frenchman. Bella in the meantime had slipped out, taking the lady with her "to show her the garden," and of course the doctor's exhibit.

" 'T is a *ril*lief to be able to take one glass wine," said mine host, holding his glass against the light. "*Bif*fo', w'en I 'ad my foot, I cou' n' take nutting. I t'ank you, sir."

When he had emptied his glass, he turned to me again:

"If you will excuse me, I will take Bella's also; 't is many year since I taste such."

The whole bottle would not have hurt him, for it was a light wine, but he was unused to it, and after a second glass he closed his eyes and smiled as he began:

"Wid dat tas'e on my tongue, I can shet my h'eye an' I am again 'way back on de ol' plantation, an' I see de lightning-bug shoot 'cross de swamp, an' so I can dream everyt'ing back again. I go behin' all doze new *in*vention, behin' everyt'ing. Den I can ope' my h'eye an' shut it again, an' see all coming true, de way I want."

And he turned his quiet eyes upon me.

"And what would you have, old man, if you could?"

"Me? W'at would I 'ave? 'T is no new t'ing I would ask. It ees money—not big money, *mais, juste* enough to—" He leaned forward, dropping his voice,—"enough to feex de place, da 's all. W'at ees dat great *ex*pensive levee to me? To raise my tax—da 's all."

"Why don't you sell?" I ventured; but to this he only shook his head sadly.

"Ah, *non, M'sieu'!* I will never move me from here. My two rich neighbor on bote sides, dey come to me in private, an' dey offer me good money to sell, *mais—*"

"And why not," I pursued, "if they pay you enough?"

He smiled on me:

"*M'sieu',* dey ain' got 'nauf money in de bank to buy dat *pointe* lan'. I don' wan' sell."

"Really, old man, you surprise me. Why not sell?" I protested.

Then with a swift survey he swung his long arm outward, describing the curve.

"You see, *M'sieu',* I got de whole *pointe.* Yas, an' w'en my chair ees on de new bank, I can set down wid de sunset in my h'eye an' look many mile bote way —an' de breeze in my face. De law requi'e de levee to follow de in*dic*ation of de shore, an' please look dat bee-you-tiful

crescent shape! 'T is h'all mine, an' my two rich neighbor, dey take pains to 'ave de levee build right al*so,* an' fo' w'y? Huh! Each one is *sure* he can buy me h'out!

"So, every day dey pass, up an' down, up an' down, to *in*spect de building of my levee, to 'ave it strong an' good; an' sometime dey meet, by accident, you understan', an' I hear each one say to de other dat he *ex*pect any day to see dat *pointe beg*in to cave in again—an' dat make me laugh, yas. Each one ees afraid de other one will buy me h'out, an' me, I twis' my t'umbs an' keep still. One sen' me one time one bottle good w'isky, an' de other one—you see dat nice hat yonder *be*hin' de door—he present me dat—*mais,* I don' wan' sell!

"You see, I got great advantage in dis *pointe,* an' dat ees one pleasure to me. An' so, like I tell you, I can shut my h'eye an' t'ink me one fine row china-tree on de bank, like so many green umbrella; two row crape-myrtle from de *pointe* up to my 'ouse wid shell walk *be*tween; one row red oleander one side, w'ite on de other, 'g'ins' my rich w'ite neighbors; den orange-tree plen'y an' fig, plen'y, Céleste fig, honey fig; an' behin' de 'ouse one wide scuppernong arbor; an' vege*tab*le t'ick an' fine in dat rich batture bottom, an'—

"An', of co'se, one new, clean li'l 'ouse, may*be* lif' a li'l from de groun' *bic*cause sometime de snakes dey crawl in dis low shanty, an' Bella, she go bare feet, an' she don' like dat.

"Den I dream me one good strong li'l wharf an' one safe flat-bottom skiff, wid a sail for a windy day, an' one raft down *be*low, wid plen'y place to sit in de shade under de wharf an' fish—an' go to sleep."

"Yes," I laughed, as soon as I could break the quiet charm of his recital. "That 's all very well, but how can you get all these things, and keep your place?"

"Da 's true fo' you, *M'sieu', mais* w'en I would sell de place, I would 'ave no more excuse to even dream dem. I will never sell—*mais* I don't tell dat, no. Doze high-class 'ristocrat, dey get some time too easy mad. I tell h'always dat I am *not in horry to sell!* Da 's enough, an' 't is true."

I looked critically at the old man. He appeared almost hale, much more fit, indeed, than his diminutive wife to fight life's battle for them both. Some such thought it was which gave me courage to ask:

"When do you expect to be able to go to work?"

"*Go* to work?" he repeated. "Never, *M'sieu'*. I stay to work, yas, w'en I am mo' strong. W'en I can t'row off dat poultice"—glancing at his foot—"den may*be* we can make de place pay. W'en I can raise an' Bella can sell, we can be rich enough. Now, po' Bella, she raise *an'* peddle, an' w'en she can't raise, she go to de woods an' fin' somet'ing to sell.

"An' me? I am de quicksand to swallow all she make. She drop everyt'ing in me, po' Bella!"

"Does n't she want you to sell?"

"I t'ink so. She don't say so, no, *bic*cause she know I am contrary. If she beg me keep de lan', I swea' biffo' God I belief I would wan' to sell. Da 's de way a man mus' resist to be hen-peck! 'T is de devil in me, I am sure."

"Not all cast out, then?"

"Bella was tell you, eh?" Then, with a low chuckle, looking over his shoulder, he confided:

"Well, I mus' *con*fess to you." His voice dropped to a whisper. *"I don' belief doze scorpion an' frog come out my foot, no!* You mus' know dat from me. May*be* de devil was in me, all right, *mais* not dat way. W'en I was one li'l *gamin* so high, ol' Dr. Jean he pay any one of us half dozen li'l chillen picayune apiece to bring eem doze li'l red salamander an' lizard, an' *dey use to say* he took dem out of sick peop', de same way. Fifty cen' a dozen he pay doze scorpion an' green spider. *Non, mais* I am sure doze herb-doctor, dey sometime 'ave good med'*cine* fo' skin malady, an' I t'ink my foot is cure. *Mais* dat ain' de rizzen I call in dat doctor, no. I deen' tol' Bella, *bic*cause a woman, she mus' 'ave faith. *Mais* I will tell you. I been lose some chicken, an' I need protection, an' w'en doze black devil dat visit my hen-roos' see Dr. Jean come een my gate, an' dey know doze scorpion, dey 'fraid to steal from me. Dey t'ink I am in cahoot wid de devil, an' dey scare I can trick dem. An' you see, wid my lame foot an' only po' li'l Bella to protect me, I need dat—to 'ave my prop'ty respected.

"I know somet'ing about hoodoo myself, *mais* I know too much 'bout doze

scorpion. W'en I was yo'ng man, one slim yo'ng quadroon, she lead me to de snake dance, an' I see it all." He looked over his shoulder again. "You see, time ees changed, now, an' I can tell you. I can sing an' make passes, an' I can dance de Bamboula, too, w'en I want. Even I can make *gris gris,* an' put de *concombre zombi,* just enough an' not too much, so to kill somebody, an' I know plen'y secret t'ing. Me, I have witness Marie Laveau once, dancing juste in 'er skin, as you might say, aroun' de snake an' twis' 'er-self, ah-h-h! 'T is one sight to see de queen when dey begin *monter voudou,* an' every one t'row out 'is bones an' become de same like snake. Ha! Dat make me goose-skin all over, just to t'ink!

"An' dey got plen'y money in all dat, too, w'en a man can buy one scorpion fo' picayune an' collec' five dollar fo' taking it out of a man's foot behin' 'is back! Plen'y big money, yas, *w'en he ain' got no conscience. Mais,* I am going to die one day, me, an' I 'ope to be buried in one Christian grave. If I was sure to lay my bones in ol' St. Louis graveyard, wid one fine religious bead wreath, hanging befo' de door, I would live happy."

"And Bella?" I ventured.

He smiled. "Bella ees not de only one; beside she ees Prodes'ant. *Non,* w'en I am laying dere, I can exercise my soul visiting a few graves, if I want. If I 'ad Bella, I would 'ave to 'ave de rest aroun' me, an' dat wou' n' look good. So I sleep my las' sleep by myself. I am no Brigham Yo'ng, no!"

While I had sat following the old man's talk, constantly amused though often indignant, a great scheme had sprung into life and was now running riot within me. As attorney and agent for the great Tex-Mex Railroad Company, I had been for more than a year on a still hunt for a site for a projected great station which must handle the traffic from trains crossing the river in or near New Orleans. I thought I knew the river coast well, but in fact my fancy had been playing along the north end of town where I had still failed to secure the coveted site. Nothing would have seemed more absurd than to suspect any considerable value or extent in the old negro's batture, but as I sat now within the growing curve which described its water-front, I realized that of all the properties under consideration there was none that approached it in advantage. And yet, coincident with the presentment of the alluring picture, there sat the old man with his calm denial:

"No, I will never sell. Dey ain' got 'nauf money in de bank to buy dat batture, *la.*"

I felt a little dizzy for a moment as the irresistible force of my enthusiasm collided with the immovable object before me, and it was of this catastrophe that there came a flash of light which blinded me for a second, so that when I looked at my watch and declared we must be going, I presently realized that I had not seen its face.

The return of the lady, followed by Aunt Bella with a heaping basket which she placed in the car for us; my taking a bank-note at random from my pocket and putting it in her hand; her bewilderment when she saw the X in its corner (even the illiterate know the dollars); her astoundment when I pressed it back upon her—all these I dimly remembered when we finally started home, leaving Monsieur and Madame Baptiste aghast and wondering at their gate.

But I was back the next day, mental order nearly restored and a diagram in my pocket—my case ready. I had even been uneasy lest the old man might have died in the night.

THIS was two years ago. Now the new house of Batture Baptiste sits upon brick pillars, a smiling cottage with "chimneys and galleries" within the crescent's curve. A double row of young crape-myrtle trees extends from the gate to its front door, while the river's rim is guarded against rising waters below by a levee of green, along the summit of which a row of toy umbrellas play at shower protection. The great new wharf far exceeds that of the old man's dream, having already cost the Tex-Mex Company ten thousand dollars, although it is only half done.

The arbor is built, grapes are planted, and oranges are in bloom. The broad skiff which swings at anchor near shore is called *The Bella,* and across its lap as it sways in the breeze, there lies, loosely rolled and flapping, "a little sail for a windy day."

The lady Bella, herself, boasts a fine "alapaca dress" with several second-bests,

Drawn by P. V. L. Ivory. Engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

"'I WENT HOME WID 'IM'"

though none is second-hand, as of yore; but, although she is as loyal a wife as ever, she is rarely seen sitting beside her husband, for, be it remembered, Bella always "craved to travel," and one of the first clauses inserted in the document signed by the Tex-Mex Railroad Company and Batture Baptiste, by which his river estate was enabled thus to bloom and to bear for the present comfort of one and the prospective advantage of the other party to the contract, accorded to both man and wife, besides the right of life-long occupancy, "free transportation at will in either direction along the entire length of the road"; so that Bella is sometimes in Mexico City, sometimes in Galveston or Guatemala; and, with its new charter which will carry the road to Canada— There 's no telling.

The old man loves his batture home and so long as he lives, it is his, with an income sufficient for his comfort. And so he declares he has no desire to hurry it into the railroad's hands by risking his life in its transportation.

Bella has learned of many things besides "elevated" and "undervated" travel in her excursions into the great world. For one thing, she has annexed a new set of relations which she has made it her mission to discover, and all of whom, irrespective of various racial infusions and conditions of poverty or mendicancy, she fondly cherishes. They are "country niggers," all, "Pronesant an' 'Merican," but all proud to come into relationship with the gentleman of dignified leisure, Batture Baptiste.

Of course, the lord of the manor does not sit alone. The ladies of color who disport themselves in Mother-Hubbards or Watteau plaits, still like to stroll down to the point in the afternoons, where they sit upon the iron benches under the green umbrellas. They are a sprightly lot, and have not failed to admire the effective design wrought in the iron "settees," although none has yet been known to decipher the hyphenated "Tex-Mex," done in cactus-stems surrounding the lone star.

Sometimes their host serves orange-flower water or even ginger-pop, which he has to buy, and on special occasions when the ladies assemble on his front *galerie* he passes anisette in tiny glasses; then he waxes communicative and tells "juste dis han'ful o' friends" that the Tex-Mex Company has been a so-good friend to him—put him in comfort and made a lady of Bella—that he has drawn a will bequeathing his entire estate to them at his death, his widow to inherit his present allowance with option as to retaining residential rights during her lifetime.

"*Mais,*" he adds, "I don' t'ink she will stay. She ees crazy fo' traveling an' finding *ril*lation. I wish you could see de job lot o' new corzen she intruduce to me. She ees all heart, po' Bella!

"Besides," and at this he smilingly bows to his guests, "besides, she may yet go *bif*fo' me! I am getting mo' yo'nger every day, so dere ees no telling. Any'ow, de railroad 'ave feex eet so dat it will be *'de widow of Batture Baptiste'* dat can live like one lady, an' travel, too, w'en she want, wid money in her pocket! Dere ees no name mention'.

"An' so, ladies—"

THE WINGED ARMAGEDDON

BY HAROLD KELLOCK

Author of "Mr. Hobby," etc.

VERY quietly, without the call of the trumpet or the booming of guns, a strange and terrible warfare is being waged in New England, in which the casualties of a single summer day probably run into the millions. For several years Uncle Sam has unobtrusively been gathering his mercenaries for this struggle from all parts of the world. There are warriors from France and from Germany, from Russia and from Japan, fighting, so to speak, shoulder to shoulder, or, rather, wing to wing. The martial host numbers myriads.

The enemies against which the struggle is being waged are the gipsy- and the brown-tailed moths, those terrible destroyers that threatened totally to defoliate New England, and bade fair to spread their devastations far beyond its borders. The mercenary army is composed of insects the very existence of which is dependent upon their cunning effectiveness as moth-slayers. The lives of these minute warriors are consecrated to slaughter, and so well are they thriving at their sanguine task that, as far as the moths are concerned, New England to-day is a shambles. Last summer, in some regions, their numbers were reduced one half by the mercenary invaders. This year's warfare is expected to result in more extensive destruction. The government scientists who have engineered this most tremendous of all insect wars are confident that in a few years the moths will be under control. There may thereafter be occasional sporadic outbreaks of them, but they will no longer be a menace and a terror. No other nation has ever gathered an army of alien insects to protect its fields and forests.

The moths have been the most destructive insect scourges that ever visited our shores. They have caused damage to growing things that must be figured in hundreds of millions of dollars. Nothing to compare with this wide-spread destruction has ever occurred in Europe, Asia, and northern Africa, the native homes of moths abroad. If they appeared in great numbers in a certain part of the country one year, they would vanish the next.

The gipsy-moth really arrived in the United States as early as 1869. Professor Leopold Trouvelot, an astronomer connected with Harvard University, had a hobby for silkworms. He imported spinning caterpillars from all over the world, and studied them at his home in Medford, Massachusetts. Among his specimens were some egg clusters of the gipsy-moth, which he kept on a shrub under a net in his dooryard. One night a sudden gale, undoubtedly the costliest storm New England ever experienced, tore the net and scattered the insects. The frantic professor dashed about the neighborhood destroying all the insects he could find. He wrote warning letters to the entomological journals. But the mischief was done. Not until twenty years later, however, were the moths noticed. Then they appeared in enormous swarms. A few years after this the brown-tailed moth, which had come in on nursery stock imported from France, made its appearance in Somerville, Massachusetts. During recent years the Government and the New England States have been spending half a million dollars annually to fight the moths.

But though hundreds of persons and elaborate apparatus were employed to keep the moths in check, they increased by millions, and year by year the situation grew worse. They spread over the greater part of New England and threatened the country.

A study of moths in foreign countries revealed that their existence was made precarious by scores of varieties of other insects that preyed upon them. For these winged parasites the moths were at once food and drink and home, and for the young grubs they were the nurse and the

nursery. The creatures existed solely to slay moths. They devoured the unhatched moths in the egg; the fat and helpless moth caterpillars, and even the adult moths, fell victims to their rapacity. Through their relentless warfare the ranks of the foreign moths were constantly thinned. Here we had got the moths without the parasites, and, freed from their natural enemies, they had become a plague.

From a photograph

1. COCOON; 2. MALE MOTH; 3. FEMALE MOTH; 4. EGG CLUSTER ON LEAF

The government scientists therefore went abroad on a huge insect hunt. They searched Europe from end to end, wherever moths were to be found. One man journeyed across the Pacific to Japan. Entomologists all over the world were enlisted in the fight to save the forests and crops of the United States from destruction. As a result of this strange hunt, parasites and parasitized moths in all stages of development were soon being received from many lands at the combined nursery and barracks established by the Government at Melrose Highlands, Massachusetts, for the rearing and study of the insect army.

Of course the transportation of this sort of live stock was new, and the mortality en route was often tremendous. The Oriental specimens traveled six thousand miles to get here. Most of them had to be carried in cold storage from the time they were gathered in the fields in Japan until they reached the laboratory in Massachusetts. Otherwise they grew to maturity, and either died or escaped before they reached our shores. The first results were discouraging, but the workers persisted. Since 1906, when the first big shipments arrived, 300,000 boxes and cases of moths and parasites have been received.

The reception of the shipments was merely the beginning of Uncle Sam's troubles. The entomologists at Melrose Highlands soon found themselves envying the comparative leisure of the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. Their insect children were appearing by the hundreds of thousands. Each package of specimens received was a Pandora's box of winged troubles. All sorts of strange worms and flies and grubs were popping out of the mass of material dumped into the laboratories. There were insects that attacked the moths, and insects that ate one another, and strange insects, with no apparent mission in life, that no one had ever noticed before. They had to be sorted and watched. Before any of them could be set at liberty, the scientists must determine whether they would really prove effective fighters against the pests. No real study had ever been made of moth

parasites, and the efficient ones bore no label.

The diminutiveness of the little warriors was an additional handicap. Some of them were too small to be discerned by the naked eye.

Sorting and examining hundreds of thousands of gipsy- and brown-tailed eggs were only details of the search for parasites. Sorting over half a million hens' eggs would scarcely be a light task. The eggs of the brown-tailed moth, at their largest diameter, are somewhat smaller than the period that ends this sentence. But small as they are, the microscope has revealed ten minute fly parasites grown to maturity within a single brown-tailed egg! The mother fly had deposited her own eggs within that little dot of albumen, and her offspring had found sufficient nourishment within to bring them to full fly-hood. There they were, when the glass caught them, with a full tally of legs and wings and bodily organs, ready to burst into the world for a brief three weeks of active life.

Thirty varieties of flies were gathered from Europe and Asia, and within the laboratory they increased very rapidly. There was one midget, a Japanese specimen, that for three years defied all efforts at importation by escaping or dying on the way. Finally, in 1909, eleven live specimens survived the voyage. From these eleven have been produced nine generations in seven months, at the end of which time a census was taken, and the surviving family was found to number 1,300,000 flies. There was decidedly no race suicide there.

By this time a huge fighting force—hundreds of thousands of flies—was being placed in the field, and the scientists waited confidently for results. They had a precedent for their confidence. As far back as the eighties, when the fluted-scale insect was killing the orange- and lemon-groves in California, a highly effective ladybird had been imported from Australia to fight the scale. When colonies of the ladybirds were liberated, they immediately pounced upon the nearest scale insects and devoured them, and so completely did they do their work that the California orchards were cleared of the pest within two years. To this day the California State Board of Horticulture maintains a barracks of these doughty amazons in Sacramento, and whenever the scale appears, several regiments of the ladybirds are rushed to the infected orchards, and make short work of the pest.

The moth flies made no attempt to emulate the ladybirds. As soon as they

From a photograph

1. MALE MOTH; 2. FEMALE MOTH; 3. MALE PUPA; 4. FEMALE PUPA; 5. EGG CLUSTER

The female gipsy-moth is so heavy that she flies with difficulty. Her brown-tailed sister can negotiate great distances.

From a photograph

INTERIOR OF LABORATORY, SHOWING TRAYS USED FOR REARING PARASITES

were released, they mysteriously vanished. The neighborhoods in which they were colonized were searched over and again, but no trace of them was found. The scientists became very pessimistic about those flies. The first of them had been set free in 1907. By 1910 even the most enthusiastic entomologists were ready to admit failure. Perhaps the flies had been unable to withstand the rigors of a New England winter in the open. Perhaps they were homesick for Europe and Japan, and preferred starvation to life in a strange land. The non-scientific government of Massachusetts, which was sharing with the National Government the expenses of the warfare against the moths, began to grumble about time and money spent on parasites that did not parasitize. And the overworked scientists really had very little defense.

But a surprise awaited every one. In 1911 regiments of the fly armies were found in remote parts of New England valiantly slaying the moths. Last summer it was determined that they had increased to myriads, and some varieties had spread over ten thousand square miles. The reason they had not been discovered at first was because each and every one of the flies was inspired with a passion for exercise. Their business in life was to attack and devour moths. But they had no appetite for moths in the immediate neighborhood. Their instinct gave the strange little creatures an appetite for moths a mile or more away!

One of the most effective flies is the diminutive Japanese warrior, who, after his arrival, increased his numbers from eleven to 1,300,000 in seven months. He is of the *Schedius* genus and has been christened *Kuvanae* in honor of Professor S. I. Kuwana of the Imperial Agricultural Station at Tokio, who sent us the first specimens received alive.

This Japanese midget prefers its caterpillars served in the egg. The Hon. Mrs. *Schedius* deposits her honorable egg within the body of the unhatched gipsy-moth caterpillar. Within a few days the honorable egg has become the honorable larva, a tiny grub with a passion for food. No child in a fairy-tale who awoke in a gingerbread house was ever better provided for than this infant. It is entirely

surrounded by breakfast. And it proceeds to eat and eat and eat until nothing is left of that embryo caterpillar except the head and claws and hair. By this time the honorable grub is ready to emerge and develop into the honorable fly and establish a new little honorable family of fifty or a hundred in other gipsy-moth eggs.

But life is not always a fairy feast for the *Schedius* grub. Sometimes it has no sooner waxed fat with feasting than another sort of fly mother will come along and deposit her eggs within the *Schedius*. The new-comer will soon begin feasting on the gorged grub, which of course has no more chance than the original caterpillar inhabitant of the moth egg. There are several varieties of insects which prey indiscriminately upon the gipsy-moth or on one another, and according to the scientists, four or more insects may successively devour one another internally within a single moth egg in the fields in Japan. Of course great care was taken to release no secondary parasites here.

The microscope revealed a curious triple tragedy of this character, in which *Schedius* secured a terrible revenge upon another insect which commonly preys upon it. The larva of this midge, which the scientists call *Anastatus,* had established itself within the unhatched gipsy caterpillar, had eaten the entire contents of the shell, and, after its indolent fashion, had settled down to ten months of sleep before emerging into the world. Three *Schedius* mothers, in rapid succession, had flown up and deposited eggs within the torpid body of the fat intruder. When the microscope revealed them, the three *Schedius* grubs were developing rapidly within the *Anastatus*. Having destroyed him, they were ready to engage in a further struggle to determine which one of them would devour the others and live to flyhood. For it is the law of the clan that only one shall emerge alive. Whether the tiny grubs of the same family actually engage in a struggle for supremacy, or whether the hardest eater devours his kinsmen, who yield their bodies passively to superior strength and appetite, science has not determined. A battle that takes place within an area much smaller than a pinhead is not easy to observe.

Another Japanese fly inflicts upon the immature moths a death of exquisite torture. It deposits its eggs within the body of the full-grown moth caterpillar. The eggs hatch rapidly, and the larvæ feast for two or three weeks before they force their way out through the skin of the still-living caterpillar. A full-grown caterpillar may harbor a hundred or more of these. For its protection during further development, each of the newly emerged worms immediately spins a small white cocoon. And the caterpillar, unable to leave the spot, dies slowly, "surrounded by and seeming to brood over the cocoons."

From a photograph

FEMALE GIPSY-MOTHS DEPOSITING EGG CLUSTERS ON A WHITE-OAK TREE

From a photograph

GIPSY-MOTH EGG MASS. PERFORATIONS SHOW EXIT OF *SCHEDIUS* PARASITE

A more hazardous existence than that of either of these two parasites is led by a European fly bearing the long name of *Pteromalus,* which is out of all proportion to its size. In the autumn, after they have built themselves a silken nest in which to sleep through the cold weather, the mother *Pteromalus* deposits her eggs externally upon the bodies of living brown-tailed caterpillars. In order to insure her baby a safe and quiet birth, the mother *Pteromalus* carries a tiny poisoned sword. Piercing the silken nest on her maternal errand, she cunningly stings a caterpillar with the sword, paralyzing him, and deposits her eggs upon his unconscious body. The caterpillar must be left alive, for the baby *Pteromalus* could not live upon decaying meat. The eggs hatch quickly, and the larvæ begin immediately to feast externally upon their helpless host. By the time winter puts a stop to their activities, they have stored up all the fat they need, and in the spring they emerge as full-grown flies, leaving behind a nest full of the remains of half-devoured caterpillars.

This is the process of the ideal *Pteromalus* mother. But, alas! many of them will not take the proper precautions to preserve fresh caterpillar meat for their babies. Their prudence is overborne by their passion for laying eggs, which sometimes amounts to depravity. They will lay upon dead caterpillars or fragments of caterpillar, or may be in such a hurry about their parturition that they deposit upon a moving caterpillar, without first using the poisoned sword, so that their eggs are dislodged and crushed. The infant mortality in the *Pteromalus* family must be terrible. But despite this, no imported parasite has apparently increased in greater numbers. *Pteromalus* is incorrigibly prolific.

One of the most noteworthy importations in the slaughter of the moths has been an active green beetle, a tiger in the moth world. Here is a terrible creature indeed, a creature of intrepid ferocity and magnificent voracity. Beside him the hog is a beast of most delicate appetite. The green beetle will devour ten times his weight in gipsy-moth caterpillars in a single day, and be ready to duplicate this performance on the morrow. His nominal two seasons of active life are a wild orgy of slaying and feasting. His span of mortality includes a mere fortnight of larval life and two brief summers of adult

From a photograph

ADULT BEETLE EATING GIPSY-MOTH CATERPILLAR

existence, representing less than five months of activity altogether; but during this time he will normally devour nearly six hundred and fifty gipsy-moth caterpillars or pupæ as big as himself. A single pair have been observed to eat two thousand caterpillars within eight weeks, gluttony almost beyond belief.

This insect combination of the hog and the tiger will probably destroy billions of gipsy-moths this year. During the last five years five thousand of the beetles have been imported, mostly from Switzerland, though some came from Italy, France, and Japan. Their numbers have increased enormously. The beetle mother will normally produce upward of two hundred offspring during her two seasons of adult life. One ambitious female in captivity laid as many as 653 eggs in a single season.

The hunt for a beetle to prey upon the gipsy-moth was a tedious one. We had several varieties of native predacious beetles in the United States, but the gipsy-moth caterpillar is arboreal, and the lazy American species refused to climb trees. Eventually the terrible green tiger, a tree-climbing beetle of the *Calosoma* species, was brought over from Europe.

The beetle mothers vary the monotony of their summer feast by depositing their eggs in the earth in great profusion during June and July. The eggs resemble small grains of rice. After five days a white grub emerges from the egg. It soon turns a metallic black, and wriggles its way to the surface of the earth in search of food. Already it carries in its jaws a formidable dissecting apparatus. Its hard, compact, active body marks it for a fighter.

By the time it pushes through the soil, the caterpillars of the gipsy-moth are crawling over the trees in swarms, and the newly hatched warrior loses no time in climbing after them. Grasping a helpless caterpillar in the middle of the back or side, the worm cuts through the soft part between two segments, and proceeds to devour at a great pace the juices and fat body of its prey. When it comes across a gipsy-moth pupa lying helpless in its cocoon, it tears a great hole in the horny skin, and eats the helpless creature alive. The beetle larvæ have even been found attacking and devouring the body of the full-grown gipsy-moth. Their appetite is insatiable. In default of the gipsy-moth, they will turn to any other caterpillars to be found, and if there is no other food, they will eat one another. A single newly hatched grub that could find nothing to eat, was observed by the government scientists to wriggle nearly two miles in search of prey before it died of starvation at the end of three days.

This orgy of slaughter lasts about fourteen days, during which the grub sheds its skin three times, issuing on each occasion larger and stronger, until it is over an inch in length, and distended from good living.

Then, full fed, it burrows into the earth and hollows out a roomy chamber four or five inches below the surface, to make its transformation through the pupal stage. For about ten days it rests, in preparation for this magical change, and then it becomes a fat, yellow pupa an inch long and half an inch thick, a beetle in embryo. A few days later it emerges from the ground full grown to beetlehood.

The adult *Calosoma* is a handsome fellow. His body is incased in shiny green armor, with a golden metallic luster, and he boasts of long and agile legs, armed with hooks and spines to hold his prey. His sharp mandibles are terrible weapons of offense. At first he is rather soft and inert. He is content to bask in the sun and grow strong. The gipsy-moth caterpillars are gone now, but the young beetle is not yet interested in food. As soon as he gets his full strength, he plunges into the earth, digs another little tunnel, and settles himself for the winter's sleep.

Not until the following June is he seen again. Then he digs his way out with a single desire to make up for his long fast. Now he is a tiger indeed. He will climb to the farthermost twig in search of the luckless gipsy and brown-tailed caterpillars. The wretched victim is caught with an unyielding grip in the beetle's trap-like mandibles. He wriggles and squirms vainly to free himself. In the struggle the beetle's knives grip closer. They pierce the soft skin. Quickly the victim slackens his efforts. Before the caterpillar is dead the tiger is voraciously feeding.

Between feasts there is love-making. The mothers lay their eggs, and return immediately to the hunt. For nearly eight weeks this life of carnage and feast-

ing is continued. By that time the caterpillars are vanishing for their further transformation, and the beetles are weary. By the first of August, though summer is still in full revel, they burrow again into the ground for the long ten-months' sleep.

About a fifth of them appear to die during this second hibernation; but the survivors return to the life of feasting on the following spring apparently with increased energy and greater appetites. They flaunt Dr. Osler's old-age theories by killing and devouring increasing numbers of caterpillars. They raise larger families. The aging tigers far outstrip the young generation in fierceness and predacity. And even toward the end of the season, when most of the oldsters are dying off, the survivors keep the pace valiantly. A few live to enter the winter sleep again, and some survive, apparently as vigorous as ever, through a third summer.

The green tiger is a sturdy fellow. Despite his appetite, he can live forty days without food or water, and can get through a season on very lean rations. In default of moths he has, in captivity, accepted beefsteak; but when his captors offered him live earthworms, he preferred starvation. He can survive spring floods. Kept four days under water in captivity, he refused to drown, and, when finally released, engaged in his customary activities, and raised a family of normal size.

These are merely a few samples of our imported insect mercenaries. We now have nearly forty varieties of them engaged in the slaughter of the moths. About two million have been liberated in the last six years, but that number represents merely the nucleus of the immense winged force now engaged. The slow-moving gipsy-moth has proved a readier victim than the fast-flying brown-tailed moth. It is safe to say that we need not worry about the gipsy any more.

Dr. L. O. Howard, Chief of the Bureau of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture, who is really the commander-in-chief of the insect armies, is so well satisfied with the work of his mercenaries that he will import no more of them for the battle against the moths, though the employment of parasites to fight insect pests will always be an important phase of the work of this most important bureau.

Our insect armies are not only generally efficient, but have the rare virtue of being comparatively inexpensive. The moth mercenaries have cost little more than a hundred thousand dollars in the aggregate during the last six years—about the price of one of the highly ornamental post-offices that almost any rural congressman will snatch out of the national pork barrel to please his constituents in some obscure fresh-water village.

THE REDWING

BY BLISS CARMAN

I HEAR you, Brother, I hear you,
Down in the alder swamp,
Springing your woodland whistle
To herald the April pomp!

First of the moving vanguard,
In front of the spring you come,
Where flooded waters sparkle,
And streams in the twilight hum.

You sound the note of the chorus
By meadow and woodland pond,
Till, one after one up-piping,
A myriad throats respond.

I see you, Brother, I see you,
With scarlet under your wing,
Flash through the ruddy maples,
Leading the pageant of spring.

Earth has put off her raiment
Wintry and worn and old,
For the robe of a fair young sibyl,
Dancing in green and gold.

I heed you, Brother. To-morrow
I, too, in the great employ,
Will shed my old coat of sorrow
For a brand-new garment of joy.

SHAKSPERE AND BALZAC

A STUDY OF CREATIVE GENIUS

BY GEORGE MOORE

Author of "Esther Waters," etc.

(*An address written in French by the author, and translated by him*)

YOU have come here in an indulgent mood, I am sure, for you knew that you were going to listen to a barbarian. There is no need for me to tell you that the Greeks called all foreigners "barbarians" because they stammered when they tried to speak Greek. The Greek word βάρβαρος may be translated "stammerer," and you must not be surprised if I stammer sometimes and mispronounce. My forefathers spoke French very well, but that was a long time ago. It was, if I remember rightly, in the time of William the Conqueror, and since then, unhappily, we have more or less forgotten the language.

Within two hundred years after the battle of Hastings we were again barbarians. The fact is beyond dispute; it is recorded by Chaucer, the father of our literature. In the fourteenth century he was writing these verses, and everybody in England knows them:

> And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly,
> After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
> For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe.

This jargon current at Stratford atte Bowe of which the father of our literature spoke is, then, very old; but despite its great age, it has not died. On the contrary, it is more popular than ever, especially in our drawing-rooms and select circles. It is impossible to learn a language, for the language we learn never becomes quite the same as a mother-tongue; it remains always, if I might venture the expression, a stepmother. Stepmothers are not always unkindly, and the proof is that here am I, a mere barbarian, graciously permitted to speak to you about Shakspere and Balzac in my step-tongue.

And now that I have explained my presence, it may be as well to tell you why I have chosen Balzac and Shakspere for my theme. The association of these two names may seem impertinent and ridiculous, and doubtless more than one of you has already asked himself why I have yoked together a novelist and a poet. Two novelists would surely have gone better together: Balzac and Thackeray; Balzac and Dickens; Balzac and Walter Scott. But upon reflection you will agree with me that it was out of the question to link Dickens, a kindly caricaturist, Thackeray, a Piccadilly lounger, Scott, an antiquity-monger, with Balzac, the great thinker. The names of Hardy, Stevenson, Meredith came to my mind, but the tallest stands barely higher than Balzac's ankle. Fielding? "Absurd," I said, and began to write a note declining the invitation given to me by the "Revue Bleue." "We should need," I wrote, "somebody of gigantic stature to put alongside of Balzac." My pen stopped, for at that moment I remembered that English thought is not found in English prose, but in English verse. Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Byron have thought deeply. Alas! they are but lyrical poets, and what I need is a story-teller, one who bids souls arise out of the deep, and at whose bidding souls arise unfailingly, as they do for Shakspere. "Shakspere," I reflected, stands for England as Balzac stands for France. Shakspere and Balzac! My theme is found.

And the day that these two names began to chime in my ears I said to myself that if by some chance it were France's destiny to be swallowed up in the ocean, the loss would not be so terrible if the works of Balzac floated to safety; for then we English folk would have gotten

a document in which we should be able to decipher the life and the genius of our neighbors. And on the other hand, if England were doomed to disappear, and if nothing remained but the plays of Shakspere, you, also, would have a document in which you would be able to read our history and enjoy an extraordinary specimen of our art. In France you have all the arts; you have the most beautiful modern prose. In England we have only poetry. Poetry is our art, and verse on one side and prose on the other have set both countries high above time and catastrophe. Thanks to them our countries can never be wholly destroyed, for there still will be read in the most beautiful English ever written what England was in the day when she was herself and nothing but herself, and in addition a great slice of the history of France; for the history of the two countries are strangely interwoven for two hundred years. Our Henry II, by marrying Eleanor of Aquitaine, added enormously to his French possessions: the whole west of France belonged to him: Picardy, Normandy, Brittany—as far as the Basses-Pyrénées. The first quarrels began in the reign of John, and Shakspere starts his historical plays with him. A messenger arrives in England from the French king, Philip, a wise, far-seeing monarch, and his errand is to demand that John shall abdicate in favor of his nephew Arthur, a simple pretext for war, and a battle is fought on the plains of Angers. The English win, and Arthur is taken prisoner; but victory brings England no gain, for John's character is obstinate and suspicious, and so quick to take offense that no one, neither his nobles nor Shakspere, ever succeeded in unraveling him. Accordingly, the play remains confused and incongruous.

On the other hand, Shakspere spins out of the vacillating dreamer *Richard II* a beautiful play, which has always been recognized as a preliminary study for "Hamlet." Its action is wholly English; but with "Henry V" we are back again in France, at Agincourt. The *Duke of Orleans* is captured; *Henry* marries *Katharine,* and becomes King of France. But *Joan, la bonne Lorraine,* leaves her sheep to seek *Charles VII.* She rescues *Orleans,* and a few years later the English are driven clean out of France.

The second and third parts of "Henry VI" narrate the War of the Roses, the struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster; and these civil wars come to an end upon the battle-field of Bosworth with the death of *Richard III.* Shakspere has written nothing about the reign of Henry VII, but he wrote a very noble play upon Henry VIII, as though it were in his mind to show the last link that still existed between France and England. The French were on the edge of becoming Protestants; only Henry of Navarre thought Paris worth a mass, and a kiss from Anne Boleyn decided Henry VIII to take the plunge.

You will not find the history of France so complete or so definite in Balzac. The novelist has always been obsessed by the present; but even so he left it to write his excellent study on Catharine de' Medici, tempted by the struggle between your religion and mine, the vision of the great subtle-minded Florentine, with the cruel gleam of the Renaissance in her eyes, and the energy of the epoch in her walk. It may well be that there is nothing more poignant in the Comédie Humaine than the scene where Catharine is face to face with the man who is being tortured. The executioners ask the queen if they are to continue, and knowing that the victim is strong enough to endure the torment, she replies:

"Yes, give him another turn; he 's only a heretic."

The scene about the dying dauphin is equally fine. I have often wondered why no dramatic writer has seized upon it. Perhaps it would need Shakspere to put it on the stage. And the portrait of Calvin, one of the most remarkable that exists upon printed paper or canvas, reminds me of the portraits of Ingres and the portraits of David. For despite the romanticism of Victor Hugo, Balzac is very French, essentially French, and allied to the classics more than is generally thought. The form of Corneille, of Molière, of Racine is different, we might say quite the opposite; but when we go to the root of the matter, we perceive that Balzac is no less French than they. He is as urban as they, a man of cities, interested in the hills and sky casually, and only in those trees under which lovers can sit. He never tries to distinguish between one tree and another,

and he was probably incapable of telling a birch from a larch. He speaks of roses, but never of a wild flower, and surely he would have passed a primrose by the river's brim without even a glance. The dim, blue horizon bores him, and he turns his eyes away to seek for a town, interested only in men and in the cities they build.

I recall several pages in "Ferragus" upon the streets of Paris. He admires the Rue de la Paix, but cannot for certain reasons accord it his admiration unalloyed. The Rue du Faubourg Montmartre begins well, he says, but ends like a fish's tail. Under the moon, the Place de la Bourse is a dream of old Greece, and he recounts in "Catharine de' Medici" the changes that have come about in Paris since the sixteenth century, with every detail, how a street that used to go to the right and left is no longer on the map, etc.

Had Balzac not been a marvelous teller of tales, he would have been an architect or a historian. Let us put the architect to one side and consider the historian. In this book Catharine and the people about her are as much alive as those that move through the Comédie Humaine; and this intense life he has gotten by means of dialogue. I know that this way of treating history is hardly scientific. To-day it is looked at askance; but I imagine that all who are not professional historians will find pleasure in "Catharine de' Medici." Live history, even if it is false, is better than dead history, even though it is true. And shutting the book, they will be sorry to think it was Balzac's one essay in history. Yet the historian is always latent in the novelist; in all his tales can be felt a historical bias. In the middle of his "Ménage de garçons" he pauses to describe a village as it was in the sixteenth century, merely on the pretext that it was there his heroine was born. We have another flagrant example of his love of things in "Les paysans." To describe the park and the château, he begins with the seven gates; for there are seven gates that lead to this park, and he assures the reader that the seven gates must be described if the novel is to be understood. His object in this novel was to prove that the law is inadequate to safeguard the interests of landlords against a league of peasants, and with amazing clairvoyance he foresaw everything that has come to pass in Ireland in the last quarter of a century. The peasants' victory at the end of the novel is an exact picture of what is happening to-day in Ireland.

In "Les Chouans" Balzac has related the wrongs and the courage of the peasants who refused to accept the republic. And it was for the pleasure of describing the retreat from Russia that he composed the tale called "Adieu," with its descriptions of the crossing of the Beresina. It is there the poor woman says "Adieu" to her husband. "Adieu" is the only word she remembers in her madness.

Balzac was interested in the great events of history, but his own time absorbed him almost completely, and we start wondering if this were well, asking ourselves if we get better subjects for novels out of the present than out of the past, whether the past affords better themes for the theater than the present. However this may be, Shakspere built his theater in the past; but being an artist of the Renaissance, he introduced the life of his own day into his historical plays. In the first part of "Henry IV" we find the life of the taverns of Eastcheap displayed with a realism more pungent than Balzac could muster for his descriptions of the Latin Quarter in "Les illusions perdues." When we speak of the tavern where *Falstaff* wrangles over his reckonings with *Mistress Quickly*, we remember the little cabaret where *Lucien* makes *Lousteau's* acquaintance. Memories of *Doll Tearsheet* and the swashbucklers of Fleet Street mingle with our memories of *Coralie* and *Florine* and the journalists of the boulevards. The two actresses are sketched with a hand as delicate as Shakspere's, who sometimes speeds a woman across the stage forever, so like her are the words she speaks in her transit.

Love follows *Coralie* like a perfume, and on a corner of the table in her dressing-room *Lucien* writes an article so delightful that nobody but Balzac could have written it; and who could have set the journalists talking as they talked during the great supper except Shakspere and the man who set them talking? Page follows page, and the genius of Balzac carries us away like a mighty ocean; aphorisms resound about us like breaking waves. We experience the infinite, and only one re-

proach is possible; for among the guests none symbolizes the left bank of the Seine, as *Falstaff* does the Boar's Head in Eastcheap. *Lousteau* does not compare with *Falstaff*. On the boulevard we have all met journalists with more individuality, a richer humanity, than *Lousteau*. But if Balzac failed with *Lousteau*, he has succeeded completely with *Lucien*. I will go so far as to say that I prefer the *Romeo* of the comedy to the *Romeo* of the tragedy. *Lucien* is far less abstract, and Balzac found the phrase that sums up the end of a young man's desire when *Lucien* says to *Vautrin*, "I want to be famous and to be loved."

The names that come to everybody's mind as soon as Shakspere is mentioned are *Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Antony, Brutus, Cassius, Falstaff*, the two *Richards*. And without going on to the people of the comedies who are of necessity drawn only from the outside, let us run over the names that best represent the Comédie Humaine: *Père Goriot, Baron Hulot, Philippe Rubereré, César Birotteau*, the *Curé of Tours*. Who besides? *Eugénie Grandet*. I pause there: the contest is unfair for Balzac. His talent is not wholly summed up in his characters; his descriptions, his philosophic disquisitions, count for a great deal in his writings. To understand how colossal is the great Touraineau, you must know the fifty volumes he wrote with his own hand in a score of years. Great though they are, his personages have not the eternal aspect of *Lear*, of *Othello*, of *Macbeth*, and of *Hamlet;* nor of *Don Quixote*, or *Sancho*. Balzac lacked the sense of the heroic. But Shakspere possessed it, and it is precisely this sense of the heroic that saved him again and again from shipwreck, as, for example, in "King Lear," which Swinburne prefers to "Hamlet." Like the gods, poets give no explanations; but novelists do, and once Tolstoy stood upon a rock in the steppes, and with all the vehemence of a Jeremiah declared that what the tragedy lacks is common sense. If anybody has ever lacked common sense, I should be hard put to it to decide whether it was more lacking in Jeremiah or in Tolstoy.

Transported by the madness of hate, Tolstoy set himself against all poetry, music, all art, life itself. I like better the madness of love, though it may drive Swinburne to pin posies in the buttonholes of all the Elizabethan poets, and though it may incite him in the last throes of delirium to weave such a crown for *King Lear* that the poor old gentleman can't hold up his head for the weight of his laurels. This book of adulation and imprecation finds one faint flaw, the disappearance of the *Fool, Lear's* companion up to the end of the third act, and he says that it can be explained by no possible audacity or felicity of conjecture. I regret this disappearance as much as he; the *Fool* is certainly the most rational being in the tragedy, and after he vanishes, the tragedy is nothing but storm, despair, terror, delirium; scenes of cruelty succeed one another rapidly. The play is like a ship too full-sailed, always ready to capsize. The rudder is split, the masts fall; nothing is left standing but the old man, who continues his lamentings till the end, and who dies clasping his dead daughter in his arms.

The disappearance of the *Fool* is not the only strange thing in the play; everything in it is inexplicable, even Shakspere's genius, unless we suppose the play to be only a sketch that has not been worked on sufficiently. In any case, it is only when *Lear* is declaiming that we can take pleasure in reading it, or when the *Fool* entertains us with his great wisdom. *Edmund's* part is a plain compact of dull hypocrisy; his brother *Edgar* passes understanding. We divine in him an idea the author has pursued without capturing. The action wavers between a very remote period and the Middle Ages. *Lear's* three daughters are hardly more distinctly delineated than the three sisters of *Cinderella*. One is puzzled while one reads, but on the stage the play assumes a supernatural grandeur. Shakspere has to be seen,—the pageant is essential to him,—and above all he must be heard; for he addresses himself much more to the ear than to the eye.

"King Lear" is the most splendid sketch that poet ever left behind him; but we must not forget that in literature no sketch can equal the finished work. I have chosen "Lear" rather than "Hamlet" or "Othello," and spoken of it in detail, for a reason that you have guessed by this time. We know that it is the privilege of every great artist to steal from another. Rubens

stole the composition of "The Descent from the Cross" from an Italian, and the great Fleming conferred an honor on a casual painter by robbing him. But Balzac's task was a more difficult one. He entered into competition with the world's greatest poet, and he came out triumphant. It is a feather in the cap of France that a Frenchman should have been able to remake "King Lear" from end to end, and with the same ease with which Nature carries out her transmutations. After reading the wanderings of the poor old king, Balzac conceived the idea of dressing him in the fashion of 1830, and leading him away from the blasted heath of *Madame Vauquer's* boarding-house. In Balzac's hands *Lear* becomes a bourgeois, witless and slow of speech among the wreck and drift of a great city. The novel and the play are transmutations of a single virtue —the virtue of self-sacrifice. The father who immolates himself for his daughters now speaks in prose, but the scarce phrases he utters are implicated in as deep a humanity as the verses; and the king's death and the tradesman's death have this in common, that one is as free from sentimentality as the other. We do not shed tears when we read Shakspere and Balzac, though both writers have told many tragic and moving stories. The joy they offer is the joy of art; we contemplate and we comprehend.

Madame Vauquer's table d'hôte is admirably told. I do not think there are more admirable pages than the meal-times in that house. But since Swinburne found a flaw in "Lear," it behooves me to find one in "Père Goriot." Swinburne has bewailed the disappearance of the *Fool;* I regret the presence of *Vautrin.* His discoursings with *Rastignac* upon modern society seem to me as insipid as the worst pages of the play, and one would not be worth a groat as a critic if one did not remark that *Goriot's* daughters are hardly more clearly drawn than *Lear's.* If they seem more real to us, it is because we see them in drawing-rooms, and know they are in love with young men who borrow money from them and wear patent-leather shoes. But externals are very deceptive. There is hardly much more humanity in *Anastasie de Restaud* and *Delphine de Nucingen* than in *Goneril, Regan,* and *Cordelia.* Perhaps there is a little more, since they were born two centuries later, in an age when women had attained a certain position and a certain authority.

I make no pretense of having explored the depths of the literature of the Renaissance; but one can very well grasp what there is in any literature without having read it from one end to the other. You divine the character of a literature as you divine the character of the man who is talking to you: at the first look you know his age, his breeding, his class, and in five minutes what he is capable of and a good many of his ideas. It is just the same with a literature. After reading two sonnets of Petrarch, we know that Laura was nothing more to him than a literary stimulus. We open the "Divine Comedy" at the page where Dante has a sight of Beatrice in heaven, and we know at once that he will turn her into a seraphic doctor of theology. There is no need for me to go to Spain to speak of *Dulcinea, Don Quixote's* lady-love,—everybody knows that Cervantes invented her to parody the love-stories of the Middle Ages,—nor to France to talk about Rabelais and Montaigne, nor to bring you to England to read Chaucer's tales. We lack time for all this reading, and the simplest thing to do will be to invite you to come to the Louvre with me. It takes less time to look at pictures than to read books, and the pictures contain all the ideas of the Renaissance. The pictures of Botticelli and Mantegna teach us that the Middle Ages were over and that men had begun to take pleasure in floating draperies and women's beauty, and how it could be turned to account in decorative panels. But we will not anticipate. In the days of Mantegna and Botticelli, Pompeii was still buried, but the genius of antiquity which was germinating under the ashes enabled these painters to catch a glimpse of more beautiful folds than they ever could have drawn had they yielded to Christian influences. The Renaissance was a pagan movement, and I don't think you find more tears in the eyes of the Madonnas that Botticelli painted for his ecclesiastic patrons than in the eyes of the chlamys-clad women dancing around Greek vases. Michelangelo was given up even more completely to antiquity. Woman's sex repelled him, and he has made of her a mixed creature, virile and mus-

cular; but Raphael loved woman, and all her beauty bloomed in his Madonnas. He was deeply in love with his mistress, La Fornarina, and his pictures prove that he can have been completely happy only when he was alone with her in his studio, trying to find a pose nobler or more graceful than any she had already given him, which had, nevertheless, been the inspiration for masterpieces. He must have been pleased when she gave him that lovely movement of the arm with which, in "La Belle Jardinière," she draws one child to another, or when with another movement as lovely she raises the veil that covers the newly born babe. Phidias would have understood that Raphael brought a new idea into the world, and he would have preferred him to Michelangelo. Their point of view was the same, pure beauty and nothing else, whereas Titian's sensual soul was displayed in the splendid exaltation of the movement of the woman sitting on the marge of the well.

Into the eyes of all his models Leonardo da Vinci poured a pagan mysticism that was in himself. Rubens allowed a conventional tear to roll over the cheeks of his Virgins, but his fair Flemings are still more barren of mentality than the Italian women of whom I have been speaking. Neither Isabella Brandt nor Helène Fourment ever confessed him of a secret thought. For him they were merely living flowers, and he painted their portraits precisely as he would have painted peonies and corn-poppies. Vandyke and Jordaens took no more heed of what we find so interesting, woman's soul. You may scrutinize every picture, read through every book of the Renaissance; you will find no more trace of it in Shakspere than in the rest; and that is what I want to arrive at.

I know that Shakspere's women have been much admired and by eminent critics. Taine is among them, standing with head high above the crowd, and yet never asking himself if Shakspere created women better than men or men better than women, and letting the point go by whether he described best the simple-minded or the complex; princes, traders, or working-folk. He accepts Shakspere as an unprejudiced writer who wrote equally well about all classes, and the example he set of impartiality has been followed by other critics. Every six months we have a new book on Shakspere as vacant, as declamatory, as the one before it. The din of adoration is so loud that we might well be in a chapel full of negroes striving to catch the ear of the Deity. By any chance do the critics of Shakspere imagine he can hear them? In any case the madness increases day by day.

Amid the tumult of all these voices, the voice of Swinburne can be heard above the rest. "All that can be known of manhood, of womanhood, and of childhood he knew better than any other man ever born," he wrote in his last days, not caring to remember that Shakspere has written very little about children, and perhaps not one significant line. Yet Swinburne does not hesitate to say that Shakspere knows them "better than any other man ever born."

Eulogies so artificial and so exaggerated make any true appreciation of the poet an impossibility, and the most characteristic features of his genius go undiscerned. Shakspere is read to-day as the prophets used to be read, with a preoccupation: it is either to prove that the mummer, and not Lord Bacon, wrote the plays, or with a view to writing serious books that will ultimately lead to serious salaries in the universities. Our professors read the works of the master for eighteen hours every day, reckoning up the words, the letters, the capital letters, the commas, every single thing. We have books about the plants, the fruits, the flowers, the animals mentioned by Shakspere, we have learned everything that can be learned; but it would seem that there are a great many people who can swallow without assimilating, and that is the way with our professors. All the same, I wonder how it is that, as they closed the great folio after their eighteen hours' reading, the idea never strikes them that what Shakspere did was to paint a series of men's portraits full length, the most perfect that have ever been painted, and to hang here and there in the corners, if we may look upon the place as a picture-gallery, a few delicious feminine silhouettes known as *Ophelia, Desdemona, Cordelia.* Even the fact that women's parts were played in Shakspere's day by boys has not revealed to our good friends the professors that Shakspere wrote only parts that could be assigned. He wrote very few that call for the grace and

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

PORTRAIT OF GEORGE MOORE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

the bodily charm of a real woman. A youth could understand the varying mind of *Beatrice,* and would be well able to represent it. In the creation of *Lady Macbeth,* Shakspere avoided, one might say sedulously avoided, showing her mastery over her husband. Our good friends the professors will tell me that the sway she exercised is exclusively of the intellect. Yes, but why? Because Shakspere knew that the part would be played by a young man. *Katharine,* in "The Taming of the Shrew," could very well be played by a man; it is a simple part, a woman in a rage. *Portia* interests us only when she disguises herself as a barrister. In "Twelfth Night" Shakspere again seeks to flee from the feminine. *Viola* disguises herself as a boy to be with the *Duke* she loves, and in our own time the part has been played by a young man. Painters and musicians have insisted so strongly upon *Juliet's* femininity that I dare not say anything about it; but even so, if we apply ourselves to the text, we cannot fail to see that Shakspere never tries to differentiate between *Romeo's* love for *Juliet* and *Juliet's* love for *Romeo. Desdemona* is vaguer still, a little packet of submissiveness, nothing more; and yet to *Desdemona* an eminent professor devoted several pages of a book called "The Women of Shakspere," pursuing this lovely phantom—perhaps one of the loveliest in the world of letters—and other sweet phantoms hardly less lovely, adorning them with subtleties of which they are innocent and which their creator would not accept.

Professor Dowden never grasped the fact that if Shakspere had elaborated his women, his work would be less perfect; that a work of art cannot be all peaks, that it must have plains and vales. Of all the books upon Shakspere this is perhaps the one I most deplore, for in order to penetrate the poet's mind and his epoch, it is essential to realize that Shakspere's women are of wholly secondary interest, and that for reasons both historical and practical, and perhaps, too, a matter of temperament. But stay! To make that admission would be to admit that Shakspere's art was not complete and perfect. Neither Phidias nor Michelangelo would satisfy some critics; these enthusiasts demand an artist combining the genius of both. The product would be a monster from which we would turn away horrified, and I should turn in horror from the Shakspere that is the creation of English criticism for the last twenty-five years. I should be glad to rescue Shakspere from the booby empyrean where they mean to perch him. He is so interesting as an Englishman who lived at the end of the sixteenth century that it is a pity to hoist him into those lonely heights. The man has genius enough for his worshipers to have no need to turn him into a god knowing all the past and directing a piercing eye upon the future, divining even the soul of woman, which did not come into being till fifty years later, in the middle of the seventeenth century, and then not in literature, but in painting.

In my judgment it was Rembrandt who was the first to conceive that woman had an individual existence, that, like man, she thought, dreamed, asked herself if life was a great misfortune only death could appease, or if it was a delicious stroll through the world, for which, according to Renan, we must be grateful to the Lord. Woman is seen for the first time in Rembrandt. The woman washing her feet in the Louvre is a woman and not an odalisque. I cannot now recall the name of the picture, but remember very distinctly that her sadness is a woman's sadness. And the portrait of Rembrandt's wife in the Salle Carrée is a still more striking example. How easily we read her soul in her eyes! She acknowledges her weakness and her dependence; and almost unconsciously she knows that she is the satellite of a man of genius. If Rembrandt were to return to earth (luckily we cannot bring back the departed on so slight a pretext; but if he were to return for serious reasons), and were to be shown the lines I have just written, I think he would say, "Well, the gentleman may possibly be right, but it never entered my head." If it had entered Rembrandt's head, he would not have had so clairvoyant a perception of the feminine soul. He painted it unconsciously, and it is quite likely that none of his contemporaries saw what haunts the canvases. That which we call truth dwells not in things themselves, but in the eyes that behold it. Yet it is rare for one man to have a vision without some other having the same vision as well, and it appears that at the period

when Rembrandt was painting, a few years later, a Frenchman heard the soul of woman like the gentle whisper of a streamlet. Racine, it would seem, not only conceived great woman characters, but into them he poured the inmost soul of woman to the most hidden secrets of her heart. I say "it would seem," for my friends tell me so, and I trust to their judgment. I cannot do anything else, for reading Racine tells me nothing, no more than seeing him acted. It is with regret I confess that the literature which Frenchmen call their *Grand Siècle* is wholly sealed against me, and Racine and Corneille most of all. I say I regret it, for it is always mournful to lack a sense. But since the misfortune weighs only on myself, no one will expect me to cast ashes upon my head and to rend my garments. To arrive at a friendly understanding, it would be enough for me to say that that cesura and the rhyme keep the psychology of the characters from reaching me. Rhymed verse I find delicious as long as the subject be light and fanciful. But I perceive I am setting my foot on the way of the explainer, and I cry a halt. In any case Racine's women were all princesses, noble, far from common, every-day griefs, living in a world of abstract emotion; and when I think of woman it is of the being that remains at home, sad and resigned, and who, like *Eugénie Grandet,* has had once in her life-time a single love-affair; I forget for the moment the circumstances that made her lose her happiness; I recall her as a creature drifted upon the rocks.

Rembrandt clearly divined the melancholy of the unloved woman, the woman alone in life; and Balzac, who divined everything, divined her, too. The odalisque still survives in our literature, but in bad literature; we can see her also in the Salon, but always in bad art, and I am sure you will share my opinion that when we do anything a little better than usual, our minds turn to *Eugénie Grandet.* She is the one woman among the people that flock to our memory when we think of the Comédie Humaine. There are other women in it, but I forget the name of the old maid, and the name of the pretty creature in "Les parents pauvres"; it is unpardonable to forget her. Is her name *Pierrette?* What does it matter? There are not many more women in Balzac than in Shakspere, and Balzac is the last writer who was enough interested in the eternal masculine to base his work on it. Since Balzac, the eternal feminine sprawls over everything, absorbing all arts, all crafts, and now seeking to take hold of politics and winning the martyr's crown by one or two or three months in jail, as the daily papers have informed us.

The faith of Balzac and of Shakspere in the eternal masculine is a bond between them. There are other bonds as well. Shakspere, like Balzac, understood that a writer finds his "stuff" in the world of common folk rather than in high society; among the unclassed of every kind, old soldiers, chimney-sweeps, bullies, harlots, and bawds.

It grieves me always to find myself of one mind with Tolstoy, yet I am with him when he says that *Falstaff* is the most universal and the most original thing in Shakspere; but I turn my back on him when he says that *Falstaff* is the only character in all Shakspere who always speaks the tongue that is proper to himself, and whose acts and words are in tune. That criticism is Tolstoy in a nutshell—a false idea well disguised; for beyond all contradiction *Hamlet* is every man's secret, Tolstoy's perhaps oftener than any other's. The moment intelligence dawns in any man he is ready to believe he is *Hamlet. Hamlet* is the hieroglyph and symbol of the intelligence. *Falstaff* is the symbol and arabesque of the flesh. But the flesh of *Falstaff* is interpenetrated with *Hamlet's* intelligence. *Falstaff's* flesh chatters, and its chattering is as taking and delightful as the chatter of birds waking in the dawn; it is half unconscious, for *Falstaff* loves his belly, knowing it is that which links him to the world of his superiors and the world of his inferiors. His belly makes him in some sort a pantheist, for the belly is what we all have in common; it is the base of the very life of animals as well as of men. The birds have wings, fish have their fins, but to every living thing alike his belly; and so *Falstaff.* But who is belly, and only belly, is the epitome of terrestrial life. The ancients had Silenus, but he was mute, while *Falstaff* flowed in speech; and Shakspere saw to it that his language was naturalistic. There was a great danger that he might become an empty symbol, but Shakspere's

genius has safeguarded his individuality to the hour of his dying. The lyrical muse of Shakspere, who hid from *Falstaff,* came forth at the moment when the gross man was about to die and set him talking of flowers and fields; but even so, until his last breath *Falstaff remains Falstaff. Hamlet* is the center of one play; *Falstaff* shows himself in several. To lose him would be an irreparable misfortune. If we had to choose between them, to hesitate, were it only for an instant, would be unforgivable.

After singing mountain-peaks and forests, Wagner composed the "Meistersingers" because he must sing the hearth as well. It seems to me that Shakspere must have felt the necessity of describing intellect after describing that mass of materialism. What a poet he must have been to describe that mountain of jolly flesh! In the scenes of extravagant comedy we could not do without the poet for a single minute; he must be in every word, and when the speech is gross, it must be Shakspere's or Aristophanes's. It took more genius to write the *Grave-digger's* scene in "Hamlet" than the famous "To be or not to be." Never was Shakspere so great as when he depicted comic characters, such as *Touchstone,* the mountebank who followed the lovers in the Forest of Arden. I don't know if any of the charm of the scene between *Touchstone* and the shepherds transpires in the French translation. I hope so, but I can think of no poet who could turn it into French except it might be Banville. The whimsy of the scene would have captivated the whimsical mind of your poet, and the clown's marriage with the dreadful peasant *Audrey* would have exalted him beyond himself, for he would have understood at once that *Touchstone* realizes how repulsive *Audrey* is, but finds it pleases his ironic humor to marry her. After exhausting irony in words, he seeks it now in life, and the poor ninny follows him, lured by the jingle of his belled cap. We recall "Twelfth Night," in which the ass *Malvolio* dons a ridiculous rig to please the women, and in which the three cronies—*Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek,* and the clown—question one another. In these comedies we have hardly got away from folk, and Banville would have been the one man to translate them, for he was the only poet among you who dared to set logic packing, and his Muse would have skipped about the raging *Katharine* and frolicked in seventeenth-century cadences round *Falstaff* in his courtships of the Merry Wives.

You will tell me that there is nothing of all this in Balzac. I do not agree; there are more invention and more fancy in the Comédie Humaine than in any other writer. Did he not in the "Contes drôlatiques" make the sixteenth century live again in its spirit and its speech? And is he not almost the only Frenchman who has known how to write *boniment,* that splendid word impossible to render in English except by the miserable word "patter"? But what is *boniment?* The dictionary tells us that it is the charlatanesque advertisement the mountebank makes in front of his booth; well, you must get the true signification of the word. *Boniment* is original inspiration. Possessed of words, the mountebank sloughs his every-day reality, and in his ecstasy he becomes the brother, or at least first cousin, to the prophet and the poet. All three speak without knowing what they are saying, but the man of talent knows it very well. The word becomes the master of the thought, and drags it into the forest glades, forcing it to turn somersaults on the grass and to dizzy leapings toward the stars. Prophet, mountebank, or poet, the word is thy guide, and thou dost rejoice in the tumult of words and images without knowing how or whence they come. The rest is reason, logic, talent. Patter is the crown, the cloak, the scrip, the staff of the olden masters; the rouge, the wig, the gold-topped cane of the masters of to-day.

Perhaps there is more patter in English literature than in French. Good heavens! what am I saying? Rabelais, the lord of patter, lived a century before Shakspere. But among French modern writers I do not remember even one—yes, Victor Hugo. So great a master of the language could not but have written some wonderful patter. I should have liked to open one of Balzac's tales and quote certain passages, but points of art are not decided with texts; art appeals to our instinct rather than to our reason. Our feeling changes from day to day and depends upon circumstances.

The passages of Balzac that once brought Shakspere to my mind might

seem different if I read them aloud today. Yet I should not like to leave it at a simple affirmation, and you would think it a poor jest if I counseled you to shut yourselves up in your homes to read Shakspere and Balzac. There are fifty volumes in the Comédie Humaine; Shakspere left thirty-seven plays behind him; years upon years would roll away, and you would still be looking for the texts I lit upon by chance and long ago. I shall make a clean confession. One night I was reading Shakspere, and a scene between carters and grooms so delighted me that for days I could think of nothing but the beauty of the dialogue, that speech both erudite and of the common people. At the end of the week, by one of the chances of literature, I opened "César Birotteau" at the page where the perfumer goes to the market to buy nuts to make his celebrated oil. Instead of being satisfied with relating, like many another writer, how after bargaining he decided to buy some thousands of francs' worth of nuts, Balzac describes the whole scene with the nut-seller. Note that the nut-seller is not a character in the story; we never see her again. It was, therefore, simply and solely for the pleasure of talk that Balzac made her talk; and how often does Shakspere make his grooms and carters talk for the same excellent reason! A few pages farther on Balzac brings his reader to call on the illustrious *Gaudissart,* the wonderful commercial traveler, and makes him utter all his craft in a dreadful, charming jargon. It is not shorthand, but a literary reconstruction penetrated by Balzac's mind.

All of you know that Shakspere wrote a great deal in prose, and that his prose is as beautiful as his verse. His verse is rarely rhymed, and he passes easily from prose to verse, and from verse to prose. In writing verse he is as masterly as Balzac was feeble. In his study on the great story-teller, Gautier picks out a verse extraordinary beyond belief, for within its twelve syllables Balzac has managed to commit three errors in prosody. In "Les illusions perdues" Balzac gives *Lucien de Rubempré* three sonnets written in widely different styles. "The Tulip" is Gautier, "The Daisy" is Mme. de Girardin; I don't think it is known who wrote the third. He had perhaps the least feeling of anybody in the world for the beauty of verse, and as he lived at a time when everybody loved poetry except himself, it is quite likely that his hatred—for he cannot but have hated verse, else he never would have drawn *Canalis*—has helped considerably to create the legend that Balzac could not write French, for it takes very little to set a legend going. Balzac wrote with the greatest abundance, he wrote with the greatest ease; in forty nights he wrote "La cousine Bette" with his own hand. His style is sometimes loose, sometimes even incorrect. So was Shakspere's. To be incorrect is always regrettable, but it does not prove that an author is not a man of letters of the true stock. Worse than incorrectness is strain; the moment the critic perceives that the writer is straining after effect he is nearly always right in coming to the conclusion that the book was not written by a great writer.

Once upon a time I imagined that talent consisted in the quest of the rare epithet, but I think so no longer; now I know whither that path leads. Shall I give you an example? In the opening chapters of "Salâmmbo," Flaubert makes desperate efforts to find phrases for the sounds of the different tongues heard among the mercenaries. He says one "heard side by side with the heavy Dorian patois Celtic syllables, rattling like war-chariots, and Ionian terminations clashed upon desert consonants, harsh as the cries of jackals." No longer can I subscribe to his moonlight, which in the great love-scene in "Madame Bovary" mirrors itself in the river, at first like a candelabra and then like a serpent with silver scales. But it seems to me that I am wandering away from my theme. The pangs of Flaubert as he wrote would make the theme for another lecture. I hope some one will write it soon; it will give me a great deal of pleasure to hear it. Mine upon Balzac and Shakspere is at an end; but before we part, I should like to thank you for the very indulgent way you have listened to a barbarian.

OUR PAINTED AUNT

BY REBECCA HOOPER EASTMAN

Author of "You Can't Tell," etc.

ALTHOUGH Aunt Ruth had been dead over forty-five years, and was only four when she succumbed to whooping-cough, pneumonia, scarlet fever, or mumps,—she had them all, but I can never remember which one finished her,—her personality influenced our entire early life. This was because she had been perpetuated by a very sizable portrait in oils. In this painting Aunt Ruth perched on one end of a shiny haircloth sofa, underneath a window through which maroon-colored morning-glories peeped. She wore a pale-drab silk, traced with a tiny plaid pattern of darker drab,—pieces of it still survive in the log-cabin quilts my grandmother made,—she clasped a stiff magenta rose in one small hand, and dangled a mustard-colored specimen of the sunbonnet family in the other. Her black-slippered feet rested lightly upon a "cricket," which position was distinctly favorable to the flaunting of some very long, very white pantalets. Obviously, pantalets had just come into fashion at that time; otherwise the artist would never have emphasized them so.

My name is Joe, and I had two sisters younger than I; one, Ann, who in her extreme youth was rather fat and stupid, and the other, Emma, who was, and always has been, a good sport. We three possessed still another sister, Ruth, named of course for the aunt in the painting; but as she was seven years older than I, she did n't count at all in my earliest recollections of the portrait.

It was when we were all very little indeed, before our reasoning faculties were more than rudimentary, that we three youngsters accepted those pantalets of Aunt Ruth's as one of the charming assets of this odd and entertaining world into which we had been born. In fact, we not only accepted Aunt Ruth, but we made a great companion of her on account of her sociable eyes. Those eyes were painted in such a way that they followed us all about. As long as we could see Aunt Ruth, she was always gazing interestedly at us. Even if we jumped out at her suddenly, we never managed to surprise her; she never could be caught napping. Aunt Ruth's most fascinating trait, however, consisted in her ability to stare at all three of us at once when we stood far apart, in different corners of the large front hall where she hung. This uncanny gift of being able to watch many persons simultaneously, and without looking the least bit cross-eyed, endeared her to us unspeakably. And although I am years older now, and know better, still, in those days I often thought that I could discern a faint grin of approving delight from Aunt Ruth when I surreptitiously slid down the balustrade. Once, I swear, she laughed. That was on the disgraceful day when, not having heard the front door-bell I shot down the railing, and all but upset our richest relative, Aunt Ida Morse, who was in the act of paying her annual call. I not only saw Aunt Ruth laugh, but I heard a smothered giggle. And Emma always declared that she was not even in the house at the time, so it could n't have been she.

Our first disillusion about Aunt Ruth occurred when the Moseley children came with their mother to spend the day with us. Up to that time, as I have said, we had supposed that every one kept an Aunt Ruth with pantalets in the front hall. But, alas! when the mothers were both safely out in the garden, and we hastily took that Heaven-sent opportunity to invite the Moseleys to taste the delights of banister-coasting, they caught sight of Aunt Ruth. After that they could only stand and gaze at her in scarlet silence. At length they refused to remain in the same hall with our aunt, and as we took them up-stairs, they sobbed aloud at her indecency. Even when we were all safely ensconced in the attic, the Moseleys kept on being very haughty, and looked at us

as if we had purposely committed the most heinous of sins. Although we knew that we were in no way responsible for our aunt, nevertheless we felt unutterably disgraced. When the interminable day came to an end, and the Moseleys sought their own pure home, we revived. They were such goody-goody prigs! They had refused to join in several of our choicest games, such as throwing water at the postman. We told them that we liked the postman, and that we did n't want to get him wet, but that it was fun to see how near you could come without hitting him. Their indifference indicated that they were spoil-sports whose opinion was worthless.

It was when we gave our first real party, however, that the consensus of opinion among the fifty children present drove home the fact that Aunt Ruth's portrait was a family skeleton. The children were all dreadfully shocked at it, and, in consequence, snubbed us for weeks. They treated us worse than they did Maud Pearson, whose father had embezzled, and been sent to prison. Maud, with her papa in jail, was romantically interesting; we were merely low. It took us months to live down that party.

Much as we suffered from our social ostracism, we never dared ask the family to shut away the skeleton in the closet. It would have done no good. We had learned from experience that, outside our playroom, inanimate objects were to stay where we found them when we were born. Our only possible revenge, therefore, was to make the most horrible faces at our aunt every time we were forced by circumstances to pass through the front hall. After the party, we had almost exclusively used the back stairs.

For hundreds and hundreds of years, from the ages of six to twelve, we were steadily ashamed of our aunt. We could never be coerced into having another party. No, indeed, not with that disgrace in the hall! Emma, who, as I have mentioned, is a sport, one day took a bottle of liquid shoe-blacking and effaced the pantalets. For one whole day we knew perfect happiness; then the pantalets were carefully restored by a local art dealer, and his work was paid for out of Emma's bank. Besides that, Emma had to go without dessert for a month.

We lived on in shame, year in, year out, until one Sunday when our richest relative's son, Cousin Alonzo Morse, came to dine with us. Cousin Alonzo was a freshman at Yale, and was, as we thought, of a ripe old age. It was after dinner, when our dear, tottery little grandmother led him up in front of that portrait of Aunt Ruth, that we discovered that the same object can strike different people very, very differently. Our grandmother, with some big, clear tears running down her flushed cheeks, and with fond eyes on the awful aunt, said:

"This, Alonzo, is the picture of your dear, dead little aunty."

We, cowering in the background, expected to see Cousin Alonzo put on his hat and coat, and march dignifiedly out of our house forever. Instead of that, he sank weakly upon a sofa that stood opposite the portrait and burst into a loud fit of laughter. Terrified, we turned expectantly to grandmother. How on earth would she ever punish a big, old man like Alonzo?

"You ought to have respect enough for the dead not to laugh," said grandmother, whose feelings were awfully hurt.

"I just can't help it," roared Alonzo, rolling about the sofa in glee. "Look at those pantalets!"

Grandmother looked.

"They were very pretty," she said, "and I knitted and sewed on the edging myself."

And so, after all, it was she, not Alonzo, who left the hall in offended wrath. He pursued her with heartfelt apologies, but it was only when he coaxed her out in his new touring-car, and promised to drive her round the park at ten miles an hour, and to reduce the speed to six going downhill, and kept his word, that grandmother forgave him.

Our very old sister Ruth happened to be away visiting when Cousin Alonzo came and laughed at the portrait. When Ruth returned, she had somewhere absorbed the ancestor craze, which enthusiasm included Aunt Ruth. This was a decided jolt. Since the visit of the admirable Alonzo, we had decided simply to laugh at our aunt, and we had found on experiment that this scheme worked well on friends we took through the front hall. When we, laughing, pointed out the por-

trait, they invariably laughed, too. The moment Ruth's ancestor craze began to rage, we had to change our point of view again. First, Ruth got down all the old daguerreotypes from the attic, and hung them on the drawing-room walls, like so many square, black blots. Then she began to think that Aunt Ruth's position in the hall was not honorable enough. Until the ancestor craze, Ruth had never before, at least as far as we had observed, noticed Aunt Ruth. But now Aunt Ruth was "it." Aunt Ruth must be promoted from the hall to the post of honor over the drawing-room mantel. Aunt Ruth was a work of art; she and the other portraits already in the drawing-room were proofs of the blueness of our blood. Aunt Ruth, pantalets and all, was something to make you put your hands in your pockets and swagger and brag about!

Well, we had first unthinkingly adored Aunt Ruth, we had then been ashamed of her, we had been impertinent to her, and we had despised her. Finally, hoping that we had arrived at a stationary sentiment, we had laughed at her with Alonzo. Now, it seemed, we must eschew laughing, and summon thrills of pride on behalf of our difficult aunt. Ruth had so decreed. Consequently, and obediently, we straightway strove to consider Aunt Ruth our greatest treasure. If Ruth said she was, she must be. Therefore, when Aunt Ruth achieved the drawing-room, we humbly offered to help with the step-ladder. Without remonstrance we rushed forth and bought new picture-hooks and wire, and after Aunt Ruth was hung, we even returned the step-ladder to the cellar without being told.

From henceforth formal callers, people whom Ruth declared it was wise to "cultivate," peered at Aunt Ruth through lorgnettes, and said unblushingly:

"How quaint! And so charmingly—different."

Had the pantalets ceased to exist? Apparently. Every one on whom Ruth tried the modest speech, "And this is the dear little aunt for whom I was named," infallibly and promptly replied, "How bizarre!" or other mysterious words to the same effect.

I suppose that Ruth's ancestor craze had no direct connection with father's failure in business. Soon after Aunt Ruth had been promoted, however, there came our first knowledge of a "panic" and its attendant excitements. Suddenly, from carrying our heads higher than usual, we became less than the scum of the earth. That important thing, money, was no more, at least in our family. First, the maids were all dismissed, we and they weeping; second, there were no longer any presents on birthdays,—mine came about a week after the panic; third, we were withdrawn from the small private school we felt we owned, and were thrust miserably into the crowded democracy of Public School No. 37; fourth, and next to the worst, Christmas passed unnoticed. But worst of all, literally killed by the sight of our privations, our dear little grandmother died on New-Year's day. It was the first break in the family, and we wept the harder because we could n't afford to wear black for her. And she had always loved mourning.

The first definitely pleasant occurrence after the panic was when Ed Baldwin, a neighbor, who seemed like our own older brother, confessed that ever since he had ridden to kindergarten in the same opera bus with our sister Ruth he had been in love with her. Luckily, neither Ed nor his family had been hit by the panic; they had somehow grown richer than ever. And on account of all his money, Ruth refused Ed once or twice a week all winter simply because she thought he was proposing from pity. It did look that way, I thought myself; and yet, as long as Ed was willing, I did n't see why Ruth was n't all the more eager to take him on account of his money and the things he could buy her. Ruth has always been hard to understand. Finally, however, with everybody picking at her, she got so tired of saying "No" that she gave in. Right on top of the rejoicing everybody began to worry about a word that I had never heard of—the word "trousseau."

Not having a very clearly defined notion of a trousseau, with its conventions and uses, but being a good deal worked up on the subject, I went privately to Ed, and asked him, as man to man, to buy Ruth one. Ed laughed, and said she really did n't need any, but he told Ruth. I was fifteen then, but it was several years before I understood why it was proper for Ed to give Ruth a diamond ring with

two "carrots,"—those invisible carrots were another source of mystification,—a necklace, flowers all the time, and not a trousseau.

The Sunday afternoon after Ruth's engagement was announced, and Ed was away on business, Cousin Alonzo's mother, Aunt Ida Morse, who was still our richest relative, came to call. Lately, she had n't been getting round annually, as she did when we were very young, for she was growing lazier with the prosperous years. Footmen and maids waited upon her; never did she lift a finger for herself except to take a hand at bridge. In fact, she was getting to be such a thorough loafer that I expected to be told any day that Aunt Ida had hired a woman to attend her bridge parties and bring home the first prize. It always made Aunt Ida ill if she did n't get the first prize. So when she exerted herself to appear at our house, we knew that she was deeply exercised over something.

"I suppose Ruth's marriage to young Baldwin will be the signal for dividing up the heirlooms," began Aunt Ida, coming to the point almost before she got through the front door. "You, Fred,"—to my father,—"had sense enough to hang on to all the old portraits and mahogany through the Black-Walnut Age and the Antique-Oak Period." She had now reached the drawing-room and taken the best chair. "Everything I have is *new,* just imitations of old Colonial; for I won't go about and buy other people's old stuff at auctions. Of course if I chose to make trouble about the furniture you have here, and insist that things should be divided, I should be quite within my rights. But I have at length decided not to make trouble for any one." This was good news. *"But"*—she paused and stared at us one after another, from father down to Ann—"I have come to the conclusion that I am entitled to something, and I have chosen that portrait of my only sister, Ruth. That 's all I ask you to give me. As your Ruth was named for my sister, Fred, I suppose she is the one that will make the fuss."

Aunt Ida fixed my engaged sister with an aggressive stare. *We* looked at Ruth apprehensively. Since her engagement she had not been at all like herself. Either she was too loving, and wanting to hug everybody, or else she was unbearably cross. Just at this moment she was the latter.

"I think I have a much better right to Aunt Ruth's portrait than you have, Aunt Ida," she declared, with vehemence. "Since we 've lost our money, I have almost nothing to take to my new home. And grandmother *said* only the week before she died that the portrait was to be mine. And father told me this very morning to take it any time I wanted it, and"—I began to dread a display of waterworks— "and Ed loves the portrait just as hard as I do, because I was named for it, and—"

"Wait a minute, child," interrupted Aunt Ida, pretty patiently, I will say, for her. "I realize that I am asking for a great deal, and perhaps I have gone at the matter unwisely. Perhaps I should have said in the beginning, Ruth, that although I realize the portrait is something that money cannot buy, I am willing to pay you a thousand dollars for it."

Silence deep, long, and taut answered our richest relative. Knowing how sentimental Ruth was, and fearing that she would n't have the sense to take the money, I squeezed in behind Aunt Ida's chair, and winked at my sister as I spelled out on my fingers in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet:

"T-r-o-u-s-s-e-a-u."

I was thankful that I had mastered the word's strange spelling preparatory to my interview on the subject with Ed. Ruth, however, seemed not to notice my gesticulations even when Emma gave her a punch. After an anxious pause she said more pleasantly than she had spoken before:

"Of course, Aunt Ida, you can understand that this is something the family ought to discuss—alone."

"Well, retire, and discuss it, only don't be too long; for it looks like rain, and I don't want my brand-new limousine to get muddy."

Solemnly, in single file, mother, father, Ruth, Emma, Ann, and I marched out of the drawing-room, through the library and dining-room, into the kitchen. Father softly shut the door. Then we all stood and stared at one another. Being the oldest, father spoke first.

"A thousand dollars would help a lot

in the kind of wedding you want, Ruth," he ventured.

"If you accepted Aunt Ida's offer, you could have a trousseau," admitted mother, reluctantly.

"Shall I go tell her 'Yes'?" I urged.

I had always hated discussions which follow a question that is virtually settled.

"No, Joe. You keep quiet. Let a decent interval elapse," commanded Ruth. Then her face turned red, and she burst out: "I know now that I 've been a perfect old hypocrite about that portrait. In my heart I 've detested it always, from the mustard sunbonnet and the hectic red rose to the—"

"Pantalets!" shrieked Emma, Ann, and I in chorus.

" 'Sh!" cautioned Ruth. "Aunt Ida 'll hear you." Then she turned respectfully to father. "You are n't hurt, Father dear?"

Ruth seemed to worship father more than ever now that she was leaving home.

"Hurt? My dearest daughter, I say with all my heart, 'Amen.' How I loathe that ugly portrait! I never saw my sister; she died before I was born. I allowed her picture to hang in the hall for your grandmother's sake. I shuddered when you brought it into the drawing-room, Ruth, but I did n't want to hurt those feelings of yours. Why, it is not only those—pantalets, but the whole thing is bad art; it 's frightful. I asked a man who knows."

Solemnly, in single file, mother, father, Ruth, Emma, Ann, and I marched out of the kitchen, through the dining-room and library, into the drawing-room. Again it was father who spoke first.

"Ida," he said briefly and, as I thought, with mistaken honesty, "I have never liked that picture myself, so it is no personal sacrifice to give it up, if you want to buy it. In fact, we have all decided that you shall have it; that is, if you still want it."

It seemed to me that he was just inviting Aunt Ida to back out of her bargain. I wished that he had let me manage the thing.

"While you were outside, Fred, I was looking at the portrait very carefully, and I have decided—" Oh, how my heart thumped! I thought sure enough that she had changed her mind— "I have decided, as long as the picture is so very large, that I ought to give Ruth fifteen hundred for it."

My heart dropped back to normal.

"The best portrait-painters," continued Aunt Ida, "charge for pictures according to size. So, Ruth, if it 's all settled, my secretary will send you a check for fifteen hundred to-morrow. And, if there 's no objection, Fred, I 'll take the picture with me."

Eager, nimble feet rushed to the cellar for the step-ladder. Aunt Ida's chauffeur and footman took down Aunt Ruth, and when they were carrying her out, I had to put both hands over my mouth to restrain an exultant yell. No more adaptations or excuses or mock transports over Aunt Ruth! And, thank Heaven! no more pantalets! Best of all, Ruth could have that trousseau.

While Aunt Ida was kissing father and mother good-by, I saw an irrepressible smile on the faces of her footman and chauffeur. I recognized it as the typical "Aunt Ruth" grin. No one, no matter what class in society, or what age or sex, has ever been able to look on Aunt Ruth unmoved.

When Ed Baldwin came back from his business trip, and was told that his Aunt Ruth-in-law was forever lost to him, he said something that voiced all our feelings about Aunt Ruth's departure. Looking seriously at our sister Ruth, he said simply and fervently:

"Hurray!"

And Ruth was not at all offended.

It is foolish, I know, and I have confessed to no one, but there do come times when I miss Aunt Ruth. She was *so* sympathetic about sliding down the banisters.

THE GERMANS IN AMERICA

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

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Author of "Changing America," "The Changing Chinese," etc.

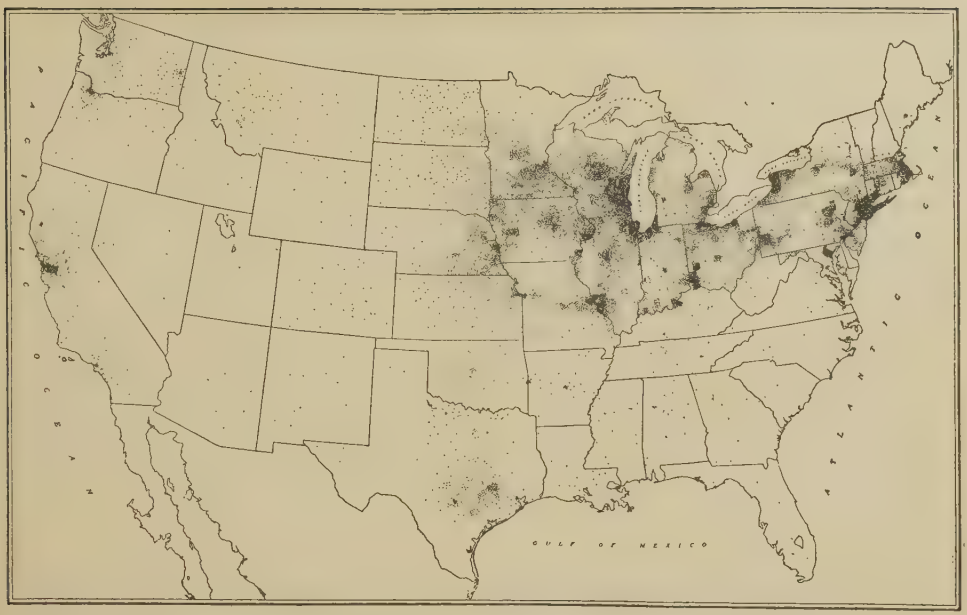
MORE than 5,250,000 people have been contributed to our population by Germany in the last ninety years. Deducting the Poles from eastern Prussia, and counting Germans from Russia, Austria, Bohemia, and eastern Switzerland, we have no doubt received more than 7,000,000 whose mother-tongue was the speech of Luther and Goethe. It is probable that German blood has come to be at least a fourth part of the current in the veins of the white people of this country, so that this infusion alone equals the total volume of Spanish and Portuguese blood in South America.

From its rise in the thirties until after our Civil War, the stream of immigrants from Germany fluctuated with religious and political conditions on the other side of the Atlantic rather than with economic conditions on this side. Between 1839 and 1845 numerous Old Lutherans, resenting the attempt of their king to unite the Lutheran and the Reformed faiths, migrated hither from Pomerania and Brandenburg. The political reaction in the German states after the revolution of 1830, and again after the revolution of 1848, brought tens of thousands of liberty-lovers. In 1851, in a book of advice to intending immigrants, Pastor Bogen of Boston set forth as the chief inducement to migrate the *freedom* the Germans would enjoy in America—freedom from oppression and despotism, from privileged orders and monopolies, from intolerable imposts and taxes, from constraint in matters of conscience, from restrictions on settling anywhere in this country of "exhaustless resources."

The political exiles famous as the "Forty-eighters" included many men of unusual attainments and character, who almost at once became leaders of the German-Americans, exercising an influence quite out of proportion to their numbers. These university professors, physicians, journalists, and even aristocrats, aroused many of their fellow-countrymen to feel a pride in German culture, and they left a stamp of political idealism, social radicalism, and religious skepticism which is slow to be effaced.

Thanks to the *Hausfrau* ideal for women and to the militarist demand for recruits, the German people has until recently persevered in a truly medieval fecundity. Despite an outflow of 6,500,000 between 1820 and 1893, population has doubled in seventy years and trebled in a hundred. Prince Bülow complains that "the Poles of eastern Prussia multiply like rabbits, while we Germans multiply like hares." The fact is, a generation ago the Germans, too, were multiplying like rabbits. This is the reason why, during the seventies and eighties, although political conditions had much improved, great numbers of farm-laborers, female servants, handicraftsmen, small tradesmen, and other members of the humbler classes, streamed out of crowded Germany in the hope of improving their material condition. The peasant living on black bread and potatoes heard of and longed for the white bread and fleshpots of the American West. Although the overwhelming majority of the 1,500,000 Germans who immigrated during the eighties represented the lower economic strata, they came in with fair schooling, considerable industrial skill, and, on an average, three times as much money as the Slav, Hebrew, or Southern European shows to-day at Ellis Island.

The German influx dropped sharply as soon as the panic of 1893 broke out, and when, after four and a half years of economic submergence, this country struggled to the surface, the tide of Teutons was not ready to flow again. America's free land was gone, and ruder peoples,



DISTRIBUTION OF 6,413,025 PERSONS OF GERMAN PARENTAGE; THAT IS, IMMIGRANTS FROM GERMANY AND NATIVES WITH BOTH PARENTS GERMAN

· A dot of this size represents 200 persons. ◦ A dot of this size represents 2000 persons. • A dot of this size represents 20,000 persons.

with lower standards of living, were crowding into her labor-markets. In the meantime, Germany's extraordinary rise as a manufacturing country, her successes in foreign trade, and her wonderful system of protection and insurance for her laboring population, had made her sons and daughters loath to migrate oversea. German immigration into the United States is virtually a closed chapter, and has been so for twenty years.

DISTRIBUTION THROUGHOUT THE STATES

No other foreign element is so generally distributed over the United States as the Germans. A third of them are between Boston and Pittsburgh, fifty-five per cent. live between Pittsburgh and Denver, seven per cent. are in the South, and five per cent. are in the far West.

In the South they are more numerous than any other non-native element. They predominate, except in New England, where the Irish abound; in States along the northern border, into which filter many Canadians; in the Dakotas, where the Scandinavians lead; in the Mormon States, with their many converts from England; and in Louisiana and Florida, with their Italians and Cubans. In Milwaukee half the people are of German parentage, in Cincinnati and St. Louis a third. About half the Germans are in cities, whereas five eighths of the Irish are urban dwellers. Whether one considers their distribution among the States, their partition between city and country, or their dispersion among the callings, the Germans will be found to be the most pervasive element so far added to our people.

ASSIMILATION WITH NEW NEIGHBORS

UNLIKE the Irish immigrants, the Germans brought a language, literature, and social customs of their own; so that, although when scattered they Americanized with great rapidity, wherever they were strong enough to maintain churches and schools in their own tongue they were slow to take the American stamp. For the sake of their beloved *Deutschtum,* about the middle of the last century the promoters of this migration dreamed of creating in the West a German state where Germans should hold sway and hand down their culture in all its purity. Missouri, Illinois, Texas, and later Wisconsin, seemed to hold forth such a hope. But

the immigrants would not remain massed, the Yankees pushed in, and "Little Germany" never found a place on the map.

After 1870 the Teutonic overflow was prompted by economic motives, and such a migration shows little persistence in flying the flag of its national culture. Numbers came, little instructed, or else bringing a knowledge of Old-Testament worthies rather than of German poets, musicians, and artists. In the words of a German-American, Knortz: "Nine tenths of all German immigrants come from humble circumstances and have had only an indifferent schooling. Whoever, therefore, expects pride in their German descent from these people, who owe everything to their new country and nothing to their fatherland, simply expects too much."

The "Forty-eighters" had given a great stimulus to all German forms of life,—schools, press, stage, festivals, choral societies, and gymnastic societies,—but since the passing of these leaders and the subsidence of the Teutonic freshet, *Deutschtum* has been on the wane. German newspapers are disappearing, German-American books and journals become fewer, German book stores are failing, German theaters are closing, and the surviving German private schools may be counted on the fingers. Probably not more than ten per cent. of the children of German parentage hear anything but English spoken at home. Champions of *Deutschtum* admit sadly that nothing but a strong current of immigration can preserve it here. The spreading German-American National Alliance is bringing about a marked revival, but hardly will it succeed in persuading the majority of its people to lay upon their children the burden of a bilingual education. It is the apparent destiny of the descendants of the myriads of Germans who have settled here to lose themselves in the American people, and to take the stamp of a culture which is, in origin at least, eighty per cent. British.

It is no small tribute to the solvent power of American civilization that the stable and conservative Germans, who, as settlers in Transylvania or in Palestine, among the Russians on the lower Volga, or among the Portuguese in southern Brazil, are careful to keep themselves unspotted from the people about them, have proved, on the whole, easy to Americanize. Years ago, on his way to Ararat, Mr. James Bryce, after noting the purity of the German culture preserved by the Swabian colony in Tiflis, added:

> It was very curious to contrast this complete persistence of Teutonism here with the extremely rapid absorption of the Germans among other citizens which one sees going on in those towns of the Western States of America, where—as in Milwaukee, for instance—the inhabitants are mostly Germans, and still speak English with a markedly foreign accent. . . . Here they are exiles from a higher civilization planted in the midst of a lower one; there they lose themselves among a kindred people, with whose ideas and political institutions they quickly come to sympathize.

INFLUENCE OF THE GERMANS IN AMERICA

THE leanness of his home acres taught the German to make the most of his farm in the New World. The immigrant looked for good land rather than for land easy to subdue. Knowing that a heavy forest growth proclaims rich soil, he shunned the open areas, and chopped his homestead out of the densest woods. While the American farmer, in his haste to live well, mined the fertility out of the soil, the German conserved it by rotating crops and feeding live stock. In caring for his domestic animals, he set an example. Just as the county agricultural fair, and the state fair as well, is the development of the Pennsylvania-German *Jahrmarkt,* and the "prairie schooner" is the lineal descendant of the "Conestoga wagon," so the capacious red barns of the Middle West trace their ancestry back to the big barn which the Pennsylvania "Dutchman" provided at a time when most farmers let their stock run unsheltered.

Thanks partly to good farming and frugal living, and partly to the un-American practice of working their women in the fields, the German farmers made money, bought choice acres from under their neighbors' feet, and so kept other nationalities on the move. This is the reason why a German settlement spreads on fat soil, and why in time the best land in the region is likely to come into German hands. Unlike the restless American,

with his ears ever pricked to the hail of distant opportunity, the phlegmatic German identifies himself with his farm, and feels a pride in keeping it in the family generation after generation. Taking fewer chances in the lottery of life than his enterprising Scottish-Irish or limber-minded Yankee neighbor, he has drawn from it fewer big prizes, but also fewer blanks.

In quest of vinous exhilaration, our grandfathers stood at a bar pouring down ardent spirits. It is owing to our German element that the mild lager beer has largely displaced whisky as the popular beverage, while sedentary drinking steadily gains on perpendicular drinking. Because the toping of beer has from time immemorial been interwoven with their social enjoyments, and because beer, unlike whisky, makes wassailers fraternal rather than wild and quarrelsome, the Germans, supported by the Bohemians, have offered, in the name of "personal liberty," the most determined opposition to liquor legislation. They may renounce the bowl, but taken away it shall not be! In their loyalty to beer, these Teutons out-German their cousins in the Fatherland, who are of late turning from the national beverage at an astonishing rate. At the World's Fair in St. Louis a number of American scholars who had studied of yore in German universities gave a luncheon to the visiting German economists. Out of respect to their guests, the hosts all filled the mugs of their student days; but, to their astonishment, the Germans called unanimously for iced tea!

The influence of the Germans in spreading among us the love of good music and good drama is acknowledged by all. But there is a more subtle transformation that they have wrought on American taste. The social diversions of the Teutons, and their affirmance of the "joy of living," have helped to clear from our eyes the Puritan jaundice that made all physical and social enjoyment look sinful. If "innocent recreation" and "harmless amusement" are now phrases to conjure with, it is largely owing to the Germans and Bohemians, with their love of song and mirth and "having a good time." Few of the present generation realize that fifty years ago the principal place of amusement in the American town, although as innocent of opera as a Kafir kraal, called itself the "opera-house," in order to avoid the damning stigma the reigning Puritanism had attached to the word "theater."

As voters, the Germans have shown little clannishness. Their partizanship has not been bigoted, and by their insistence on independent voting they have perplexed and disgusted the politicians. Before 1850, they saw in the Democratic party the champion of the liberties for the sake of which they had expatriated themselves. But when the slavery issue came to be overshadowing, the "Forty-eighters" were able to swing them to the newly formed Republican party, to which, on the whole, they have remained faithful, although in some States their loyalty has been much shaken by prohibition. On money questions the Germans have been conservative. Bringing with them the notion of an efficient civil service, they have despised office-mongering and have befriended the merit system. No immigrants have been more apt to look at public questions from a common-welfare point of view and to vote for their principles rather than for their friends. If by "political aptitude" is meant the skill to use politics for private advantage, then in this capacity the German must be ranked low among our foreign-born.

In the way of civil and political liberty, the Germans added nothing to the old-English heritage they found here; but in freedom of thought their contribution has been invaluable. Where there is no church, state, or upper class to hold it in check, the community is likely to show itself imperious toward the nonconformist. The New England Puritan, who was oak to any civil authority that he had not helped to constitute, was a reed before the pressure of community opinion. The sturdy Germans flouted this tyranny *sans* tyrant. At a time when the would-be-respectable American stifled under a pall of conventionality in regard to religion and manners, they asserted the right to think and speak for themselves without incurring loss or ostracism. Then, too, the scholarly German immigrant imparted to us his sense of the dignity of science and its right to be free, although, to be sure, this spirit has been fostered among us chiefly by Americans who have studied in German universities. On the whole, in the way of intellectual liberty, the uni-

versity-bred Liberals of 1848 had as much to offer us as they gained in the way of political liberty.

THE GERMANS IN THE CIVIL WAR

At the outbreak of the Civil War the Germans, with their deep detestation of slavery, played no small rôle. In the South those of later immigration opposed the Confederacy; in the North their leaders lined them up solidly in support of the Union. About 200,000 Germans enlisted in the Union army, more than there were of Irish volunteers, although the Irish were more numerous in the population of the loyal States. The militia companies formed among the Germans in Missouri, especially in St. Louis, were pivotal in saving that State for the Union. The military knowledge of Prussians who had seen service in the old country was valued, sometimes overvalued, in the earlier stage of the conflict. The all-German divisions of Steinwehr and Schurz, after being roundly abused for not holding Jackson at Chancellorsville, fought well in the first day of Gettysburg and distinguished themselves in the "battle among the clouds."

THE GERMANS IN THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

Probably no compliment has ever been bestowed on the Germans in America that did not contain the words "industrious and thrifty." Nor is it surprising that the members of a race so forelooking and reflective rarely sink into the mire of poverty. In 1900, the Germans were 25.8 per cent. of our foreign-born, and three years later it was found that only 23.3 per cent. of the foreign-born in our almshouses were Germans. For the country at large, we have no means of comparing the German with the American in his ability to take care of himself; but studies made in Boston showed that the proportion of Boston Germans in the city almshouse was one half that of the English in that city, one sixth of that of the Scotch, and only one tenth of that of the Irish. In the state charitable institutions of Massachusetts, Germans make a better showing than Celts, but not so good a showing as Scandinavians and Americans.

To the various relief agencies in Boston, Germans apply less often than any other of the English-speaking immigrants. The analyst of Boston's foreign-born is struck by the small number of Germans and Scandinavians who seek aid, and says:

> Occasionally, it is true, idle and shiftless families are found among both these peoples; but on the whole they are industrious and thrifty, and less hopeless poverty is found among them than among almost any of the other foreign immigrants. . . . The Germans are without doubt the best type of immigrants which has settled in Boston.

In our cities, no other element has so large a proportion of home-owners, and in the care of the home they surpass all other nationalities save the Swedes.

ALCOHOLISM AMONG THE GERMANS

The saturation of the social life of our Germans with the amber beverage, as well as their hostility to prohibition, prepare us to find alcoholism very common among the disciples of St. Gambrinus. The fact is, however, that in point of sobriety hardly any Northern European makes so good a record as the German. A few years ago an analysis of 2075 charity cases showed that drink as the cause of poverty occurred only one half as often among the German cases as among the Irish, and two thirds as often as among native American cases. In the charity hospitals of New York, the proportion of German patients treated for alcoholism is only half as large as that of the English and native Americans, and only a third as great as that of the Irish. The charity workers in our cities report that "intemperance of the breadwinner" is less often found to be the cause of destitution among the German applicants than among those of any other North-European nationality. Among alien prisoners only one German in twenty-two was committed for intoxication as against one out of three Irish, one out of four French Canadians, one out of five Scotch, and one out of eight Scandinavians. On the other hand, the victims of drink are far more numerous among them than among the Italians, Magyars, Jews, and Syrians. These peoples, vine-growers and wine-bibbers from time immemorial, have had the chance to get drunk many thousand

years longer than the Celts and Teutons; hence they have been more completely purged of their alcoholics. While a light beverage like beer produces fewer sots and wrecks than the "water of life" so grateful to the Northern palate, it produces a vast unreported stupefying and deterioration; so there is good reason why the German drinking customs are being sloughed off in the Fatherland at the very moment they are being warmly defended in America.

AMOUNT OF CRIME NORMAL AMONG GERMANS

THE striking thing about the abnormality of the Germans is its normality in amount. Among the foreign-born, the Germans have just about their due share of insanity, neither less nor more. Likewise, the marked feature of German crime in this country is simply its featurelessness. Among the twelve thousand-odd aliens in our prisons, the German prisoners run a little above the average in their bent for gainful offenses and a little below the average in their crimes of violence. In their leaning to other offenses they come close to the mean. Among the twenty nationalities that figure in the police arrests of Chicago, the German stands, with respect to almost every form of misconduct, near the middle of the list. The French and the Hebrews stand out in bad eminence as offenders against chastity, the Italians lead in murder and blackmail, the Americans in burglary, the Greeks in kidnapping, the Lithuanians in assault, the Irish in disorderly conduct. But the German lacks distinction in evil, never coming near either the top or the bottom of the scale in predilection for any form of crime. On the whole, his criminal bent is very close to that of the native American.

WIDE VARIETY OF OCCUPATION

THE Germans brought us much more in the way of industrial skill and professional training than the Irish; besides, they were much more successful in planting themselves upon the soil. They tended far more to farming and manufacturing, far less to domestic and personal service and transportation. The second generation shows no marked drift away from the farm. In 1900, three fifths of all brewers in the country were Germans, a third of the bakers and cabinet-makers, a fifth of the saloon-keepers and butchers, a sixth of the hatters, tailors, and coopers, and a seventh of the musicians and teachers of music. Yet only one male breadwinner out of nineteen was a German.

The sons of Germans are a sixteenth of our male labor force; but they furnish a quarter of the trunk-and-satchel-makers, a fifth of the bottlers, stove-makers, and engravers, and a sixth of the upholsterers, bookbinders, paper-box makers, butchers, brewers, and brass-workers. In our cities the German baker, tailor, butcher, cabinet-maker, or engraver is quite as characteristic and familiar a figure as the Irish drayman, fireman, brakeman, section boss, street-car conductor, plumber, or policeman.

The immigrant German women begin rather higher in the scale of occupation than the Irish, but their daughters do not rise in life with such amazing buoyancy as do the daughters of the Irish. Between the first-generation and the second-generation Germans the proportion of servants and waitresses fell from a third of all female breadwinners to a quarter. For the Irish the drop is from fifty-four per cent. to sixteen per cent. The second-generation Germans do not show such an advance on their parents as do the second-generation Irish, who bob up like corks released at the bottom of a stream.

TEUTONIC TRAITS

PHYSICALLY the German is strong, but often too stocky for grace. A blend with the taller and thinner American is likely to give good results in figure. Being slow in response, he makes a poor showing in competitive sports. His forte is gymnastics rather than athletics, and he is to be found in the indoor, sedentary trades rather than in the active, outdoor callings. Not often will you come upon him riveting trusses far up on the sky-scraper or the railway bridge. His pleasures he takes sitting rather than moving, so that he haunts summer-garden and picnic-ground rather than base-ball diamond and bowling-alley. For all his traditional domesticity, he is a sociable soul, and will lug off his entire family to a public resort, when an American would prefer a pipe

by the fireside. He is fond of the delights of the table, and loves to enjoy talk, music, or drama while eating and drinking. In comparison with the native Americans, or the Celts from the British Isles, the Germans in America have the name of being materialistic. If this be true, it is doubtless due to the small representation among them of that noble leavening type that has made the spiritual greatness of Germany. Any one who has lived in the old country knows that there is a kind of German that one very rarely sees among our fellow-citizens. Of such were the "Forty-eighters"; but as their influence fades, the idealism they fanned dies down, and visitors from the Fatherland complain that America has stamped its dollar-mark all over the souls of their kinsmen here. Professor Hugo Münsterberg, an impartial observer, judges that "the average German-American stands below the level of the average German at home."

But if he chases the dollar, let us grant that he does it in his own way. Honest and stable, he puts little faith in short-cuts to riches, such as "scream" advertising, commercial humbug, "faked" news, thimblerig finance, or political graft. He does not count on skipping many rungs in the ladder of success. German business enterprises grow slowly, but if you probe them, you find a solid texture. The German is hard-headed, and is not easily borne off his feet by the contagion of example. To speculative fever and to mad panic he is rather immune. Because he is less mobile than the American and does not shift from one thing to another, he is more apt to gain skill and turn out good work. Then, too, he is not so keen to get on that he does not find the artist's enjoyment and pride in the practice of his craft. In a word, the Germans act in American society as a neutral substance moderating the action of an overlively ferment. Since the universal eagerness to be "wide-awake" and "up-to-date" has deposed habit, tradition, and external authority as lords of life among us, the addition of the heavy, slow-moving German blood benefits us by counteracting a certain hair-trigger quality in the American temperament.

The German is lasting in his sympathies and his antipathies and leisurely in his mental processes. It takes him long to make up his mind and longer to get an idea out of his head. In his thinking he tries to grasp more things at a time than does the Celt. Not for him the simple logic that proceeds from one or two outstanding factors in a situation and ignores all the rest. He wants to be comprehensive and final where the Latin aims to be merely clear and precise. It is this very complexity of thought that makes the German often silent, his speech heavy or confused. But just this relish for details and this passion for thoroughness make him a born investigator. This is the reason why, on the practical side, the German-American has most distinguished himself in work that calls for long and close observation, such as gardening, viticulture, breeding, forestry, brewing, and the chemical industries.

Thirty years ago there was an outcry that the Germans were introducing into this country the virus of anarchism and socialism. It is now clear that the born anarchist, "the reformer in a hurry," is not at all of the sluggish Teutonic temperament, and that German socialism, instead of being a shattering type of thought, is in fact highly constructive. However bold and iconoclastic he may be in his thinking, the German, with his respect for authority, his slow reaction to wrong, and his love of order and system, is a conservative by nature. The children of revolutionary immigrants are milder than their fathers were; and, as a body, the German-Americans are now very far from leading the van of radicalism.

ARE WE HONEST WITH JAPAN?

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Trade of the World," etc.

THE question of the admission or exclusion of Japanese labor is a matter of yes or no. Diplomacy may spar for time, and gain delay for the moment, but finally and at no distant date this question will have to be unequivocally settled by the American people in Congress assembled.

It avails nothing at this stage of the controversy to present the arguments for and against Japanese exclusion. There are excellent reasons why they should be admitted, and convincing reasons why they should be kept out; but the academic phase of the matter is past. To take definite action along lines dictated by public opinion is the only way to put an end to confusion caused by the play of cross-purposes which now befogs the public mind in Japan and the United States and the diplomatic relations of the two countries. The American Government is now playing with the question as would a cat with a mouse, knowing all the time that in the end the decision will be against the mouse.

It is reasonable and conservative to assume that if the question of Japanese exclusion was submitted to a referendum of all the voters, it would carry by a considerable majority. There would be strong and intelligent influences against this action, but as the mass of the vote is cast by those whose economics would be adversely affected by a Japanese invasion, theory and ethics would go by the board. This being the case, the outcome of the present controversy is inevitable; in the end Japanese labor will be warned off.

It is diplomatic cowardice on the part of the United States not to admit the truth frankly, notify the Japanese they are not wanted for the reason that popular will is opposed to their admission, and endeavor with the best skill at the disposal of the Government to arrive at some working basis for a continuation of the trade and official friendship between the two peoples, as has been done in the case of China.

The strain would be great, the situation difficult, but it would be honest; peace would prevail in the end, and all relations would adjust themselves more quickly and permanently than under the present course, which means constant friction and never-ending suspicion, conflict, and disturbance. The difficulties are not all on the American side,—in fact, it is only one of a number of important questions with which the American people have to deal,—but it is a tremendous political and economic issue with the Japanese. The present attitude of the United States is making matters extremely difficult for the Japanese Government at home. Relations with the United States are an ever-present question, subject to misrepresentation, and giving rise to false hopes, based upon temporizing methods doomed inevitably to final failure.

The foundations of anti-American sentiment in Japan were laid by the Japanese Government itself within the last ten years. To satisfy the people that great armaments were necessary, and thereby reconcile the taxpayers to increasing burdens, cause had to be shown. Possible war with the United States was the only available bogy-man, and anti-American sentiment was sedulously cultivated by government agents throughout the length and breadth of Nippon. In later years this has died away to a large extent, and the Government has tried to undo the work of the past; but it still bears fruit when controversial matters arise between Japan and the United States, and the Government is now paying the penalty for erstwhile expediency in the difficulty experienced in keeping the present-day populace in hand. The answers made by Washington to Japanese demands can never be entirely satisfactory, and the fear that a frank avowal of the truth would lead to trouble, even to war, is no reason

for evading the responsibility which rests with the United States.

If war is to come, it will come, if not now, later on; but the chances are against such an unfortunate and unnecessary result. The only danger of actual conflict lies in the present political situation in Japan. To divert the minds of the people from high taxation, naval scandals, social disturbances, and other troubles at home, to employ and possibly kill off a percentage of the surplus population, to save its political face, to put an end to interior disorders, and to justify the nation in its present armament on land and sea, the Japanese Government might again resort to the expediency of war talk. The danger of this is not averted, however, by a temporizing policy on the part of the United States. In fact, it is increased, for the frantic efforts on the part of the American Government to maintain peace on a basis of false premise are far more apt to encourage the idea in Japan that fear rather than wisdom is dictating American policies, and the longer this controversy is drawn out the greater the danger becomes.

Japan is now dictator of the far East. This position has been achieved by the most rapid and remarkable military expansion recorded in history. The war with Russia was the first ocular demonstration of progress made, and while at no time was Japan in danger of defeat, the rest of the world was so little informed as to what had been taking place in the East, or as to the far-reaching ambition of this island empire, that the victory was hailed as a miracle. The war with Russia came in 1904. Japan began her preparation for that war, and the pursuit of her desired destiny to command the far East, in 1895. When war came, Japan was ready to give this preliminary demonstration of her fitness as dictator, and the results were effective and thoroughly convincing. The Anglo-Japanese alliance which followed served as a most striking testimonial.

No country in the world can to-day dispute the dominance of Japanese power in the Orient. Even England, with all her naval strength, could not do so; for to subjugate Japan would require such exodus of British war-ships from Western waters as to leave England virtually undefended at home.

Japan has a modern navy, at least the seventh in strength among all navies. Her army is larger than that of England, and equally modern in equipment and training. Both army and navy are stronger in proportion than those of other countries, for they are concentrated on virtually a single base, and no colonies or questions of balance of power elsewhere draw her ships or soldiers from the home establishment. To secure such an ally was the wish of England, France, and Germany. Japan preferred an alliance with England, in view of possible war with the United States. Her statesmen so played Russia and Germany against England that an Anglo-Japanese treaty was secured that later on led to many nervous moments for the English Government. The course of Japan during these negotiations inspired Count Hayashi to remark, "Japan has won Great Britain's support, but lost the respect of Russia and other European countries." The treaty was, on renewal a short time ago, so emasculated as to make it extremely improbable that England would be compelled by its terms to do more than remain neutral in case of trouble between Japan and the United States, although unquestionably England would do her utmost to prevent war.

One of the best-known international bankers of the world once said that lack of money had never prevented a nation from going to war. This may be true, but in the present financial condition of Japan it is recognized by her statesmen that it would mean ultimate ruin to the Japanese nation to enter into any such serious expenditure as would be involved in an armed conflict of any importance at this time. The Japanese Government and the people do not want war. They want money, and that is the secret of present insistence on the part of Japan that her people shall be allowed to share in American possibilities for labor and for profit.

Financial and economic conditions have been extremely bad in Japan for years. They have been getting worse ever since the Russo-Japanese War. Commerce and employment have not kept pace with the increasing cost of living, growing taxes, and multiplying population. During the last year the country has had a number of set-backs. Famine has afflicted some of the northern provinces, disasters by sea and land have ravaged entire communities,

a number of the ablest of the Elder Statesmen have passed away, socialism and radicalism have increased among the people, and corruption in politics has become so great as to arouse to retaliation even a people heretofore disinclined, through fear, discipline, and tradition, to interference in the affairs of the governing class.

Immigrants from Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and other countries now resident in the United States send annually to their home countries a sum of money probably reaching the vast total of $250,000,000. To Italy alone goes about $100,000,000. This sum constitutes a large factor in the interior economics of Italy. Had the Japanese the same outlet for surplus population and a similar source of income, it would solve many of the most pressing problems with which the Japanese Government and people are now confronted. America is the only country which offers itself as a possibility in this direction. There is little doubt that if emigration to the United States from Japan were unrestricted at this time there would be a very large movement of population seeking employment from which to earn money to send back to the people at home. To send the Japanese to Korea or Manchuria means they must either be employed by the Government or must have some money to exploit land or business. Formosa is a negligible factor in taking care of surplus population; China offers a considerable field for Japanese enterprise, but not for Japanese immigration.

The population of Japan is about sixty-seven millions, or approximately the same as Germany. The area of Japan is also about the same in square miles as the German Empire. The comparison is enlightening, for while the foreign commerce of Germany is about five and a half billion dollars, that of Japan is something over one billion, and a vast percentage of the Japanese trade, export as well as import, is raw material. The largest import is raw cotton, and the largest export raw silk. The national debt of Japan is one and a quarter billion dollars, and the fixed charges on this debt amount to over seventy million dollars per year, or one quarter of the total national expenditure. To maintain the seventh strongest navy in the world and a standing army of 250,000 men, as many as England maintains, even including the 76,000 regulars stationed in India, is no small task for a nation of such comparatively limited resources.

These symbols of power were necessary, however, as the first step toward a premier position in the East. They were used effectively against Russia, and they induced the Anglo-Japanese alliance, although the latter is now of doubtful value to either country, however useful it may be deemed by the rest of the world as a governor upon a new-comer into the group of the powers. These symbols are still necessary for the carrying out of Japanese ambitions upon the Asiatic mainland—ambitions which are being far more rapidly realized than the Western world comprehends.

The national structure is top-heavy, however. A vast modern armament is maintained by a partly developed, industrially and socially weak nation. In taking the plunge into greatness, deep water has been quickly reached. In the advent of the open door came not only Western ideas, developing and stimulating in their influence, but there also entered all those vexing problems which are still puzzling the Western nations, and which found the Japanese people still less prepared for successful solution. It is said that the Japanese are fighting for equality of recognition in all things the world over. This is true, for they are a proud and spirited people; but they are fighting for more than that in their controversy with America. They need America to help them out of the deep water into which they have plunged in their haste to acquire the title of dictator of the far East.

In past years, when there were no restrictions upon Japanese immigration into the United States, there was not so much need for them to come, and the spirit of far adventure was not as rife among the Japanese people as it is to-day. A few years ago the tide began to rise, however, and it was this increase in the inward flow from Japan that led to the anti-Japanese movement that has since kept the Washington Government in hot water. The Japanese Government, for various and obvious reasons, did not want an exclusion policy adopted by the United States, and coöperated effectively in restricting the number of its people who

went to America. In 1912 over eight thousand Japanese came to the United States, and in 1913, following the diplomatic arrangement made by President Roosevelt, the number dropped to about six thousand. Such restriction can only be temporary, however, and no diplomatic arrangement can ever remain unquestioned for long, to say nothing of the ease with which it may be evaded or its meaning stretched to cover violations of the spirit. The pressure upon the economic structure of Japan is now tremendous and daily increasing. The problem of a great surplus of idle, hungry, and turbulent population is now facing the Japanese Government. To find an outlet for this population, to give employment to the idle, feed the hungry, and replenish the purses of the people, and incidentally that of the Government, is the only way out.

America presents to this harassed people an ideal avenue of escape, cheap transportation, plenty of work at wages beyond the dreams of the Japanese laborer at home, a chance to save, and in the end a chance to return to Japan with money and experience. It is hardly to be supposed that any so-called tacit understanding between governments will divert attention from this golden opportunity. That is the Japanese point of view. Now, what about that of America?

At the same time the state department is endeavoring to prevent Congress from adopting the principle of Japanese exclusion and trying to convince Japan that we contemplate no unfriendly act, a bill is being enacted into law in Washington proposing still further to restrict immigration into the United States. It appears to be virtually agreed that less immigration is desirable. The alien laborer now has few friends in Washington, and it is going to be made increasingly difficult for him to enter in the future. The Federal Industrial Commission is now investigating the problem of unemployment with a view to suggesting remedies. The existence of a great number of unemployed in cities, said to be 350,000 in New York alone, is not a strong argument against Japanese admission, for they are largely agricultural laborers and domestic servants. There is a scarcity rather than an oversupply of these forms of labor in the United States; but the commission will undoubtedly give support to the movement toward a generally greater restriction of all immigration, thus adding as a matter of principle to the force of the argument in favor of Japanese exclusion. What is even more significant is the fact that no immigration law which will be passed by Congress now or for some time to come in the future will be so strict as to exclude the Japanese unless they are forbidden entry by specific racial designation. They are an ambitious and alert people, primary education is becoming very general among them, they are clean and healthy; in brief, they could not be denied admission even on grounds which might keep out half of those who are now coming from southeastern Europe. There is no hope in that expedient. If not specifically barred, they will come in course of time despite treaties. They will come in increasing numbers, and the Japanese laborers will live in America in colonies of their own. They will work faithfully, earn large sums of money, and either send this money home or take it with them when they go, which they will, a large percentage at least, when their object is accomplished. This movement of Japanese population will be migratory in character.

There is no escape for the American people from this question; the issue of Japanese immigration cannot be dodged. If they are not wanted, there is only one way to keep them out. If they are to be admitted, let them stand flat-footed with the peoples of other nations, and take their chances before the immigrant inspectors on American frontiers. This is the real question to be decided, and not one of temporarily placating the Japanese Government with the exchange of notes, the making of treaties, and the bringing about of tacit understandings; for these are only subterfuges, and unworthy of two great nations in these times of "daylight diplomacy."

THE SOUL OF GOLF

BY P. A. VAILE

Author of "Modern Golf," etc.

GOLF is a great game, a game worthy to be played and known and loved by men; but of the countless thousands who are called golfers there are too many who are engaged merely in raveling the husk, who will not seek the kernel. To such as these "the soul of golf" has no meaning; but there is no reason why any golfer who really loves the game should miss the true joy and comfort that come from a perfect comprehension of its spirit.

This, in effect, is in its attainment something quite other than the words seem to convey. One is inclined to imagine that the soul of golf is something vague and intangible, and that in a way is true; yet, curiously enough, this intangibility can be reached and truly appreciated only by way of the most material and practical path ever trodden by the true lover of the game. He who would have within him the spirit of golf, who would know it to its very core, must seek the soul through the body; for in no other way can it be found.

It is not hard to understand why many who play golf miss much of the true beauty of the game. The simple reason is that for time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary they have been worshiping gods whose feet not only were of clay, but very much misplaced.

In the whole realm of athletic sports there is scarcely a game or pastime about which so much has been written as about golf; but unfortunately most of this is fundamentally unsound, and much that is essential to a complete understanding of the game has been neglected. In a full bibliography of this great game one may see these sins of commission and omission associated with the greatest names in its history, and the unfortunate golfer who goes to these experts for their written instruction is generally doomed to miss the truth, for the greatest players in the world do not practise what they preach.

As it is easy to make general statements of this nature, let us be specific, and consider separately some of the most important material elements of golf whereby the earnest student may in due course know the spirit.

It is of the essence of good golf, indeed an absolutely fundamental requisite, that the player must know how to use his weight in the swing. Unless he understands this, there will be no rhythm in his stroke, and instead of his arms, legs, and body working in harmony, they will hinder one another.

"How can he find out what he ought to do?" is a very natural question. The answer is naturally, "Follow the example set by the most famous and successful players."

Without doubt these are Harry Vardon, James Braid, and J. H. Taylor, each of whom has won five open championships; but as the inquirer cannot personally watch these men playing, he does the next best thing, and turns to their books. Here we come right to the root of the trouble. These great and famous players, in common with nearly all writers on golf, practise one method and preach another, so that their published works are really causing great harm to the game instead of uplifting and improving it.

Let us consider what each of them says about the distribution of weight, which may truly be termed the *base* of golf.

Vardon says in "The Complete Golfer," speaking of the position at the top of the swing:

> While this is happening it follows that the weight of the body is being gradually thrown on to the right leg, which accordingly stiffens until at the top of the swing it is quite rigid, the left leg being at the same time in a state of comparative freedom, slightly bent in towards the right, with only just enough pressure on the toe to keep it in position.

On the same page Vardon has already said that in the address the weight is "equally divided" between the feet. He also says that the head must not sway an inch, and that the turn of the body must come from pivoting at the hips. The exact words are, "The head during this time has been kept quite still, the body alone pivoting from the hips." Vardon is probably the finest stroke player in the world, yet here he is advising an *impossibility*.

It surely is obvious that if one starts with one's weight equally distributed between the feet, and does not thereafter sway either at the head or the hips, it will be impossible to get one's weight on the right leg at the top of the swing.

On page 56 of "Advanced Golf" James Braid says:

> At the top of the swing, although nearly all the weight will be on the right foot, the player must feel a distinct pressure on the left one, that is to say it must still be doing a small share in the work of supporting the body.

On page 207 of "Taylor on Golf" Taylor says:

> Then, as the club comes back in the swing the weight should be shifted by degrees, quietly and gradually, until when the club has reached its topmost point the whole weight of the body is supported by the right leg, the left foot at this time being turned, and the left knee bent in toward the right leg. Next, as the club is taken back to the horizontal position behind the head, the shoulders should be swung round, although the head must be allowed to remain in the same position, with the eyes looking over the left shoulder.

Here we have the three greatest players in the world distinctly instructing their countless readers to destroy the rhythm of their swing by swaying, and thoroughly confusing them by laying down a series of movements which could not be successfully performed by a professional contortionist—movements which they themselves do not attempt to make.

It probably is unnecessary for me to labor over this point with the American golfer, but it is of such fundamental importance that the truth should be known that I shall no doubt be excused if I state exactly what does happen with the weight at the top of the swing; for unless a man knows or practises this, he will never get a swing of perfect rhythm.

In a correctly executed drive at golf the weight should *never* be on the right foot. If one starts with the weight equally distributed at the address, as one is advised, the greater portion of the weight at the top of the swing, if the stroke is properly made, will be on the *left* foot.

This was denied in London until by means of the machine shown in the illustration I demonstrated the fallacy of the theories of the famous triumvirate, and offered them seven hundred and fifty dollars if they would come and prove their theories to be sound in practice. This they were unable to do, and James Sherlock, the famous Stoke Poges professional, winner, *inter alia,* of the News of the World tournament, tested the machine and certified that their teaching was not practical golf. The sad feature of this instruction—a feature which cannot be too strongly emphasized—is that none of these great players does what he advises his readers to do.

There is no error of such fundamental importance as this concerning the distribution of weight; but there is another, which is preached almost as assiduously, that goes far to ruin many a golfer who might otherwise play a good game. This is the time-honored fetish of the power of the left hand and arm. To those who are unacquainted with the literature of golf, it may seem superfluous to go very fully into this matter; but it is a hoary superstition, which even now is yielding ground most stubbornly, and is doing its best to prevent thousands of golfers from getting at the heart of the game.

It is somewhat remarkable that this wonderful fetish is not worshiped in any other two-handed game of ball. One can imagine what a base-ball player would have to say to the man who told him that the chief power of his hit came from his left arm, and that his right was used mainly for the purpose of direction.

It is true that Vardon does not specifically state that the left is the master, but in "The Complete Golfer" he repeatedly implies that it is. Braid also is an adhe-

rent of the fallacy of the left, though Taylor is the most outspoken advocate of this mistaken idea. On page 193 of "Taylor on Golf" he says:

My contention is simply this: that the grasp of the right hand upon the club must be sufficiently firm in itself to hold it steady and true, but it must not be allowed on any account to overpower the left. The idea is that the latter arm must exercise the predominant influence in every stroke that may be played. As regards my own position in the matter, my grip with either hand is very firm, yet I should hesitate before I told every golfer to go and do likewise.

I think that the methods, the real methods, of any golfer who has won five open championships are entitled to much respect. I do not hesitate to advise all golfers to "go and do likewise," even as Taylor does, for it is the only correct way. Any attempt to apportion the amount of power used by the right or the left arm or hand must inevitably result in disaster. It cannot be successfully accomplished, and indeed should not be tried.

Taylor goes so far as to say, "The club is brought down principally by the left wrist, the right doing very little until the hands are opposite the right leg, when it begins to assert itself, bringing the full face of the club to the ball." Again he says: "But in the game of golf he must keep in front of him at all times the fact that the left hand should fill the position of guide, and it must have the predominating influence on the stroke." But he who looks on this as a "fact" is merely another who is raveling the husk, merely another aimless, slicing ball-smiter who will never know the joy of producing a perfect golf stroke, born of sympathy and knowledge.

The unfortunate student of golf is really placed in a most unenviable position when he starts out to discover for himself the truth about golf from the books which have been written about it. In the volume on golf in the Badminton Library, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, the distinguished English amateur, says, "It is the left hand mainly that communicates the power of the swing, the chief function of the right hand is as a guide in direction." Taylor, on the contrary, says, "The left hand should fill the position of guide."

What are we to say to the sorrowing seeker for the truth in golf? Which of these statements is correct? The answer is simple. Neither. Forget them both, and forget that you have a right and a left hand and leave them to adjust their power, which they will do in a perfectly natural manner if you learn the truth about them *off* the links and forget about it *on* the links.

Now, in this great question the truth undoubtedly is that the right is the master, but it is quite unnecessary to have this in mind while making the stroke. Most golfers have far too much on their minds at this critical time. They are obsessed by vain theories instead of being free to direct their arms merely to smite the ball.

This may sound something like a reversal of form, coming from me. It really is not. I have always maintained that the golf drive is such a complex stroke, and is executed so rapidly, that it is utterly impossible for any one to perform the sequence of prescribed actions by virtue of consecutive thoughts applied each to its particular portion of the drive. In other words, most of the actions are subconscious or automatic, and therefore it is of the utmost importance for the player to acquire a correct habit, in order that his mind at the time of actual execution may be freed from a strain to which it is wholly unequal and to which no sane instructor would dream of subjecting it. Can any one point to any similarly ludicrous instructions in cricket, hockey, or base-ball books?

I must not be misunderstood in this matter, for it is really second only in importance to the question of the distribution of weight. Let me say, then, that as the right is undoubtedly the dominant partner in the golf drive, so must a predominance of the right be the dominant idea; but the domination of the right must not be abused. Indeed, at the time of making the stroke it must not be allowed to have any place whatever in one's mind.

It is of course proper and necessary for the golfer to realize thoroughly that the right is the more important member of the two, but when he has once got that fact well registered in his mind, it will be no more trouble to him than it is to

every normal person to use his table-knife in his right hand. It becomes the absolutely natural proceeding.

The trouble with the fetish of the left is that not only is it a perfectly unnatural proceeding, but it is also, on that account, something extra for the golfer wherewith to cumber his mind during his swing. If he plays his stroke naturally, without any thought of the mismade maxims of unpractical persons, he will inevitably let the right hand and arm take charge of the stroke, though the right will not, generally speaking, endeavor to do more than its proper share. Indeed, if the stroke is otherwise good, the right cannot do too much; and therefore the left will nearly always be allowed to do its proportional share of the work. It is the interference with nature caused by putting the left forward into a place which it has no right to occupy that ruins many golf strokes.

Before leaving this subject, I may say that George Duncan, the famous young professional of Hanger Hill, England, at the time of the great controversy in London unreservedly supported my contention that the right is the master, and no professional of any reputation in England now dares to encourage belief in the old fetish of the left.

The false instruction to put one's weight on one's right foot at the top of the swing, coupled with the fetish of the left, is enough to spoil any one's game for years, for a lifetime indeed, unless one is fortunate enough to find out one's errors.

There is a most persistent idea in the minds of nearly all writers of golf-books that the wrists have some wonderful action which they perform at or about the time the club comes into contact with the ball. This is another case of pernicious teaching, for any attempt to introduce into the drive any wrist work at this moment must make for inaccuracy.

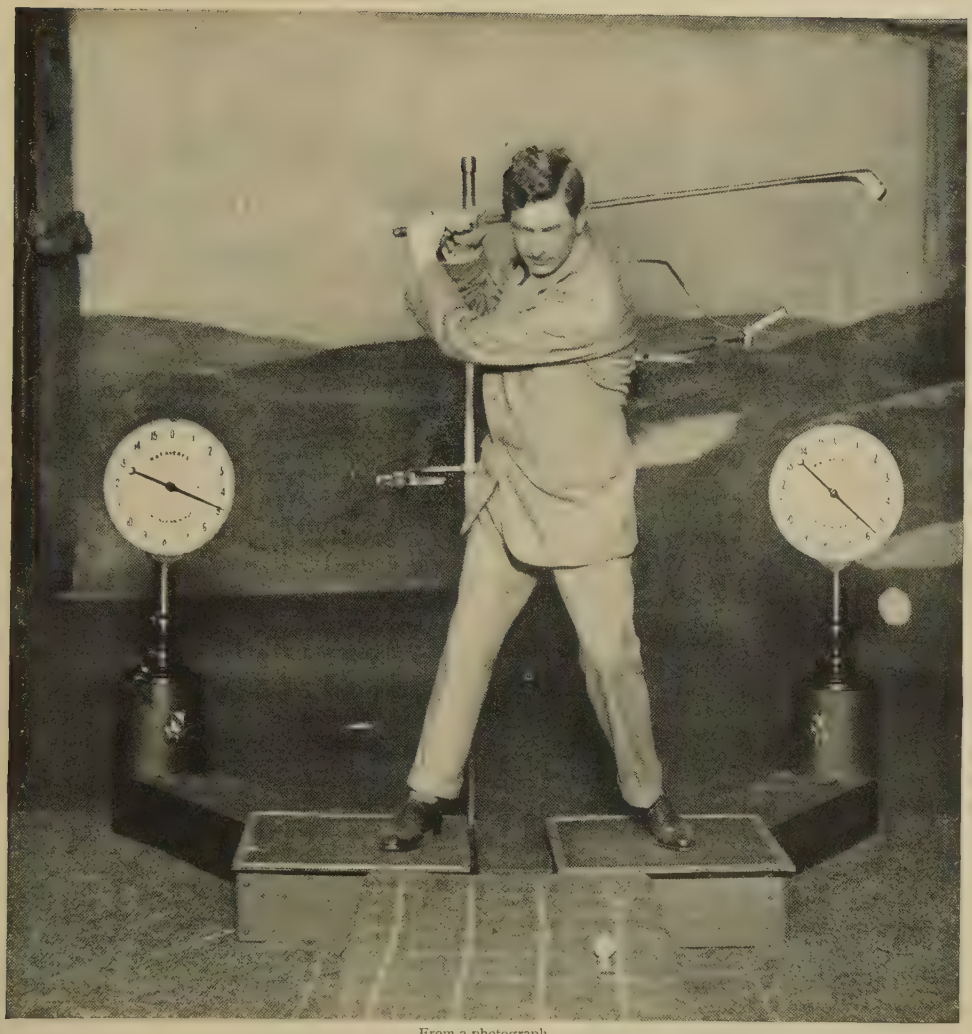
There is no doubt that a proper wrist action in the drive is of very great importance, and it is just as undoubted that the real secret of wrist action has been enshrouded in mystery by any one who has in any way attempted to deal with it. Indeed, so great a master of the game as James Braid candidly confesses, in "Advanced Golf," that he does not know where the wrists come in during the drive.

Harry Vardon does not subscribe to the common notion about the wrists. He says, "I do not believe in the long ball coming from the wrists," and he is inclined to ridicule the idea, saying, "Similarly there is a kind of superstition that the elect among drivers get in some peculiar kind of 'snap'—a momentary forward pushing movement—with their wrists at the time of impact."

Vardon calls this "a kind of superstition," and this describes the idea fairly accurately.

James Braid's remarks about this wrist work are so wonderful that they are worth quoting. In "Advanced Golf" he says:

> Then comes the moment of impact. Crack! Everything is let loose, and round comes the body immediately the ball is struck, and goes slightly forward until the player is facing the line of flight. . . . That is the whole secret of the thing—the bursting of the tension at the proper moment—and really there is very little to be said in enlargement of the idea. At this moment the action of the wrists is all-important, but it cannot be described. Where exactly the wrists begin to do their proper work, I have never been able to determine exactly, for the work is almost instantaneously brief. Neither can one say precisely how they work, except for the suggestion that has already been made. It seems, however, that they start when the club-head is a matter of some 18 inches from the ball, and that for a distance of a yard in the arc that it is describing they have it almost to themselves, and impart a whip-like snap to the movement, not only giving a great extra force to the stroke [This is what Vardon calls "a kind of superstition"], but, by keeping the club-head for a moment in the straight line of the intended flight of the ball, doing much towards the ensuring of the proper direction. It seems to be a sort of flick—in some respects very much the same kind of action as when a man is boring a corkscrew into the cork of a bottle. He turns his right wrist back; for a moment it is under high tension, and then he lets it loose with a short, sudden snap. Unless the wrists are in their proper place, as described, at the top of the swing, it is impossible to get them to do this work when the time comes. There is nowhere for them to spring back from.



From a photograph

MACHINE USED TO SHOW THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEIGHT IN MAKING THE SWING IN GOLF

The machine consists of two separate weighing-scales. The platforms scarcely move. On each side of the player will be seen a dial, which registers the weight on the leg at any portion of the swing. Behind the player is an upright standard to which two arms are attached. One touches the player at the hips, the other at his neck. Neither interferes with his swing. A scale plate on each lever records any movement backward; that is, away from the hole.

Sherlock started with his weight even, but found, as shown above, that the main portion of it goes to the left.

One notes that his hips have fallen forward toward the hole, or away from the hip register. The tremendous value of this photograph is that it shows most clearly where the weight goes at the top of the swing; it also shows how Sherlock uses his left foot and knee to get a solid base for the leg, which sustains most of the weight. See the breadth and solidity of his grip with the left foot, and note most carefully he bends his knee forward, and scarcely at all sidewise. His foot is flat on the earth across the toes, and the heel is slightly raised.

In considering this matter, we must remember that Braid himself admits that he does not know where the wrists come into the drive. We need not wonder that Braid cannot describe the action of the wrists at the time he says they come into the stroke, for, as a matter of practical golf and indisputable fact, at that period in the swing there is no wrist action whatever. If one has any doubt of this, one needs only to look at the photographs of Braid in "Advanced Golf," showing how he plays for a pull and a slice respectively. They are posed pictures, but they are evidently Braid's idea of the impact, and they are exactly the same as the address.

Now, Braid says that he has never been

able to determine exactly where the wrists do their work. Many others besides Braid have failed at the same task; yet it is quite simple. The wrists do the most important part of their work early in the swing, when the weight of the club and the strain of developing the speed fall across them in the way they bend least. The action, which is mistaken by Braid, and indeed by nearly all golf-writers, for wrist work is merely the natural "roll" of the forearms as they turn over on their way back to the ball, even as they turned or "rolled" away from the ball.

The main factor in producing the speed of the blow in the golf drive is undoubtedly, I think, the unflexing of the right-elbow joint. The wrists at the moment of impact should be, and generally are, in almost the same position as at the moment of address, except that they are braced tightly, in bringing the club down, to withstand the shock of impact. Were it otherwise, the face of the club would never return to the ball as it left it, and all accuracy would be destroyed.

We must remember that another cherished fallacy of the great golfers, to which James Braid subscribes, is that the golf drive is a sweep and not a hit. Can any one explain how it is possible to introduce into the middle of a very long sweep three feet of "whip-like snap," and yet preserve the rhythm of the swing, or "sweep"? Braid says, "It seems to be a sort of flick." Now, Braid has told us the golf drive is a sweep, not a hit, and that the ball is swept away; but if anything going through the air with a "whip-like snap," or "a sort of flick," encounters anything else, the object arresting the blow would be much inclined to call it a hit. This is the quagmire of doubt and contradiction in which the student finds himself floundering if he follows the teaching of the leading players; so if he will get to the heart of the game, he must shed another fetish, and understand that, except as indicated above, his wrists have finished their "work" long before they have got anywhere near the ball.

We have dealt with several of the most harmful and pronounced delusions of golfers, with those which offer really the greatest hindrance to the progress of the golfer, but there are still many great errors which remain to be discussed.

We have seen that the weight at the top of the swing is mainly on the left leg. Nearly all golf-books and most professionals tell the golfer to pivot on the side of his left foot, and to bend his left leg inward toward the other leg. This is rank bad advice, and quite unsound golf. The pivoting should be done so that the weight is distributed from the ball of the big toe right across the front portion of the foot, and the weight should not be borne by the inner side of the foot. It makes the base of the golf drive far too unstable for a stroke which demands such accuracy; also the bend of the knee should be more forward toward the ball than inward toward the other leg. The knee was made to bend in the former way, but was never intended for use as one is generally instructed.

These are two points of the very greatest importance. I may say that both Harry Vardon and James Sherlock use the method of carrying the weight at the top of the stroke indicated by me.

"Slow-back" is one of the hoariest of the many hoary old cries of the links. It may be dismissed by saying that it is very much exaggerated to-day. It is not necessary to go back any more slowly than one has to in order to avoid having to fight undue force at the top of the stroke. Short of that one can go back in reason as quickly as one feels inclined to do. Indeed, if one is naturally a quick player, it is a mistake to endeavor to make one's upward swing slow.

One is often told to keep one's eye not only on the ball, but actually on a place where it was for some seconds after the ball has gone. This is another fallacy, for keeping the head still means at least arresting the follow through of the right shoulder and throwing the whole mechanism of the drive out of gear.

It will thus be seen that in view of the current mass of false tuition it is only by a sensible and practical course of elimination that a player may nowadays come to the soul of golf. He must winnow out the sound grain from the enormous pile of chaff. He must earnestly consider the main points, the salient features, of the game, and decide for himself whether he will continue to be led away by unnatural nonsense coupled with great names, which must always be a bar to real knowledge,

or whether he will do the right and proper and natural thing, which soon becomes a habit and makes no unnecessary demand on a player, as do many of the incorrect and unnatural notions that are foisted on the golf student.

In this way, and in this way only, can a student of golf get to know the inner secrets of the game, so that he may not only know how to produce each and every stroke required, but be able to do so in a manner which will give him a vastly greater understanding of the game than he had before, and put him so much more in communion with the ball and its flight and run that he will soon begin to understand what is really meant by the soul of golf.

GRECO PAINTS HIS MASTERPIECE

BY THOMAS WALSH

SCENE: *the Cigarrál de Buenavista, Toledo, 1584*

Doménico Theotocópuli ("El Greco"):

AT last that red orb drops away; there goes
The angelus! Ave Maria! Hear
The ringing of your sacristan, Señor!
That bell of yours, I tell you, is too large
For Santo Tomé's beams; 't will surely crack
Those arabesques. Methought you found our songs
Of Crete too sad the other day; perchance
Ibn Ezra has some lighter tunes. Make haste,
Lad; bring your lute into the garden-house,
And try that Moorish snatch, the laughing one
The Señor Cura of Illescas sang.
As for myself, I choose severer chants,
Stern dirges piercing as an icy blade.
Remember, Don Andrés, I am "the Greek";
And this to all my masterpiece will show,
When Don Gonzálo Ruiz, Orgaz's lord,
They see in heaven as a true paleologue,
And none about his tomb save Hellenists.
Give me but ghostly dawns, forms gray and long,
Toledo's walls and alleys ere the mists
Are wholly routed by the noon, a friend
Or two for converse, some good monk returned
From India or the lands of heretics
With stories of strange tortures, beasts, and fruits,
And devilries in regions where the name
Of Jesus never sounds, or, stranger still,
The wonders of the cells or cloisters here
Within the city, when some friar or nun
Is marked with Christ's own wounds of hands and feet,
Raised from the ground in prayer, or scourged all night
By angry demons. Then on summer eves
To stroll with Don Diego and his group
Along the orchard steeps, among the urns
And marbles our great cardinal bequeathed,
Discussing the last treasure-trove from Greece,
Some coin or broken torse, some palimpsest

Sent by the rabbi's hand to be confirmed
By Covarrubias; then home again
To Jorgé-Manuel and Niña's arms
Here on my terrace, where my nightly cup
Of good *esquibias* awaits. I trust
The dry wine pleases Your Paternity?
Your health, Don Andrés. Now to business.
They say you 've won your suit.

Don Andrés Nuñez de Madrid, Cura of Santo Tomé:

At last. There came
An order by the primate's courier
This morning. The bequest holds good; therefore
The chancellor declares Orgaz must pay
Its lord's demise as though 't were newly made,
And not some hundred years ago, and pay
The arrears. We now can count our maravedis
To match with any canon in the town.
So, what with fowls and wines and grain and wood
In annual tithings from those granite fists,
The Orgaz peasants, now our little church
Can be restored; besides we are prepared
To pay your money.

Greco:

Then to-morrow morn.
But 't is no sale, remember; you advance
The appointed coins and hold the work so long
As I do not demand it and repay.

Don Andrés:

Your usual terms; we do agree to that.

Greco:

I 'll have them fetch it on the terrace here;
The twilight has the same effect of gray
As Santo Tomé's nave. Tobal! Gaspar!
Bring out the canvas-frame, "The Burial
Of Don Gonzálo." Careful, too; the top
Is wet. You blockheads! careful there, I say!
Nay, you Ibn Ezra, keep your lute a-tune.
Don Andrés loves the old Galician school,
So play Manrique's song, "The Penalties
The Absent Know." There, lads; now turn it round.

Don Andrés:

Santisima! but 't is a miracle!
Gonzálo in his Flemish steel; the saints,
Augustine, Stephen, in their cloth of gold,
Come down from heaven to lay him in the tomb;
The bishop silver-bearded like a star;
And Stephen with his amber-cherry cheeks;
Your Niña pointing in her velvet coat;
And I with book and cope of requiem!
Our Pedro Ruiz surpliced; and our cross!
Our *caballeros,* too! How pleased they 'll be
To live forever pictured in our church!

From a photograph. Copyright by Anderson, Rome

"THE BURIAL OF THE COUNT OF ORGAZ," IN THE CHURCH OF SANTO TOMÉ, TOLEDO, SPAIN

Poor Santo Tomé cannot lack again
For patrons. Ne'er, I vow, did mortal brush
Create such blacks and gold, such damascene.

Greco:

The heavens? The heavens, Paternity? Your thoughts
Of them, Maestro-theologue, that shonè
In the Trilinguë of Alcalá?
Or are you fain to avoid the theme I gave
The Inquisitor Guevara when he came
This morning prying wherefore did I paint
My angels' wings so large, or did I doubt
That seraphs were pure spirits, yea or nay?
Or did I lean to Scotus and opine
Their nature held some sort of matter, so,
Perchance, I feared that smaller wings might fail
To bear their beings up? I gave him back
Some queries like his own: were those angelicals
Called pure by the Aquinas? Spanish schools
Held with both Scotus and St. Bernard, no?
The Lateran Fathers taught 't is "certain faith"
Angels are bodiless. That much at least
Is dogma; then what need to give them wings
At all, *Señor Inquisidor?*—With that
He hied him off, and I heard tell it made
Great chatter at the Carmelítos, where
This afternoon they brewed the chocolate
New-come from their Manilla mission-house.
But none can put me in the wrong. My creed
Is paint; let them keep theirs in words.

Don Andrés:

And yet, Doménico, meseems you teach
Theology.

Greco:

And wherefore not? Are words
To be the only signs of thought? If sounds,
Then why not, with our lights and shades, denote
Distinctions, entities of soul and mind,
As well as the corporealities?
Thus see you the intent that I pursue.
No master of Valencia or Seville
In craftsmanship has ever matched the brush
Wherewith I paint the scene—the lower half—
As actual as when the miracle
Was wrought in Santo Tomé as they brought
The corpse for burial, whereon appeared
The saints, and solemnly composed its bed
With their own hands. But how, so scorning words,
Interpret well the scene except I show
Wherefore Toledo's priests and gentlemen
Bear so resigned a grief, are gazing up
With such a trust in heaven? What though yourself,
Don Pedro, Don Diego, wise Antonio,
The knights, myself, and Niña, and the friars,
Are here portrayed to life, were there not such

As we assembled thus some eightscore years
Ago, whose faith was in the skies, who saw
With eyes of flesh that miracle performed?
Yea, I myself have caught such visionings,
And here display, with emphasis and shade,
Foreshortening this at will and lengthening that,
Troubling the line or smoothing it as seemed
By rapture warranted; for every Greek
Is something of a rhapsodist at heart.
See how the torches point all eyes and thoughts
Toward heaven. The crucifer lifts up the sign
Of our redemption till it cleaves the bound
Between us and our goal. A seraph wing
Denoting love entire sustains that sphere;
A cherub, intermediate, would speak
Of reason joined to Love, and usher in
God's cross, whence other roundel spirits dart
As though, like swallows breaking from their eaves,
To greet the eternal day. Here uppermost
Sits Christ upon the clouds imperial;
His body real as He rose from death;
And at His knees, Our Lady also real,
As you behold, since also she in heaven
Holds a perfected flesh. Doubtless you now
Surmise from this philosophy why here
Orgaz, amid his glory, bears a mien
So crude and so elongate with the light
Half-frosted on his being incomplete.
The same with the Apostles and the elect,
Who must await till resurrection bring
Their natural union with their bodies back.
But look, what solid keys old Peter swings
Across the gulf 'twixt heaven and man! How none
Takes form or being save but as the light
From Christ plays on them! 'T is my firm resolve
Some day to paint them with less earthly dross
Than clogs them here, Don Andrés.

Don Andrés:

Verily
Thou preachest an evangel, yet I fear
Our humble folk of Santo Tomé's church
Will find your heaven is cold.

Greco:

That well may be;
But think you, Señor Cura, that I left
My flowery schools of Venice and of Rome
To gather warmth and color in Castile?
Let others use such vulgar splendors.

Don Andrés:

Nay,
Good friend Doménico, take no offense.
We wait your picture and your hand to mark

Its place upon our walls. [*Aside.*] The arch is dim,
And few will note the dismal bit of heaven.
Even now it hardly shows. [*Aloud.*] The air grows chill,
Our bells for *Animas* will shortly ring;
I must make haste, Maestro, into town.
To-morrow, then?

Greco:

Before your mass is done
The lads shall bring the canvas roll, and I
Myself shall stretch it on the wall. Be quick,
Tristan, Santiago, Jorgé—torches, swords,
And cloaks! Escort the Señor Cura home
Across the Juderia. Until morning,
Don Andrés.

Don Andrés:

God be with you.

Greco:

Go with God.

THE PAYING TELLER

BY PHILIP PRESCOTT FROST

RALPH DALE, JR., was the son of wealthy, but honest, parents. Old Grandfather Dale sold his farm and "went West" away back when things were new, and instead of straining his back at farming when he took up land, he was shrewd enough to establish a general store squarely in the middle of his hundred and sixty. He was honest and thrifty, and many came and bought and went away again, and some stayed, and a village grew up about the store. The railroad came to the village in due time, another road made it a junction-point, and building lots began to bring good prices; so without robbing widows or oppressing orphans Grandfather Dale grew wealthy by the sweat of other men's faces. Then he died, and of his subsequent history we are not informed. He left his property behind him, however, which is the main point.

Ralph Dale, Sr., inherited Dale City, and so found it easy to be a gentleman, and travel, and speculate a little, and enjoy life generally without grinding the faces of the poor very much. It is true that everybody in Dale City except the Dales worked fairly hard, and few others had much to show for it at the end of the year; but we all understand. No well-bred person can object to the divine right of capital to its dividends. The Dales thought that there was a divine right of capitalists, too; but that was exactly where they deceived themselves.

Ralph Dale, Jr., started in at the bottom in the little Dale National Bank, and worked his way up just like any other—well, to be accurate, just like any other bank-owner's son. That is, he drew the salary and put in a little time, and some one else did most of his work. He had arrived at the position of cashier, and had really begun to show considerable natural ability and traces of what is known as "the instinct for investment," when somebody cornered wheat on the Chicago Board of Trade one day. Ralph Dale, Sr., was on the wrong side of the market. That night all the Dales were merely human beings again, with no capital, no rights, no special favor of Providence, just empty stomachs and cold backs, like other folks. Being no longer a capitalist, and not quite a man, Ralph Dale, Sr., blew

out his brains. At the point where his story ends that of his son begins.

Ralph Dale, Jr., metaphorically pulled off his coat and went to work, not because he loved it, but because the new board of directors informed him pointedly that if he wished to draw two thirds of his former salary and continue as cashier he might prove himself able to do so. He did it. He had his old Grandfather Dale's eye for a good thing, and invested so wisely that the bank made much through him, and was glad to keep him, at the reduction of course. Fat salaries are a form of dividend, and dividends are sacred to capital. Young Dale was "labor" now. He worked harder and got less than formerly, and was "dissatisfied," much like other labor that feels itself worthy of its hire and fails to get it.

About this time Ralph Dale, Jr., obtained a very clear and accurate view of things as they really are, and of life as it really is, and of all such pessimistic subjects, which are so much better ignored, if possible. When he analyzed the word "capitalist" now, he perceived that the "capital" remained quite unimpaired by the operation, while the human "ist" was rendered very futile indeed. When the opportunity came, Dale was overjoyed to accept a position in Chicago as assistant payer of the Stockholders & Directors National Bank at twelve hundred dollars. It buried the past and opened a future. All country cashiers look to the big city bank for their real opportunity.

SHORTLY before this a meeting had been held in the directors' room of the Stockholders & Directors National. The new vice-president had outlined a new policy, which he termed "economy of management," which was to add materially to the fortunes of the men about the table.

"In the past the salary has gone with the position in this bank," he reminded them. "My plan is that below the grade of assistant cashier the term of service be made the controlling factor. Men will be taken on at the bottom, as now, at twenty dollars, or at most twenty-five dollars, per month. On the first of each January and July all those whom we desire to retain will be granted an increase of five dollars per month. If any of those who are disappointed choose to remain at the figure they have been receiving no harm is done. If not, the unfit, or less fit, are eliminated quietly and without disturbance. When a man's salary reaches, if it ever does reach, one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, all increase permanently ends. This cannot occur in less than ten years, of course. Such men have the privilege of hoping for an assistant cashiership—" a quiet smile went around the table—"of hoping—and if a one-hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar man should choose to leave us, we would be one hundred dollars a month ahead. The resulting promotions would cost us nothing, while they would please the men, and the man who came on at the bottom would start at not over twenty-five dollars. Indeed, it is intended that the term of service shall be short, the rate of promotion seemingly rapid, and the average wage in consequence automatically very low."

"Would n't this influx of new men impair the efficiency of the force?" inquired a heavy-browed man, suspiciously.

"Individually, yes. But by speeding up, requiring night work if necessary to complete tasks, and, if necessary, also adding slightly to the numbers, that may be overcome without materially reducing the saving due to lowered pay. There is another point right there which I intended to mention. The frequent change of work, and the comparative unfamiliarity of each man with his work, greatly lessen the danger of theft. Combined with the bonding of the men, it makes us virtually safe."

"Won't this plan work hardship in some quarters?" a pleasant-faced man of nearly eighty ventured to ask. He was the only man in the room from whom one would really expect to hear such a question.

"Not at all," reassured the vice-president. "It may be necessary to eliminate one or two of the larger salaries just at the start, but the man who moves up will simply wait a little longer for his raise of pay. Indeed, he may enjoy a raise sooner than he otherwise would because of this arrangement." The old gentleman was silenced, if not entirely convinced.

"I think we all appreciate the advantages of this economy," now observed a quiet gentleman on the opposite side of the table. "I move that we approve the plan of the vice-president, and empower

the officers to put it into execution. I would suggest that nothing be said about the matter after we leave this room."

"Oh, certainly; of course I intended that nothing be said outside with regard to this—this change of policy," hastily agreed the vice-president.

"As many as will so order—it is carried—"

THE first step in the squeeze was the taking on of Dale as "assistant paying teller" at twelve hundred. The elimination began with the old paying teller at eighteen hundred. Pressure, properly applied, forced him to resign within six months without creating a disturbance, and Dale succeeded to his place. His elation was short-lived, for his own pay-check remained at one hundred dollars instead of going to one hundred and fifty dollars, as he confidently expected. His newly appointed assistant was equally distressed by a marked failure to approach Dale's former salary. Those further down the line had nothing to show for their promotions.

The assistant cashier broke up the resultant sulking, and set them all to work again with redoubled energy by one or two casual remarks about "waiting a little to see who made good." When their enthusiasm finally showed signs of languishing, he told each of them quite confidentially that he was doing well "so far." They struggled on, and at the proper moment he assured each that he was "certainly making a fine showing," and that "if he could only keep that pace up—" followed by a meaning, yet noncommittal, wag of the head.

It was characteristic of them as bank clerks that they felt little sympathy for the old paying teller who had been crowded out. It was also characteristic that each hid his own hurt, and wasted no sympathy upon his fellow-victims. Every man higher up was an obstacle to advancement, every man lower down was a possible rival, and to suspect the bank would have been treason. They were slow to accept even the irrefutable evidence of the facts that the bank, which exacted the utmost of honesty and loyalty from them, was repaying them with a trick.

IT was a Saturday afternoon in December two years later when Dale finally faced it. That morning he had stood for three hours, a loaded revolver at his right hand, a push-button to the alarm-gong under his left, and a silent alarm to the carpet at his feet, and with a million dollars in currency and coin stacked about him he had verified checks,—date, amount written and in figures, signature and counter-signature, name of payee and indorsements, with a lookout for erasures, —had identified the man at the window, and had counted out good money at the average rate of his year's salary every two minutes. After counting his cash and returning it to the vault, with another check count as he stowed it away, he was tired. That morning he had nailed a cleverly raised check, too, from twelve to twelve hundred dollars, that few men, he fancied, would have detected.

It may perhaps look easy to count money under pressure and push it through a hole and have it disappear, eight hundred dollars a minute, sixty minutes to the hour, for three mortal hours on end, and then check up for mistakes. Practice makes it possible, but always it takes the quickness and poise of a fencer, and the nerve of a limited engineer; and to do all this, return the stuff to the vault, and go home without dwelling upon certain perfectly obvious possibilities inherent in the situation take more even than nerve and quickness and poise and endurance. It might almost be called "honesty."

Dale felt that this was worth the eighteen hundred dollars a year which his predecessor had received. In fact, he knew that it was worth more. Yet he found himself doing the work of an eighteen-hundred-dollar man, and twenty per cent. more work than the eighteen-hundred-dollar man had ever done, for a paltry fifteen hundred dollars. The bank had grown, the work and the responsibility of the paying teller had grown, and the remuneration had fallen off three hundred dollars. One semiannual had been passed without a raise. He strongly suspected the limit which had actually been set upon his salary.

"Come in here a minute," he called to the assistant cashier, who was just passing the cage. "I want to talk to you."

"What 's the matter?" that gentleman inquired genially. Dale disliked the "benevolent" pose of the young fellow,

slightly his junior, but he concealed his aversion and stated the case.

"I 've made good here, have n't I? I 'm the paying teller? I 'm swinging the job just as well as anybody ever did? Well, then, is n't it getting about time I drew the payer's salary? Seems to me the regular January boost would be about the right time to make it eighteen hundred. It 'll begin to look queer if you hold me off very much longer."

The assistant cashier had been fully prepared for this request for over a year, and had been surprised that it was so long in coming, yet in a half-amused way very disconcerting to Dale he expressed extreme surprise at its "suddenness." He gently, even diffidently, suggested that such a "demand" might create a bad impression on the carpet, that it was better to "take things as they came," yet when Dale held to his former opinion, he agreed to speak with Mr. Van Brunt, the vice-president, about it.

When Dale had spoken to the assistant cashier three times about the matter, and the assistant cashier had "forgotten" three times, and promised three times to speak to Mr. Van Brunt, and the January pay-checks were out with no increase for the paying teller, Dale decided to speak to the vice-president himself.

Mr. Van Brunt was suave. It seemed that he could do nothing himself, but he agreed to take the matter up with the board of directors at the next regular meeting. Dale found himself dismissed.

When the directors finally met and consumed high-priced cigars behind closed doors, and separated with great joviality, since the semiannual dividend had gone up another half-point, and Dale had nerved himself to speak to the vice-president, who made no move to speak to him, he was not altogether unprepared for the news that the vice-president had forgotten to mention the matter.

Having once been a capitalist himself, Dale began to see through the situation in all its length and breadth and fullness. For nearly two hours that evening he lounged in his empty cage and smoked and meditated and smiled.

"The next time it will be June and a slack time," he decided, "and then I 'll get my answer." As though to confirm him, the assistant cashier paused to say:

"By the way, Dale, we 're going to break in a money-counter to help out your assistant—begins the first."

"Sure," said Dale, and he added to himself, "An 'assistant' that I did n't need, and now a 'money-counter' that he does n't need to be his 'assistant' after I am out. They must feel pretty sure that somebody 'll be wanting to quit just about three months from now. I wonder why." It gave him a sort of satisfaction to foresee the clumsy moves by which these rich men planned to keep possession of his extra dollar a day. It almost amused him.

"I 'll wait," he told himself. "Oh, I 'll wait!"

"Oh, yes—Dale," said Mr. Van Brunt, absently, when approached three months later. "Yes, I spoke to the directors about your case. They were opposed to giving you any increase whatever. The fact is, you are n't worth a dollar more to us than the fifteen hundred you are now getting. We could get a dozen men at that price who would do just as well or better. No, sir, I don't see how we could possibly give you any increase of salary at all now. Was there anything else?"

The value of a paying teller consists largely in his knowledge of the signatures and faces and standing of his own bank's patrons, and the bank can no more purchase that knowledge in the open market than the payer can realize upon it in the service of another bank. The assistant payer is an effectual check upon hold-ups of the pay-roll by the payer. There is no check upon a hold-up of the payer by the bank. Both men understood this perfectly.

"I 'm certainly much obliged to you, Mr. Van Brunt. I 'm sorry to have put you to so much trouble. I thank you." It was said with such seeming frankness and courtesy that the sarcasm was lost upon the vice-president. He was even turned aside from the rage into which most men find it necessary to lash themselves when they do another an injury, though the other be only a clerk.

"You 're welcome," said Mr. Van Brunt, groping vainly about in his memory for some favor for which he should be thanked.

Dale had foreseen this rebuff; he had

thought that he expected it and that his mind was prepared for it. As the blow fell, he realized that he had never for a moment given up hope. It was not primarily the money; it was his whole future. His first impulse had been that of the blinded boxer who clinches to save himself from going down—he had clung to his job. The ostentatiously elaborate preparations for his resignation at this time had warned him more than anything else against the folly of yielding to the natural impulse to resign. As the sickening shock of disappointment passed, or, rather, ceased to stun, Dale began to take stock of his situation. He realized clearly that he was never to rise higher in this bank or to receive a higher rate of pay. Neither could he hope to change to another bank except at a sacrifice. It was quite probable that he would gain nothing in the end if he should change, for he would still stand only on his merits, a man without a pull. To leave banking would be to leave the only business that he knew, a thing peculiarly unthinkable to a bank teller who knows little of the business world outside of bank walls. From Dale's point of view there was nothing to be done but to fight it out to some sort of a finish right there in his own little cage, be the odds what they might.

Two possible courses at once suggested themselves. The first, naturally, was to steal. Dale, like all bank clerks, knew that a comfortable percentage of defaulters are never traced, enjoying their stealings undisturbed. He knew, too, that those who took large sums, who "lost" the money in "speculation" in such a way that it might be recovered again at some future time, and who then stood trial, were likely to be given comparatively short sentences, and leave behind them devoted friends who would work, often successfully, for their pardon. A defalcation of this sort was satisfying to contemplate, both for what it would mean financially and as a revenge. The "innocent depositor" would not be touched. In a large bank like this only the dividends would suffer. Behind the dividends were the same stockholders and directors who had instituted the squeeze, and who profited by it.

The obstacle to this plan was Dale's mother. She had seen no harm in oppressing the poor or in gambling in cotton or wheat, because these practices carried with them no social stigma. She had been upborne through her husband's suicide and their loss of fortune by her proud consciousness that no moral fault could possibly be laid at their door. Dale knew that if her son were published abroad as a criminal, the disgrace would almost, if not quite, kill her. It was the name "thief," not the thing itself, which she abhorred. He could not but despise her for it, and yet he loved her enough to act upon her prejudices rather than on his own inclination. He reluctantly abandoned the idea.

The only alternative was to cut expenses to the bone, and save. The very idea of it hurt. It was going back two generations behind even old Grandfather Dale, and it would be inhumanly hard and slow. Of the fifteen hundred dollars, five hundred must still be sent to help support his mother, five hundred would be required to maintain his own existence, and five hundred might be saved if no emergency arose. When he was forty he would be worth five thousand dollars, when he was fifty he might be worth ten thousand. It was feasible, provided a man did not marry.

It suddenly dawned upon Dale that many of these sixty-odd clerks, with their pitiful "salaries," were married. For the first time he dimly realized the total of privation and misery which the squeeze entailed. As paying teller he saw the payroll twice every month, and hastily allowing a twenty-dollar-a-month "saving" per man, he was again surprised when his calculation showed him that the whole heartless exploitation of its servants, from payer's-cage to messenger-table, netted the bank less than one per cent. on its capitalization, an amount less even than the salary of the president, a negligible fraction of the eight per cent. dividends.

"WHAT luck?" The assistant cashier paused, hands in pockets, outside the payer's-cage.

"No luck," Dale informed him, shortly, entirely aware that he already knew.

"Too bad. I was afraid that you were making a mistake, though, all the time. Oh, well, cheer up, old man! Be a sport! You may bag an assistant cashiership some of these days!"

"Oh, yes, I may," said Dale, with a wealth of sarcasm lost upon the blithe assistant cashier. "I may be the president yet."

The president? It reminded him of the tradition of a Boston paying teller who had gotten away with half a million, had purchased immunity and silence by the return of half his stealings, and had then gone into business with an unblemished reputation and a quarter of a million dollars, ultimately to become president of the very bank he had robbed. The tradition among bankers has it that neither public nor press ever learned the facts, and that the man died finally full of honors and greatly respected. As he thought of it, Dale fairly ached to do to the Stockholders & Directors National what that payer had done to his bank. There is no system of accounting invented by man, no system of auditing, that cannot be tampered with. Dale had long known of at least two reasonably safe and sure ways in which he might rob the Directors National.

It was unfortunate for Dale that he had been reminded of that Boston payer. The readjustments by which he hoped to cut his expenses in half were more painful even than he had expected. The cheap neighborhood within walking distance of the Loop to which he now moved was at its worst in the heat of early summer, and offended him at night with noise and smells and grime and the stored-up heat of the long day. The food repelled him. He allowed himself nothing for amusements, and begrudged himself the cheap and unattractive cigar which was his single luxury. Day and night the situation fretted and wore upon him, and was the worse because there was always before him a fighting chance of escape, of revenge, even of wealth, with no harm to his mother involved.

After a suitable interval, the "money-counter" was transferred to the receiver's-cage. Dale was plainly considered beaten. The assistant paying teller went for his two-weeks' vacation, and the conditions were ideal for a coup. At this point the condition of Dale's nerves came to the surface in a miscount of cash resulting in a one-hundred-dollar shortage. Dale spent an entire night hunting without success for the error, and it was decided to deduct the amount from his August check. Thus his savings for the entire summer were wiped out in a single moment. He was counting the cash at the close of business the next day, numb with despair of ever being able to save his way out of this trap, when the assistant cashier paused at his cage door and shook it gently.

"Open up! I want to talk to you."

"Say it where you are," said Dale, a queer trembling getting into his fingers, and a dryness into his throat.

"Open up!" purred the assistant cashier, shaking the door. Dale went on trembling, and counting the money, and swallowing and gasping unevenly for breath, and said nothing. He felt that something strange was about to happen, but he had no idea what. The assistant cashier's key slipped into the lock, it clicked, and Dale heard the grating slide back. He turned to face the intruder with a creepy feeling that the end of all things had come. Then the sleek, mocking face of the assistant cashier leered into his, and seemed to cry out to him to strike it if by any chance he was still a man. A wave of superhuman strength rose up and flooded him in answer to it, and a wild, savage lust of murder, and like a sledge-hammer he drove his fists right and left into the unprotected face. The assistant cashier reeled back across the narrow aisle, and doubled across an arithmometer which stood there.

The young woman in black who had been tapping the keys and pulling the lever of the machine drew her chair back as he crashed down upon the keyboard. She was a quiet, dark girl, and as the assistant cashier struggled off from her machine, with his hands to his face, she turned to Dale, standing in his door, and in a clear, quiet voice said:

"Hit him again."

Dale hit him, and the assistant cashier went over the arithmometer and partly under a bookkeeper's desk. The clerks were standing in stunned silence. The vice-president arrived, purple, from the carpet.

"What is the meaning of this?"

"He," and the girl pointed under the desk, "went into the cage when Mr. Dale told him to stay out." The vice-president glanced at her impatiently, and demanded of Dale:

"What right have you to strike an officer? What right have you to order an officer out of your cage?"

"Because," the girl again interrupted, "he went in yesterday when Mr. Dale was not there, and I saw him take some money, and they say that Mr. Dale had to stay here all last night trying to find out what became of it."

The vice-president glared at her in dense silence. The clerks stared with popping eyes.

"It 's a lie," said a thick voice from under the table, and the clerks laughed. Dale backed slowly into his cage, his look lingering on the dark form of the girl, and closed the door. At his cage window was the face of the elderly director. When Dale turned toward him, that gentleman reached a hand through as far as he could under the gate, and exclaimed:

"I 'm with you, young man. I saw and heard it all. You shall succeed that young man as surely as I am a director of this bank. I am not a believer in violence, but—there are times—and it was a clever blow you struck him, too."

Dale laughed a little hysterically. He was shaken. He had supposed that his outbreak had ended his days in the bank, perhaps in banking. He knew enough of the business to know that if this man said that he should be an assistant cashier, and sit at a desk on the carpet, and draw twenty-five hundred a year, it would surely come to pass. And the man had said it. He gripped the hand which he held still tighter. He was elated, almost intoxicated, for the moment. He saw himself no longer a mere teller, a clerk, but an officer, the assistant cashier.

In the very moment of his triumph his elation faded. He would be the assistant cashier, true, but he would have to do the assistant cashier's dirty work. His it would be to encourage with false hopes, trick with false promises, deceive with half-truths and adroit evasions and skilful lies, and in the end disappoint where disappointment would mean bitter hardship, perhaps. He might even come to enjoy the "game," as the old assistant cashier had seemed to enjoy it. Once he could have done it, but not now. He shook his head, and pushed away the hand that he held.

"I don't want it—not at any price. Is n't there some honest job I could get outside, though? You ought to know of something." He hung anxiously upon the old man's answer.

"Well, well, I 'm surprised! This is —why, yes, I suppose that—I might give you a position as a salesman myself, if you 'd care for it. I could give you a hundred a month to start."

"And who is the young woman?" he asked two minutes later, when the details of the sudden change had been arranged.

Dale turned to look. He did not know her name. Somehow he had never before noticed her except as a part of her machine. It occurred to him suddenly that she was good to look at and that he might owe much to her. The capitalist in him was almost dead. It did not occur to him that she was an arithmometer girl; he saw only that she was a fearless, good woman and desirable. She looked up, caught his eyes upon her, and looked down again quickly. Dale saw the slow color begin to come in her face and neck, and he drew a deep breath, and gripped the edge of his desk.

"I don't know who she is," he said slowly, "but I 'll find out."

OPERA FOR AND BY THE PEOPLE

BY PIERRE V. R. KEY

THOSE of us who through our appreciation of the functions of music realize the uplifting influence upon any civilized community emanating from adequate performances of serious opera must regard with gratification the advancement that is being made through well-directed efforts to supply a wide-spread popular need. Art progress, perhaps to a greater extent than obtains in other forms of progress, ensues only as the result of patient, sustained effort for what is fundamentally sound. Here in the United States, where opportunities for the majority to hear and see creditably performed operas have been limited on account of the heavy expense attached to their presentations, there has come a necessarily slow growth of the people's fullest understanding of the finest compositions of more than a single school and period.

That part of society fortunate in possessing the financial means has been provided with opera—opera that attracted because of the glitter arising through the presence in casts of distinguished singing stars, and because it served a distinctly social purpose; but the masses, where there is always a greater number of persons with an inherent love for music, has hungered for what could be seldom obtained, and usually even then in unsatisfactory form. These hundreds of thousands of souls have been forced through existing conditions to accept such operatic morsels as came their way.

Now, however, a change for the better throughout the entire country is approaching. In New York City it has already arrived. There opera for and by the people, as shown by the accomplishments of the Century Opera Company, now less than a year old, is seemingly assured. Fostered by a group of gentlemen who secured the money primarily essential to shape into actuality the idea to give continuous and long seasons of opera in English at moderate prices, and managed by Messrs. Milton and Sargent Aborn, this new organization has made an encouraging start in its task of general operatic betterment.

Strange though it may seem, for the first time in the history of American operatic development a stable institution has been created to cater specifically to the American public of moderate means and to the American musician of a trifle more than moderate ability. Nevertheless, with only seven months of practical effort behind it in the way of performances, the Century Opera Company has vaulted the initial barrier long raised against a so-called popular grand-opera organization seeking a permanent home.

In the face of predicted early financial failure, this company has moved instantly into a seemingly successful position with a sureness that has amazed experts. To-day it occupies the beautiful structure erected at a cost of $3,800,000 by New York millionaires to house a national dramatic undertaking, the former New Theatre, and has had an advance subscription sale for its introductory season of $200,000. Reinforcing this very satisfying situation is the single-seat patronage, especially for the less-expensive places in the auditorium, where the demands for twenty-five-cent accommodations have caused an official announcement of plans to reconstruct next summer the upper balcony to admit the installation of one thousand more seats.

A few years ago Henry W. Savage made something of a stir with his English-sung opera presentations,—exclusive of his "Parsifal" and "Madame Butterfly" and "The Girl of the Golden West," splendid efforts,—but his undertakings, with these exceptions, never were blessed with such backing and distinction as is provided for the Century. Mr. Savage was sowing the seed in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and elsewhere throughout the United States that is at present yielding a crop of opera-in-English adherents beneficial to the Century Opera Company. All of which indicates the wisdom of letting the other fellow do the missionary work.

But the Aborn brothers, who have been engaged in the giving of grand opera in this country for ten years, feel that they have done a material something to promote a public desire to hear and see performances offered with a text in the vernacular. During the spring and summer of every year for the last decade they have sent several companies to the principal cities of the land; and charging from twenty-five cents to a dollar and a half a seat, they have almost regularly reaped a profit.

Their financial success in operating these small and necessarily artistically imperfect organizations was perhaps chiefly responsible for their engagement to launch and manage the Century project. The things they have already accomplished, though by no means entirely satisfactory to themselves, have brought invitations from Philadelphia and other representative cities to consider duplicating in those places the achievement in New York. The expressed wishes being entirely feasible, in the course of time they may lead to a broadening of the existing policy of the Century.

While it is yet a trifle early to blow any triumphal fanfare, there is evidence to indicate that the enterprise in New York City is to endure permanently, because the operating plan is sound enough and the monetary and other support secure enough. Allowing for a falling off in patronage, there need be no concern for the first three years, for the reason that a $300,000 fund has been pledged to cover any possible deficits.

Otto H. Kahn, chairman of the Metropolitan Opera Company executive committee as well as of the Century's similar body, gave $30,000 to this fund; W. K. Vanderbilt, another Metropolitan and Century mainstay, provided $15,000; Harry Payne Whitney, director in both opera organizations, supplied $10,000; a further $10,000 came from Clarence H. Mackay, who serves on the directorates of the two institutions; smaller sums, ranging from $5000 down to $1000, were subscribed by such men as Thomas W. Lamont and Frank A. Vanderlip; and numerous smaller contributions were received from broad-minded citizens who recognized the greatness of the idea and what it represented.

These prominent gentlemen are deeply concerned in the Century scheme. Though arrangements obtain permitting the newer company to borrow scenery and properties belonging to the aristocratic Metropolitan, it is not officially behind its younger and less pretentious associate, and the assistance which comes from the Metropolitan directors is wholly personal.

Oscar Hammerstein, who is now warring with his one-time rivals in an endeavor to give grand opera in New York, —which his opponents assert he agreed to refrain from when they bought him out in 1910,—declares his belief that the support extended to the Century by the men governing the Metropolitan was for the express purpose of defeating the announced Hammerstein plan to furnish New York with the best grand opera in English ever known, and to give the United States a sort of national opera-house benefiting the people at large. "They wanted," avers Mr. Hammerstein, "to spike my guns."

Whether or not this declaration is correct, the evolution of the Century idea, which has grown into an undeniably important institution, is interesting to follow. It sprang from the brain of Gardner Lamson, an American baritone familiar with European opera, at a luncheon given two years ago by the City Club of New York. Mr. Lamson's eloquence so aroused the City Club officers and its guests that a committee was then and there appointed to investigate into the advisability of the suggestions.

Some of these members of the City Club who had been thrust into the investigation did not know a quarter-note from an opera-score, and there was not one on the committee desirous of challenging Giulio Gatti-Casazza for impresario leadership; but as a whole the body was enthusiastic over the project, despite its indefinite quality. So, while every one else who had been present at the City Club luncheon promptly forgot about the committee, the group of men comprising it utilized such leisure as was available to obtain data for subsequent needs.

Assisted by Mr. Lamson, who had had a wide experience as a baritone principal in many of Germany's opera-houses, the City Club opera amateurs sought first-hand information concerning operative methods followed by directors of Euro-

pean municipal operatic institutions. Details of procedure and maintenance costs were secured; and there were tabulated estimates of the number of lyric and dramatic sopranos that would be required for a people's opera company catering to a New York constituency, and of all other matters pertaining to such an organization.

The systems in vogue in the New York Metropolitan, the Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago opera companies, were scrutinized by the City Club investigators, who revealed praiseworthy wisdom in listening to expert counsel emanating from the managers of some of these musical bodies as well as that supplied by members of the boards of directors, who knew whereof they spoke. Throughout the twelve months consumed by the committeemen in their investigation surprising secrecy was maintained. It was not until the late spring of 1913 that the newspapers learned of what was going on, and the publication of the facts was made within twenty-four hours of the widespread publicity given Oscar Hammerstein's announcement that he intended reentering the New York opera-field.

It was fortunate for the City Club plan that at a needed time the coöperation of Otto H. Kahn was obtained, because the committee was ready to recommend forming an opera company that would hold two eight-weeks seasons in New York City in the autumn and spring of each year, entirely overlooking the slight matter of considering what was to become of the principal singers and other workers in the interim. Such an idea was utterly impracticable, as were some others entertained by the committee, which was laboring under the obvious handicap of unfamiliarity with a most complicated problem. But the assistance which came at this period very quickly turned the situation into proper channels, and one rainy noon found some two hundred distinguished musical people present at another City Club luncheon to listen to the committee report, and to some valuable remarks from Mr. Kahn, which concluded with the positive statement that the suggested venture of providing opera for the people was assured.

Here at last was something tangible; still, there yet remained a few hundred important problems, of which the selection of an efficient management was paramount. Putting his ear to the ground, Mr. Kahn heard a faint rumble, and, tracing its source, discovered the Messrs. Aborn ready to launch a company that would give thirty weeks of popular-priced opera sung in English solely for the benefit of New York, and in an edifice to be erected exclusively for such purpose.

The Messrs. Aborn, with their customary forethought, had gathered a mass of valuable statistics before deciding upon their venture. They based on documentary evidence their belief that New York City demanded good opera where seats could be had at moderate prices. This evidence consisted of thousands of post-cards that had been sent to New York residents, and by them returned, with specified approval of the Aborn plan, and selecting the operas best liked from a list printed on every card. Milton and Sargent Aborn entertained no doubts of the success of what they purposed starting. By a judicious move the element of speculation had been reduced to the minimum possible in matters operatic. Nevertheless, when Mr. Kahn mentioned the magic word "managers," the brothers listened.

It required no telescopic aid to enable discreet persons familiar with the hazards of opera-giving to realize that with the City Club, Oscar Hammerstein, and the Aborn companies competing for virtually the same patronage some one of the three, if not all, invited financial disaster. From the point of view of the outsider the situation presented certain elements of excitement. A struggle seemed imminent, which always appeals to the public when the outcome means benefiting that public.

But the threatened three-cornered encounter for medium-priced opera supremacy did not occur. Mr. Kahn and the Messrs. Aborn prevented it. First, there was the little matter of an opera-house. William K. Vanderbilt and his associates controlled the Century Theater, at that time devoted to the drama. The Messrs. Aborn held merely the promise of one man to build a structure suitable for their needs. Viewing the affair broadly, it looked like flying in the face of a benign influence for Milton and Sargent Aborn to refuse the opportunity offered. If they succeeded, their future could not fail to be assured, and with such support as was

tendered, success seemed reasonably certain. So a contract was signed. Presently the new organization was christened "Century Opera Company," and the approximate date for its first public performance set for the middle of September, 1913, four months off.

The original plan called for thirty-five weeks of so-called "grand" opera, with a change of bill weekly. The plan further required the first performance of every opera to be sung in the original language used by the librettist, whether Italian, French, or German, and the remaining seven presented with an English text. Besides these eight performances every week, the Century Opera Company determined to give a concert every Sunday night composed of orchestral and vocal excerpts from standard operas.

Praise is due those responsible for what has been accomplished at the Century because of the slight alteration of the initial announcements of what was to be done. When the final performance is given on May 18, there will have been thirty-five full weeks of serious opera, and although some changes have been made in the complete repertory promised, its quality and variety cannot be criticized. The one radical move taken has been the elimination of foreign texts in the works offered, English now being the one language used by the Century Opera Company, its adoption having been made to lighten the burden imposed upon principals and chorus as well as for the purpose of making the new institution one devoted exclusively to English-sung works.

May, 1913, was well advanced when Milton and Sargent Aborn took active charge of the Century Opera Company's interests. The labors confronting them, and which demanded execution in a third of a year, were little short of appalling. To make a start there was first required an organization, and to construct the needed organization within the brief time limits available demanded sagacity of the highest order and the ability to do the right things without delay.

For thirty days Messrs. Aborn toiled for sixteen hours in every twenty-four, selecting the season's repertory, arranging for the construction and making of such scenery and costumes as could not be borrowed from the Metropolitan Opera Company, and preparing a list of the musical conductors, stage-directors, departmental heads, and principal singers whose accomplishments entitled them to consideration for positions with the new opera company. In June, 1913, Milton Aborn sailed for Europe to engage a first conductor and such singing artists as his judgment deemed worthy to uphold the standard that was to be insisted upon.

Now, if Mr. Aborn had been familiar with foreign musical marts, his mission would not have entailed the annoyances that ensued, but it chanced to be his first visit to Europe. Knowing this, the agents awaited his arrival with smiles. Some of those on the continent laid a few plans calculated to enrich their bank-accounts. Fortunately for the Century Opera Company, its artistic director was cautious. He made intelligent inquiries in many quarters that were productive of useful information, and listened.

Wherever opera could be heard, Mr. Aborn might be found. Wherever properly recommended singers could be located, there, also, went the Century's impresario. England, France, Italy, and Germany were traversed, at least in those spots where opera artists hold forth. And one after another the persons looked upon as possible candidates for the Century organization passed in review before the gray-haired man of impassive mien and curtailed speech.

Two, three, sometimes four, hearings were insisted upon by Milton Aborn before he would even permit himself to form an opinion of a singer seeking a Century contract. The majority of the aspirants for posts with New York's new opera institution for the people were finally rejected; only a few met most of the requirements relating both to art and salaries available for the chief artists. One by one the legal-looking documents were brought out for the affixing of signatures, and on the last day of Mr. Aborn's fourth week abroad just one contract remained open. The impresario reached the gangplank leading to the steamer that was to carry him homeward when a London agent overtook him. This man represented Morgan Kingston, the young Welsh singer whose remarkable tenor voice transferred him from a coal-mine to the concert-stage. Half a minute of fur-

ther debate ensued, then the agent snatched a fountain-pen from his pocket.

"Get out your contract," he said.

Half an hour later Milton Aborn stood at the rail of the liner looking shoreward, and he was smiling.

The thermometer registered ninety-two degrees on the morning that the Century's manager reached his New York office. His first act was to reach for the telephone instrument. Within the hour Mrs. Aborn was arranging to move into New York from the Aborn summer home, and the apartment chosen was across the street from the Century Opera-House. During those next two months that terminated with the formal launching of the enterprise Milton Aborn spent fewer than eight hours a day in his home. Sargent Aborn, who had followed his brother's residential procedure, laid a similar operatic course.

While electricians, stage carpenters, and scenic artists busied themselves in their respective departments, the Century Opera Company managers next turned toward two of the most important tasks confronting them. The first was the selection of an orchestra; the second the choice of a chorus. Realizing that these two forces form the foundation upon which opera either rests or falls, the Messrs. Aborn proceeded accordingly.

The sun beat without mercy upon several hundred applicants for chorus positions one morning in late July as they stood blocking traffic in the neighborhood of the Century stage-door in West Sixty-second Street. The women were surprisingly attractive in individual appearance, and nearly all were neatly, if not well, garbed. A fourth of the waiting throng was made up of men, most of whom looked from ten to fifteen years older than their associates of the opposite sex.

It needed only a glance to establish the truth. The women, with few exceptions, carried a semblance of ambition. The men seemed willing to remain satisfied to be plain opera choristers. Throughout many hours on that day Milton Aborn sat in the Vanderbilt Room in the Century Opera-House listening to the voices one by one. There were weak, thin instruments of infantile color, strong, robust voices without a shred of music in them, and a scant dozen in which possibilities shone bright.

Two weeks passed before the vocal wheat was sifted from the chaff. When the selections were finally concluded, the men's section was found to be almost as weak as the feminine was strong; but there was no seeming help available at the moment, for the time had come to begin rehearsals. The orchestra was no more satisfactory in personnel than the chorus, and was set to work preparing for its duties under the conductorship of the first leader, Alfred Szendrei.

As the opening date drew nearer, the principals reported to the management. Some of them came from the small Aborn Opera Companies, singers of unquestioned talents whose abilities and experience entitled them to advancement in the new organization holding higher standards. One soprano, Elizabeth Amsden, was "loaned" by the Boston Opera Company; other sopranos, contraltos, tenors, and bassos journeyed from Europe.

A fortnight before September 15, 1913, the night announced for the Century's opening, the interior of the opera-house was a veritable maelstrom of rehearsing. Stage crews worked with their settings; ballet-masters struggled with their charges; the chorus-master admonished, corrected, pleaded, and stormed; Conductors Szendrei and Carlo Nicosia toiled patiently with the orchestra, and, with the help of *répétiteurs,* drilled the principals in the rôles for which they had been cast.

On the evening of September 15, 1913, the Century opera ball was set rolling with Verdi's "Aïda," the audience consisting of invited guests prominent in the walks of life that count.

As was to be expected, the "knockers" —and New York has its full quota of this species—were out in force. They hooted at the very excellent performance, though doing so in well-moderated tones, and stated unqualifiedly that as soon as primary public interest was appeased that "business" would drop to virtually nothing. As September and October weeks showed continued and heavy patronage, the unprejudiced experts, including most of the newspaper music critics, shook their heads sadly over what was to happen after November 17, the opening date of the Metropolitan Opera-House.

Surprises frequently occur in this world, and one was destined to happen in the

present instance; for instead of seeing a considerable portion of its patrons journeying down Broadway, where the great opera stars hold forth, the Century discovered before December first that its older sister was the loser. And as the newer company has held its business at the close of this season, the Metropolitan will be $50,000 less wealthy than it would have been had New York's opera for and by the people never been undertaken.

Possibly some of the gentlemen who helped the latter along may wonder, when they scan the Metropolitan's balance-sheet, if they were correct in estimating that neither organization would interfere with the other. But that is a matter of dollars and cents, of which Messrs. Vanderbilt, Kahn, Whitney, Mackay, and the rest of the Century's fathers are presumed to have an excess. The vital point is that they have started something which, if it be rightly managed, bids fair to become one of the greatest musical influences this country has known.

Down at the Metropolitan a number of the people who pay the price necessary for its support do so for social rather than for musical reasons. With few exceptions, they go to the opera because it is proper; because, if they did not, other members of their set would be inexpressibly shocked. But there are enough people, fortunately, who go on account of special pleasure they expect from the singers, the orchestra, and whatever else is contributed on these occasions.

Up at the Century there is no society, even though some persons who are a part of it sometimes appear there in evening attire. The patronage which the new institution receives comes from the masses, substantial folk who can afford to pay reasonable weekly sums for entertaining themselves and their families. These people, who have an inherent love of music and the visual elements belonging to opera, have proved that it is the performance and the work itself they wish to hear and see, not Caruso or Amato or Farrar. If that spirit keeps on growing, and if the Century supplies a standard of achievement that is adequate in worth and consistency, the future of the project will rest on almost as dependable a basis as does the Metropolitan; for in that case people will be back of it, and to a degree never before found in such an undertaking.

Looking back over the accomplishments of the first season, now virtually completed, it is only just to make allowances because of the handicaps thrust upon the Century Opera management. Even with a fairly large number of principals available, it is brain-racking and nerve-destroying work to build satisfactory casts. Vocal suitableness is only one factor to be considered. The others are personal appearance, temperamental qualifications, and facility of every singer for learning what has to be learned within definite time limits. When a cast has been decided upon, illness affecting one or more persons may often necessitate a surprising number of changes.

If the managerial task consisted in planning solely for half a dozen operas, then the annoyances would be diminished. The Century, however, has found it compulsory to make entirely new changes of bill at least three times a month, and during the first eight weeks there was no opera that ran for more than seven days. Under these conditions, the element of foresight required of Milton Aborn approached that demanded of the expert chess-player. Looking out for the casts chosen to alternate with one another during a current week called for similar supervision over the principals who were to appear in the opera scheduled for the ensuing bill, and at the same time preparing the lists for the rôles in operas chosen for two, three, four, and even five weeks ahead.

As a consequence, the Century Opera-House has been the scene of continuous opera performances, accompanied by and supplemented with rehearsals numbering as many as dozens a day. In point of fact, there has been too much rehearsing, paradoxical though this may sound. It is sufficient to appear in one daily performance —where there are not two, as happens every Wednesday and Saturday at the Century—and to rehearse two hours besides. When the requirements call for four and five hours of such effort, in conjunction with that contributed in the public performances, the demands are beyond proper human responsiveness.

The Century Opera Company managers admit that they have had to ask too much of nearly all the organization mem-

bers. Some of the members agree with them. Still, there was no other recourse, and as the Messrs. Aborn displayed a willingness to be as strenuous as their subordinates, little complaining was heard.

Next season the grind is to be eased, because the Century Company will then be a fairly efficient operatic unit, and sufficiently routined to permit some cessation in the work which has been imperative throughout the last seven months. Great care is being observed in replacing unsatisfactory orchestra-players, chorus-singers, and principals with successors competent to perform adequately their respective duties, and to the credit of this institution it should be mentioned that the hundreds of American young men and women, as well as those of other nationalities, who have applied for hearings, have not applied in vain.

This willingness of the Century management to listen to aspirants for positions, even though it has entailed many hours of time and concentration every week, has proved productive. A dozen excellent new principals, including the young American tenor, Orville Harrold, have been added to the roster, some of whom were chosen to form the nucleus of the second Century Opera Company which was to have been started in Philadelphia next autumn to alternate with the existing organization between that city and New York.

Milton Aborn's belief that an expansion policy would be helpful did not meet the approval of the Century directors. They felt every effort should be concentrated on a single company and to perfect a working plan suited to the needs of all concerned. Late in March it was decided to introduce changes during 1914–15, one of the two most important being the reduction of the New York season from thirty-five weeks to twenty.

The second move calculated to help matters was the decision to have two different operas running, on alternate days, over two weeks. Under such a system the New York public may know in advance the exact cast to be heard in any performance, while the company will have two weeks, instead of one, to prepare a new work.

On February 1, 1915, the Century Opera Company will make its first tour, but only three cities are to be visited. These are Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia, and each will have from four to five weeks of what should then be exceptionally fine popular-priced opera.

A valuable executive has been secured for the Century Company in Jacques Coini, who was stage-director at the Manhattan Opera-House under Oscar Hammerstein. Mr. Coini should not only administer the duties of his department to the advantage of performances in and outside New York, but he should be of invaluable assistance to the Messrs. Aborn in strengthening the artistic side of the entire organization.

Now, while it is a fact that too many Century performances have fallen below the standard which should unfailingly prevail even at a two-dollar scale of prices, a generous quantity has been of genuine merit, and these would have been accepted as satisfactory if the cry had not gone forth that better, much better, popular opera would have to be offered than the country had before known.

Some of the artistic lapses, occurring early in a week when an untried work was first presented, have been corrected in the course of progressing performances. This indicates for a certainty that seasoned experience and the acquiring of a repertory by the present organization will ensure better things next year. But as the music critics have been forced to write about the attempts connected with premières, their adverse comment undoubtedly would have been moderated had they considered a final instead of a week's first performance.

Both Milton Aborn and his brother Sargent admit that they are far from content with what has already been done, and such frankness is an encouraging sign. Printed criticisms of the inefficient orchestra have brought changes to the number of twelve; similar remarks relating to the chorus resulted in the displacement of several singers by more experienced and vocally capable persons, while the weaknesses of certain principals mean that after next May their posts will be filled by superior artists.

"Never before," declared Milton Aborn to the writer, "has such an opportunity as beckons to the Century been offered an organization aiming for similar ideals and ends. Fostered by a civic body, nurtured by public-spirited and wealthy persons,

and liberally patronized month after month by the people, this popular-priced opera company is plowing in a fertile soil, which needs only careful and skilful cultivation to deliver a crop of untold worth to the community.

"Realizing that the eyes of residents of other cities are upon us, we have a duty to perform for their benefit as well as for our own, because if we demonstrate that such a project as ours is a possibility, many such organizations will be formed in cities where the need for them is proportionate to that of New York. That not only means the furthering of operatic enlightenment and culture, but it will provide employment for many Americans, and give them chances for the gaining of experience which cannot now be had short of what Europe affords."

These two issues are, after all, the paramount factors of the plan formulated by the Century. And they are of such unquestionable importance that a little patience should be exercised by those inclined to jump too quickly at conclusions and given to voicing opinions likely to be changed by developments. If New-Yorkers had indicated their disinclination to support the Century performances, affairs would be slightly altered; but the weekly receipts, with the subscriptions already paid in, have enabled the payment of all incurred bills, together with a preliminary $40,000 expense item caused last summer in work which had to be done before the wheels of the machine could regularly turn. This does not mean that there will be no deficit for the 1913–14 season. On the contrary, about $50,000 is the amount which the Century directors will probably have to take from the endowment fund, largely because of the preliminary expense item.

Some uninformed persons, finding fault on the ground of alleged skimping by the Messrs. Aborn, may be surprised to learn that while proper economy is being exercised, fair salaries are given in return for services rendered. Some of the best principals of the Century Company receive nearly $500 a week, and their contracts provide for an increase that will elevate them at the third year to half again that figure.

The average first principals are each sure of $200 for from three to four appearances every seven days; the singers of secondary importance receiving from $50 to $75 apiece for a week's endeavors. When one bears in mind that the season is thirty weeks and more, the compensation appears commensurate, and is far and away larger than is ordinarily possible in European opera-houses.

Chorus-singers,—there are one hundred in the Century,—are paid as little as $14 a week and as high as $25, the average being $18. A number of them, though, who have small parts to sing are given $30, $35, and even $40 for their weekly strivings. The ballet, which numbers thirty, receives $18 and $20 per person. Coming to the orchestra, we find the Century apportioning $90 a week to its concert-master, and for the average maintaining nearly $50. There are very few musicians who obtain less than $72 minimum for eight opera performances and one Sunday-night concert and extra rehearsals.

Conductors, stage-managers, and chorus-masters can depend on from $100 to $250 each for every one of the thirty-odd weeks of their labors, and the members of the executive and business staffs have no complaints to offer because of an insufficient compensation. It is an operatic family at the Century which is in most respects fairly well satisfied.

Perhaps one of the most gratifying conditions which exists at this opera-house is the prominence given American singers, and the opportunities that are to be afforded in more ways than one to provide assistance for inexperienced native singers who have the voices and other requirements justifying preparation for grand-opera careers.

This new plan, which is now in process of formulation, is to permit the creation of several judging committees to pass on the abilities of candidates for places in the free school of opera soon to be established at the Century; to select certain competent young Americans to appear on the Sunday-night concert programs, and to examine submitted unheard grand operas by native composers and librettists and, where they have exceptional merit, make their productions matters of certainty at the Century Opera-House.

There will be an executive committee, a committee to choose those who shall be admitted into the opera school, as well as

others deserving a concert appearance, and a third committee to judge the scores and librettos of the American operas. The scope of this plan, which Otto H. Kahn declares warrants the offering of certain prizes, is one of the broadest and most useful ever devised for the betterment of American singers, composers, and librettists. It is to be called the Society for the Advancement of Americans in Opera.

Within a month this plan will be well under way, and then our young people will have at their command an organization from which opinions may be had that will not only be superlatively expert, but of such an authoritative nature that they can be turned into actual cash. Singers residing outside New York City may arrange by letter for appointments to sing for the judging committee, and the verdict, whether favorable or adverse, will be of inestimable value.

As for the makers of grand opera with English texts, to which the Century Opera Company is now pledged, they have at length secured an outlet for their endeavors for which they have long hoped. In a manifestly superior position to produce American-made operas than the Metropolitan Opera Company, which lacks fine artists who can sing in English, the Century should take the lead in giving native composers and librettists the chances they have been steadily denied.

That Americans are welcomed by the Century management, and that they are given every chance to succeed within reason, may be seen from the list of those now occupying important and subordinate posts with that organization. A dozen of the first principals were born and reared in the United States, while a far greater number who sing secondary rôles, and others giving a "wee bit" to the singers, are American to their finger-tips.

Lois Ewell, the most efficient and popular of the sopranos, comes from Tennessee, although she is known as a Brooklyn girl because of her lengthy residence in the City of Churches. Miss Ewell will have earned more than $12,000 for her thirty-five weeks' work at the conclusion of the regular Century season this spring. Miss Kathleen Howard, the leading contralto, and probably the most conspicuous feminine personality in the Century organization, is a Buffalonian. Before singing in opera abroad, as did Miss Ewell, this excellent artist was a Brooklyn church-singer.

Another of the principal contraltos, Miss Mary Jordan, is a native of Scranton, Pennsylvania. This young woman, who has proved her capabilities in the most difficult of operatic rôles, is likewise one of the well-paid Century artists who will be given an increase in salary on account of her unquestioned success. Two recent additions to the roster of this company, Misses Mary Carson and Gladys Chandler, whose successes in the characters of *Gretel* and *Hansel* in the Humperdinck opera "Hansel and Gretel," came respectively from Texas and Omaha, Nebraska. Each is a splendid artist, and both will have greater opportunities as the Century's operations advance.

Two other American singers who are Century principals are Miss Phœbe Crosby, a soprano whose home is in Maine, and Miss Cordelia Latham, a Minnesota contralto. Such a record as the feminine singers have made is no better, however, than that of the men. The three leading baritones, by an odd coincidence, are Americans, and one of the first tenors was also born here, as was the leading basso.

Louis Kreidler first saw the light of day in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. After being graduated from Lehigh University, Mr. Kreidler went to work seriously to become a singer. His engagement by Managers Aborn followed his success in second baritone rôles at the Metropolitan Opera-House. Thomas Chalmers, a real New-Yorker, has the most beautiful baritone voice in the Century Company, and Morton Adkins, the third of these baritones, claims Cleveland as his birthplace. Like Mr. Kreidler, he is a university graduate, Syracuse being his alma mater.

Walter Wheatley, the lyric tenor, and Herbert Waterous, whose splendid basso voice has pleased Century patrons, are natives of Joplin, Missouri, and of Michigan. Mr. Wheatley has had the distinction of appearing at Covent Garden, London's most famous opera-house, in the same opera with the great Emmy Destinn, and Mr. Waterous has done equally good, if not quite as notable, work in the matter of the places in which he has sung.

Established principal opera-singers,

these American young men and women will soon have to meet the challenges of others, some of them from the very ranks of the organization to which they now belong. But the women are the ones who should be most concerned, for it is among the feminine portion of the chorus that the best material is to be found, and where ambition is oftenest met.

The new Society for the Advancement of Americans in Opera will undoubtedly find some fine voices, and the free opera school to be attached to the Century Opera-House will certainly develop many singers destined to become famous. But among "The Little Prima Donnas," which is the appellation conferred upon a group of sixteen American girls, sopranos and contraltos, who form the most talented in the chorus, are several singers for whom careers have been predicted.

Miss Amanda Brown of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, is the first of these sixteen opera vocalists. She earned enough from her duties as a librarian to pursue her studies, and so well has she progressed that a scholarship in one of the big musical conservatories eventually came to her. Another native of Pennsylvania, Miss Helena Alberts of Delaware Water Gap, is regarded by Manager Milton Aborn as having the most remarkable memory of any member of the company. Scarcely less talented in other respects is Miss Virginia Picard of Philadelphia.

New York City and its environs have contributed liberally to the gifted chorus-singers, and among those who stand excellent chances of eventually having responsible parts are Misses Katherine Jessup, Florence Lane, Lola Demorville, Adrienne Michel, Othelia Hoffman, Ethel Snyder, and Gertrude Beck. From farther up the Empire State, in Binghamton, comes Miss Minerva Leigh.

The remaining members of "The Little Prima Donnas" belong to various parts of the United States. Miss Rhea Corelli is a native of New Haven, Connecticut; Miss Lillian Nielsen—a relative of the famous Christine, and who has sung with the "Bostonians" and the "Naughty Marietta" companies—was born in Santa Baria, California, while Miss Aurelia Hulsman's home is Cincinnati. The single one of this flock of talented vocalists not born in this country is Miss Ida Allen, though she has lived in New York City since she was a child of three.

In the face of these facts, who shall say that the United States is not coming into its own from an operatic point of view? We admit that a great deal remains to be accomplished, and that everything is by no means over save the shouting. Still, there is every reason for feeling encouraged not alone because there is evidence to indicate that the public wants popular-priced grand opera that is good, but because our own young people are finally to be given the help they need. Opera for and by the people is no longer a mental dream; it is a substantial reality, and before another ten years have passed, it is likely dozens of progressive American cities will have followed New York's lead by establishing permanent opera companies of their own.

THE RISE OF MENAI TARBELL

BY THOMAS W. WILBY

Author of "A Motor Tour through Canada"

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY RALEIGH

LIKE many another inspiration, the great idea came to Menai Tarbell in his morning tub. Its advent was particularly impressed upon him because he had violently turned on the overhead douche, as if the intolerable, down-at-the-heels, and out-at-the-elbows condition of his pocket-book justified his own watery suicide. As the frigid shower splashed over his body, the idea splashed into his brain.

Menai sprang out of the tub with a sudden access of energy. He slapped himself airily with the skimpy towel, quite oblivious that a fellow-*pensionnaire* was pounding on the door for admittance. Others might wait. Menai Tarbell had waited long enough, hammering on the door which led to success and groping about for financial returns. As a fledgling artist he had begun to wait in a gray-and-silver Chelsea byway of London, when he had sunk his New England identity in old England currant buns, strong tea, and "fish and frieds," and had affected a fine contempt for the gullible British public and its artistic idols. He had kept on waiting when the fleshpots changed to *pot-au-feu* and vinegary *vin ordinaire*.

The only visible alteration had been in his externalities. From a mild Philistinism of grubbiness of hand and bagginess of knee, he had cultivated the romantic Bohemianism of funereal "peg-tops" and flowing black tie. He had still been waiting when he deposited himself moodily in the tub. At last, however, he saw the golden path that led from the wretched alternation of drudgery and "hope deferred" straight to achievement and a plump bank-account.

The sudden vision of his grinning countenance in the dim, cracked looking-glass was so surprising that Tarbell laughed aloud despite the fact that his risible muscles had long been stiff and rusty for want of practice. Things were beginning to come his way. He was not yet "dished."

Tarbell finished his toilet with the vague sensation of being a kind of Judas-tree that, half dead outwardly, had now burst into pink blossom. Then he hurried gaily down the dark, narrow stairs into the little room of half-lights where the bright-eyed, loquacious "Madame" was counting out the sugar cubes for the *pensionnaires' café-au-lait*. The *petit déjeuner* was a frugal enough meal. But the avidity with which *Monsieur l'Américain* passed it down caused Madame to look at him with indulgent amazement. Monsieur Tarbell had the grand air of mysterious importance. Monsieur Tarbell had the broad smile for everybody. Could it be that *le bon Dieu* had sent him some great gift of fortune in the night that he might pay her the hundred francs that were her due?

Monsieur l'Américain, however, did not give Madame much time to contemplate either himself or this astonishing possibility. He drained the last drop of coffee, set down the cup with a clatter, and was off.

Once outside the street door, Menai Tarbell broke into a stride which had a curious resemblance to a Western lope. The most casual observer might have seen that while he was neither walking nor running, he was making for some preconceived destination with the evident intention of wasting no time on pedestrian formalities. The scattering of a few foot-passengers in his comic flight did not embarrass him any more than did their wordy protests. Somewhere in the back of his mind he was thinking of a sweet face with cool and indifferent eyes, and wondering how Cynthia would look when he could announce to her that he was succeeding, that after all he was not a poverty-stricken, conceited fool to spend his life riding the cockhorse of art, that he was not a mere irresponsible pierrot blowing thistledowns and grandiloquently calling that a *métier*.

As he crossed the broad spaces of Place St. Sulpice, both his thoughts and his hasty progress were suddenly deflected by a natty figure in mildly aggressive tweeds, supplemented by a cynical monocle and a swinging cane. Menai Tarbell drew a quick breath. He had been in the habit of dodging Fayne-Wyves with a guilty sense of his pecuniary obligations to that literary Mæcenas. Now he hailed the monocle with a self-assurance that caused that coldly critical appendage to drop in surprise.

"Morning, Fayne-Wyves! How 's London to-day? Got some good news for you. Come over to the studio to-night, will you? *Au revoir.* Am in a frightful rush."

He shot off, leaving the Englishman gaping in leisurely astonishment.

Tarbell chuckled to himself. Fayne-Wyves thought him an impecunious failure, did he? Fayne-Wyves, who never had had to work *his* nerves into fiddle-strings that sometimes played Macaberesque tunes, striving for the talisman which was to bring him Fortune's smiles. Fayne-Wyves, who had never given *his* life's blood without return and seen himself grow shabby and woolly-minded and driven to all sorts of decadent makeshifts. Fayne-Wyves, the popular success in literature and "best-sellers," could flaunt his wealth in loans to the beggarly troglodytes of the Latin Quarter. Well, a few days more and Menai Tarbell would prove that two could play at the game of affluence.

The rambling Paris studio which Tarbell shared with Henri Pistache was unoccupied save for a number of chalky portraits in various stages of unfinish, which looked appealingly at Tarbell as if their patience in waiting for a missing eye or mouth or torso was well nigh exhausted.

To their creator, however, in his new frame of mind, they were the princely assurances of success. The studio was no longer shabby, it was no longer circumscribed, it was no longer bare and inartistic. Space and significance had come to it. It was the sacred temple soon to throng with eager devotees.

Tarbell looked about him with a businesslike deliberation. Where would he and Pistache set up all the easels to accommodate the coming hordes?

For a moment he stood irresolute, then he flung off his coat, locked the door as a precautionary measure, and to the tune of a sprightly "Yankee Doodle" set to work on the great idea.

THAT evening when Fayne-Wyves and Henri Pistache strolled up the shabby stairs to the studio, Tarbell flung open the door with a flourish.

"Here you are, *Messieurs!*" he cried gaily. *"Entrez!"*

The new-comers glanced curiously about the dimly lighted room. Tarbell's air of consequential importance mystified them.

"You look like 'The Awakened Warrior,' " said Fayne-Wyves. "What 's up?"

Menai Tarbell puffed out his chest like a tumbler pigeon.

"The acme of rot!" said Tarbell, grandiloquently, with an oratorical gesture.

Fayne-Wyves frowned. Pistache approached and peered up into Tarbell's face, only to have the eloquent arm fall upon his shoulder with a whack.

"Ouch!" cried Pistache, jumping aside. "What shall have arrived?"

"Success, my Pistachio! Success at last!"

Fayne-Wyves was familiar enough with Latin Quarter *gaucherie,* and could make generous social allowance for Bohemian foolery. But Tarbell was no Bohemian: rather was he a whining pessimist who had lately bemoaned his ill luck and the coldness of the world. He smiled sardonically at his friend.

"Mon pauvre ami," exclaimed Pistache, rubbing his shoulder, "you are a leetle bit *toc-toc* zis evening." He touched his forehead with serio-comic concern.

But Tarbell disdained to notice the mercurial Frenchman's antics.

"Gentlemen," he roared, "you see before you the protagonist of a new departure in the realm of art."

"Departure!" ejaculated Fayne-Wyves, ironically. "Thought your only departure was to be for the West—to play Strindberg, you know, on his 'little lonely island in the sea.' "

"Such was my foolish intention a short time ago, my friend; but that is the resort of wastrels and failures, as I then pointed

out. Now Fortune has stretched forth her hand. Behold!"

The lights flared up suddenly. Tarbell waved his hand to a spread of canvas covering almost one side of the room, liberally splashed with color and squared off like an irregular checker-board.

"Mon Dieu!" cried Pistache, planting himself in front of it and flinging up his arms, "quel horreur!"

Fayne-Wyves glared at the colored monstrosity with undisguised disgust.

"What 's that balderdash, Tarby? Murdered your model and wiped up the wall with her?"

Tarbell grinned.

"Gentlemen, that noble spread of canvas,—keep your dirty fingers off it there, Pistache!—which to your untutored minds seems to have no significance, represents nineteen and a half unique and separate scintillations in color from the soul of Menai Tarbell."

"Oh, I say, Tarby, come to the point!" protested Fayne-Wyves, turning his back on the "scintillations." "You did n't get us up here to look at that nasty stuff?"

"Nasty stuff? To-morrow, Fayne-Wyves, I will 'borrow'—ahem! that is, I 'll buy—a pair of garden shears and prove to you that you have had the honor to regard virtually a score of masterpieces—the work of one entire day. These pictures, cut apart, framed, and hung on the walls of this now famous building, are to form the inspiration for hundreds of students of a new and universal short-cut to the painter's art."

"*Mon ami,* I salute your genius," said Pistache, bowing melodramatically, with his hand on his stomach. "Zis, I suppose, shall be a landscape, or perhaps a cabaret?" He indicated a flaring smear of yellow ocher.

"Neither," said Tarbell, pompously. "It is a life-size, three-quarter portrait of Menai Tarbell."

Fayne-Wyves groaned.

"Jumping devils! Kill him wiz a frog's leg before he goes off what you call 'chump'!" Pistache, on the divan, with waving arms and legs, was warding off an imaginary attack.

Tarbell continued unperturbed in his showman's manner.

"This is a cat having a fit in a plate of milk." He pointed to one corner of the monstrosity. "Or else it is the 'Rising Moon'; I have n't yet decided which. We 'll take a vote later. But details of this trifling nature are not to handicap devotees of the universal art. The method by which this glorious effect is obtained is delightfully simple and original. You take your shaving-brush, and, ignoring the medium of palette and spatula, dip it into a bottle of—er—well, bluing mixed with photographer's paste, and apply it to the canvas freely half an hour before meals. In this opposite corner you see—you see—yes, I 've about decided to call this pocket gem 'Cow before Sunset.' "

"Those spots—aw—are the sunset, eh?" suggested Fayne-Wyves, grimly.

"Why, yes, if you like, old chap. I 'd thought of them as the cow. But it does n't matter."

"And that mangy-looking daub over there is 'Grandfather's Last Moments,' no doubt?"

"Capital! Say, Fayne-Wyves, you 're getting along famously. I meant that for a 'Plate of Apples'—still-life, you know; but I can see that your vision is clearer than mine already."

"Jolly well sure of that," said Fayne-Wyves, reaching for his hat. "I know that absinthe *katzenjammer* you 're suffering from. They say that after three glasses and a crême de menthe you can see daffodils growing out of the carpet. Well, boys, I think I 'll be toddling—have a chapter to polish off."

At the door, the "best-seller" turned for a parting fling.

"Let me know when you 've made your pile out of those—er—monumental masterpieces, won't you?" he drawled.

The door closed.

Pistache came up from the divan like a Russian egg-toy. He looked at Tarbell lugubriously. Tarbell looked at Pistache cheerfully.

"Imbecile—you! *Quel malheur!* Zis Fayne-Wyves he shall nevaire believe in our genius any more. He will nevaire lend us a sou again."

"He won't have to," said Tarbell. "You watch out, Pistache. We 'll be lending him."

"*Comment?*"

"You know Monet—Cézanne?"

"*Oui, oui;* ze gr-rand Expressionists!"

"Well, what do you say to 'Tarbell-Pistache'?"

The little Frenchman rushed over to the canvas. His eyes were exclamation-points.

"*Mais comment!* Zis is swindel! Bamboozel—what you call it—mumbo-jumbo!"

"Idiot! Can't you see? 'Tarbell-Pistache' teaching art to the million—art while you wait? Have n't we got pianolas and pictrolas that turn out music for everybody? Trouble with painting nowadays is that it 's too exclusive—luxury for the few and all that sort of thing. Takes too long to learn. What we want is to make it universal, to give everybody a chance to express himself in paint."

The ingenuous Pistache face brightened. The sprouty Pistache beard began to bristle with excitement.

"And zis horrible 'Grandfathaire's Last Moments,' an' zis 'Cat in a Plate of Milk!' Zey shall have their students?"

"Disciples, *mon cher,* followers. I 've got everything planned. We 'll advertise. We 'll start off with half a dozen disgruntled artist 'down-and-outs' who are ready to snatch up any new methods that they think will get them somewhere."

"*Bon!*"

"Once we 've got a start, the next step 's easy. There 'll be a whole crowd come along, and—our fortune 's made. *Comprends-tu*—MADE!"

"*Magnifique, mon ami!* And how does it call itself, zis art for ze million?"

Menai Tarbell rubbed his head in sudden dismay. He was decidedly nonplussed.

"Dash it all, Pistache! I forgot that."

"It is very *necessaire,* a name. Ze name is ze success, *tout-à-fait.*"

"I guess you 're right there, so far as this moonshine goes."

"Zat is it," shrieked Pistache with a bound. "Listen. Monet he was sunshine. Tarbell *et* Pistache zey are ze moonshine. It shall be *'la Lunisme'!*"

He caught Tarbell's arms with a cry of exultation and swung him round the room.

"*Vive* Tarbell! *Vive* Pistache! *Vive les Lunistes!*"

"*Vive la Lunisme!*" roared Tarbell.

They danced a wild fandango to the Frenchman's improvised guitar.

THE advent of Henri Pistache into the public life of Paris was sensational, to say the least. According to the carefully compiled *dossier* of the prefect, Henri Pistache was a public nuisance from the moment that, clad in flaming red tights and a pair of sandwich-boards deftly shaped like palettes, he emerged from the seclusion of the home of Lunism to parade the streets with his amazing advertisements. He collected crowds, he excited hoots and cheers, he obstructed traffic. He necessitated certain minor street repairs, owing to the quantity of mud freely appropriated for distribution over his person by the admiring mob that followed ceaselessly in his orbit.

So much for the *dossier.* According to Monsieur Pistache, on the occasions when he returned to the Lunist Temple for temporary rehabilitation by his jubilant ally, he had set all Paris *en carnival.* Every handful of mud, he declared with unvarying glee, was sure to be a hundred-franc note in the pockets of Lunism.

Never had Pistache's mercurial temperament and Gallic insouciance stood him in better stead than during the initial days of the launching of Lunism. The very qualities which had handicapped his success at the easel led him readily to accept his new *métier* of human "sandwich," and insured his success as an advertisement. Even the practical commercialism of Menai Tarbell would have flinched behind the glaring pasteboard palettes which covered the Gallic bosom with announcements in Pistachian French.

"Come and Be a Lunist!" they shrieked in bold red letters. "Lunism, the Art for the Million," they declared in monster black capitals. "Learned at a Gallop for Ten Francs, Cash Down!" "The Greatest Art since Raphael!" they howled in cerulean blue. "Portraiture, Landscape, the Nude, Genre, and Still-Life Complete in Six Lessons." "Daubers Made Over." "Hopeless Failures Cured." "Our Method makes Everybody an Artist!"

Pistache gyrated gracefully from side to side amid the ambient crowd; so that no one who perused this startling communication should miss the rare thrill of

an immediate acquaintance with a choice exemplar of the new school. This exemplar decorated the palette which hung over the Pistache spine, and represented, if it represented anything at all, a fine frenzy of blacks and purples, straight lines and curves, blue mists and green nightmare. It was evident that the artist himself had been considerably in doubt as to its true classification, for it bore the beguiling challenge: "Name this Picture! Free Lessons to the First Lucky Guesser!"

By the end of three days it was almost more than Pistache's life was worth to be seen on street or boulevard with either the sandwich-boards or the flaming Mephistophelian costume. The little Frenchman, pursued by the double-edged sword of public ridicule, would have been in a fair way to become a martyr in the cause of art had he not developed a highly elusive personality. The engines of offense which lurked at every street corner caused him to adopt a more nimble method of progression than heretofore. When he was not dashing out of his hotel, he was dashing for refuge into a restaurant, and dashing out again in a tempo that suggested flying feathers, and which more than once sent him sprawling to the ground between his pasteboards. Henri Pistache had, in fact, become the most dashing figure in all Paris.

But Menai Tarbell had been a true prophet.

Pupils began to straggle into the old studio. They came from every quarter of the city, at first diffident, critical, doubtful. They found the erstwhile huge canvas distributed over the walls in nineteen cheap gilt frames, and surrounded by a galaxy of still moist gems of the Lunists' art, all bearing that strong family likeness which is the certain sign and symbol of a single master-hand or of a "school." They picked their way among easels. They stumbled over great cans of paint huddled in the corners, in size somewhat suggestive of the house painter's art, in number confidently prophetic of the tremendous boom anticipated for Lunism. Conspicuous among these impedimenta was *Monsieur le Professeur,* otherwise Menai Tarbell, *très bon camarade* and very smiling as he sat at the seat of custom, snipped off fresh pieces of canvas, doled out the evil-smelling color medium, or glibly explained in mongrel French the unique and simple methods which were to transform raw material into genius.

It is on record that the first half-dozen pupils, not having yet grasped the true significance of Lunism, finished their course and departed into the wide world without any particular display of grateful enthusiasm or cheering result. Those who remained were pegging along toward that pinnacle of fame which *Monsieur le Professeur,* in roseate visions, saw towering just ahead of them when some particularly sensational phase of Pistache's open-air antics sent a couple of reporters nosing their way sportively up Tarbell's creaking stairs. Face to face with the perspiring disciples of Lunism and the rainbow aggregation of horrors on the wall, the journalistic Paul Prys whipped out their note-books.

Every one knows the results. When, that evening, the bawling, leather-lunged *camelots* had distributed the newspapers at a run along the line of boulevard cafés, the world received its first press-notice of the new movement, and roared with mirth, as it had roared at Pistache. The Paul Prys had omitted no scathing word, no scornful epithet, to amuse the *boulevardier* at the expense of Lunism. Ridicule, the best weapon France has ever had, was used with dazzling effect.

Tarbell and Pistache were in the seventh heaven of delight. Abuse stimulated public interest. Other journalists followed in the footsteps of their colleagues up the creaky stairs. A well-known feuilletonist's mocking interview with Tarbell appeared in print. But a cartoon, à la Gyp, of a Lunist "masterpiece," adapted to contemporaneous political exigencies, set the seal on their notoriety.

Inflamed by the sardonic lucubrations of the press, students began to multiply, with a corresponding inflow of ten-franc pieces. A substantial bank-note, in full quittance of debt, departed to the palatial domicile of Fayne-Wyves. Tarbell redeemed his watch and cuff-links from the mont-de-piété, while Pistache abandoned the temporary disguise of brilliant tights and sandwich-boards for extreme sartorial fashions in "peg-tops" and the gay duties of an assistant instructor. The studio's long-suffering walls now groaned under the lurid and added weight of the nebu-

lous and formless phantasmagorias of a score or more enthusiastic disciples, who hitherto had dreamed as little of putting brush to canvas as of becoming Emperor of China.

It was perhaps two months after the portentous birth of Lunism that the Fayne-Wyves monocle appeared once more in the studio doorway. Tarbell was in the act of inspiring to further reckless color a particularly dauby and promising follower.

"*Bon!* Just empty a little more temperament over the right-hand corner, and slap on a bit of line-work with a spatula. *Et voilà!* Hallo, old man!"

Fayne-Wyves was smiling faintly as *Monsieur le Professeur* concluded his enlightening instructions. The smile was distinctly embarrassed.

"Look here, Tarby," he said, shaking hands, "I 've come to apologize for what I once said about this Lunism of yours being such piffle."

Tarbell was somewhat abashed. He had not seen Fayne-Wyves since the revelation of the great idea to the public, and had received only a formal acknowledgment of his bank-note.

"Oh, go along, old chap!" he blustered. "You don't suppose I care?"

Fayne-Wyves was looking about the room. He seemed to be impressed. He was no longer smiling. He was actually solemn. He appeared to be drinking in the finished "scintillations" on the walls, the incoherent "scintillations" on the easels, the great pots of paints, the agile figure of Pistache gliding from one eager tyro to another, the motley throng of "butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker" which bent absorbedly over its work.

"Of course you did n't care," said Fayne-Wyves, earnestly. "You knew you 'd a message, Tarby. It takes a big soul to conceive a great thing, and a big perception to recognize it. I had n't the perception then, dash it! but I 've grown."

He clapped the American affectionately on the shoulder. The monocle met the astonished eyes of the "professor" squarely.

"Come along to the den across the hall. We 're private there," said Tarbell, hastily. "Guess even *I* did n't think that first night that the 'acme of rot' would cause such a howling furor."

Fayne-Wyves took a final glance about the walls, and turned away from the studio reluctantly.

"Great Scott!" he said. "What a wonderful spectacle that room is! If I needed anything really to convince me of the greatness of this art movement, Tarby, that crowd of students in there would have done the work."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Tarbell. "Try this new saddleback easy-chair. Bought it yesterday."

Fayne-Wyves sank down into the deep cushions.

"Dash your modesty, Tarby! Why did n't you tell me that first night that you were taking a stand against the smug conventionalities of present-day art, and leading a reactionary movement?"

Tarbell laughed awkwardly.

"Look here, Fayne-Wyves, we 'll take the compliments for granted. You and I understand Lunism all right."

The author stretched out his hand.

"Thank you, old man, thank you! You pour coals of fire upon my head. I *do* understand it. You sha'n't find me lacking again. Have you read Brioche's screed in the *'Patrie'* this morning? That 's what brought me here."

"No, no," said Tarbell, nervously; "I 've done reading those things. Let 's have a glass." He took up a bottle from the side-table and held it tentatively over a tumbler.

"Of course one 's got to get over being troubled by the critics. After all, it 's only a proof of your greatness. Look at Ibsen. Look at—er—me! Were n't my books once dragged through the slime of obloquy? All the best things in the world have been pelted with mud in the first place by a skeptical public." He took a hasty gulp. "Besides, Brioche is always wrong. I never agree with him. I 've been holding off a bit from Lunism, you know, and then—well, I saw his article."

Tarbell stared dumfounded. Was Fayne-Wyves serious?

"Say," he burst out, apoplectically, "this thing 's gone too far. I can't let you—"

"Criticism, you mean? Oh, you must n't mind if you have all the old fogies down on you like a thousand bricks. They 'll come round eventually. Don't you worry. You 've reached the multitude. You 're translating art into terms of

homely familiarity. You 've created a new genre that says to every man: 'The world of artistic accomplishment is yours. You—*you* can have the enjoyment of creating, the joy of expressing yourself. You can paint, *you* can—er—er—" He blew his nose violently. "Tarbell, old boy, you 've had your stark moments, like the rest of us, but you 'll live in history."

"Milles remerciements, Monsieur le Connaisseur!" Pistache was standing in the doorway, bowing profoundly, and flourishing a long, wet paint-brush. "Is there not also a leetle cornaire of zis *histoire* for ze assistant *directeur* of zis gr-r-and, zis *merveilleuse Lunisme?"*

Fayne-Wyves sprang up from the easy-chair and gripped Pistache's hand as enthusiastically as he had gripped Tarbell's.

"Need you ask, *mon cher?"*

"Say, Fayne-Wyves," Tarbell broke in bluntly, "clap a brake on your facetious little encomiums. You know as well as we do that Pistache and I are in this thing as purely practical men. We 're not soaring into the cerulean. We 're looking to the ducats—"

"Exactly, old boy. And I want to do something practical to help this movement along. Now—er—let 's see. The studio 's too cramped. Those Lunists are sitting on one another's knees. You want bigger premises."

"Oui, oui!" cried Pistache, eagerly, whirling the brush ecstatically round his head.

"No, no!" cried Tarbell.

"By the way, Tarby," the convert went on, "hope you and Pistache have n't got any engagement for to-morrow night. Fact is, I 've invited a select little crowd to meet you at my den—people in your line, all doing things one way or another. They 're wanting to know you."

Tarbell's face went green with dismay.

"No, thank you. Those nabobs 'll see through me and my Lunism in a jiffy."

"Of course they will," cried Fayne-Wyves, enthusiastically. "Simplicity always appeals to the intellectual. Look here, you 're too retiring. But if friendship stands for anything, I want you to come round to-morrow night. I 'll take it as a personal favor."

Pistache dug the paint-brush slyly into Tarbell's ribs.

"Zis *monsieur* has he not been good to us once? Is it not that we must now be good to him? *Tiens!"* And he poked his colleague again.

"Well, if you like to put it that way, of course," said Fayne-Wyves. "Point is, you need somebody to—well, you know Raphael and those other old masters always had somebody to—er—push them on a bit. I feel as if I had a kind of—er—duty to you boys." He blew his nose again with emotion. "Very well, then, I 'll expect you to-morrow."

It required the full force of Tarbell's sense of obligation for past benefits to take him to Fayne-Wyves's drawing-room and to enable him to endure the gantlet of smile and stare and hand-shake that is the lot of even social lion cubs. He would have given all the ten-franc pieces that he and Pistache had collected during the last few weeks to get rid of the reception and Lunism alike. But protests, shrinking disavowals, and explanations were smilingly ignored. Invitations were forced upon him. He found himself politely and insistently scheduled for a dinner here and a "salon" there; while Fayne-Wyves, naturally included in these invitations, beamed with the pride of a sponsor for a rising celebrity.

Before the interminable hour was over, Menai Tarbell, by some mysterious weakness for which he could never adequately account, found himself miserably committed to an informal *causerie* for the next morning in his own studio.

Why detail the nights and days of misery which followed? He was forced to work furiously to create a "purpose" for Lunism, to manufacture "merits," to answer the public demand. The *causerie,* a halting, trembling exposé of its shallowness and paucity of inspiration and ideas, was a tremendous success. There followed with alarming rapidity other *causcries,* then lectures, and urgent requests for magazine articles from London and New York. Into this vortex of most unexpected and unwelcome popularity Pistache whirled with glee, the flattered object of chic feminine attention and adulation. His audacious interpretations of some of the most ludicrous and impossible examples of Lunist rank and file captivated the imagination of Paris while they left Menai Tarbell aghast and shuddering.

"They 're going to make a play out of you," said Fayne-Wyves one day as he entered the new annex of the Lunist Academy for the first of the lessons he had insisted upon taking.

"Out of me?" ejaculated Tarbell, watching Pistache disgustedly while he gaily installed the celebrated author at an easel in the middle of the room.

"No, no; out of Lunism, man! Those fellows Camembert and Phisto are going to Erckmann-Chatrianize it. Camembert, you know, is the great post-prandialist. Showed me the scenario in the rough. I 've just got a thing myself coming out in the 'Daubers' Review.' You 're going to be my teacher, Pistache? Fine! Keep in mind illustration work for me. I 've wanted for a long time to illustrate my own books; I 've done with other fellows' bad black-and-white work."

Tarbell groaned in feeble revolt. The sight of Fayne-Wyves at the easel nauseated him. Why would n't the fellow let Lunism alone? Why would n't the public let him run it as he had originally intended?

"Look here, Fayne-Wyves," he protested, "I wish you 'd drop all this publicity nonsense and listen to reason. Lunism 's gone just about as far as it ought to, and you know it. These articles you 're always writing are driving me to drink!"

Fayne-Wyves laughed indulgently.

"Fire away, old man! They only asked me to write because you refused," he said complacently as Pistache dabbled a generous quantity of moist paint on his palette. "Great Scott! if you won't look after your own greatness, your friends must. There 's always a Boswell to a Johnson, is n't there? The platform 's a vital part of any reform movement. And, by Jove! Tarby, you 're getting to be all the craze, you Olympian, you!"

Tarbell turned away helplessly. Could not everybody see through this transparent foolery as easily as they could see the noses on their faces? If they refused to see, why should he bother? Let them be deceived.

From posing as professors of the new art, Tarbell and Pistache were now rapidly becoming showmen and salesmen. For several weeks the studios had been crowded not only with students, but with visitors, and the time seemed now ripe to the enthusiastic admirers of Lunism to have the great collection of "masterpieces" taken down or unearthed from corners and students' homes, framed, varnished, and catalogued for exhibition in a neighboring hall.

Mechanically, Tarbell looked on at this new step in the evolution of Lunism. He was dully confident that this brazen challenge of the verdict of the general public could have only one conclusion. Lunism would totter to its fall. He pictured himself hissed, spat upon.

To his utter astonishment, however, the exposition took Paris by storm. Those who looked upon Lunism as blatant, immature effrontery posing as apostleship formed so small a minority that their squeaks of disapproval were hardly heard. For one whole week the multitude thronged in and out through the revolving-turnstiles. Pictures were gobbled up by purchasers in feverish haste. Proud Lunists pointed out their masterpieces to awed and admiring relatives, or swept friends excitedly along to the master Lunists themselves. Utterly oblivious of their inimical and cynical hostility of a few weeks before, more than one journal of the boulevard came out boldly as an adherent. Lunism, they declared, was "stripped of all those thorny paths along which the tyro had previously blindly groped in a vain effort to escape the tangle of canon and precept, of form and technic, of school and counter-school." It was art at last as it should be—art as it used to be when the world was young and elemental and grandly simple, art within the reach of all.

Menai Tarbell read these effusions with undisguised scorn—scorn for himself, scorn for Fayne-Wyves, scorn for Lunism, and scorn for the gullibility of a public which loved to be fooled and bamboozled. Three months before he would have eagerly hailed any wealth or fame which he might have laid at the feet of the sweet and indifferent Cynthia; but with the appearance of glowing effusions in Gallic, Teuton, and Anglo-American journals alike, he realized that she must turn away from him haughtily as from a charlatan. How could he ever face her, ever insult her by confessing to a love which had followed such a sordid path to win her?

Drawn by Harry Raleigh

"'I 'LL BUY—A PAIR OF GARDEN SHEARS AND PROVE TO YOU THAT YOU HAVE HAD THE HONOR TO REGARD VIRTUALLY A SCORE OF MASTERPIECES'"

He felt an impelling desire to flee forever from the obnoxious pictures; but in the same measure that he had been helpless in the hands of Fayne-Wyves a short time before, he now found himself helpless in resisting the insistent importunities of the French committee that had taken Lunism and its creators under its unwelcome wing. All his refusals of greater publicity were received with the indulgent smiles bestowed upon a great man's vagaries. Dates were settled, and contracts drawn up. Menai Tarbell was to be presented with the order of the Legion of Honor. Menai Tarbell was to be entertained at a *déjeuner* given by "*tout* Paris" at the hôtel de ville, and then taken on in triumph to the Grand Palais, where the great "International Exposition of Lunist Art" would be opened by the President of the French Republic in person, assisted by the American ambassador and the pompous heads of the leading art academies of Europe.

Menai Tarbell approached this culmination of his miseries with undisguised horror. As on the fatal day he sat at one of the tables in the hôtel de ville, he experienced all the grim agonies of the wounded Robespierre on that historic spot. As he rode along the rue de Rivoli, stared at by the same mob that a short time before had chased Pistache and his sandwich-boards to cover, he forgot Robespierre, and thought only of the condemned Louis XVI riding to his fate in

his tumbril. At the Grand Palais, the very sight of the French President in formal evening dress turned him cold and pallid. He staggered guiltily under the immoral weight of the order with which the republic had decorated him. He cringed before the plaudits of the art academies, and palpably ducked when they swung a laurel wreath upon his unlucky head. From the admiring throng he glanced despairingly at the Lunist pictures that, multiplied by some frightful necromancy into miles of canvases, now covered the endless walls with their brazen hideousness. How shameful was all this adulation!

With the bays of Apollo askew over one ear, he stared at the picture in front of him. It was the "perpetration" of one of the latest disciples of Lunism, and might have been "A Sloppy Day in London" or "A Pirate Ship under Full Sail" or "The First Kiss of Anemic Lovers." As a matter of fact, it was catalogued as "A Clock on the Mantelpiece."

"How exquisite! how very Turneresque!" sighed an elderly English duchess.

"A perfect duck! Awfully psychological!" said her young companion, with an eye on Tarbell. "Don't you feel its mood, Mama, its suggestiveness of the elemental—the expression of a soul toward life?"

"Indeed, yes. How wonderful to think that it was painted by a poor, dear taxicab driver! I suppose you 've seen Mr. Fayne-Wyves's new novel, Mr. Tarbell? The Lunist illustrations are positively inspiring."

"Ye-e-s," stammered Tarbell, "I—I 've seen it."

"And of course you 've seen the Lunist hats and Lunist gowns at Camille's?"

"No-o-o!"

"They 're to appear at Longchamps tomorrow for the first time."

So Lunism had already become a craze with a vengeance! How long, thought Tarbell bitterly, would it be before the horrors of a Lunist mode in furniture and houses, shoes and neckties, inflicted itself upon a fatuous world?

The ladies passed on, and a stout German critic seized upon him with dramatic impressiveness.

"*Himmel!*" cried the Teuton. "This Lunism has the true world note! Look you, Herr Tarbell! If anybody can paint, why cannot anybody play the violin or the Saxon horn or the cello? We shall all be grand artists and Goethes and Darwins. We shall all be *EVERYTHING! Hoch* the millennium!"

Tarbell turned upon him.

"Don't talk like that!" he blurted out hoarsely. "This Lunism is no good, I tell you! I never supposed anybody but a few crack-brains would be fooled by it. And then the whole dashed thing got away from me."

The German laughed indulgently, as if the "master" had said something witty.

"You Americans are colossal, *Donnerwetter!* And Mark Twains, all of you. It is wonderful, this thought that all the arts can be made as easy for people as singing for birds or blossoming for flowers. *Colossal!*"

"Morning, Tarby," gaily cried a familiar voice. "Can you give me a minute? I 've something good to tell you."

Fayne-Wyves drew the unhappy hero aside.

"You 've been so busy with Lunism to-day I have n't had a minute of you, old chap. But the fact is I want to add another wreath to your laurels by telling you that I 'm the happiest man alive, and wholly owing to you."

"To me?"

"It was Lunism did it, old boy, every bit of it!" cried Fayne-Wyves, jubilantly. "She liked the illustrations in my new book."

"She?"

"Yes, yes, Cynthia—Cynthia Harding. I—"

Tarbell resentfully shook off his friend's arm.

"What—what the devil are you saying?" he demanded.

Fayne-Wyves continued with superb imperturbability:

"Of course I ought to have explained. Met her in London a few weeks ago. Fact is, I 'm going to be married to her. She said she used to know you, Tarby, once on a time. So I planned to surprise you to-day with the good news!"

Tarbell's clenched fist dropped to his side. His heart seemed to drop into his boots at the same time.

"You 've done it!" he said grimly.

"Not quite. To be literal, we 're not

pulling off the wedding for another fortnight yet. Cynthia 's coming over to take up Lunism herself, and my wedding-present from her is to be a Lunist painting by her own brush. What do you think of that?"

Tarbell was aware of a mental numbness. He saw Fayne-Wyves as a cold-blooded, indifferent fiend who had come there to torture him, to add another crushing blow to the many which had been showered upon him. Then, as from afar, he heard a voice calling his name:

"Tarbell! Tarbell! *Mon cher!*"

There was a sudden movement in the crowd. Pistache, who, radiant in the most extravagant sartorial cut of the Boul'Michel, had been the center of an ardent feminine coterie, was elbowing his way excitedly forward. He was followed by several smiling officials.

"*Bonnes nouvelles, camarade! Tenez!* We are to make a grand tour—two tours—three tours! We are to show la Lunisme to *tout le monde!* I shall go here! You shall go there!"

One of the officials stepped forward.

"The whole world wants to know Lunism. I have cables. Everybody is clamoring for an exhibition. Alaska is wild to see these pictures. The Kongo is tumbling over itself to get them. We will take all the arrangements and the financing off your shoulders."

Drawn by Harry Raleigh

"'Y-E-E-S,' STAMMERED TARBELL, 'I—I 'VE SEEN IT'"

Tarbell was staring helplessly.

"No! no!" he protested chokingly.

Fayne-Wyves clapped him on the back.

"You 've got nothing to say about it, old man! You might as well bow to fame."

As in a dream Tarbell seemed to see a vision of the lost Cynthia smiling at Fayne-Wyves in a bridal veil somewhere on the periphery of the crowd. A sudden savage rage surged through him. He let out a loud, bitter laugh and tossed his head free of the obnoxious wreath. Then without apology he stalked from the hall.

It was midnight when he returned alone. All within the building was darkness. Only the snore of the faithful guardian appointed to watch the treasures of Lunism broke the hush.

He fumbled his way cautiously to the windows, and drew back the curtains. The moon, pale, it seemed to him, with disgust, looked in at the Lunist "masterpieces."

There they were, the idiotic, nauseating canvases that from their first irresponsible inception in the bath-tub had proved his moral undoing, his tormenting Frankenstein. *Causeries,* receptions, praises, exhibits—Tarbell ground his teeth at the thought of all the mire through which Lunism had dragged him. It had swallowed, gulp by gulp, his honesty, his ideals, his independence, his love. Ugh!

He slung off his coat and rolled back his cuffs. He produced a knife and a formidable pair of shears. He would be done with Lunism. It should end in the rays of the very moonshine in which it had begun. In the morning not one square inch of Lunist canvas should cling to inch; not one ounce of Lunist "temperament" should remain.

Swish! Slash! The "poor, dear taxicab driver's" masterpiece hung in ribbons in its frame.

Swish! Slash! Menai Tarbell rushed to and fro cutting, tearing, pulling in a frenzy of destruction that was like the vicious, deadly snapping of a fox in a chicken-run.

"Take that for your confounded French order!" he cried in a hoarse whisper, lunging with his knife at one sacred canvas after another. "And that for your laurel wreath! And that for your Kongo and Alaska! Yah!"

He grew reckless. His initial furtiveness disappeared. He raised his voice to a triumphal shout and chortled exultingly. He laughed aloud.

The masterpieces of one entire wall were a chaotic ruin. He paused to draw a hot breath of satisfaction, and for the first time felt something warm trickling over his left hand where the eager knife had struck the wrong mark. Then he was off again like a horse that had got its second wind.

One room, two rooms, in irremediable ruin! He made a mad leap for the third.

"'Bow to Fame,' eh?" he quoted fiercely. "They shall see whether I 've 'nothing to say about it.'"

Something impeded his progress. He stooped toward it, caught it up, and flung it contemptuously aside. It was the laurel wreath which had been left on the floor where he had tossed it hours before.

A heavy hand fell abruptly on his shoulder. There was a moment of wild pirouetting, a furious scramble, as he tried to wrench himself away; then he was prone, with some heavily breathing creature above him. Another was pinioning his arms.

"You devils!" he roared frantically. "Let me up! I 'm not half done yet."

"Quelle veine!" snorted some one exultingly between gasps. "It is a grand *Apache,* this *devastateur,* and very dangerous."

Menai wrenched his head up. In the dim moonlight he saw a uniformed "agent" standing over him flourishing a truncheon menacingly. The faithful guardian of the exposition sat astride his knees and bound his feet with a piece of rope. He was helpless. Twist and turn and curse as he might, he could not escape the bonds at wrists and ankles.

Presently he was left alone. What would happen now? Lying on the hard floor, he reviewed hotly the indignities of the last few months. Cynthia had been the final straw. The millennium had come, had it, according to the rheumy-eyed Teuton? *"Everybody"* could "do *anything"?* Bah! An idiot like himself could n't even marry the girl he wanted. He could only destroy these atrocities that had wrecked his life. His fettered fingers were itching to be at their task. He could hear the lurid canvases calling to him from the walls, mockingly, exultantly:

"Come on! Dash the lives out of us if you can!"

Then the lights in the next room flashed up, and the agitated voices of the Lunist officials came to his ears.

"Where is the wretch? Is anything saved? *Diable!* what will poor Monsieur Tarbell say?"

The voices, quivering with confusion and dismay, came nearer. Men were hurrying toward him. The lights above his head were turned on, and Tarbell's eyes blinked with the glare.

There was a sudden horrified chorus.

"Tarbell! The—*Maitre!*"

The prostrate "master" saw a dozen faces staring at him in frozen terror over Fayne-Wyves's shoulder. He gazed back defiantly; but he was suddenly acutely aware of the dust on his face and hands, of the blood that trickled from his wound, and the knife and the shears on the floor.

"Sacré bleu!" Pistache was rushing frantically through the rooms. "It is horrible! A million francs have gone pouf!"

Suddenly he paused before his captive collaborator. His mouth dropped open. Then he sprang back.

"It is Tarbell! Look! Ze devil has got him!"

"He 's gone clean off his nut, poor fellow!" said Fayne-Wyves in an audible whisper. "Look at his rolling eyes!"

Tarbell made a frantic effort to rise.

"Quick, *Monsieur l'Agent!*" said somebody. "Don't let him break loose."

Tarbell suddenly found his voice.

"Unfasten these knots!" he roared. "Let me up, and I 'll finish the job."

"I can see now that it has been coming on for weeks," said Fayne-Wyves in an agitated aside.

"Let me up!" yelled Tarbell again, indignantly. "I 'm sick of all this humbug and your fool world that wants to be fooled!"

Fayne-Wyves bent sympathetically, but cautiously over him.

"What 's that, Tarby? Well, well, it 's all right, old boy. Don't you worry about it any more. We 'll look after you. Just lie still until the ambulance comes."

"Pauvre cochon!" said another voice. "It 's his mind! We must get him away at once."

Fayne-Wyves nodded his head tragically.

"He 's not the first creative genius who has gone from his canvases to a straitjacket and a padded cell at the zenith of his fame," he said.

"Diable! but it will be a *magnifique réclame,* one grand advertisement, for *la Lunisme!"* exclaimed an official, enthusiastically. *"Vive la Lunisme!"*

Half-tone plate engraved by H Davidson

THEODORE LOW DE VINNE

FROM THE BRONZE BUST BY CHESTER BEACH

This bust was presented to Mr. De Vinne by the United Typothetæ of America, of which he was the first president, and by personal friends. It is now in Avery Hall, Columbia University.

The Spirit of The Century

THEODORE LOW DE VINNE

ON the sixteenth of February, Theodore L. De Vinne died, past eighty-five, filled with labor and years and honors. For nearly half his lifetime he had been the printer of this magazine. It is no mere compliment to say that the eighty volumes of THE CENTURY stretching back to 1873, are a lasting monument to him, and at the same time they affirm his title to a place in the first rank of his craft. In the final judgment his name will be placed in the company of Johannes Gutenberg, Aldus Manutius, Christophe Plantin, William Caxton, Elzevir, Benjamin Franklin, and the brilliant throng who have made the printing-press a leading factor in liberalizing the world through the democracy of letters and art.

It was De Vinne's great achievement to lead a revolution in printing that emancipated the pictorial arts, and placed their spiritual message before the eyes of the eager masses. No event within the craft since the invention of movable type has produced results so decisive and so transforming. The power-press had already popularized books and newspapers, but half its promise had not been realized before De Vinne made it the means of spreading the most delicate refinements of art. His resolute mind grasped the meaning of a new demand on the printer's art, and found the means to satisfy it. He was inspired, and even spurred, by the art aspirations and knowledge of the editors, whose plans he furthered, and by the liberality of the publishers, whose confidence in him was grandly justified. It is true that in the strict sense the achievement was coöperative, and it included also the enthusiastic efforts of a group of devoted artists and engravers; but the fact remains that De Vinne's share in the triumph, though on the mechanical side, was more individual than that of his colleagues.

Any path looks easy after it has been followed to success. Mechanical difficulties were only a part of the obstacles to be overcome, for the printer's trade is venerable and self-satisfied. It is aware of its power to exact respect for its traditions and prejudices, and yet in the short space of five years De Vinne established a revolution by the invincible force of practical demonstration of the printing of fine cuts on rapid presses for wide circulation. In another five years he had routed all theoretic opposition, and proved methods of pictorial printing that in thirty years have become a common practice. The utter completeness of the change gave the victory a matter-of-fact aspect in his own lifetime,—it is general to-day,—but the distinction it deserves may safely be left to the discerning years.

De Vinne had little of the magnetism of a leader among men, and less taste for exercising such influence. His effects were wrought with painstaking labor and research by a firm, logical mind backed by patient force of character. His outlook was broad, and a fine, serious imagination is manifest in every page of his writings. Thanks to those qualities, his books are vivid and stimulating even when dealing with the technical details of his craft. As he was forty-eight when his first book, "The Invention of Printing," was published, a peculiar uniformity of excellence pertains to that and to the succeeding volumes and monographs. They are the product of a mature mind working with a breadth of accurate knowledge and a wealth of exceptional experience that impart the undeniable stamp of authority. He was at once an antiquary, a scholar, and a man of the modern business world. His love of his art and its history led him to establish Gutenberg's title as inventor of printing, and his impulse to advance the art led to the writing of "Correct Composition," "Plain Printing Types,"

and "Title-Pages," books that will long serve those who print and those who read.

From time to time he contributed articles of great force and attractive substance to THE CENTURY. All were written in the interest of his cause, the proficiency and honor of his calling. In April and May, 1880, he disclosed the new processes that so advanced his art in two articles on "The Growth of Wood-Cut Printing." They made a stir among the printing fraternity, and by their frankness and explanatory pictures convinced the reading public that a new something of lasting import had been projected into the field of human entertainment and knowledge. In a single sentence he revealed the chief discouragement in the new art. "Not one cut in a dozen," he confessed, "is printed as well as the engraver expected it would be, not even when it has been printed by an expert." In September, 1885, by way of answering questioners and cavilers, he returned to the subject in a short paper "On the Printing of THE CENTURY." The patience of his explanations, and the logic of his thrusts were masterly. He could follow up convincing argument with a dogmatic "squelcher," as when he put a period to the discussion with "The best results are had from dry printing. Prejudice has nothing to do with this conclusion." Two of his papers are as absorbingly interesting to-day as when they were written. That of October, 1881, describes the professional life of "The First Editor," Aldus Manutius, the great printer who edited his own classical publications; and the other, in June, 1888, called "A Printer's Paradise," reproduces the life of the famous Antwerp printing-house of the sixteenth century that has been preserved as the "Plantin-Moretus Museum." He was a practical printer knowing printing as a trade, a business, and an art. Those who want proof of De Vinne's sagacity in the many-sided world of life and his art may find it in his views on "Co-operation," in THE CENTURY for July, 1886.

With all his force of character, De Vinne was the least obtrusive of intellectual and sociable men. His mind was so copious that if he had possessed the slightest vanity, he might easily have made himself a distinguished bore; in his perfect amiability he was an easy prey to the cult, and could even beguile the loiterer with the thought that he was conferring a favor; but whenever *he* was the seeker of an interview, the business was invariably finished before the other man realized that it was half over. When he had an object in view, he got to it on a thought-out line, no longer than the acquiescence of his auditor. De Vinne was distinctly a "popular" man, and yet the word does not quite indicate the deference and respect that his friends and acquaintances showed for him in their greetings. In a wide circle of intellectual and social fellowship, he made only a modest use of the recognition of his personal achievements, and found his enjoyments mainly in his work and his home-life. Admired by every one who knew him, it was his good fortune to be idealized by none. In other words, there seemed to be no peaks and hollows to his practical genius; all was on a high plateau, in definite outline, and open to the full light of day.

Of his honors, De Vinne cared most for the title of President of The De Vinne Press, and the reputation of its achievements, the record of a master worker in printing THE CENTURY MAGAZINE and the "Century Dictionary" for wider circulation, and the many choice and varied examples of the art for the Grolier Club and other book-loving associations, or the monumental book of the Bishop Jade Collection; and then he valued the confidence reposed in him by his fellow-master-printers, the Typothetæ; and the degrees conferred by Columbia and Yale. A record so nobly made for high public usefulness, will not soon be forgotten.

NOTE.—In Mr. Walter Pach's article on "The Point of View of the 'Moderns,'" in THE CENTURY for April, the illustration on page 852 should have been ascribed to Marcel Duchamp, and that on page 866 to Raymond Duchamp-Villon.

"THE PLAY 'S THE THING"

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

PICTURES BY FRED FISH

The performance is "Othello," the time 10:50, the theater half filled.

THE MIDDLE-AGED LADY GIVING A THEATER PARTY IN UPPER BOX C:

[*To companion at her right, who nods through it all.*]

Then I got furious. I said to her: "Young woman, I don't want to hear another word from you. You may pack your clothes and go." I am very patient, Julia, but there are some things I simply *won't* stand for. Even at that, I might have excused her carelessness if it had n't been for her impudence. I simply *won't* stand impudence. [*Very audibly.*] Don't you just *love* Shakspere? So soothing, I think. The speeches are always so apropos, and the quotations keep coming in when you least expect them. It 's all so elevated and —er— stimulating. I just hang on every word. [*Continuing rapidly, somewhat lower.*] And all those aggravating details coming on top of my nervous headache and an incompetent butler! But I told James what we expected of him. I did n't spare him, you may believe me. If it were anything else, I might have overlooked it, but I simply *won't* stand carelessness. What 's the world coming to, I 'd like to know. I was saying only the other day, there 's no such thing as a perfect servant any more, or even a servant that knows her place, eh? Now, when I was a child, we had the most—

THE ACTOR PLAYING *LODOVICO*:

[*To himself.*]

OF course I did n't happen to marry the leading lady, and so I 'm cast for what 's left over. And me with six-years' stock experience! But I 've no one but myself to blame; I should have known better than to sign up with old Kloh-

bert. Besides, Shakspere's nothing for an ambitious young man. It 's all right when you 're older, for revivals and things like that, but for a fellow like myself— And *he 's* a popular actor!

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN IN BALCONY G 107:

[*Asthmatically to his nephew, at intervals.*]

THERE 's no use talking, Philip; they have n't the same kind of actors nowadays as they had when I was a boy. When I think of the opportunities there are in Shakspere's glorious tragedies, I wonder why so few of your modern performers take advantage of them. And when they do, how feeble they all are! These innovators,—for that 's all they are, Philip,—how can they hope to improve on the models of their illustrious predecessors? I remember as plain as if it were yesterday when Booth first . . . And when poor John McCullough . . . And Barrett . . . And Salvini in his prime . . .

THE YOUNG LADY IN D 14:

[*To herself.*]

OF all the bores! The play 's stupid enough in itself, Heaven knows, but to have to sit through it next to a tongueless nonentity is really too much. I don't care if he *is* literary; I was a fool to try and make an impression on him. Besides, a man that will send gardenias when orchids are only a few cents more— I wonder if he does n't know that those pumps of his are hopelessly out of date. None of the really smart people wear them nowadays. I was an absolute ninny to refuse Pauline's invitation. When I think I could have been dancing my head off at a perfectly good tango-party— I wonder if the Castles are dancing to-night?

THE YOUNG MAN IN D 16:

[*To himself.*]

IT 's all my own fault. If I had n't bluffed along and said I was mad about Shakspere, I could have bought seats for some snappy musical comedy, and even if she *is* gone on the classics, she might have enjoyed it. She 's so wrapped up in this stuff, I have n't the nerve to talk, not even between the acts. I don't want her to think me a low-brow; so there you are. Serves me right for going in over my head. Well, what do you know about that, choking her, without even investigating or letting her explain? The classics certainly are queer; but I suppose I don't appreciate 'em. I wish I felt the way *she* does about 'em. That might help matters some. Well, to-morrow is another day.

THE STAGE-MANAGER:

[*In various voices to the electrician.*]

HEY, Bill, a little more moonlight. That 's it. Say, I guess I must have told you about that spot a dozen times, but you folks will never learn. As if I did n't have trouble enough putting ginger in a rusty old drama without having your worries on my mind. [*A little more confidentially.*] Well, anyway, they 'll have to hand it to me this time for the production; I guess they realize the only reason people come to the show is to see the way it 's put on. I did n't go abroad last year for nothing, I tell you. I guess that third act was a bad set, huh, with those Gordon Craig effects in the background, and some of the costumes like the ones Bakst did, and others like those in Reinhardt's shows? And I guess that big bowl of Futurist fruit was n't a stunning note, huh? And all in one act! That 's going some. They 'll have to hand it to me all right this time. I tell you, you can put life into any old thing.

THE CASE OF M. DEGAS

BY W. T. LARNED

PICTURES BY C. S. CHAPMAN

"DEGAS, the great painter, is not personally a commercial success, though he has enriched more than one art collector. He lives very humbly on a fourth floor in Montmartre."—NEWS DESPATCH.

DEGAS lives up four flights of stairs—
  Stairs that are worn and somewhat twisty?
Why not? Why all these foreign airs?
  You must admit he is no Christy.
Any art editor well knows
That "art for art's sake" 's just a pose.

Who is this Degas, anyhow?
  I 've never seen a thing he 's painted.
Sounds like a Dago. Frenchman? Wow!
  Take it from me, French art is tainted.
Why, don't I see that thing, "Le Rire"?
Such dinky drawing don't go here.

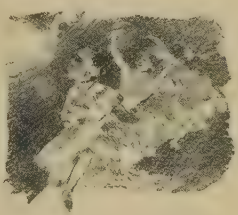
Give me our pretty Gotham girls.
  There 's one for my midsummer cover.
Say, did you ever see such curls?
  Some class to that! I love a lover.
And all the public loves 'em, too.
That 's why we run 'em all year through.

It is n't art? I hate the term.
  Who cares for art? *My* illustrators
Are all immune to such a germ;
  They don't know art from alligators.
Americans, I have a hunch,
Must have a picture with a punch.

What is a "punch"? That lets *you* out.
  A picture has to tell a story.
Get me? The thing is simply *kraut*
  Unless the sentiment is hoary—
Hallowed, I mean—to maid and wife.
Say, do you never study *life?*

What 's that you say? Line, color, form,
  And composition? Ah, you task me.
I am not hired to stir a storm,
  But just to "raise the wind." You 'll ask me
Maybe for what 's original;
And *that,* me boy, won't do at all.

Oh, no hard feelings. By no means.
  I 'm sorry for this Degas fellow.
A genius? Say, down in my jeans
  I 'd go to help him out, and— Hello!
That call 's for me. If on probation
He 'll go, I 'll *try* his illustration.



THE SENIOR WRANGLER

A NEW THINKER

I NEVER have any luck in picking out the signs of the times, and try as I may to overtake new movements, new thoughts, new dawns, and social reawakenings, dozens of them for one reason or another still get away. Even when I do succeed now and again in catching up with an advanced thinker, I seldom share that bright and early feeling with which he manifestly glows. For example, I once got abreast of a man much admired in his day for mental forwardness. I forget his name, but recall that it was short and energetic, and suited to this Age of Steel—something like Chuggs, I think. He had been pent up as a young man in some college professorship, but had broken away, and was lecturing on progress along all the principal trade routes of the country.

Professor Chuggs was one of those who assure us at short intervals that the present moment is the most egregious moment of the most egregious year of the most egregious century that "the world has ever seen," and that the next moment will be more egregious still. He wrote a good many of those articles which declare that China is turning over in her sleep and that Persia is fairly buzzing; that in the waste places of Africa five business men will soon be blooming where one blade of grass had grown before; that through the mighty arteries of commerce the life-blood of civilization is coursing to the extremities of the earth; that already there is open plumbing in Patagonia and steam drills are busy in Tibet. He used all the metaphorical paraphernalia of progress, including "giant strides." Yet the effect on the human mind was singularly quieting. I wonder why it is that some men "write up" Niagara in such a manner that you prefer your own lawn-sprinkler.

His magazine, "The On-Rush," which was defined in a sub-title as "A Handbook of the Coming Cataclysm," announced as its policy the avoidance of conformity with "every bourgeois conception," which, in its application, seemed simple enough; for the writers had merely to find out what a bourgeois conception was, and then take a flying leap away from it. It opened with a "Hymn to Moral Rapidity," of which one stanza ran, as I remember, something like this:

> One thought in the bush is worth two in the head,
> And a dogma 's the clutch of the hand of the dead;
> So pull, pull away from the sands of Cathay,
> And forge to the forefront and strip for the fray.
> Up and off with your mind in the morning.

So it tossed systems of philosophy about like bean-bags, "hit off" each classic writer in a phrase careless but final, was on familiar, joking terms with all the sciences, explained woman, silenced history, summed up everything and everybody—the human race, the fathers of the church, genius, love, marriage, and the future state. In short, each page was conscientiously prepared as a mustard-plaster to draw the blood to some unused portion of the reader's intellect. Yet it had no such effect. On the contrary, one gathered from it nothing more specific or exciting than that materialism was an inadequate philosophy, that socialism was in the air, that there was corruption in politics, that education did not educate, and that marriage was a good deal of a bother. Apparently the editor and contributors had nerved themselves by battle-songs into repeating these common remarks of our tea-tables, all in a tone of desperate valor, as if hourly expecting each platitude to be their last.

I suppose there must be "new thinkers" in this country, and that they must sometimes come out on the news-stands. Yet a "new thinker," when studied closely, seems merely a man who does not know what other people have already thought. The "new thinker," if I may attempt a definition derived from my own unfortunate magazine readings, is a person who aspires to an egregiousness far beyond the limits of his thought. He is a fugitive from commonplace, but without the means of effecting his escape.

F. M. Colby.

Drawing by Fred Fish

THE MAN WHO WAS THIRSTY

LITERARY AMBITIONS

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

SINCE one short story gave me claim
To pride of name and high position,
I have been known to have but one
Ambition.
All writers have their little fads,
Something that adds to life's enjoyment,
A favorite bliss that sweetens this
Employment.

Some like to borrow words from France,
Ciel! nuance, flair, or *crainte;*
Others will fill their pages still
With Dante [1];
Yet others tap a German vein,
Auf wiedersehn, and *Ja, mein' Vater,*
Or fondly hang to British slang,
Like "rotter."

Legion—another phase—are those
Who quote the prose of some great teacher,
Lean on the power of Schopenhauer,
Or Nietzsche.
Catching some craft's familiar phrase
Has earned the bays for many a stripling;
And how this tells with H. G. Wells
And Kipling!

And me, I have my own ambish—
Un, one dear wish to slave and serve for,
That soon or late I 'll win from fate
The nerve for;
In some grave volume thick or thin,
(Copyright in the Scandinavian,)
I *long* to score by quoting Shaw
As "Shavian."

[1] Well, it 's *got* to, that 's all.

"CONTINUED IN ADVERTISING SECTION, PAGE 290,"

OR

MAGAZINE FICTION À LA MODE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

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UNABLE to contain himself longer, although he realized the vast futility of it all, Massington seized her in his arms and buried her lovely eyes and hair in the storm of a thousand kisses.

"You love me, Lolo—tell me you love me!" he choked.

"No! no!" she cried, struggling from his clasp with an adorable coquetry. "No, it must not be."

Massington, for the moment, found himself unable to speak. Then, "Why?" he asked simply, softly.

"Because," the girl replied, with a cunning *moué*—"because

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In the finest homes and at the best-appointed tables DROMEDARY'S TOMATO SOUP is recognized as a dinner course of faultless quality and suited to the most important occasions.

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I don't yet know my own mind," she finished.

Massington moved toward her. The amber glow of a small table lamp lighted up the bronze glory of Lolo's tumbled tresses. And her eyes were as twin Chopin nocturnes dreaming out the melody of a far-off, unattainable love.

He paused before daring to lift his voice against the wonderful silence that, like the midnight on southern Pacific seas, hung over her.

Presently, "When you do decide, what then?" he ventured.

"When I do decide," she told him, "it will be forever. But ere I give you my answer, ere we take the step that must mean so much in our lives, we must both be strong enough to remember that

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RESICURA SOAP

gives natural beauty to skin and hair. It is not only cleansing and softening, but its regular use imparts that natural beauty of perfect health which even the best of cosmetics can only remotely imitate. For trial cake, send four cents in stamps to Dept. 19–D, Resicura Company, Toledo, Ohio.

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Society demands certain conventions that dare not be intruded upon." Lolo toyed with some roses on the table at her side—roses he had sent her that same afternoon.

"But, darling," breathed Massington, "what are mere conventions for us two now?"

Lolo tore at one of the roses with her teeth. "Oh!" she exclaimed, flinging out her arm wildly toward the ugly green wall-paper of her room that symbolized everything she so hated—"Oh, I know—I know! I do not want to think of them, but I—but we—must, Jason sweetheart, we must! And life so all-wondrous, beating vainly against their iron bars and looking beyond them into paradise. We *must* think of them,"—a little sob crept from her throat,—"we *must* think of them!"

"Let us think, rather," said Massington, "of that other world in which we might live, to which, Lolo dear, we might go, and, once there, be away from every one, all alone, we two—just you and I. Let us think of Spain, shimmering like some great topaz under the tropic sun; of the Pyrenees that, purpled against the evening heavens, watch over the peaceful valleys of Santo Dalmerigo; of the drowsy noons and silver moons of Italy; let us think, loved one, of the rippling Mediterranean and of

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Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds and Catarrh. A simple, safe, and effective treatment. A boon to all sufferers. Its best recommendation is its fifty years of successful use.
For sale by All Druggists.

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France singing like a thousand violins under summer skies."

Lolo did not answer.

Massington waited. "Well?" he asked.

(*To be continued.*)

THE RURAL LETTER-WRITER

BY CLARENCE CARRIGAN

Dearest Elra,

Ma said when she seen the postman nearin the house with your sweet leter, seemed like 't was God's finger. Ezra cried. Cries most all the time now, Ezra does. Thin, why, Elra, t' other day, no joshin, he put on Pa's coat, used to be *miles* small for Ezra, too, and 't looked ter me as I sed, meanin no harm, looked like a ten foot table drape was put ter cover a footstool. Doc' Purtner up the line here, sez Ezra 's more 'n half way up God's staircase. *That* I calls powtry. . . . No tellin' either what 's the dope with him. Doc. sez "Unhampered by aught of dread desease, he merely drifteth toward the goal" Doc writ that so 's I could paste it in Byrd's album. Dear Lordie!! Seems though I sed it fifty times, and then did n't know no more of it. Oh, say, Ezra, . . . Jake Dullrimple as works at Dekin's grocery, sez to me last evening passin' the house after biz., he sez, Some folks makes Sweet, to Margareete, but I *will* pick a ROSE. I turned rose, you just can bet on that. How 's he know them things Elra? Bud Saunders he asked Min Brashly ter marry him Tuesday, and Jake knew Bud used to be sweet on me. I was goin' to cry, till he said that about pickin' Rose. Well, I can tell Min a thing or two 'bout Bud, and I don't care neither whether Jake did mean I wuz the Rose. I ain't no thorn to a widered mother like Min is, with her stuck up jigety airs.

Love to yer ma, and others

**********(Kisses for Olga)

**********(Kisses for Dimple)

**********(Kisses for you, so there)

Rosey Fooley.

Drawing by I. W. Taber

NEWS ITEM FROM PANAMA—THE OPENING OF THE CANAL

MAVRONE

(ONE OF THOSE SAD IRISH POEMS, WITH NOTES)

BY ARTHUR O'GUITERMAN

FROM Arranmore the weary miles
I 've come;
An' all the way I 've heard
A Shrawn[1] that 's kep' me silent, speechless, dumb,
Not sayin' any word.
An' was it then the Shrawn of Eire,[2]
you 'll say,
For him that died the death on Carrisbool?
It was not that; nor was it, by the way,
The Sons of Garnim[3] blitherin' their drool;
Nor was it any Crowdie of the Shee,[4]
Or Itt, or Himm, nor wail of Barryhoo[5]
For Barrywhich that stilled the tongue of me.
'T was but my own heart cryin' out for you,
Magraw![6] Bulleen, Shinnanigan, Boru,
Aroon, Machree, Aboo![7]

[1] A Shrawn is a pure Gaelic noise, something like a groan, more like a shriek, and most like a sigh of longing.

[2] Eire was daughter of Carne, King of Connaught. Her lover, Murdh of the Open Hand, was captured by Greatcoat Mackintosh, King of Ulster, on the Plain of Carrisbool, and made into soup. Eire's grief on this sad occasion has become proverbial.

[3] Garnim was second cousin to Manannan MacLir. His sons were always sad about something. There were twenty-two of them, and they were all unfortunate in love at the same time, just like a chorus at the opera. "Blitherin' their drool" is about the same as "dreeing their weird."

[4] The Shee (or "Sidhe," as I should properly spell it if you were not so ignorant) were, as everybody knows, the regular, stand-pat, organization fairies of Erin. The Crowdie was their annual convention, at which they made melancholy sounds. The Itt and Himm were the irregular or insurgent fairies. They *never* got any offices or patronage. See MacAlester, "Polity of the Sidhe of West Meath," page 985.

[5] The Barryhoo is an ancient Celtic bird about the size of a Mavis, with lavender eyes and a black-crape tail. It continually mourns its mate (Barrywhich, feminine form), which has an hereditary predisposition to an early and tragic demise and invariably dies first.

[6] Magraw, a Gaelic term of endearment, often heard on the base-ball fields of Donnybrook.

[7] These last six words are all that tradition has preserved of the original incantation by means of which Irish rats were rhymed to death. Thereby hangs a good Celtic tale, which I should be glad to tell you in this note; but the editor says that being prosed to death is as bad as being rhymed to death, and that his readers won't stand for any more.

AT DUSK IN LETHRA'S THRALL . . . .

(TRANSLATED FROM VERGIL OR SOME ONE, IN THE MANNER OF MR. EZR— P—ND)

BY CLARENCE CARRIGAN

ON Lethra's edge, I pause to ponder
Vast. . . . Cataclyzed. . . . Alone. . . .
Templed in fancy by the fabled few,
Who in th' Illyrian tempest shed
For *him* their lives . . .
Lost, and yet *not* . ; . ; Why *lost,*
When God's sun tips these Speaking rocks
Blood-color in *their* memory?
On *Lethra's edge:*—and then I *fall*
(In fancy only) to the shades
Pale pink and haunted in the *void* beneath.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

QUEEN'S LACE

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. GRANVILLE SMITH

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. 88 JUNE, 1914 NO. 2

DIGGING UP SAM

BY MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

Author of "Love by Lightning," "The Tinder Box," etc.

WITH PICTURE BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

A TRUE friend ought to be a buried treasure that you can dig up hurriedly when you need it. I found Sam true when I had to excavate for him, but deep. How thankful I am!

This is how it all happened, beginning before it really began. Sam's mother and my mother decided to take the old rockaway and drive down Providence Road ten miles into Cherry Valley to see Sam's Great-aunt Daphne Berry, and they took me for company for Sam, because he had to drive and did n't want to do it. Not many fifteen-year-old boys would have considered an eleven-year-old child company, especially if she was a girl, but Sam has always been kind to me. Up to that time and after, he was the only friend I had in the wide world, and it was hard on him; but Sam was that freckle-faced, wide-mouthed, strong kind of boy that could stand responsibilities like tagging girls. Sam is remarkable.

Sam's Aunt Daphne is a most beautiful and romantic spinster lady over whom I had been dreaming ever since I had first heard about the Letter, that very spring. It was written to her mother by the great American Lover, and she had always kept it in a brocade case, and everybody says she has refused to marry on account of nobody, in her mind, reaching the standard of the Letter. He had danced with her mother, Sam's great-grandmother, in Louisville, on his way to Louisiana, and had written her that he was going to stop as he came back, "to drink again from the cup of your star-gemmed eyes and—" That was all the Letter I got, on account of the skunk, and I have thirsted for more ever since. My young heart pitifully idealized that beautiful great-grandmother, but I still wish she had n't married Sam's ancestor and had nine children, even if, on that account, I should have had to run the risk of Sam's being somebody else.

"Yes, I will show the Letter to Margaret, for I see in her eyes the soul to reverence it," said Miss Daphne, who was so stately and wonderful that I held my breath with worshipful awe of her.

"Margaret is a good child, and always has clean hands if she has been separated from Sam for half an hour," said Sam's mother, with a laugh, as she took out her lace crocheting and began to teach my mother a new stitch.

"I wish her legs would fill out a little," answered my mother as she began to count stitches. "She runs them thin after Sam, I 'm afraid." Then they both laughed.

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They were cruel. How could I tell them that I ran Sam's bidding because he was the only person in the wide world who did n't laugh at what they all called my "mooning"? He hardly ever paid any attention to beautiful thoughts I expressed to him, but sometimes he 'd kindly say "Bully!" about a gorgeous sunset that we faced coming home from some of his business in the north woods lot. Once he let me read to him all about "Ah, Sir Launcelot, there thou liest," and his face got white and worked deliciously. He never would let me do it again. However, I feel sure that one time did incalculable good.

"Now, sit here in the library window and don't let a breeze even flutter It. Remember how old and frail It is," said Miss Daphne as she handed me the soft brocaded case that looked and smelled like a bunch of faded roses; and with a wonderful sympathy for me in her old eyes, which still held a spark in them, she left me alone with the Letter. I felt as if all the outdoors June came tiptoeing in the window to hover softly about me and peep as I drew the thin, yellow slip out of the case, and with beating heart and trembling fingers opened It against my knee. It began:

Gracious and Most Lovely Lady:

Greetings! It is well nigh certain that I return through Transylvania to drink again from the cup of your star-gemmed eyes and—

Only that much!

"Whoop! Hi, Peg! Come quick! come quick! I 've got him, but I can't hold him!" I heard Sam shout in tones of anguish from the back yard just as I had got that far in the treasure. I have always run to Sam when he called me, so of course I laid It carefully down on the window-seat, and flew down the hall and out of the back door.

Miss Daphne had offered Sam a dollar to set a trap and catch a skunk that had been killing her chickens. Sam is a very forceful personality, and he had done it before we had been there six hours. I helped him, but after we got the disagreeable animal in a box, so the colored man could kill it when he came, because Sam won't ever kill things he catches, on account of a really tender heart in a rough exterior, we both had to have terrible things done to us to remove the odor. I can never forget it, and it still makes me fearfully ill.

I told Miss Daphne, as she stood over the negro woman in the woodshed who was doing the things to me and my clothes, that the Letter was on the window-sill in the library, and she went hurriedly to get It. She never knew that I had n't read It. I was thankful for that, because suppose she had offered to read It to me the next day, when I was still sick from the kerosene smell in my hair and faint remaining traces of that terrible animal! Only Sam knew of my great disappointment, because he found me weeping bitterly out under the old white lilac-bush, with my face pressed into one of its fragrant, low branches that seemed to bend down to comfort me with its beautiful odor.

When I sobbed out how I felt about not reading the rest of It, he got red, so that his freckles stood out worse than usual, and begged me to forgive him. I did. Then I asked him never to mention it to me again, and he never has—that is, the skunk part.

He spent the dollar Miss Daphne gave him buying me a beautiful box with a cake of sweet soap and two bottles of lilac perfume in it. I still think that was a sympathetic and tactful present at fifteen, but Sam gets angry if I mention it now. Also, I shall always like lilac soap.

Several years then flew by me on dream wings through misty, golden, and adventurous months. My mother still crocheted and laughed when I let escape any of the mysterious things that seemed to fill my days and me full of an excitement that partook of both sorrows and happinesses, especially if she found one of my emotions expressed in the form of a poem. Through it all Sam's mother advised her about such things as when to let down my dresses, and it was she, with her own hair-pins, who tucked up my hair the first time it ever happened.

"Is n't she going to be a lovely dear? Look at her, Sam!" she said as she stood away from me, with her arms raised, holding up her own hair, and smiling widely at us both. Sam gets his mouth from his mother.

"Shoo, Fly!" said Sam, rudely, as he

always does when embarrassed. "Come on, Peg; let 's go fish. I 'll put all the worms on if you 'll swab the sweet cream on the back of my neck if I get burned."

The mothers both laughed. I was hurt, but I went. I 'm glad I did go. I shall never forget that misty, ripe-apple September day through which we sat with our poles in our hands, I on the bank of Little Harpeth, under the old sycamore, and Sam out on a rock by the eddies, and forgot all about each other, except when Sam made me totter from rock to rock across the rapids to bring him bait. It was the last happy day we ever had together. I am glad I did n't know then that he and I were to be separated forever —that is, almost.

While Sam and I had been out at Little Harpeth being happy, our mothers had been forming a plan for and against me. I rebelled, but it did no good. Sam rebelled also.

"Oh, yes, go on and shut Peg up in a Yankee seminary, and make a priss out of a perfectly good girl," he exploded as he flung out of the room.

"I suppose we 'll have to send him to the University of Virginia, he 's such a savage," said his mother, looking after him. "He wants to go to Yale, but he needs Virginia terribly."

And thus I was torn from the only friend I had ever known, and sent up here to Farmton Seminary, a thousand miles from my mother and her crocheting. Sam went to the station with me, patted me on my heaving back, and then I still suspect him of forgetting for all these last four years. I almost did him until I was forced to remember him by a great need, and dig.

Of course we ought to have written to each other, but we have both been living very full and happy lives, to do which a person has to keep very busy. I 'm willing to forget forever the letters we did n't write, and speak of them no more.

And Sam and I have been energetic. Sam made his freshman base-ball nine, and I made my freshman basket-ball team. Sam was junior editor of his college paper, and I was the director of my Junior Prom. Between their crocheting, our mothers have written us letters, and told each of us about the other; but for all those three vacations we never saw each other once. I went to Europe twice, and one vacation Sam prospected in Alaska, another went newspaper corresponding in Mexico, and he spent last summer in England. Our respective families came to see us off to places, but seemed leagued together to have us take world-wide educations in different directions. Though we did n't notice it then, we were virtually lost to each other, but true.

Sam did hail me across the world once. It was when I was elected president of the senior class last fall. This is what he wrote exactly. It was easy to remember, and having had it made me feel that I could dig him up hurriedly last week, as I was forced to do. I shall never stop having a regret in my heart when I remember I did n't answer it. He said:

Dear Peg:

Bully for you! I knew you 'd make a hummer. Let 's both get home next summer and go fishing.

Yours,

Sam.

At the time it did n't seem much of a letter to answer, though it was from a University of Virginia senior, and I was both busy and in a painfully romantic state. That 's where Cammie Van Loon Height came in, only he really arrived at my Junior Prom, when I was scarcely responsible from happiness that I had made it such a go. The girls named him Cammie because his face is like a cameo, and I now think his character is just as delicate. His wonderfulness seemed what I had been waiting for all my life, and by the time we had spent that week in Vermont together at Claire Wetherby's Christmas house-party I was a changed being. At last I had found another soul that I could pour out all my beautiful dreams and aspirations to, who would understand them and me. And he had longings also that I sympathized with hours and hours at a time. He 's going to be a great musical composer, but of course a Harvard freshman could n't confide such a thing as that to anybody but a true girl friend. And I was such a friend to him! I seemed to live from one Saturday to the next, when he could come down to take me skeeing across the lake or, later, canoeing down to the Charles. I opened my heart to him completely, and just how I

made a record that was an honor to the president of the senior class I shall never know, because I thought in terms of Cammie instead of physics and Latin. Each time I saw him we seemed to grow more and more congenial, though sometimes I was afraid that we would n't have enough things about which to go on talking to each other so interestingly.

And about the middle of May we did begin to have lapses of conversation. It was in one of those pauses that I drew aside the last veil in my heart, and told him about the wonderful Letter to which I was the near neighbor. I had to let him think I had really read all of It, for how could I mention Sam and the skunk in the twilight, with the scent of wild flowers coming to us on a gusty little May breeze from across the lake? My emotion in speaking to him of this beautiful romance of my life made my voice tremble, and that seemed to bring on the tragedy, though I don't see why it should have. Oh, it does hurt me to be so disappointed in a friend as I was in Cammie, after having idealized him so completely!

It happened just as he was helping me out of the canoe after the vesper-bell had called us all in from the lake. I loathed it, and scrubbed it off my mouth with my handkerchief in between telling him what I thought of him for being so treacherous; then I put him out of my life forever. I suffered.

The next Saturday I saw him help Claire Wetherby into her canoe, and go paddling up the lake into the sunset. It made me sad and lonely, though I did n't care so much as I thought I ought to until an awful thought hit me square in the face and almost knocked me down. The Senior Reception was to be the very next week, at which I, as president, was to be the guest of honor; and I had n't a man to stand around and hold my flowers and see to me all the in-between times. All seniors must have one. It had been understood that Cammie would be there to do all that for me, but I had just forgot in my rush to make a definite engagement with him. I was glad of that. Now I knew Claire Wetherby would engage him even if she had to shunt her cousin on to somebody else who did n't have anybody. Suppose I should have to be that somebody else! Never! Anyway, I knew it would be a shuffle, and I might be the one left high and lonesome. Every man I knew had promised himself to some other girl, in lots of cases just as I had arranged it, and I would be the only odd! I could n't stand it! I could n't!

Then in my agony I thought of Sam, and my horror all turned to warm confidence. Of course Virginia is a long way from Massachusetts, but I did n't mind that. I sat down and wrote him all about it. I was in such a hurry that I did n't put it as nicely as I ought to have done. I ended with this strong plea:

> So, you see, I 've got to have a man, and if I ever stood by you in things like jam, bread, and telling lies about your going in swimming in February and—skunks, come to me now.
>
> PEG.
>
> P.S. I hope it won't interfere with your own graduation; but come!

Two days later I got a telegram. This is what it said:

> Coming in war-paint.
>
> SAM.

The words "war-paint" made another tragic thought hit my mind, and I reeled with giddiness as I suddenly got a memory picture of Sam, with his wide-mouthed face as red as a beet from sunburn, and speckled thick with black freckles, surmounted by a great shock of unmanageable red hair, and all that on top of a long, lanky, gawky body, as he swung off the train and turned to wave his hat at me as I steamed away from Tennessee four years ago.

"I don't care if he is the ugliest man in the world, and the girls all say so, and make fun of him and me; I don't want any more artistic cameos," I said to myself, with my head in the air, as I walked along the path to Senior Lodge.

As I said it, I remembered that Cammie had fitted on my arm a bracelet that his mother had ordered from Italy, to be put in the middle of my graduation Senior Reception bouquet. It was a sweet, white Aphrodite carved on pink, and surrounded by pearls. It was hauntingly lovely, and it haunted me.

"I don't believe Sam will even think of

Drawn by William Van Dresser

"CAMMIE . . . CONGRATULATED ME NICELY"

a bouquet," I sniffed to myself, like an ungrateful coward.

"But I can borrow one from Edith; she 'll have two, because she had to ask her father to come and chaperon Hayden King on account of her mother's lack of confidence in her," I counseled myself. "I 'll ask her and one or two of my best friends to be nice to him, and I 'll see that in no way can he feel slighted." Slighted! Just thinking about anybody's slighting Sam made my head go up, and with it in that position I went to juggle with gases and fluids on paper for the last time in my life, I hope.

Then last week was so busy with teas and supper parties and dances that I felt that the seconds and minutes and hours were individually in a mad rush to get past me. I did n't lose many of them sleeping, but when I did anchor for small reposes, I would keep dreaming of Sam, always as he looked standing there on the platform of the Hillsboro station, whistling "Shoo, Fly!" and patting my heaving back. And instead of getting any more worried about how Sam would appear at the reception that was to be the crowning glory of my young life, I just got more and more anxious to see Sam, and madder and madder at the idea of anybody sniffing slightingly at him, especially Cammie, with his highly polished circumference.

"Sam Sevier Holloway is a Tennessee gentleman of many generations, even if he presents an eccentric appearance," I found myself haughtily saying out loud to an invisible and supercilious Mr. Van Loon Height, as I stood before my mirror arrayed for the Junior Tea on Monday.

Finally arrived the graduation on Tuesday evening before the Senior Reception. Her graduation day is in reality the apex of a woman's life; when she is born or marries other people are concerned in the ceremony, but she graduates alone. As I led the line down from the rostrum to the reception-hall I felt that I was walking out on the edge of the world all by myself; but when I came to the door, and saw the great black-and-white bank of men, each one with a huge bouquet in his arms, because we were not allowed to have them on the rostrum, I slid down a precipice to earth again, and looked eagerly—no, not fearfully—for Sam.

He was not there!

Lots of the men swarmed around me, congratulating me and asking for dances, and then hurried away with their bouquets and girls; but nobody came for me. I saw Edith's father, carrying the odd bouquet, faithfully follow her and Hayden out of my grasp; and there I stood unclaimed. Alone! It was horrible, and I did n't know what to do.

"Well, hello, Peg! How 'd you expect me to find a sunbrowned, shoe-string of a girl when she 's all white at the top, and tied in around her feet with a cloud?" came in a great, booming, glorious both strange and familiar voice right at my elbow.

"Sam!" I gasped in astonishment at the radiantly beautiful vision that towered in front of me, with the most lovely bouquet of white lilacs and silver ribbons in its arms. He was broad and splendid, and had smooth, burnished copper hair, and freckles only in fascinating patches on both sides of the nose. I was staggered. The thing that finally made me get back my breath was his mouth. It was still very wide, and the funny smile about the corners was n't over fifteen years old, while the gray-blue eyes danced into mine with about ten-year-old mischief.

"Yes, we are kinder knock-outs to each other, are n't we, Peg?" he said, as I failed to answer or greet him in any way, but weakly took his arm and walked toward my place at the head of the reception-line. "Brace up, girlie! We 've got to prance in this parade."

I could n't answer him; I just clung.

Then he had to leave me in my place beside the regent with only his bouquet, the like of which had never been seen in the seminary before, to support me. I held on to it tight.

I spent the reception half-hour laughing and talking and thanking people for compliments and things without looking at him once, though all the time I knew by feeling just where that glowing copper head towered over everybody and everything.

Then when everybody had been received, and the regent had given the signal for the dance to begin, I did look, and I saw him break away, to come to me, from a group of men several deep. Cammie was in the midst of them, talking

excitedly to him. It was all about a tiny little ribbon in his buttonhole, besides his 'varsity ribbon, that he got in England last summer for doing something that mother wrote me so indefinitely about that I could n't remember what it was. Anyway, all those undergraduates were worshiping it and him. Cammie still hung on to him as he came toward me, and he congratulated me nicely, with his eyes on Sam.

Just then the music began, and Sam swung me out on the floor. He had learned his steps in Virginia, and I had learned mine in Massachusetts, but for both of us it was like dancing with our own selves. Before the music stopped, everybody else had, and they were all looking at Sam and me. Five hours before I had farmed Sam out to sit behind the palms with each one of my "besties" for one dance, and I had expected to keep him there out of the way for the rest of the time myself. I wilted to him at the thought of it, and he had to swing me away from him and then cross me in an improvised tango, to let me catch my step.

"Steady, Peg!" he laughed down at me. "You repay me for teaching you to balance on one foot on a rock in the Little Harpeth rapids; you are one dancer."

I was glad he had to turn me against his shoulder and slide just then, for still I could n't say a word to him. I felt in a panic about him, and wished desperately that he had turned out the Sam I could sit behind the palms with. I never got that Sam near the palms. Everybody wanted to dance with him, and the ones I had farmed him to had the right, and I had to give up dances to the others. I did n't mind; I was glad, for every minute I got more and more afraid of him. I never had seen anybody like him before, and all the others that we had thought were men I now saw were just boys. I was in an agony of bashfulness, and I did n't feel that there was any place in the whole wide world to hide from him, especially as he had always lived next door to me, and probably always would, as we had done it for three generations already. And I wanted, oh, I just wanted, my own ugly Sam again, not a horrifyingly glittering celebrity like that! And it got worse as he walked down the moon-flecked path over to Senior Lodge with me so late that early birds were beginning to flutter and peep in the low branches over our heads. I got so far away from him that I wet my slippers with the dew along the edge of the path through the blooming laurels, which the seminary authorities ought to have had made wider. He smoked a cigarette with my permission, and walked near the other grass edge, and did n't say a single word. I felt alienated from him forever.

Finally we came to the open place by the lake, and the moonlight was as white as day. He stopped and laughed a jolly little laugh that sounded almost Sam-like. Then he said:

"You did n't look in the middle of your bouquet, Peg!"

I had forgotten it. All the other girls had found beautiful things in theirs, but I had n't even looked. How glad I am now I did n't search in that glare!

With trembling fingers I hunted, and found the white satin box, while Sam stood on one foot and whistled "Shoo, Fly!" Only "Shoo, Fly!" could have given me the courage to snap open the flat silver case I found in the white satin box. Then I dropped both bouquet and boxes on the grass, and held It to my heart.

It was the Letter!

I held It close, crowded up to Sam because he was the only thing there to lean against, and sobbed with unworthiness.

"Steady, Peg!" Sam said gruffly, "I thought you would want It, so I traded Aunt Daph our George Washington letter for her D. A. R. Chapter for It. I have been working on the old lady all year to get It for you. Don't you like It?"

"O Sam!" was all I could say as I looked up at him through my tears.

Suddenly his face got white and began to work as it had when I read "Ah, Sir Launcelot" to him, and the freckles stood out black against the paleness. He laid his arm around me gently, and drew me close as he put his lips, like tender butterfly wings, against my ear and whispered:

"To drink again from the cup of your star-gemmed eyes," then he shook me away from him to my feet and laughed.

"Let 's get home by Saturday and go fishing, Peg," he said. "I 'll put on all the bait if you 'll rustle the sweet cream for the burns on our necks."

Drawn by E. A. Rickard

"BY THE QUAY"

FROM THE LOG OF THE *VELSA*

HOLLAND: FIRST PAPER

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

Author of "Clayhanger," "The Old Wives' Tale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY E. A. RICKARD

THE skipper, who, in addition to being a yachtsman, is a Dutchman, smiled with calm assurance as we approached the Dutch frontier in the August evening over the populous water of the canal which leads from Ghent to Terneuzen. He could not abide Belgium, possibly because it is rather like Holland in some ways. In his opinion the bureaucrats of Belgium did not understand yachts and the respect due to them, whereas the bureaucrats of Holland did. Holland was pictured for me as a paradise where a yacht with a seventy-foot mast never had to wait a single moment for a bridge to be swung open. When I inquired about custom-house formalities, I learned that a Dutch custom-house did not exist for a craft flying the sacred blue ensign of the British Naval Reserve. And it was so. Merely depositing a ticket and a tip into the long-handled butterfly-net dangled over our deck by the bridge-man as we passed, we sailed straight into Holland, and no word said! But we knew immediately that we were in another country —a country cleaner and neater and more garnished even than Belgium. The Terneuzen Canal, with its brickwork banks and its villages "finished" to the last tile, reminded me of the extravagant, oily perfection of the main tracks of those dandiacal railroads, the North Western in England and the Pennsylvania in America. The stiff sailing breeze was at length favorable. We set the mainsail unexceptionably; and at once, with the falling dusk, the wind fell, and the rain too. We had to depend again on our erratic motor, with all Holland gazing at us. Suddenly the whole canal was lit up on both sides by electricity. We responded with our lights. The exceedingly heavy rain drove me into the saloon to read Dostoyevsky.

At eight P.M. I was dug up out of the depths of Dostoyevsky in order to see my first Dutch harbor. Rain poured through the black night. There was a plashing of invisible wavelets below, utter darkness above, and a few forlorn lights winking at vast distances. I was informed that we were moored in the yacht-basin of Terneuzen. I remained calm. Had we been moored in the yacht-basin of Kamchatka, the smell of dinner would still have been issuing from the forecastle-hatch, the open page of Dostoyevsky would still have invited me through the saloon skylight, and the amiable ray of the saloon lamp would still have glinted on the piano and on the binnacle with impartial affection. Herein lies an advantage of yachting over motoring. I redescended without a regret, without an apprehension. Already the cook was displacing Dostoyevsky in favor of a white table-cloth and cutlery.

The next morning we were at large on the billows of the West Schelde, a majestic and enraged stream, of which Flushing is the guardian and Antwerp the mistress. The rain had in no wise lost heart. With a contrary wind and a choppy sea, the yacht had a chance to show her qualities and defects. She has both. Built to the order of a Dutch baron rather less than twenty years ago, she is flat-bottomed, with lee-boards, and follows closely the lines of certain very picturesque Dutch fishing-smacks. She has a length of just over fifty-five feet and a beam of just over fifteen feet. Her tonnage is fifty-one, except when dues have to be paid, on which serious occasions it mysteriously shrinks to twenty-one net. Yachtsmen are always thus modest. Her rig is, roughly, that of a cutter, with a deliciously curved gaff that is the secret envy of all real cutters.

Her supreme advantage, from my point of view, is that she has well over six feet of head-room in the saloon and in the sleeping-cabins. And, next, that the owner's bed is precisely similar to the celestial bed which he enjoyed on a certain unsurpassed American liner. Further, she carries a piano and an encyclopedia, two necessaries of life. I may say that I have never known another yacht that carried an encyclopedia in more than a score of volumes. Again, she is eternal. She has timbers that recall those of the *Constitution*. There are Dutch eel-boats on the Thames which look almost exactly like her at a distance, and which were launched before Victoria came to the throne. She has a cockpit in which Hardy might have kissed Nelson. She sails admirably with a moderate wind on the quarter. More important still, by far, she draws only three feet eight inches, and hence can often defy charts, and slide over sands where deep-draft boats would rightly fear to tread; she has even been known to sail through fields.

Possibly for some folk her chief attribute would be that, once seen, she cannot be forgotten. She is a lovely object, and not less unusual than lovely. She is smart also, but nothing more dissimilar to the average smart, conventional English or American yacht can well be conceived. She is a magnet for the curious. When she goes under a railway bridge while a train is going over it, the engine-driver, of no matter what nationality, will invariably risk the lives of all his passengers in order to stare at her until she is out of sight. This I have noticed again and again. The finest compliment her appearance ever received was paid by a school-boy, who, after staring at her for about a quarter of an hour as she lay at a wharf at Kingston-on-Thames, sidled timidly up to me as I leaned in my best maritime style over the quarter, and asked, "Please, sir, is this a training brig?" Romance gleamed in that boy's eye.

As for her defects, I see no reason why I should catalogue them at equal length. But I admit that, to pay for her head-room, she has no promenade-deck for the owner and his friends to "pace," unless they are prepared to exercise themselves on the roof of the saloon. Also that, owing to her shallowness, she will ignobly blow off when put up to the wind. Indeed, the skipper himself, who has proved that she will live in any sea, describes her progress under certain conditions as "one mile ahead and two miles to leeward"; but he would be hurt if he were taken seriously. Her worst fault is due to her long, overhanging prow, which pounds into a head sea with a ruthlessness that would shake the funnels off a torpedo-boat. You must not press her. Leave her to do her best, and she will do it splendidly; but try to bully her, and she will bury her nose and defy you.

That morning on the wide, broad Schelde, with driving rain, and an ever-freshening northwester worrying her bows, she was not pressed, and she did not sink; but her fierce gaiety was such as to keep us all alive. She threshed the sea. The weather multiplied, until the half-inch wire rope that is the nerve between the wheel and the rudder snapped, and we were at the mercy, etc. While the skipper, with marvelous resource and rapidity, was improvising a new gear, it was discovered, amid general horror, that the piano had escaped from its captivity, and was lying across the saloon table. Such an incident counts in the life of an amateur musician. Still, under two hours later, I was playing the same piano again in the tranquillity of Flushing lock.

It was at Middelburg that the leak proved its existence. Middelburg is an architecturally delightful town even in heavy, persevering rain and a northwest gale. It lies on the canal from Flushing to Veere, and its belfry had been a beacon to us nearly all the way down the Schelde from Terneuzen. Every English traveler stares at its renowned town-hall; and indeed the whole place, having been till recently the haunt of more or less honest English racing tipsters and book-makers, must be endeared to the British sporting character. We went forth into the rain and into the town, skirting canals covered with timber-rafts, suffering the lively brutishness of Dutch infants, and gazing at the bare-armed young women under their umbrellas. We also found a goodish restaurant.

When we returned at nine P.M., the deck-hand, a fatalistic philosopher, was pumping. He made a sinister figure in the dark. And there was the sound of

the rain on our umbrellas, and the sound of the pumped water pouring off our decks down into the unseen canal. I asked him why he was pumping at that hour. He answered that the ship leaked. It did. The forecastle floor was under an inch of water, and water was pushing up the carpet of the starboard sleeping-cabin, and all the clean linen in the linen-locker was drenched. In a miraculous and terrifying vision, which changed the whole aspect of yachting as a recreation, I saw the yacht at the bottom of the canal. I should not have had this vision had the skipper been on me whatever. The skipper would not come back; he declined utterly to come back; he was lost in the mazy vastness of Middelburg.

Then I heard his voice forward. He had arrived in silence. "I hear our little ship has got a leak, sir," he said when I joined the group of professional mariners on the forward deck, in the thick rain that veiled even gas-lamps. I was disappointed. The skipper was depressed, sentimentally depressed, and he was quite at a loss. Was the leak caused by the buffetings of the Schelde, by the caprices of

Drawn by E. A. Rickard

MEADOWS AROUND HEYR MEER

aboard; but the skipper was ashore, unfolding the beauties of Holland to the cook. I knew the skipper would explain and cure the leak in an instant. A remarkable man, Dutch only by the accident of birth and parentage, active as a fox-terrier, indefatigable as a camel, adventurous as Columbus, and as prudent as J. Pierpont Morgan, he had never failed me. Half his life had been spent on that yacht, and the other half on the paternal barge. He had never lived regularly in a house. Consequently he was an expert of the very first order on the behavior of Dutch barges under all conceivable conditions. While the ship sank and sank, the pumping monotonously continued, and I waited in the saloon for him to come back. Dostoyevsky had no hold the piano, by the stress of working through crowded locks? He knew not. But he would swear that the leak was not in the bottom, because the bottom was double. The one thing to do was to go to Veere, and put the ship on a grid that he was aware of in the creek there, and find the leak. And, further, there were a lot of other matters needing immediate attention. The bobstay was all to pieces, both pumps were defective, and the horn for rousing lethargic bridge-men would not have roused a rabbit. All which meant for him an expedition to Flushing, that bustling port!

The ship was pumped dry. But the linen was not dry. I wanted to spread it out in the saloon; but the skipper would not permit such an outrage on the sanctity

Drawn by E. A. Rickard

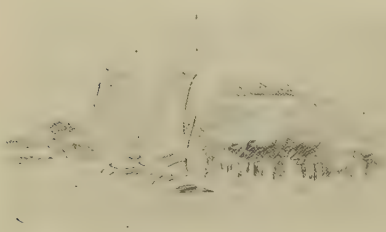
"THE ROAD IS WATER IN FRIESLAND"

of the saloon, he would not even let the linen rest in the saloon lavatory (sometimes called the bath-room). It must be hidden like a shame in the forecastle. So the crew retired for the night to the sodden, small forecastle amid soaked linen, while I reposed in dry and comfortable spaciousness, but worried by those sociological considerations which are the mosquitos of a luxurious age—and which ought to be. None but a tyrant convinced of the divine rights of riches could be always at ease on board a small yacht; on board a large one, as in a house, the contrasts are less point-blank. And yet must small yachts be abolished? Absurd idea! Civilization is not so simple an affair as it seems to politicians perorating before immense audiences.

Owing to the obstinacy of water in finding its own level, we went to bed more than once during that night, and I thought of selling the ship and giving to the poor. What a declension from the glory of the original embarkation!

The next afternoon, through tempests and an eternal downpour, we reached Veere, at the other end of the canal. Veere is full of Scotch history and of beauty; it has a cathedral whose interior is used by children as a field, a gem of a town-hall, and various attractions less striking; but for us it existed simply as a place where there was a grid, to serve the purpose of a dry-dock. On the following morning we got the yacht on to the grid, and then began to wait for the tide to recede. During its interminable recession, we sat under a shed of the shipyard, partly sheltered from the constant rain, and labored to produce abominable water-colors of the yacht, with the quay and the cathedral and the town-hall as a background. And then some one paddling around the yacht in the dinghy perceived a trickle out of a seam. The leak! It was naught but the slight starting of a seam! No trace of other damage. In an hour it had been repaired with oakum and hammers, and covered with a plaster of copper. The steering-gear was repaired. The pumps were repaired. The bobstay was repaired. The water-color looked less abominable in the discreet, kindly light of the saloon. The state of human society seemed less volcanically dangerous. God was in His heaven. "I suppose you 'd like to start early to-morrow morning, sir," said the skipper, whose one desire in life is to go somewhere else. I said I should.

I went ashore with the skipper to pay bills—four gulden for repairs and three gulden for the use of the grid. It would have been much more but for my sagacity in having a Dutch skipper. The charming village proved to be virtually in the possession of one of those formidable English families whose ladies paint in water-colors when no golf-course is near. They ran ecstatically about the quay with sheets of Whatman until the heavy rain melted them. The owner of the grid lived in a large house with a most picturesque façade. Inside it was all oilcloth, red mahogany, and crimson plush, quite marvelously hideous. The shipwright was an old, jolly man, with white whiskers spreading like a peacock's tail. He gave us cigars to pass the time while he accomplished the calligraphy of a receipt. He was a man sarcastic about his women (of whom he had many), because they would not let him use the *voor-kammer* (front room) to write receipts in. I said women were often the same in England, and he gave a short laugh at England. Nevertheless, he was proud of his women, because out of six daughters five



Drawn by E. A. Rickard

"FARMERS ARE ROLLING HOME"

had found husbands, a feat of high skill in that island of Walcheren, where women far outnumber men.

Outside, through the mullioned window, I saw a young matron standing nonchalant and unprotected in the heavy rain. She wore an elaborate local costume, with profuse gilt ornaments. The effect of these Dutch costumes is to suggest that the wearer carries only one bodice, thin and armless, but ten thousand skirts. Near the young matron was a girl of seven or eight, dressed in a fashion precisely similar, spectacle exquisite to regard, but unsatisfactory to think about. Some day all these women will put on long sleeves and deprive themselves of a few underskirts, and all the old, jolly men with spreading white beards will cry out that women are unsexed and that the end of the world is nigh. In another house I bought a fisherman's knitted blue jersey of the finest quality, as being the sole garment capable of keeping me warm in a Dutch summer. I was told that the girl who knitted it received only half a gulden for her labor. Outrageous sweating, which ought never to have been countenanced. Still, I bought the jersey.

At six-thirty next day we were under way—a new ship, as it seemed to me. Yachts may have leaks, but we were under way, and the heavenly smell of bacon was in the saloon; and there had been no poring over time-tables, no tipping of waiters, no rattling over cobbles in omnibuses, no waiting in arctic railway-stations, no pugnacity for corner seats, no checking of baggage. I was wakened by the vibration of the propeller; I clad myself in a toga, and issued forth to laugh good-by at sleeping Veere—no other formalities. And all along the quay, here and there, I observed an open window among the closed ones. Each open window denoted for me an English watercolorist sleeping, even as she or he had rushed about the quay, with an unconcealed conviction of spiritual, moral, and physical superiority. It appeared to me monstrous that these English should be so ill bred as to inflict their insular notions about fresh air on a historic Continental town. Every open window was an arrogant sneer at Dutch civilization, was it not? Surely they could have slept with their windows closed for a few weeks! Or, if not, they might have chosen Amsterdam instead of Veere, and practised their admirable Englishness on the "Victorian Tea-Room" in that city.

We passed into the Veeregat and so into the broad Roompot Channel, and left Veere. It was raining heavily, but gleams

Drawn by E. A. Rickard

A FRIESLAND LANDSCAPE

near the horizon allowed me to hope that before the day was out I might do another water-color.

DUTCH LEISURE

EVERY tourist knows that Holland is one of the historic cradles of political freedom, and also a chain of cities which are in effect museums of invaluable art. The voyager in a little ship may learn that in addition to all this Holland is the home of a vast number of plain persons who are under the necessity of keeping themselves alive seven days a week, and whose experiments in the adventure of living have an interest quite equal to the interest of ancient art. To judge that adventure in its final aspect, one should see Holland on a Sunday, and not the Holland of the cities, but of the little towns.

Drawn by E. A. Rickard

IN THE VICTORIAN TEA-ROOM, AMSTERDAM

We came one Sunday morning to a place called Zieriksee, on an island to the north of the East Schelde. Who has heard of Zieriksee? Nevertheless, Zieriksee exists, and seven thousand people prosecute the adventure therein without the aid of museums and tourists. At first, from the mouth of its private canal, it seems to be a huge, gray tower surrounded by tiniest doll's-houses with vermilion roofs; and as you approach, the tower waxes, until the stones of it appear sufficient to build the whole borough; then it wanes, and is lost in the town, as all towers ultimately are. The cobbled quay and streets were empty as we moored. And in an instant a great crowd sprang up out of the earth,—men and boys and girls, but few women,—staring, glaring, giggling, gabbling, pushing. Their inquisitiveness had no shame, no urbanity. Their cackle deafened. They worried the *Velsa* like starving wolves worrying a deer. The *Velsa* was a godsend, unhoped for, in the enormous and cruel tedium which they had created for themselves. To escape them we forced our way ashore, and trod the clean, deathlike, feet-torturing streets. One shop was open; we entered it, and were supplied with cigarettes by two polite and gracious very old women who knew no English. On emerging from this paganism, we met a long, slow-slouching, gloomy procession of sardonic human beings,—not a pretty woman among them, not a garment that was comely or unclean or unrespectable, not a smile,—the great, faithful congregation marching out of the great church. Here was the life of leisure in Holland as distinguished from the week-day life of industry. It was a tragic spectacle. When we returned to the yacht, the other congregation was still around it. And it was still there, just as noisy and boorish, when we left several hours later. And it would still have been there if we had remained till midnight. The phenomenon of that crowd, wistful in its touching desire for distraction, was a serious criticism of the leaders of men in Holland. As we slid away, we could see the crowd rapidly dissolving into the horror of its original ennui. I asked the cook, a cockney, what he thought of Zieriksee. His face lightened to a cheerful smile.

"Rather a nice sort of place, sir. More like England."

The same afternoon we worked up the Schelde in a dead calm to Zijpe. The rain had pretermitted for the first time, and the sun was hot. Zijpe is a village, a haven, a dike, and a junction of train and steamer. The village lies about a mile inland. The haven was pretty full of barges laid up for Sunday. On the slopes of the haven, near the railway-station and the landing-stage, a multitude of at least a thousand people were strolling to and fro or sitting on the wet grass, all in their formidable Sabbath best. We joined them, in order, if possible, to learn the cause of the concourse; but the mystery remained for one hour and a half in the eventless expanse of the hot afternoon, when the train came in over the flat, green leagues of landscape. We then understood. The whole of Zijpe had turned out to see the afternoon train come in! It was a simple modest Dutch local train, making a deal of noise and dust, and bearing perhaps a score of passengers. But it marked the grand climacteric of leisured existence at Zijpe. We set off to the village, and discovered a village deserted, and a fair-ground, with all its booths and circuses swathed up in gray sheeting. Scarcely a soul! The spirit of

romance had pricked them all to the railway-station to see the train come in!

Making a large circuit, we reached again the river and the dike, and learned what a dike is in Holland. From the top of it we could look down the chimneys of houses on the landward side. The population was now on the dike, promenading in magnificent solemnity and self-control. Everybody gravely saluted us in passing. We gravely saluted everybody, and had not a moment to ourselves for miles.

"Over there," said the skipper afterward, pointing vaguely to the southeast over the Schelde, "they 're Roman Catholics. There 's a lot of Spaniards left in Holland." By Spaniards he meant Dutchmen with some Spanish blood.

"Then they enjoy their Sundays?" I suggested.

"Yes," he answered sarcastically, "they enjoy their Sundays. They put their playing-cards in their pockets before they go to church, and then they go straight from the church to the café, and play high, and as like as not knife each other before they 've done." Clearly it takes all sorts to make a little world like Holland, and it is difficult to strike the mean between absolute nullity and homicidal knives. My regret is that the yacht never got as far as those Spaniards gaming and knifing in cafés.

On Monday morning every skipper on every river and canal of Holland tries to prove that the stagnation of Sunday is only a clever illusion. The East Schelde hummed with express barges at five A.M. It was exactly like a Dutch picture by an old master. Even we, in no hurry, with a strong tide under us and a rising northwester behind us, accomplished fifteen sea-miles in ninety minutes. Craft were taking shelter from the threatened gale. In spite of mistakes by an English crew unaccustomed to a heavy mainsail in tortuous navigation and obstreperous weather, we reached Dordrecht railway bridge without public shame; and then the skipper decided that our engine could not be trusted to push us through the narrow aperture against wind and tide. Hence we bargained with a tug, and were presently attached thereto, waiting for the bridge to open.

Considering that Holland is a country where yachts are understood, and where swing-bridges open at a glance, we had to wait some little time for that bridge; namely, three hours. The patriotism of the skipper was strained. During the whole period the tug rushed to and fro, frisking us wildly about like a kettle at the tail of a busy dog, and continuously collecting other kettles, so that our existence was one long shock and collision. But we saw a good deal of home life on the barges, from a minor barge which a girl will steer to the three-thousand-ton affair that surpasses mail steamers in capacity. There are two homes on these monsters, one at the stem and the other

Drawn by E. A. Rickard

"A MINOR BARGE WHICH A GIRL WILL STEER"

Drawn by E. A. Rickard

"AT SNEEK"

at the stern; the latter is frequently magnificent in spaciousness and gilding. That the two families in the two distant homes are ever intimate is impossible, that they are even acquainted is improbable; but they seem to share a tireless dog, who runs incessantly along the leagues of planking which separate them.

The bridge did at last open, and everything on the river, unmindful of everything else, rushed headlong at the opening, like a crowd of sinners dashing for a suddenly unbarred door into heaven. Our tug jerked us into the throng, a fearful squeeze, and we were through. We cast off, the gulden were collected in a tin, and within five minutes we were moored in the New Haven, under the lee of the Groote Kerk, with trees all around us, in whose high tops a full gale was now blowing.

The next morning our decks were thickly carpeted with green leaves, a singular sight. The harbor-master came aboard to demand dues, and demanded them in excellent English.

"Where did you learn English?" I asked, and he answered with strange pride:

"Sir, I served seven years under the British flag."

Standing heedless in the cockpit, under driving rain, he recounted the casualties of the night. Fifteen miles higher up the

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

THE EMBARKATION

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. A. RICKARD

river a fifteen-hundred-ton barge had sunk, and the master and crew, consisting, *inter alia,* of all his family, were drowned. I inquired how such an event could happen in a narrow river amid a numerous population, and learned that in rough weather these barges anchor when a tug can do no more with them, and the crew go to bed and sleep. The water gradually washes in and washes in, until the barge is suddenly and silently engulfed. Dutch phlegm! Corresponding to their Sabbatic phlegm, no doubt. Said the harbor-master:

"Yes, there is a load-line, but they never takes no notice of it in Holland; they just loads them up till they won't hold any more."

The fatalism of the working-classes everywhere is perhaps the most utterly astounding of all human phenomena.

Thoughtful, I went off to examine the carved choir-stalls in the Groote Kerk. These choir-stalls are among the most lovely sights in Holland. Their free, fantastic beauty is ravishing and unforgetable; they make you laugh with pleasure as you behold them. I doubt not that they were executed by a rough-tongued man, in a dirty apron, with shocking finger-nails.

DUTCH WORK

We passed through Rotterdam more than once, without seeing more of it than the amazing traffic of its river and its admirable zoölogical gardens full of chromatically inclined parrots; but we stopped at a minor town close by, on a canal off the Meuse, Schiedam: Instinct must have guided me, for the sociological interest of Schiedam was not inconsiderable. Schiedam is called by the Dutch "stinking Schiedam." I made a circuit of the town canals in the dinghy and convinced myself that the epithet was just and not malicious. On the lengthy quays were a large number of very dignified gin distilleries, whose architecture was respectable and sometimes even very good, dating from perhaps early in the last century. Each had a baptismal name, such as "Liverpool," inscribed in large letters across its façade. This rendering decent and this glorification of gin constituted an impressive phenomenon. But it was the provinciality and the uncouth melancholy of the apparently prosperous town that took my fancy. We walked through all its principal streets in the rain, and I thought I had never seen a provinciality so exquisitely painful and perfect. In this city of near thirty thousand people there was not visible one agreeably imposing shop, or one woman attired with intent to charm, or one yard of smooth pavement. I know not why I find an acrid pleasure in thus beholding mediocrity, the average, the every-day ordinary, as it is; but I do. No museum of Amsterdam, The Hague, or Haarlem touched me so nearly as the town of Schiedam, which, after all, I suppose I must have liked.

Toward six o'clock we noticed an unquiet, yet stodgy, gathering in the square where is the electric-tram terminus, then a few uniforms. I asked a superior police officer what there was. He said in careful, tranquil English:

"There is nothing. But there is a strike of glass-workers in the town. Some of them don't want to work, and some of them do want to work. Those that have worked to-day are being taken home in automobiles. That is all."

I was glad it was all, for from his manner I had expected him to continue to the effect that the glass-workers had been led away by paid agitators and had no good reason to strike. The automobiles began to come along, at intervals, at a tremendous pace, each with a policeman by the chauffeur's side. In one was a single artisan, middle-aged, with a cigar in the corner of his mouth, and a certain adventurous look in his eye. The crowd grimly regarded. The police tried to seem as if they were there by accident, but obviously they lacked histrionic training. In short, the scene was one of the common objects of the wayside of existence all over the civilized world. It presented no novelty whatever, and yet to witness it in Holland was piquant, and caused one to think afresh and perhaps more clearly.

At night, when it had ceased to rain, I was escorting a friend to the station. Musicians were climbing up into the band-stand in the same square. It was Wednesday, the evening of the weekly municipal concert. The railway-station, far out, was superbly gloomy, and it was the only station in Holland where I failed to get a non-Dutch newspaper. The train, with

the arrogance of an international express, slid in, slid out, and forgot Schiedam. I emerged from the station alone. A one-horse tram was waiting.

The tram, empty, with a sinking, but everlasting, white horse under a yellow cloth, was without doubt the most provincial and melancholy thing that destiny has yet brought me in contact with. The simple spectacle of it, in the flickering gas-lights and in the light of its own lamps, filled the heart with an anguish inexplicable and beautiful. I got in. An age passed. Then an old workman got in, and saluted; I saluted. Save for the saluting, it was the Five Towns of the eighties over again, intensified, and the last tram out of Hanbridge before the theater-tram.

An age passed. Then a mysterious figure drew the cloth off the horse, and the horse braced up all its four legs. We were starting when a tight-folded umbrella waved in the outer obscurity. An elderly, easy-circumstanced couple arrived upon us with deliberation; the umbrella was a good one.

We did start. We rumbled and trundled in long curves of suburban desolation. Then a few miserable shops that ought to have been shut; then the square once more, now jammed in every part with a roaring, barbaric horde. In the distance, over a floor of heads, was an island of illumination, with the figures of puffing and blowing musicians in it; but no rumor of music could reach us through the din. The white horse trotted mildly into and right through the multitude, which jeered angrily, but fell back. An enormous multitude, Gothic, Visigothic, savage, uncivilized, chiefly consisting of young men and big boys—the weekly concert of humanizing music!

I left the tram, and walked along the dark, empty canal-side to the yacht. The impression of stagnation, tedium, provincialism was overwhelming. Nevertheless, here, as in other towns, we were struck by the number of shop-windows with artist's materials for sale. Such was Schiedam. If it is asked whether I went to Holland on a yachting cruise to see this sort of thing, the answer is that I just did.

After a few weeks I began to perceive that Schiedam and similar places, though thrilling, were not the whole of Holland, and perhaps not the most representative of Holland. As the yacht worked northward, Holland seemed to grow more Dutch, until, in the chain of shallow lakes and channels that hold Friesland in a sort of permanent baptism, we came to what was for me the ideal or celestial Holland —everything done by water, even grass cut under water, and black-and-white cows milked in the midst of ponds, and windmills over the eternal flatness used exclusively to shift inconvenient water from one level to another. The road is water in Friesland, and all the world is on the road. If your approach to a town is made perilous by a succession of barges that will obstinately keep the middle of the channel, you know that it is market-day in that town, and the farmers are rolling home in agreeable inebriation.

The motor broke down in Friesland, and we were immobilized in the midst of blue-green fields, red dogs, the cows aforesaid, green milk-floats, blue-bloused sportsmen, and cargoes of cannon-ball cheese. We decided to tow the yacht until we got to a favorable reach. Certain barges sailed past us right into the eye of the wind, against all physical laws, but the *Velsa* possessed not this magic. We saw three men comfortably towing a string of three huge barges, and we would tow. Unfortunately the only person, the skipper, who knew how to tow had to remain on board. The cook, the deck-hand, and I towed like Greeks pulling against Greeks, and could scarcely move one little yacht. The cook, neurasthenic by temperament, grew sad, until he fell into three feet of inundation, which adventure struck him as profoundly humorous, so that he was contorted with laughter. This did not advance the yacht. Slowly we learned that towing is not mere brute striving, but an art.

We at last came to terms with a tug, as our desire was to sleep at Sneek. Sneek is the veritable metropolis of those regions. After passing, at late dusk, the mysterious night-watchers of eel-nets, who are wakened in their elaborate green-and-yellow boats by a bell, like a Paris concierge, we gradually emerged into nocturnal Sneek through a quadruple lane of barges and tugs so long as to put Sneek among the seven great ports of the world. And even in Sneek at nightfall the impression of immense quantities of water

and of greenness, yellowness, and redness was continued. It rained, as usual, in Sneek the next day, but no rain and no water could damp Sneek. It was the most active town any of us had ever seen. It must have been the original "hive of industry." It was full, and full of everything. The market was full of cattle, pigs, and sheep, crowded in pens and in carts; calves, prone, with all four legs tied together, filled acres of pavement. The cafés were full of dealers and drovers, mostly rather jolly, being served by slatternly, pleasant women. The streets were full of good shops, and of boys and girls following us and touching us to see if we existed. (Dreadful little boors!) The barges were full of cauliflowers, cabbages, apples, potatoes, sabots, cheeses, and barrels. The canals were full of barges and steamers.

And immediately one sat down to sketch a group of craft one learned that nothing was stationary. Everything moved that floated—everything on the surface of miles of canal! Everybody, without haste, but without stopping ever, was tirelessly engaged in shifting matter from one spot to another. At intervals a small steamer, twenty, thirty, fifty, eighty tons, would set off for a neighboring village with a few passengers,—including nice girls,—a few cattle, and high piles of miscellaneous packages; or would come in from a neighboring village. The kaleidoscope was everlasting; but it did not fatigue, because it never hurried. Only it made us ashamed of our idleness. Gently occupied old country-women, with headdresses of lace-work and a gold casque, the whole ridiculously surmounted by a black bonnet for fashion's sake—even these old women made us ashamed of our untransporting idleness.

Having got our engine more or less repaired, we departed from Sneek, a spot that beyond most spots abounds in its own individuality. Sneek is memorable. Impossible to credit that it has fewer than thirteen thousand inhabitants!

As, at breakfast, we dropped down the canal on the way to Leeuwarden, a new guest on board, whose foible is the search for the ideal, and who had been declaiming against the unattractiveness of the women of Munich, spoke thus:

"Is this Dutch bread? I think I should like to become a Dutchman, and live at Sneek, and marry a Dutch girl. They have such nice blue eyes, and they 're so calm."

I remarked that I should have thought that his recent experiences in Munich would have frightened him right off the entire sex. He said:

"Well, they 're all beautiful in Vienna, and that worries you just as much in another way. Sneek is the mean."

(To be continued)

THE OLD ROAD

BY MARION PUGH READ

OUT in the sunny dooryard Uncle Benjy sat sawing wood. His white fringe of beard glistened in the sunshine, and his cap and his old pea-jacket took on a brownish green tinge, like the seaweed down on the shore when the tide was out. Uncle Benjy's clothes were all old friends, to be clung to as long as the rusty seams would hold in place; for they had weathered the sun and the brine so long together that they were like parts of himself. Now his fishing days were over, but he could still do anything "in reason," anything but hurry. He sawed a few logs, and threw them over to the pile to dry out in the sun. They fell with a little clatter, and the smell of the freshly cut wood filled the air pungently for a moment, till it mingled with all the other odors that made the very air, this glorious May morning, like some wonderful aroma sent down from the skies. Stopping to sniff it delightedly, Uncle Benjy hurried less than ever.

The air was sweet with the salt of the sea, visible, a mile away, like the rim of a blue crystal cup; with the scent of apple-

blossoms from the gnarly old trees over the lichened wall; with the smell of growing grass and freshly turned earth; and with the delicate breath of the lilies of the valley there in the shade of the door-step. Even D'rindy's linen sunning on the bush lent its homely fragrance, and, from indoors, the smell of baking bread. Better than the others, Uncle Benjy loved these last, for they took his thoughts to D'rindy. Sweeter to his ears than the joyous song of the "golden robin" on the branch of the budding elm, or the chatter of the swallows from the eaves of the gray old barn, or even than the song of the incoming tide, was the sound of D'rindy's voice singing within. Best of all was the sight of her as she stepped out from the doorway.

Sunny-haired and sunny-visaged was D'rindy, with eyes as blue as the sea this morning, and cheeks that would not lose their blossom pink till those old orchard trees had lost theirs how many, many times! Not tall and "fine-looking" like the older sisters she had left at home to come and keep house for Uncle Benjy now that he was alone, but far more pleasing, with her softly rounded figure, "not too big, an' not too little," Uncle Benjy put it; "jest growed nice." Nor was D'rindy ambitious, like those other sisters. They were all Porters, but D'rindy, stray sheep, was a Nudd. D'rindy was a dreamer. D'rindy liked stories better than facts, and she liked folks better than books. D'rindy liked to do things better than to learn. Her schooling had always been irregular, she had been so useful at home. The male Nudds were all shiftless; they would leave their own crops any day to hear or tell a story, or to help a neighbor with his; but the women were home-makers. And if now, in this sleepy old neighborhood by the sea, away from all their rigorous clubs and "courses," D'rindy was growing altogether wild, then wild things are sometimes sweetest, like those roses from forgotten old gardens blooming still in a sweet tangle over in the Old Road, where D'rindy loved to find them. Uncle Benjy would not have traded one of her sudden dimples, one of her soft curves, one of her happy little fancies, for all her sisters' fine looks and fine minds. Uncle Benjy was himself a Nudd. As for D'rindy, D'rindy was not homesick. A vision of pure happiness she stood there in the doorway this morning. Small wonder that Uncle Benjy, lover of sunshine, basked in the light of her presence.

A long apprenticeship of patience Uncle Benjy had served with Sarah, his wife, noisy, sharp-tongued, with a temper leaping into quick flame at the slightest draft, and with vinegar for blood, such a faculty she had for turning life's sweetness bitter and sour. Cleanliness, her sole earthly god, she worshiped with unflagging zeal, till her house was as clean, as bare of comfort, as a wind-swept, tide-washed rock in the sea. Hiding his hurt, Uncle Benjy, kindly and humorous, had put up with the tirades of which he knew she was afterward half ashamed, but of which she could never cure herself. Only on the worst days he "stood from under." "Mother ain't quite well to-day," he would shield her sometimes when she could be heard storming away inside. As an indication of his tenderness, her strongest hold upon him was as the mother of the children she had never borne him.

After twenty-five years of forbearance, he had come out of it with a heart as sweet and sound as one of his own pippins in March. Then had come her stroke. For six months she lay helpless, speechless. Uncle Benjy tended her like a baby. "She wa'n't ever quite well, I guess," he said when it was all over. After a while D'rindy came, and home was the haven it might have been all the years gone by. Oh, the ease and comfort and happiness those two crowded into the days! Culprits together of old, they fairly ran wild now, truants from all responsibility, vagabonds from care.

"D'rindy," he called down gleefully one night after a happy day of following out their notions—"D'rindy, you 've never made my bed!" Another time, a little puzzled, he asked, "When 'd I change my shirt?"

Nowadays D'rindy dared to hunt out the ancient things from the hidden corners of attic and store-room, and bring them forth to light. Uncle Benjy's eyes would twinkle over at her approvingly at every discovery.

"D'rindy, you 're old-fashioned," he would taunt her.

Not one of those quaint old pieces but was as full of ripe memories for him as a

sound nut of meat. The old order had been, early to bed and early to rise. Now, on an evening all of stories, the warm, tranquil hours would tick themselves away, and the round face of the old clock look down as placidly as if it were not used to looking down on a covered fire and a dark room. Returning the look with one as placid, Uncle Benjy would settle back in his chair a little more comfortably. "Ain't we settin' up pretty late, D'rindy?" he would say luxuriantly. But time was taking swifter flight the other way for D'rindy, back to the old days and the old people of the stories.

" 'T ain't nice to let 'em all die an' never think of 'em," she would say softly. That was why she loved the Old Road, which once had been the only road. If the sea was always in the background of Uncle Benjy's mind, it was the Old Road that was always there in D'rindy's thoughts.

Down the Old Road it was that the first settlers came to the sea. Down the Old Road the two Indians came that Sunday morning, frightening grammarm so she hid her two little children under a big brass kettle before she answered their knock. Uncle Benjy was one of those children. The old kettle was still out in the back kitchen, and by the fire the straight little chair that grammarm used to sit in. When she told D'rindy the story she was a withered-up, quaint little creature, with her short dress, her short white hair under her cap, her gold beads, and the thin little gold loops in her ears. But once she was young and full of life. So were all those other old people of Uncle Benjy's tales. Over on the Old Road they still were young for D'rindy. They peopled her vision, and came back to live again in their gabled old houses. If, wherever she turned in this sleepy old neighborhood, the past was still there to read in visible dreams, then the heart of those old days was still beating quick and warm in the Old Road.

But of all the changes D'rindy wrought in the old kitchen, the best of all for Uncle Benjy was when she brought down his old sea-chest, and spread its treasures about on wall and shelf as things to be loved and lived with.

"Sho! sho!" he exclaimed, well pleased. "Where 'd ye come on that?" he said, his eye lighting on the carving of a ship in a bottle up on the mantelpiece. "Made it second trip out," he said. Then a little shade crossed his face. "Mother did n't like 'em," he said, "so I stowed all sech as that up attic.

"She did n't like the sea," he went on. "She did n't like to be on it or by it or of it. Guess she thought I mought have amounted to more if I 'd stuck to the land. Mebbe. Guess, though, I wa'n't doomed to be overrich either way. No tellin' what she had to put up with in me. What she 'd ha' liked would been a man that moved 'bout as spry for a man as she did for a woman. Her heart was set on a big, drivin' farm, an' this little place, with its little bit o' orchard, an' its two-three rocky fields, was what she had to make out with. An' means—she wanted means. Not to spend or to see 'em spent, but to feel 't they was there, 'cumulatin', growin' more. An' the sea jest 'bout kep' us goin'. She did n't like the sea."

But D'rindy liked the sea. Sometimes all evening long the snug little kitchen was the dark mess-room of a whaler, its blackened ceiling grimy with smoke and grease from the guttering lamps on the wall. The winds blew—the winds of long ago; the storm beat against the hatches, and the waves broke in swirling white sheets on the deck, while Uncle Benjy, D'rindy with him, sailed over again the voyages of his youth. D'rindy came to know every one of those groups of seamen by face and by name. There were little 'Bijah Bachelder, who killed himself for homesickness; big, blue-eyed Abe Saunders, who did n't like to take the life of even a whale; Rufe Dow, who did n't mind the sea so much, but could n't stand the gibberish of the foreign ports. All the way out and in D'rindy was there with them, sharing their dangers, their privations, the hard monotony of the days.

Sometimes as they tossed, miles out, on the black, storm-driven sea, there would come a loud knock on the door, startling D'rindy as though real calamity had overtaken them at last. Smiling to see her jump, Uncle Benjy would rise to open the door.

"Guess we 'll have to put back to shore for Lyman," he would say.

Even when Lyman Heath and D'rindy were children together, they were Uncle

Benjy's two most-trusted companions. In those days Uncle Benjy's happiest hours were those summer mornings when he took them out in his boat; the best times now were these winter evenings when he took them out over that wilder, rougher sea that raged beside the fire. As they settled down, his look held all three together in its rich content, just as in the old days in the boat, when the wind filled the sails and the shore began to recede, and he would lean back to the tiller with a happy, "Now we 're off!"

But though for Uncle Benjy they were always children again when he had them together, that was the very time of all when they felt least like it. Alone, they could put themselves back into those sunny days as easily as if the farthest off were only yesterday, but together it was a time they could never quite recapture, not even with Uncle Benjy there just the same. And yet, as D'rindy lifted her eyes for another look, there was something of the boy she used to play with still there.

Only a year older than herself and just turned twenty, in the three years since she had seen him he seemed to have leaped into manhood. Smooth-faced still, his hair was as light as ever, but the forehead from which it waved back seemed broader, and the chin beneath it squarer. His mouth always had been diffident like that, and his gray eyes shy. Rather small and deep-set, they seemed shyer than ever now, dumbly inarticulate, like those of a great faithful dog, following her about, though with a steadiness that begot a shyness in her, and all the time awoke little echoes in her heart. Even as a little girl, she remembered, his eyes had begged something of her. But for all his shyness there was manliness to read in every inch of him. His shoulders were so broad and square that every now and then Uncle Benjy would say, "I declare, you 're still growin'!"

And he had grown so wise in those three years at the agricultural college! So wise that now he was converting the old, used-up hilltop farm that had come to him from his Grandfather Dole into a model farm. He forgot to be shy when he was telling of his farming projects, of rotation of crops, of silo, of scientific treatment of soil, of planting of trees, and of plowing the soil under them, and of the old stream that used to go to waste in the pasture, but that now he made use of for water-power to turn the cider-press and churn. Dear to his heart was his growing herd of Holsteins and his flock of white Brahmas; but it was the apples that were to be his great crop. Apple-trees by the hundred he was setting out on the sheltered slopes of the hills.

"Hear him! hear him!" Uncle Benjy would chuckle over to D'rindy. "Apple-Seed John 's in great form to-night." But Uncle Benjy reveled in his enthusiasm and in the undoubted success with which all things were working out, and it was all better even than a story to D'rindy.

Once when he was drawing the plan for one of the model chicken houses he was working on, she suggested some little change of detail. It was just what was needed to perfect it. He marveled at her insight. Another time she offered an idea so manifestly absurd that he threw back his head and laughed. But her delicious absurdity drew them even nearer together than her unexpected wisdom, and always there was the bond of her interest. Best of all she liked to hear how he was getting on with Grandfather Dole's old house; for the barns he was tearing down, and replacing with new ones, while the little old dwelling-house, shabby on the surface, but sound at heart, he was restoring to life again. Soon it would shine like new.

But even when they were speaking of it, if Uncle Benjy left them alone for a moment, a little constraint would fall upon them, a silence that neither seemed quite able to break. Then Uncle Benjy would come back with the armful of wood he had insisted on going for, or his pick of the apples from the loaded bins down cellar, and all would go on as before, with only the memory of that little silence back there in their consciousness. Again, every night, would come that longer pause, when Uncle Benjy, lighting the old ship's lantern, would go out to make sure that every creature in barn and stable was warm and snug, that the wind had n't loosened the buttons on the doors, and that all was shipshape. It was a little rite that he performed alone, taking it as a reflection on his age if any one offered to accompany him. Were they watching him in fancy as he looked in on the sleeping cow and horse that they sat there

hardly lifting their eyes to each other? And listening—listening so hard to what? Then at last would come the sound of his returning footsteps, and again the roar of the sea as the door was opened, and he would stand there, knocking the snow off his shoes, and calling out to them in his cheery voice.

Somehow, of all the evening it was those quiet little intervals that Lyman would remember and carry all the way home with him in his mind. And up-stairs in her bed D'rindy would fall asleep to dream of a world that was all one great orchard. Now the apples were red on the trees, and now they lay sunning in great mounds underneath. The smell of cider was in the air. And beyond the orchard were bowls and bowls of yellow cream, and baskets of creamy white eggs, one beyond another, close together at first, then far apart, like white pebbles in a fairy-story, dropped to show the way. And when D'rindy followed on from one to another, they led at last to a little old house that shone like new.

D'rindy's ways were happy ways, and D'rindy's thoughts were happy thoughts, but sometimes, as spring drew near, all without any reason, they were happier than ever. At other times a vague little sadness overcame her, a restlessness, a dissatisfaction with herself, a half-felt longing for something, she knew not what; a pain, as though all life were disillusion. She would sit very quiet, forgetting to speak for so long that Uncle Benjy would look over to her wistfully.

"D'rindy," he would say, "you 're lonesome. You go back to your folks for a spell. I 'll make out."

"Oh, no," she would exclaim, turning a little white at the very idea. But, then, why *should* she want to leave Uncle Benjy?

"Well, then," he would go on anxiously, "you take up that course o' plant-study they was writin' 'bout." The spell would be over; D'rindy's face would break into dimpling smiles.

Only yesterday that new sadness had been there. All day long D'rindy had struggled against it, only to go to bed weary at last. But this morning, as she stood there in the doorway, a marvelous gladness was on her face. It was as though a miracle had happened overnight. Uncle Benjy looked up at her approvingly.

"You looked real peaked yest'day," he said, "but you don't to-day, not a mite. An' yet—" He paused uncertainly, as though to account for some change. D'rindy had always been pretty, but this morning her dimpled prettiness was changed to beauty, touched with a light that had never been there before. A sweetness seemed to breathe from her like a fragrance. In her eyes was a wonderful softness, and at the same time a radiance, as though, like all the waking earth, her spirit, too, had been bathed in some celestial dew.

"It 's such a lovely day!" she marveled at last, in a sweet wonder. "It is n't like any other day."

"Some days is made on earth," Uncle Benjy beamed over to her, "an' never git far from it. An' some 's made in heaven, an' drop down—like some folks."

Only half consciously it was that D'rindy smiled. Uncle Benjy's love was a source of never-failing sweetness, but to-day his love only touched another chord deeper, sweeter still. Somewhere within her heart a light was shining—a light beside which all other lights were dim; a light, though, that did not pale the others, but absorbed them, blended them together in one light so great that suddenly in all the dark little places of heart and soul there was only light, light, a glory of light.

Uncle Benjy watched her face as she stood there lost in her joy, wrapped in her dream, and suddenly a great light broke over his own face.

"Sho! sho!" he breathed softly to himself. "Sho! sho!" Then, rousing himself after a bit, he cried excitedly, "D'rindy, if I 'd a piece o' board jest right, I b'lieve I 'd whittle."

D'rindy smiled over at him from her dream. There was only one thing Uncle Benjy whittled. Big boats he had built in his day; now he whittled toy ships for windmills. Scattered over the countryside they were, on many a barn and gable, and wherever you saw one of them sailing merrily through the sea of the air, you read a tale of Uncle Benjy's loving thought. Hardly a young couple but started out with one of them as a symbol of their voyage through life together. It was n't only that a ship was the fairest

craft in all the world to him, but that this was the fairest voyage. Hopefully he watched others start out on the course that had proved stormy for him. He liked to surprise them with his gift. Sometimes they had hardly plighted their troth before he showed them their little ship waiting. Those little ships were freighted with good wishes, launched with fair hopes for breeze, and good advice for the steering-gear.

"Good wishes, wished right, can't but help. Forced to. I 'm wishin' for ye," he would say.

The younger they were, the better. "Don't wait till ye think ye 've got past all the rocks afore ye come together. By that time ye 'll both ha' got so used to seein' rocks ye can't see nothin' else. Take 'em together, an' it 's surprisin' how many ye 'll miss. An' don't forget, travel the whole world over, or don't stir out the village, home 's the main port."

"D'rindy," he called over again this morning—"D'rindy, did n't ye hear? I guess I 'll whittle."

"Who 's it for?" D'rindy murmured softly from her dream.

"Did n't Lyman fetch me any boards last time he went to mill?"

D'rindy went and brought all she could find. He shook his head.

"Ain't none of 'em big enough for what I 've got on hand to-day."

"He 'll get some to-morrow. Won't that do?"

"To-morrow? No, no; that 's 'way too late. It 's got to be all complete by night, all done an' ready."

D'rindy thought a minute, then went into the house and came out with the baking-board. It was of seasoned pine, and all in one piece. His eyes brightened.

"Can ye spare 't?"

"I 'll get me another," she promised, "or use the top o' the table."

"D'rindy," he said, "you 're a real comf'table person to git on with." Opening his knife, he sat in a happy little muse before he got to work.

"Once," he said, "I set sail on jest sech another day as this. I was young then, 'bout as young as the year was. Three months we was gone, up 'long the Banks to St. John, back to Halifax, down 'cross to Liverpool, an' back the way we come. Never was known sech a trip that time o' year. Fog an' cold rains day after day. But, do you know, place o' gray skies an' cold, to me 't was this day all over again all the way out an' in, sech a picter I carried off with me o' jest this—the old house here, all white in the sun, an' the pink trees, an' the swallows lookin' out their nests up there, an' the green ma'sh, an' the blue creeks, an' that same golden robin up on the elm. Only 't was father plowin' up the south field there," he mused. "An' mother was inside,—she was still spry then,—puttin' my kit together, an' callin' out f'om time to time what to do in case.

" 'T was a good day to set sail; so 't will be to-day," he promised exultantly. "So 't will be to-day. Those that start off to-day they 're blessed more 'n common. They 're bound to run into some fog, but it can't shut down on 'em too close if they got the mem'ry o' this to gladden 'em. Storms, mebbe. But some storms the' be that carry ye right 'long your course double-quick time. Storm blows over, an' there ye be, headed straight on, ridin' nicer 'n ever. So 't will be for those that start to-day. They can 'most let go the helm an' let her drift.

"Sech a day! sech a day! Best thing that ever happened!" he went on joyously to himself as D'rindy left him settling down to his task, and went back to her work.

"Had n't you better come out of the sun?" she asked, turning in wonder.

"No, no," he returned happily; "I 'll set right where I be. Sun to-day 's jest right to oil the j'ints. Don't ye know that, child? Some sun 's to scorch, an' some 's to limber up. Don't need to travel the world over to find out the diff'rence in sunshine. Set right at home an' know 't. The' ain't more diff'rence between the sunshine o' Rockport an' Ceylon than there is between that o' to-day right here an' that o' July on the same spot. They ain't the same bev'rage. No, no," he went on to himself; "I 'll set right where I be. Won't stir till it 's done."

A hen with an early brood, catching sight of the little stream of yellow whittlings, called her flock up eagerly to partake of it. After her first sharp shock of disillusionment, she cuddled them up

beneath her, and sat there eying him reproachfully, while they peeped out at him sociably from under her fluffed-up wings. One little yellow one, refusing any shelter, perched on her back, stretched his tiny wings to the sunshine, and did all but crow. Uncle Benjy looked over into its bright little eyes.

"Bless me! how we all grow, don't we? To be sure, to be sure. You 'll be next," he chuckled. "Oh, to think of it! to think of it! Best thing that ever happened. An' she don't know it yet! No, she don't, not for a cent. See her stand there! Forgot what she come for!"

Once going by, D'rindy stopped, her arms laden with the snowy linen from the bush.

"Will it be a nice ship?" she asked, peeping over his shoulder.

"Best I ever made. An', oh, but it 'll ride nice! Bound to. Could n't help it if it tried. All the way over Happy Seas straight to Happy Port."

"I can't think of anybody," D'rindy mused.

"You 'll know all in good season," he promised, with a smile that seemed to wrap her all about.

"You 're happy, too, to-day," she said.

"Never was so happy, quite." He beamed up to her.

"Everybody 's happy," she said. "They could n't help be—to-day."

Back and forth from house to barn she went. She was teaching the little black-and-white calf to drink from a pail. Dipping her finger into the milk, she gave it to the calf to lick, till presently, putting its nose away down in, it was taking experimental little gulps from the pail. She left it working off the excitement of its achievement in awkward little leaps about the barn-yard, and went on to feed the setting hens. They did not come even for the grain she scattered, but sat there in patient immobility, like china hens, upon their nests. D'rindy lingered for a moment, watching them, lost in another dream. As she came out to the sunshine again, deep in the tenderness of her heart she carried the thought of them still, and of the frolicking calf. Each thought seemed to strike a different note, and start new music ringing.

Once as she was coming through the barn something caught her eye. She smiled. It was Uncle Benjy's row of paint-pots on the shelf.

"I can't think of anybody," she mused again in passing.

At noon Uncle Benjy was deep in his work. She brought his dinner, and put it on a little stand beside him.

"Eat it when you 've a mind to," she said. "Mother" had been no respecter of moods. How often in the old days D'rindy had seen him drop the work that was meat and drink to him to avoid the storm that his absence from the table would call forth. It was a measure of his present security that he hardly looked up long enough to give a careless little nod.

Two hours later, when she peeped out, the food was still untouched beside him. It was Uncle Benjy who was lost to the world now, so rapt in his work that he did not even notice her as she drew near and stood watching him. She loved to see Uncle Benjy like this, his silence was so benignant, his very absorption so articulate. It was as though he were transmitting his thoughts and even his hopes to the wood he was fashioning so cleverly in his great deft hands. Already it was beginning to take on the form and semblance of a ship. D'rindy did not break the charm by even a whisper.

"Dear Uncle Benjy!" she murmured to herself. "But I can't think of *anybody,*" she mused again as she slipped past him softly and went over to the Old Road. Somehow it was as though she had been waiting all day long to get there.

Away back toward the village it lost itself between old wood lots and stony pastures, forgotten of all but the sheep that strayed in to nibble its grassy bed, or of the cows, stepping over the straggling walls to reach the fields beyond. Away back there it lost itself, but it still led to the sea. It was like the course of D'rindy's thoughts when she left the highway and cut across the "mowing" to wander down it; for they, too, went straying back till they lost themselves in a wonder of forgotten old days and deeds. But they went onward, too, sure and straight, to the unprobed depths of a future that, wide and vast and fathoms deep, lay spread out there before her.

To-day all her thoughts led onward. Only for a moment a vision came of little old grammarm young again, spending her

days in a sweet solitude of sea and marsh. Grass-grown then this old road must have been; but that was the primeval grass, before frequent travel had changed its turf to dust, and disuse had changed it back to grass again. Verily it was a sweet old road to take on a spring day, for if men had abandoned it, the flowers had not. Clumps of tiny wood-violets grew where once the clumsy feet of oxen had trod, hepaticas trustfully put forth their tender blossoms, bloodroot bloomed in great profusion, and sweet anemones starred the grass. Along the walls the sumacs were starting up in downy shoots of soft brown velvet. Great coils of gray fern fronds were pushing their way out of black old stumps, crumbling survivals of the ancient forest. Bushes and vines on each side were putting forth leaves of delicate green.

"Oh," D'rindy cried joyously as she went on between the flowers and the starting young shoots, "it never was *spring* till to-day!"

Over the grasses and through the leaves the light winds went straying. They did n't stop to ask whither or why, nor did she. On she went, and the earth was as soft beneath her feet as though she were treading those clouds overhead. Wide was the vision, and beautiful, and she was a part of it all. Far out a ship was sailing; so she was sailing, too. Up high a bird was flying; so she was flying, too. Down low a thrush was singing; so she was singing, too. Her heart was as open to the sweetness of the day as the earth to the warm spring sun; and like the budding leaves and the springing grass, her heart was growing, too, leafing and budding, and bursting into the perfect flower.

On between the pasture and the marsh the Old Road wound, and whithersoever it led, she followed its windings with joy. Now the marsh came far up to meet the pasture, now the pasture went far down to meet the marsh, but always they met. All things met. The blue creeks met the marsh. Away out there the sea met the sky. And coming toward her, all his face alight at sight of her, D'rindy met Lyman Heath. Her heart gave a little leap, and then she knew—she knew!

"D'rindy," he cried, "I was just thinkin' 'bout you. You goin' somewhere?"

"No; I came to meet you."

"D'rindy! Did you see me go by?"

"No," she laughed.

"Then how 'd you know?"

"I don't know as I *did* know, but—I came to meet you."

He trembled a little at the gladness of her eyes, longing, half afraid to claim their sweet message. All his heart was beating in tune to the new thrill in her voice. As though to still its throbbing, he strove to say quite simply: "I been down to see old Leavitt 'bout some salt hay. I 'm a little mite short."

"No, you came—to meet me."

For pure joy he laughed at her sweet insistence; then the gladness left his eyes, and his face turned white. His heart almost stopped its beating. It was as though, if one thing were denied it, it need never go on.

"D'rindy," he said, "I love you. Since you were so high, always, there never was anybody else but you. An' to-day, all day long, when I woke, an' when I looked out, an' ev'ry minute since, you 've been right here beside me like this. An' something so sweet—never was anything quite so sweet under heaven before—I did n't know till this minute what 't was—I guess 't was the feelin' that you loved me. I had no right,—why should you?—only my love, only my longing. D'rindy," he broke off sharply, "tell me quick if 't ain't so!"

For answer she gave him her joyous face.

"I guess we both knew 't when we woke up," she whispered. "It must be I told you—when you told me." It was as though back there in the radiance of the dawn their vows had been given. Their joy was a whole day old. "Did anybody else ever do that way?" she laughed up from his arms.

Then, womanlike, she took her joy up to the sky, as though under all its vast dome there was scarcely room to hold it. But for him all the world, all the springtide, all the joy and beauty of life, was there in her face.

"Uncle Benjy knew," she marveled suddenly. "It 's our ship he 's whittling!"

And somehow, as they wandered back to him in the sunset, it seemed as though they knew, too, all those old folk of the past who used to walk where they were walking now, between these old stone

walls. So they had come once, too, perhaps, hand in hand for the first time on a spring day. And their fathers before them, somewhere else.

"D'rindy," he said, "you and I we 're taking an older road than this. It 's the oldest road of all."

She smiled as she caught his meaning. She was watching a pair of bluebirds cleave the air. High up over the green marsh they flew into the deepening sky.

"Oh, no," she said softly, as her eyes lost them in a sweet wonder of joy; "it 's a new road—a road we 've never been."

REMINISCENCES OF TOLSTOY

BY HIS SON, COUNT ILYÁ TOLSTOY

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE CALDERON

IN one of his letters to his great-aunt, Alexándra Andréyevna Tolstoy, my father gives the following description of his children:

The eldest [Sergéi] is fair-haired and good-looking; there is something weak and patient in his expression, and very gentle. His laugh is not infectious; but when he cries, I can hardly refrain from crying, too. Every one says he is like my eldest brother.

I am afraid to believe it. It is too good to be true. My brother's chief characteristic was neither egotism nor self-renunciation, but a strict mean between the two. He never sacrificed himself for any one else; but not only always avoided injuring others, but also interfering with them. He kept his happiness and his sufferings entirely to himself.

Ilyá, the third, has never been ill in his life; broad-boned, white and pink, radiant, bad at lessons. Is always thinking about what he is told not to think about. Invents his own games. Hot-tempered and violent, wants to fight at once; but is also tender-hearted and very sensitive. Sensuous; fond of eating and lying still doing nothing.

Tánya [Tatyána] is eight years old. Every one says that she is like Sonya, and I believe them, although I am pleased about that, too; I believe it only because it is obvious. If she had been Adam's eldest daughter and he had had no other children afterward, she would have passed a wretched childhood. The greatest pleasure that she has is to look after children.

The fourth is Lyoff. Handsome, dexterous, good memory, graceful. Any clothes fit him as if they had been made for him. Everything that others do, he does very skilfully and well. Does not understand much yet.

The fifth, Masha [Mary] is two years old, the one whose birth nearly cost Sonya her life. A weak and sickly child. Body white as milk, curly white hair; big, queer blue eyes, queer by reason of their deep, serious expression. Very intelligent and ugly. She will be one of the riddles; she will suffer, she will seek and find nothing, will always be seeking what is least attainable.

The sixth, Peter, is a giant, a huge, delightful baby in a mob-cap, turns out his elbows, strives eagerly after something. My wife falls into an ecstasy of agitation and emotion when she holds him in her arms; but I am completely at a loss to understand. I know that he has a great store of physical energy, but whether there is any purpose for which the store is wanted I do not know. That is why I do not care for children under two or three; I don't understand.

This letter was written in 1872, when I was six years old. My recollections date from about that time. I can remember a few things before.

FAMILY LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

FROM my earliest childhood until the family moved into Moscow—that was in

1881—all my life was spent, almost without a break, at Yásnaya Polyána.

This is how we live. The chief personage in the house is my mother. She settles everything. She interviews Nikolái, the cook, and orders dinner; she sends us out for walks, makes our shirts, is always nursing some baby at the breast; all day long she is bustling about the house with hurried steps. One can be naughty with her, though she is sometimes angry and punishes us.

She knows more about everything than anybody else. She knows that one must wash every day, that one must eat soup at dinner, that one must talk French, learn not to crawl about on all fours, not to put one's elbows on the table; and if she says that one is not to go out walking because it is just going to rain, she is sure to be right, and one must do as she says.

Papa is the cleverest man in the world. He always knows everything. There is no being naughty with *him*. When he is up in his study "working," one is not allowed to make a noise, and nobody may go into his room. What he does when he is at "work," none of us know. Later on, when I had learned to read, I was told that papa was a "writer."

This was how I learned. I was very pleased with some lines of poetry one day, and asked my mother who wrote them. She told me they were written by Pushkin, and Pushkin was a great writer. I was vexed at my father not being one, too. Then my mother said that my father was also a well-known writer, and I was very glad indeed.

At the dinner-table papa sits opposite mama and has his own round silver spoon. When old Natália Petróvna, who lives on the floor below with great-aunt Tatyána Alexándrovna, pours herself out a glass of kvass, he picks it up and drinks it right off, then says, "Oh, I 'm so sorry, Natália Petróvna; I made a mistake!" We all laugh delightedly, and it seems odd that papa is not in the least afraid of Natália Petróvna. When there is jelly for pudding, papa says it is good for gluing paper boxes; we run off to get some paper, and papa makes it into boxes. Mama is angry, but he is not afraid of her either. We have the gayest times imaginable with him now and then. He can ride a horse better and run faster than anybody else, and there is no one in the world so strong as he is.

He hardly ever punishes us, but when he looks me in the eyes he knows everything that I think, and I am frightened. You can tell stories to mama, but not to papa, because he will see through you at once. So nobody ever tries.

Besides papa and mama, there was also Aunt Tatyána Alexándrovna Yergolsky. In her room she had a big eikon with a silver mount. We were very much afraid of this eikon, because it was very old and black.

When I was six, I remember my father teaching the village children. They had their lessons in "the other house," [1] where Alexey Stepánytch, the bailiff, lived, and sometimes on the ground floor of the house we lived in.

There were a great number of village children who used to come. When they came, the front hall smelled of sheepskin jackets; they were taught by papa and Seryózha and Tánya and Uncle Kóstya all at once. Lesson-time was very gay and lively.

The children did exactly as they pleased, sat where they liked, ran about from place to place, and answered questions not one by one, but all together, interrupting one another, and helping one another to recall what they had read. If one left out a bit, up jumped another and then another, and the story or sum was reconstructed by the united efforts of the whole class.

What pleased my father most about his pupils was the picturesqueness and originality of their language. He never wanted a literal repetition of bookish expressions, and particularly encouraged every one to speak "out of his own head." I remember how once he stopped a boy who was running into the next room.

"Where are *you* off to?" he asked.

"To uncle, to bite off a piece of chalk." [2]

"Cut along, cut along! It 's not for us to teach them, but for them to teach

[1] The name we gave to the stone annex.

[2] The instinct for lime, necessary to feed their bones, drives Russian children to nibble pieces of chalk or the whitewash off the wall. In this case the boy was running to one of the grown-ups in the house, and whom he called uncle, as Russian children call everybody uncle or aunt, to get a piece of the chalk that he had for writing on the blackboard.

us," he said to some one when the boy was gone. Which of us would have expressed himself like that? You see, he did not say to "get" or to "break off," but to "bite off," which was right, because they did literally "bite" off the chalk from the lump with their teeth, and not break it off.

THE SERVANTS IN THE HOUSE

When my father married and brought home his young and inexperienced bride, Sófya Andréyevna, to Yásnaya Polyána, Nikolái Mikháilovitch Rumyántsef was already established as cook. Before my father's marriage he had a salary of five rubles a month; but when my mother arrived, she raised him to six, at which rate he continued the rest of his days; that is, till somewhere about the end of the eighties. He was succeeded in the kitchen by his son, Semyon Nikoláyevitch, my mother's godson, and this worthy and beloved man, companion of my childish games, still lives with us to this day. Under my mother's supervision he prepared my father's vegetarian diet with affectionate zeal, and without him my father would very likely never have lived to the ripe old age he did.

Agáfya Mikháilovna was an old woman who lived at first in the kitchen of "the other house" and afterward on the home farm. Tall and thin, with big, thoroughbred eyes, and long, straight hair, like a witch, turning gray, she was rather terrifying, but more than anything else she was queer.

Once upon a time long ago she had been housemaid to my great-grandmother, Countess Pelagéya Nikoláyevna Tolstoy, my father's grandmother, née Princess Gortchakóva. She was fond of telling about her young days. She would say:

I was very handsome. When there were gentlefolks visiting at the big house, the countess would call me, 'Gachette [Agáfya], femme de chambre, apportez-moi un mouchoir!' Then I would say, *'Toute suite, Madame la Comtesse!'* And every one would be staring at me, and could n't take their eyes off. When I crossed over to the annex, there they were watching to catch me on the way. Many a time have I tricked them—ran round the other way and jumped over the ditch. I never liked that sort of thing any time. A maid I was, a maid I am.

After my grandmother's death, Agáfya Mikháilovna was sent on to the home farm for some reason or other, and minded the sheep. She got so fond of sheep that all her days after she never would touch mutton.

After the sheep, she had an affection for dogs, and that is the only period of her life that I remember her in.

There was nothing in the world she cared about but dogs. She lived with them in horrible dirt and smells, and gave up her whole mind and soul to them. We always had setters, harriers, and *borzois,* and the whole kennel, often very numerous, was under Agáfya Mikháilovna's management, with some boy or other to help her, usually one as clumsy and stupid as could be found.

There are many interesting recollections bound up with the memory of this intelligent and original woman. Most of them are associated in my mind with my father's stories about her. He could always catch and unravel any interesting psychological trait, and these traits, which he would mention incidentally, stuck firmly in my mind. He used to tell, for instance, how Agáfya Mikháilovna complained to him of sleeplessness.

"Ever since I can remember her, she has suffered from 'a birch-tree growing inside me from my belly up; it presses against my chest, and prevents my breathing.'

"She complains of her sleeplessness and the birch-tree and says: 'There I lay all alone and all quiet, only the clock ticking on the wall: "Who are you? What are you? Who are you? What are you?" And I began to think: "Who am I? What am I?" and so I spent the whole night thinking about it.'

"Why, imagine this is Socrates! 'Know thyself,' " said my father, telling the story with great enthusiasm.

In the summer-time my mother's brother, Styópa (Stephen Behrs), who was studying at the time in the school of jurisprudence, used to come and stay with us. In the autumn he used to go wolf-hunting with my father and us, with the *borzois,* and Agáfya Mikháilovna loved him for that.

Styópa's examination was in the spring. Agáfya Mikháilovna knew about it and anxiously waited for the news of whether he had got through.

Once she put up a candle before the eikon and prayed that Styópa might pass. But at that moment she remembered that her *borzois* had got out and had not come back to the kennels again.

"Saints in heaven! they 'll get into some place and worry the cattle and do a mischief!" she cried. " 'Lord, let my candle burn for the dogs to come back quick, and I 'll buy another for Stepan Andréyevitch.' No sooner had I said this to myself than I heard the dogs in the porch rattling their collars. Thank God! they were back. That 's what prayer can do."

Another favorite of Agáfya Mikháilovna was a young man, Mísha Stakhóvitch, who often stayed with us.

"See what you have been and done to me, little Countess!" she said reproachfully to my sister Tánya: "you 've introduced me to Mikhail Alexandrovitch, and I 've fallen in love with him in my old age, like a wicked woman!"

On the fifth of February, her name-day, Agáfya Mikháilovna received a telegram of congratulation from Stakhóvitch.

When my father heard of it, he said jokingly to Agáfya Mikháilovna:

"Are n't you ashamed that a man had to trudge two miles through the frost at night all for the sake of your telegram?"

"Trudge, trudge? Angels bore him on their wings. Trudge, indeed! You get three telegrams from an outlandish Jew woman," she growled, "and telegrams every day about your Golokhvotika. Never a trudge then; but I get name-day greetings, and it 's trudge!"

And one could not but acknowledge that she was right. This telegram, the only one in the whole year that was addressed to the kennels, by the pleasure it gave Agáfya Mikháilovna was far more important of course than this news or that about a ball given in Moscow in honor of a Jewish banker's daughter, or about Olga Andréyevna Golokvástovy's arrival at Yásnaya.

Agáfya Mikháilovna died at the beginning of the nineties. There were no more hounds or sporting dogs at Yásnaya then, but till the end of her days she gave shelter to a motley collection of mongrels, and tended and fed them.

THE HOME OF THE TOLSTOYS

I CAN remember the house at Yásnaya Polyána in the condition it was in the first years after my father's marriage.

It was one of the two-storied wings of the old mansion-house of the Princes Volkónsky, which my father had sold for pulling down when he was still a bachelor.

From what my father has told me, I know that the house in which he was born and spent his youth was a three-storied building with thirty-six rooms. On the spot where it stood, between the two wings, the remains of the old stone foundation are still visible in the form of trenches filled with rubble, and the site is covered with big sixty-year-old trees that my father himself planted.

When any one asked my father where he was born, he used to point to a tall larch which grew on the site of the old foundations.

"Up there where the top of that larch waves," he used to say; "that 's where my mother's room was, where I was born on a leather sofa."

My father seldom spoke of his mother, but when he did, it was delightful to hear him, because the mention of her awoke an unusual strain of gentleness and tenderness in him. There was such a ring of respectful affection, so much reverence for her memory, in his words, that we all looked on her as a sort of saint.

My father remembered his father well, because he was already nine years old when he died. He loved him, too, and always spoke of him reverently; but one always felt that his mother's memory, although he had never known her, was dearer to him, and his love for her far greater than for his father.

Even to this day I do not exactly know the story of the sale of the old house. My father never liked talking about it, and for that reason I could never make up my mind to ask him the details of the transaction. I only know that the house was sold for five thousand paper rubles [1] by one of his relatives, who had charge of his affairs by power of attorney when he was in the Caucasus.

[1] About $3000.

It was said to have been done in order to pay off my father's gambling debts. That was quite true.

My father himself told me that at one time he was a great card-player, that he lost large sums of money, and that his financial affairs were considerably embarrassed.

The only thing about which I am in doubt is whether it was with my father's knowledge or by his directions that the house was sold, or whether the relative in question did not exceed his instructions and decide on the sale of his own initiative.

My father cherished his parents' memory to such an extent, and had such a warm affection for everything relating to his own childhood, that it is hard to believe that he would have raised his hand against the house in which he had been born and brought up and in which his mother had spent her whole life.

Knowing my father as I do, I think it is highly possible that he wrote to his relative from the Caucasus, "Sell something," not in the least expecting that he would sell the house, and that he afterward took the blame for it on himself. Is that not the reason why he was always so unwilling to talk about it?

In 1871, when I was five years old, the *zala*[1] and study were built on the house.

The walls of the *zala* were hung with old portraits of ancestors. They were rather alarming, and I was afraid of them at first; but we got used to them after a time, and I grew fond of one of them, of my great-grandfather, Ilyá Andréyevitch Tolstoy, because I was told that I was like him.

Beside him hung the portrait of another great-grandfather, Prince Nikolái Sergéyevitch Volkónsky, my grandmother's father, with thick, black eyebrows, a gray wig, and a red *kaftan*.[2]

This Volkónsky built all the buildings of Yásnaya Polyána. He was a model squire, intelligent and proud, and enjoyed the great respect of all the neighborhood.

On the ground floor, under the drawing-room, next to the entrance-hall, my father built his study. He had a semicircular niche made in the wall, and stood a marble bust of his favorite dead brother Nikolái in it. This bust was made abroad from a death-mask, and my father told us that it was very like, because it was done by a good sculptor, according to his own directions.

He had a kind and rather plaintive face. The hair was brushed smooth like a child's, with the parting on one side. He had no beard or mustache, and his head was white and very, very clean. My father's study was divided in two by a partition of big bookshelves, containing a multitude of all sorts of books. In order to support them, the shelves were connected by big wooden beams, and between them was a thin birch-wood door, behind which stood my father's writing-table and his old-fashioned semicircular arm-chair.

There are portraits of Dickens and Schopenhauer and Fet[3] as a young man on the walls, too, and the well-known group of writers of the Sovreménnik[4] circle in 1856, with Turgénieff, Ostróvsky, Gontcharóf, Grigoróvitch, Druzhínin, and my father, quite young still, without a beard, and in uniform.

My father used to come out of his bedroom of a morning—it was in a corner on the top floor—in his dressing-gown, with his beard uncombed and tumbled together, and go down to dress.

Soon after he would issue from his study fresh and vigorous, in a gray smock-frock, and would go up into the *zala* for breakfast. That was our *déjeuner*.

When there was nobody staying in the house, he would not stop long in the drawing-room, but would take his tumbler of tea and carry it off to his study with him.

But if there were friends and guests

[1] The *zala* is the chief room of a house, corresponding to the English drawing-room, but on a grand scale. The *gostinaya*—literally guest-room, usually translated as drawing-room—is a place for more intimate receptions. At Yásnaya Polyána meals were taken in the *zala*, but this is not the general Russian custom, houses being provided also with a *stolóvaya*, or dining-room.

[2] *Kaftan*, a long coat of various cuts, including military and naval frock-coat, and the long gown worn by coachmen.

[3] Afanásyi Shénshin, the poet, who adopted his mother's name, Fet, for a time, owing to official difficulties about his birth-certificate. An intimate friend of Tolstoy's.

[4] The "Sovreménnik," or "Contemporary Review," edited by the poet Mekrasof, was the rallying-place for the "men of the forties," the new school of realists. Ostróvsky is the dramatist; Gontcharóf the novelist, author of "Oblómof"; Grigoróvitch wrote tales about peasant life, and was the discoverer of Tchékhof's talent as a serious writer.

with us, he would get into conversation, become interested, and could not tear himself away.

At last he would go off to his work, and we would disperse, in winter to the different school-rooms, in summer to the croquet-lawn or somewhere about the garden. My mother would settle down in the drawing-room to make some garment for the babies, or to copy out something she had not finished overnight; and till three or four in the afternoon silence would reign in the house.

Then my father would come out of his study and go off for his afternoon's exercise. Sometimes he would take a dog and a gun, sometimes ride, and sometimes merely go for a walk to the imperial wood.

At five the big bell that hung on the broken bough of an old elm-tree in front of the house would ring and we would all run to wash our hands and collect for dinner.

He was very hungry, and ate voraciously of whatever turned up. My mother would try to stop him, would tell him not to waste all his appetite on *kasha,* because there were chops and vegetables to follow. "You 'll have a bad liver again," she would say; but he would pay no attention to her, and would ask for more and more, until his hunger was completely satisfied. Then he would tell us all about his walk, where he put up a covey of black game, what new paths he discovered in the imperial wood beyond Kudeyarof Well, or, if he rode, how the young horse he was breaking in began to understand the reins and the pressure of the leg. All this he would relate in the most vivid and entertaining way, so that the time passed gaily and animatedly.

After dinner he would go back to his room to read, and at eight we had tea, and the best hours of the day began—the evening hours, when everybody gathered in the *zala.* The grown-ups talked or read aloud or played the piano, and we either listened to them or had some jolly game of our own, and in anxious fear awaited the moment when the English grandfather-clock on the landing would give a click and a buzz, and slowly and clearly ring out ten.

Perhaps mama would not notice? She was in the sitting-room, making a copy.

"Come, children, bedtime! Say good night," she would call.

"In a minute, Mama; just five minutes."

"Run along; it 's high time; or there will be no getting you up in the morning to do your lessons."

We would say a lingering good night, on the lookout for any chance for delay, and at last would go down-stairs through the arches, annoyed at the thought that we were children still and had to go to bed while the grown-ups could stay up as long as ever they liked.

A JOURNEY TO THE STEPPES

WHEN I was still a child and had not yet read "War and Peace," I was told that *Natásha Rostóf* was Aunt Tánya. When my father was asked whether that was true, and whether *Dmitry Rostóf* was such and such a person and *Levin* such and such another, he never gave a definite answer, and one could not but feel that he disliked such questions and was rather offended by them.

In those remote days about which I am talking, my father was very keen about the management of his estate, and devoted a lot of energy to it. I can remember his planting the huge apple orchard at Yásnaya and several hundred acres of birch and pine forest, and at the beginning of the seventies, for a number of years, he was interested in buying up land cheap in the province of Samara, and breeding droves of steppe horses and flocks of sheep.

I still have pretty clear, though rather fragmentary and inconsequent, recollections of our three summer excursions to the steppes of Samara.

My father had already been there before his marriage in 1862, and afterward by the advice of Dr. Zakháryin, who attended him. He took the kumiss-cure in 1871 and 1872, and at last, in 1873, the whole family went there.

At that time my father had bought several hundred acres of cheap Bashkir lands in the district of Buzulúk, and we went to stay on our new property at a *khutor,* or farm.

In Samara we lived on the farm in a tumble-down wooden house, and beside us, in the steppe, were erected two felt *kibitkas,* or Tatar frame tents, in which

Drawn by George T. Tobin from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

COUNT LYOFF TOLSTOY

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our Bashkir, Muhammed Shah Romanytch, lived with his wives.

Morning and evening they used to tie the mares up outside the *kibitkas,* where they were milked by veiled women, who then hid themselves from the sight of the men behind a brilliant chintz curtain, and made the kumiss.

The kumiss was bitter and very nasty, but my father and my uncle Stephen Behrs were very fond of it, and drank it in large quantities.

When we boys began to get big, we had at first a German tutor for two or three years, Fyódor Fyódorovitch Kaufmann.

I cannot say that we were particularly fond of him. He was rather rough, and even we children were struck by his German stupidity. His redeeming feature was that he was a devoted sportsman. Every morning he used to jerk the blankets off us and shout, "Auf, Kinder! auf!" and during the daytime plagued us with German calligraphy.

OUTDOOR SPORTS

THE chief passion of my childhood was riding. I well remember the time when my father used to put me in the saddle in front of him and we would ride out to bathe in the Voronka. I have several interesting recollections connected with these rides.

One day as we were going to bathe, papa turned round and said to me:

"Do you know, Ilyúsha, I am very pleased with myself to-day. I have been bothered with her for three whole days, and could not manage to make her go into the house; try as I would, it was impossible. It never would come right. But to-day I remembered that there is a mirror in every hall, and that every lady wears a bonnet.

"As soon as I remembered that, she went where I wanted her to, and did everything she had to. You would think a bonnet is a small affair, but everything depended on that bonnet."

As I recall this conversation, I feel sure that my father was talking about that scene in "Anna Karénina" where *Anna* went to see her son.

Although in the final form of the novel nothing is said in this scene either about a bonnet or a mirror,—nothing is mentioned but a thick black veil,—still, I imagine that in its original form, when he was working on the passage, my father may have brought Anna up to the mirror, and made her straighten her bonnet or take it off.

I can remember the interest with which he told me this, and it now seems strange that he should have talked about such subtle artistic experiences to a boy of seven who was hardly capable of understanding him at the time. However, that was often the case with him.

I once heard from him a very interesting description of what a writer needs for his work:

"You cannot imagine how important one's mood is," he said. "Sometimes you get up in the morning, fresh and vigorous, with your head clear, and you begin to write. Everything is sensible and consistent. You read it over next day, and have to throw the whole thing away, because, good as it is, it misses the main thing. There is no imagination in it, no subtlety, none of the necessary something, none of that only just without which all your cleverness is worth nothing. Another day you get up after a bad night, with your nerves all on edge, and you think, 'To-day I shall write well, at any rate.' And as a matter of fact, what you write is beautiful, picturesque, with any amount of imagination. You look it through again; it is no good, because it is written stupidly. There is plenty of color, but not enough intelligence.

"One's writing is good only when the intelligence and the imagination are in equilibrium. As soon as one of them overbalances the other, it 's all up; you may as well throw it away and begin afresh."

As a matter of fact, there was no end to the rewriting in my father's works. His industry in this particular was truly marvelous.

We were always devoted to sport from our earliest childhood. I can remember as well as I remember myself my father's favorite dog in those days, an Irish setter called Dora. They would bring round the cart, with a very quiet horse between the shafts, and we would drive out to the marsh, to Degatná or to Malákhov. My father and sometimes my mother or a coachman sat on the seat, while I and Dora lay on the floor.

When we got to the marsh, my father used to get out, stand his gun on the ground, and, holding it with his left hand, load it.

Dora meanwhile fidgeted about, whining impatiently and wagging her thick tail.

While my father splashed through the marsh, we drove round the bank somewhat behind him, and eagerly followed the ranging of the dog, the getting up of the snipe, and the shooting. My father sometimes shot fairly well, though he often lost his head, and missed frantically.

But our favorite sport was coursing with greyhounds. What a pleasure it was when the footman Sergei Petrovitch came in and woke us up before dawn, with a candle in his hand!

We jumped up full of energy and happiness, trembling all over in the morning cold; threw on our clothes as quickly as we could, and ran out into the *zala,* where the samovar was boiling and papa was waiting for us.

Sometimes mama came in in her dressing-gown, and made us put on all sorts of extra woolen stockings, and sweaters and gloves.

"What are you going to wear, Lyovótchka?" she would say to papa. "It 's very cold to-day, and there is a wind. Only the Kuzminsky overcoat again to-day? You must put on something underneath, if only for my sake."

Papa would make a face, but give in at last, and buckle on his short gray overcoat under the other and sally forth. It would then be growing light. Our horses were brought round, we got on, and rode first to "the other house," or to the kennels to get the dogs.

Agáfya Mikháilovna would be anxiously waiting us on the steps. Despite the coldness of the morning, she would be bareheaded and lightly clad, with her black jacket open, showing her withered, old bosom. She carried the dog-collars in her lean, knotted hands.

"Have you gone and fed them again?" asks my father, severely, looking at the dogs' bulging stomachs.

"Fed them? Not a bit; only just a crust of bread apiece."

"Then what are they licking their chops for?"

"There was a bit of yesterday's oatmeal left over."

"I thought as much! All the hares will get away again. It really is too bad! Do you do it to spite me?"

"You can't have the dogs running all day on empty stomachs, Lyoff Nikolaievich," she grunted, going angrily to put on the dogs' collars.

At last the dogs were got together, some of them on leashes, others running free; and we would ride out at a brisk trot past Bitter Wells and the grove into the open country.

My father would give the word of command, "Line out!" and point out the direction in which we were to go, and we spread out over the stubble fields and meadows, whistling and winding about along the lee side of the steep balks,[1] beating all the bushes with our hunting-crops, and gazing keenly at every spot or mark on the earth.

Something white would appear ahead. We stared hard at it, gathered up the reins, examined the leash, scarcely believing the good luck of having come on a hare at last. Then riding up closer and closer, with our eyes on the white thing, it would turn out to be not a hare at all, but a horse's skull. How annoying!

We would look at papa and Seryózha, thinking, "I wonder if they saw that I took that skull for a hare." But papa would be sitting keen and alert on his English saddle, with the wooden stirrups, smoking a cigarette, while Seryózha would perhaps have got his leash entangled and could not get it straight.

"Thank heaven!" we would exclaim, "nobody saw me! What a fool I should have felt!" So we would ride on.

The horse's even pace would begin to rock us to sleep, feeling rather bored at nothing getting up; when all of a sudden, just at the moment we least expected it, right in front of us, twenty paces away, would jump up a gray hare as if from the bowels of the earth.

The dogs had seen it before we had, and had started forward already in full pursuit. We began to bawl, "Tally-ho! tally-ho!" like madmen, flogging our horses with all our might, and flying after them.

[1] The balks are the banks dividing the fields of different owners or crops. Hedges are not used for this purpose in Russia.

The dogs would come up with the hare, turn it, then turn it again, the young and fiery Sultan and Darling running over it, catching up again, and running over again; and at last the old and experienced Winger, who had been galloping on one side all the time, would seize her opportunity, and spring in. The hare would give a helpless cry like a baby, and the dogs, burying their fangs in it, in a star-shaped group, would begin to tug in different directions.

"Let go! Let go!"

We would come galloping up, finish off the hare, and give the dogs the tracks,[1] tearing them off toe by toe, and throwing them to our favorites, who would catch them in the air. Then papa would teach us how to strap the hare on the back of the saddle.

After the run we would all be in better spirits, and get to better places near Yásenki and Rétinka. Gray hares would get up oftener. Each of us would have his spoils in the saddle-straps now, and we would begin to hope for a fox.

Not many foxes would turn up. If they did, it was generally Tumashka, who was old and staid, who distinguished himself. He was sick of hares, and made no great effort to run after them; but with a fox he would gallop at full speed, and it was almost always he who killed.

It would be late, often dark, when we got back home.

"ANNA KARÉNINA"

I REMEMBER my father writing his alphabet and reading-book in 1871 and 1872, but I cannot at all remember his beginning "Anna Karénina." I probably knew nothing about it at the time. What did it matter to a boy of seven what his father was writing? It was only later, when one kept hearing the name again and again, and bundles of proofs kept arriving, and were sent off almost every day, that I understood that "Anna Karénina" was the name of the novel on which my father and mother were both at work.

My mother's work seemed much harder than my father's, because we actually saw her at it, and she worked much longer hours than he did. She used to sit in the sitting-room off the *zala,* at her little writing-table, and spend all her free time writing.

Leaning over the manuscript and trying to decipher my father's scrawl with her short-sighted eyes, she used to spend whole evenings over it, and often sat up late at night after everybody else had gone to bed. Sometimes, when anything was written quite illegibly, she would go to my father's study and ask him what it meant. But this was very rare, because my mother did not like to disturb him.

When it happened, my father used to take the manuscript in his hand, and ask with some annoyance, "What on earth is the difficulty?" and would begin to read it out aloud. When he came to the difficult place he would mumble and hesitate, and sometimes had the greatest difficulty in making out, or, rather, in guessing, what he had written. He had a very bad handwriting, and a terrible habit of writing in whole sentences between the lines, or in the corners of the page, or sometimes right across it.

My mother often discovered gross grammatical errors, and pointed them out to my father, and corrected them.

When "Anna Karénina" began to come out in the "Russky Vyéstnik," [2] long galley-proofs were posted to my father, and he looked them through and corrected them.

At first the margins would be marked with the ordinary typographical signs, letters omitted, marks of punctuation, etc.; then individual words would be changed, and then whole sentences, till in the end the proof-sheet would be reduced to a mass of patches quite black in places, and it was quite impossible to send it back as it stood, because no one but my mother could make head or tail of the tangle of conventional signs, transpositions, and erasures.

My mother would sit up all night copying the whole thing out afresh.

In the morning there would lie the pages on her table, neatly piled together, covered all over with her fine, clear handwriting, and everything ready so that when "Lyovótchka" got up he could send the proof-sheets off by post.

[1] *Pazanki*, tracks of a hare, name given to the last joint of the hind legs.

[2] A Moscow monthly, founded by Katkóf, who somehow managed to edit both this and the daily "Moskóvskiya Vyédomosti," on which "Uncle Kóstya" worked at the same time.

My father carried them off to his study to have "just one last look," and by the evening it would be just as bad again, the whole thing having been rewritten and messed up.

"Sonya my dear, I am very sorry, but I 've spoiled all your work again; I promise I won't do it any more," he would say, showing her the passages he had inked over with a guilty air. "We 'll send them off to-morrow without fail." But this to-morrow was often put off day by day for weeks or months together.

"There 's just one bit I want to look through again," my father would say; but he would get carried away and recast the whole thing afresh.

There were even occasions when, after posting the proofs, he would remember some particular words next day, and correct them by telegraph. Several times, in consequence of these rewritings, the printing of the novel in the "Russky Vyéstnik" was interrupted, and sometimes it did not come out for months together.

In the last part of "Anna Karénina" my father, in describing the end of *Vronsky's* career, showed his disapproval of the volunteer movement and the Panslavonic committees, and this led to a quarrel with Katkóf.

I can remember how angry my father was when Katkóf refused to print those chapters as they stood, and asked him either to leave out part of them or to soften them down, and finally returned the manuscript, and printed a short note in his paper to say that after the death of the heroine the novel was strictly speaking at an end; but that the author had added an epilogue of two printed sheets, in which he related such and such facts, and he would very likely "develop these chapters for the separate edition of his novel."

In concluding, I wish to say a few words about my father's own opinion of "Anna Karénina."

In 1875 he wrote to N. N. Strákhof:

"I must confess that I was delighted by the success of the last piece of 'Anna Karénina.' I had by no means expected it, and to tell you the truth, I am surprised that people are so pleased with such ordinary and *empty* stuff."

The same year he wrote to Fet:

"It is two months since I have defiled my hands with ink or my heart with thoughts. But now I am setting to work again on my *tedious, vulgar 'Anna Karénina,'* with only one wish, to clear it out of the way as soon as possible and give myself leisure for other occupations, but not schoolmastering, which I am fond of, but wish to give up; it takes up too much time."

In 1878, when the novel was nearing its end, he wrote again to Strákhof:

"I am frightened by the feeling that I am getting into my summer mood again. I *loathe* what I have written. The proofsheets for the April number [of "Anna Karénina" in the "Russky Vyéstnik"] now lie on my table, and I am afraid that I have not the heart to correct them. *Everything* in them is *beastly,* and the whole thing ought to be rewritten,—all that has been printed, too,—scrapped and melted down, thrown away, renounced. I ought to say, 'I am sorry; I will not do it any more,' and try to write something fresh instead of all this incoherent, neither-fish-nor-flesh-nor-fowlish stuff."

That was how my father felt toward his novel while he was writing it. Afterward I often heard him say much harsher things about it.

"What difficulty is there in writing about how an officer fell in love with a married woman?" he used to say. "There 's no difficulty in it, and above all no good in it."

I am quite convinced that if my father could have done so, he long ago would have destroyed this novel, which he never liked and always wanted to disown.

(To be continued)

SWEET-PEA

BY RODMAN GILDER

"I SUGGEST," shouted Goupil, "that the Larkover Club, here assembled, drink the health of the greatest polo team that ever visited us; and here 's hoping that in the near future we may send a team to New Zealand to bring back the international trophy so gallantly won from us this year!" While the champagne was still gurgling down twenty loyal American throats, and Cobminster, leader of the invading players, was gathering himself to reply, Goupil began again: "I suggest—"

He was conceded to be the most unwearied suggester of the Larkovers.

One at least of the noisy, cheerful crowd at this last banquet to the visitors did not hear the rest of the speech. This was Harry Van Zile, who had just learned that Captain Drucie, the number two of the visiting team, had taken a fancy to the little pink-faced white mare Sweet-Pea, that Van Zile, now too corpulent for polo, had lent to the defending four.

The captain did not want to buy, you know, but was merely wondering whether Van Zile wanted to sell. Dismounted, Captain Drucie was as languid as he was dashing on horseback. It was not on the polo-field that he had earned the nickname of Dormouse.

Van Zile was not at all anxious to sell, of course, but seemed willing to discuss the matter at length, despite interruptions.

Brayton, the ruddy, white-haired president of the Larkover Club—who, in his less happy moments, was a governor of the Stock Exchange—delivered himself of a brief, congratulatory speech to which every one listened. The captains of the two teams exchanged compliments. Goupil continued to make suggestions designed to promote the auspiciousness of the occasion.

With as few breaks as possible, Van Zile and Captain Drucie clung to their subject. At the moment when the club servants noted the early stages of disintegration of the dinner, and crowded on extra speed in order to serve the coffee at the table instead of at various points about the club-house, Van Zile and the captain drifted to the veranda.

"There is n't a wiser pony in this country," declared Van Zile. "You know how she follows the ball. She has a mouth like a suède glove; you could throw away the bridle and ride her with a thread. Last season, when Wallace broke his left wrist, he tucked his arm into the front of his silk shirt and played her for a whole period with the reins knotted on her neck. He tried the same thing in the next period with Brayton's pony Maxixe, and was penalized twice for crossing. Had to drop out of the game."

Captain Drucie had heard this bit of Larkover history and had no difficulty in seeming unimpressed. But he had had his eye on the mare through the practice matches and in the international tournament, and knew her points quite as well as did Van Zile; and Sweet-Pea had indeed made an impression upon him.

"I doubt if she 's up to my weight," he objected. "I ride at 'eighty-five, you know."

"Wallace rode at one ninety last year," answered Van Zile, promptly, "and she carried him as easily as a jock'. Let 's slip down to the stables and—*Tseh!* I forgot: I sent her home at the end of the game. She 's four miles away, in my own stable."

"What is she worth?" asked the captain, with more direction than one usually meets in a horse deal.

"They say Brayton paid three thousand for Maxixe, which has n't the speed or character of Sweet-Pea."

Drucie smiled wearily, and headed for the bar, with Van Zile at his heels. They found Goupil, surrounded by a dozen men, building a mint julep in a silver bucket normally employed for the chilling of champagne. By the time the loving-cup had been concocted and had gone its rounds, Van Zile had put a final price of twenty-four hundred dollars on his pony.

"I 'll take her," said Drucie, "on one condition—"

"What are you two cooking up?" asked Brayton, genially, as he joined them.

Drucie told him the outcome of their talk, and mentioned his condition, which was that the pony should be delivered to him personally before midnight that night. The New Zealand team and their mounts were sailing next day, and the ponies had to start for town at sunrise. It was then nine o'clock.

Van Zile accepted the condition, and made for the telephone-booth.

"I have sold Sweet-Pea to Captain Drucie," he announced to his head groom. "I want her sent over to the club at once. When Mrs. Van Zile gets back from Mrs. Brayton's, tell her I 've sold the pony, and—and—tell her the price was twenty-four hundred."

As Van Zile left the telephone, he heard Goupil's pathetic tenor beginning "The Horses." Van Zile waited until the last verse of the ballad had been sung:

"I 've taken my mounts where I found them,
And what have I got for my pains?
Four fractures and three dislocations
And dozens of bruises and sprains.
And the end of it 's driving or walking,
And dodging each horse that you see.
But all this, it 's true, need not happen to you,
For you 've learned about horses from me."

Then, as the crowd in the bar again became noisy, Van Zile sought the captain. He ran into Brayton, who was urging Goupil to sing again.

"Oh, Harry," said Brayton, whose face was even redder than it had been at dinner, "Drucie was yawning his head off, and decided to go up to bed. He asked me to hand you this check for twenty-four hundred."

"Sold him five or six of your ponies?" asked Goupil, playfully taking the check from Brayton's hand before Van Zile could reach it.

"I sold him Sweet-Pea," explained Van Zile, a little ruffled at Goupil's implication.

"She 's got to be delivered before midnight," added Brayton.

Van Zile reached for the check a second time, but Goupil held it away from him, and said to Brayton:

"Of course you can't give him this until the delivery is made."

"That 's true; I 'll keep it until then," Brayton assented, putting the check in his pocket. "Goup., tune up with 'We all will go hunting to-day!' "

Van Zile's affairs were forgotten as the roomful of men roared the chorus to each of Goupil's verses. Van Zile himself absorbed much of the spirit of the occasion, and did not think of his horse-trade again until nearly eleven, when he was notified that Sweet-Pea was at the front door of the club, and awaited his orders.

He then sent a servant up to Drucie's room to tell him that the pony had arrived. The man reported that he could get no response, and that he believed Captain Drucie to be asleep. Van Zile climbed the two flights of stairs, and hammered on the door of Drucie's room without seriously disturbing the hearty rhythm of the captain's snore. He descended to the big hall of the club, where he found Brayton near the piano encouraging Goupil to play another tango. Explaining the situation to Brayton, Van Zile asked for his check.

"Have you delivered the pony personally to Drucie?" asked Brayton, glancing at the clock.

"No, but—"

"No delivery!" ruled Brayton, and proceeded to justify his decision to the group about the piano.

"I suggest, Harry," said Goupil, "that you lead the pony up-stairs, and tie him to Drucie's door. If you went about it in the right way, it would n't take you more than twenty minutes, and you have twenty-eight before midnight. In fact," he continued, raising his voice, "I think that a committee of the whole should be appointed to assist our fat friend Harry Van Zile to deliver the aforesaid pony."

The committee was appointed by acclamation, and headed for the door.

"Take her quietly!" yelled Brayton as the big door swung open and the pink-faced pony looked in with blinking eyes.

The stable-boy who had been holding Sweet-Pea managed to lead her through the door to the foot of the main staircase, but after that the committee had to get into action.

Persuasion was soon given up. Ordinary lifting and shoving methods, such as do very well with grand pianos, were tried and found wanting. Two members of the club, at the suggestion of Goupil, dragged down-stairs a thick double mattress, and fastened ropes to one end of it. Van Zile had sent his boy on the run to the club stables, and was now helping him adjust a stout canvas sling some five feet wide around the pony's barrel.

Eight of the biggest men in the roaring crowd were assigned by Goupil to the duty of pulling at the ropes attached to the sling and mattress. They took their places on the broad Georgian staircase and waited. Brayton and four others gathered loose upholstery from sofas and window-seats and prepared to place it where it would do the most good.

It was not until her legs had been tied loosely together with a linen "cooler" that Sweet-Pea began to express herself. She hopped sidewise to the center-table in the hall, and shook it just enough to upset a big orange mushroom of a lamp that adorned it. At the crash of breaking glass and collapsing electric bulbs, she hopped back again to the foot of the stairs.

Here she was gently thrown on her side on the mattress by Van Zile and a dozen helping hands. While the men on the stairs were preparing to haul away together, she got three of her hoofs into contact with the beautifully turned balustrade of the staircase. It was at this point that Mrs. Brayton, who lived nearly a mile away, telephoned to inquire how many people had been killed and whether Mr. Brayton was on the list.

All was ready at last. The eight draft-animals walked away with their burden. It was not the fault of the cushion-bearers who hovered near that, half-way up the first flight of stairs, the pony's near hind hoof encountered the frame of a pivoted, stained-glass window entitled "A Fox in the Spinney." The window toppled out into the night, and spread itself —in close resemblance to a Futurist landscape—upon the roof of the porte-cochère. But the pony's progress was not delayed, and the eight, with a final heave that left them gasping for breath, landed mattress and pony at the top of the second flight of stairs.

Sweet-Pea was on her feet in a second. Nothing would induce her to move down the corridor, however. A measure of oats apparently interested her not at all. Goupil tried placing a polo-ball by her side and giving it a resounding crack with a mallet that sent it bounding along the hall. For once in her life the bright-eyed pony paid no attention.

"It 's three minutes to twelve," cried Van Zile. "Give us a hand here!" And with a small crowd of helpers, he pulled, pushed, and carried the struggling animal to Drucie's door. She was tied to the door-knob, bedded down, and left, with an armful of hay, to ruminate on the behavior of men.

While the big musical clock in the hall was elaborately striking twelve, Brayton gave Drucie's check to Van Zile. A few minutes later the chairman of the house committee, a precise person, who had been unnoticed during the evening, presented to Van Zile a bill for house charges itemized as follows:

Repairs on balustrade	$350
Repainting and papering	300
Electric table lamp	200
Recovering double mattress	16
Four sofa cushion covers	10
Hall carpet, first floor	7
" " second floor	16
Stained-glass window, including original cartoon for same	1500
Board for pony Sweet-Pea	1
Total	$2400

"Captain Drucie, sir," said the boy who knocked on the captain's door at 5:30 next morning, according to orders. "Here 's a letter for you, sir, that came last night at ten o'clock; but we could n't wake you, sir."

"Leave it on the floor," said the captain; and the boy, sputtering, departed.

At six Drucie opened his door with some difficulty. A halter-shank tied to the knob led to the head-stall of the pony he had fancied so strongly. After a moment he picked up the envelop and read the letter it contained:

Half-past nine.

Dear Captain Drucie:

Harry has just sent me word that he has sold you Sweet-Pea for twenty-four hundred dollars. You do not know (as I am

sorry to say Harry does) how fond I am of that pony. Since the death of Wu, my blue-ribbon Chow, she is my favorite pet, and I can't bear to lose her. Won't you be the perfect trump I know you to be and sell her back to me? I send you in this letter my check for $2400. You love horses yourself and understand.

I hear you are sailing to-morrow, and leave Larkover early. *Bon voyage.*

Yours gratefully!

MILDRED VAN ZILE.

P.S. Don't bother about getting the pony back to us. Harry will attend to that to-morrow.

THE MISER

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

HIS were the gifts of manhood's grace and power;
The will to do, the grandeur to achieve;
The skill to press the perfume from the flower;
The ready wit and quick mind to receive.

Now he is dead. Death were a kinder goal
Than that dread thing which came upon him first,
Changing with changing years his life, his soul,
Into a being shunned, by men accurst.

Turn back the grimy sheet; its measure spanned
His world—a clinking heap of idle gold;
But fill that empty, stiffened, clutching hand
With all of wealth the silent dead may hold!

He never wiped a widow's lonely tear;
He never hushed an orphan's hungry cry;
Why should men lay a flower on the bier
Of such as he when he has come to die?

But buy for him, with his own hoarded gold,
A pillow softer than he gave his head;
With decent service shroud him, fold on fold;
He may not sleep among the pauper dead!

No priest can shrive an unconfessèd sin;
No power pluck the thorn of hidden wrong.
Aye, came a cry from that still heart within,
Through those dark hours of night, so lone and long?

But pause, ye men! Hush, lest ye shall deride
This gaunt, unholy shell of greed and fear:
Let one who asked of him, and was denied,
But pray for him, and God will surely hear.

ELECTIONS IN NORMANDY

BY FRANCES WILSON HUARD

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES HUARD

"BRAVO! Vive le Docteur Dubois! Vive la republique!"

On one side of the open square, facing the little church, our company of firemen was drawn up, while a ruddy-faced, much-bearded gentleman strutted in front of them, passing them in review.

Pushing my way forward into a group of gaping peasants, I stopped to listen.

"Children of Mars," cried he in a sonorous voice and with pompous manner —"children of Mars, worthy descendants of those immortal legions who are the glory of our history, I salute you!"

I drew nearer. He continued:

"A very decisive moment in the annals of our district is about to be reached. Our worthy representative having passed away, we are going to elect a new one. Soldiers, you will go to the polls as you would to a fire, the pride of civic duty sparkling in your eyes for the triumph of the republic."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted the firemen, brandishing their old-fashioned swords. Breaking ranks, they followed Dr. Dubois to the nearest inn, where this ambitious candidate had punch served in their honor.

Nor did he lose a moment's time, for as the men touched glasses, he rose, and continued his harangue, winding up with the promise that in the event of his election he would make the company the present of a pump.

To judge from their enthusiasm, none of them seemed to recall that the same troth has been plighted through several decades, and under various governments, to numerous generations of firemen, and every successful nominee has sought release from his promise by pointing out the utter uselessness of a pump and a hose in a place where there had never been a fire.

After shaking hands with each member of the brigade, Dr. Dubois took his leave, convinced of having gained a large portion of the voting population to the Radical cause.

The next day the Count of Pontfarci, having in turn offered punch to our brigade, the men were all drawn up in exactly the same order, in exactly the same spot, and loyally listened to the address of the Nationalist candidate.

"Comrades, I am a man of few words, an old soldier, and a child of your soil. Your duty is to vote for a man of arms and a true Norman. Normandy to the Normans!"

"Bravo! Vive Monsieur le Comte de Pontfarci! Vive la Normandie!"

And off they went to drink the health of their compatriot.

The third candidate, Professor Leputois, gathered them together for a lecture on the "Virtues of Socialism and American Methods of Fire-Fighting," but was less successful in the long run, for his "dry talk" was severely criticized by the entire population.

Very early in the campaign Dr. Dubois began a round of personal visits among the peasant families, and the Normans being hospitable by nature, never failed to set forth a bottle of apple-jack or a jug of "pure juice," as they call their cider, which must needs be tasted in their presence. To refuse would not only be a breach of etiquette, but a personal offense, and would certainly mean the loss of one vote, perhaps more.

But Dubois was heroically tenacious, even in the face of apoplexy, threatened by inordinate doses of raw alcohol during the hot weather. Nor did his troubles end there, for the cunning peasants would profit by his amicable overtures to demand free consultations, and the poor man could often be found with his top hat on the back of his head, his shirt-sleeves rolled to the elbow, thumping the back of a sturdy peasant in the search of a problematic rheumatic pain.

They are very sagacious, these Normans, and realize the exact importance of this campaign cordiality and eloquence,

Drawn by Charles Huard

"THEY FOLLOWED DR. DUBOIS TO THE NEAREST INN"

and the candidates are more often duped than dupes.

Coming up the road in his auto one morning, the Count of Pontfarci met Mother Poulin trudging along with a heavy basket on her arm. The motor slowed down, and the count alighted, inquiring after the old lady's health.

"Dear Madame Poulin, how delightful to have the pleasure of meeting you!" he exclaimed. "It has been ages since you have been to the château. You have quite abandoned us. Only the other day the countess was saying so, and wondering when we should have the satisfaction of seeing you there again. I hope you are quite well?"

"Poorly, poorly, Monsieur le Comte. These have been hard years," she said.

"I can hardly believe it; you are looking younger than ever. And your brave husband and your son, how are they these days?"

With a benign and comprehensive smile, Mother Poulin informed him that her brave husband had been dead two years now, and that her son had reënlisted in the army. Yet she was by no means the last to consider the count's blunder a good joke, and enjoyed his embarrassment hugely.

A month before the elections the multicolored signs bearing the candidates' names flowered forth on every available barn-door, fence, and barrel in our little village. Dubois, Radical; Pontfarci, Nationalist, Christian Socialist; Leputois, Independent Socialist.

It was astonishing to how many sauces socialism could be dished up. Personally, I doubt if the population was as much interested in the political pretensions of these gentlemen as in the fight for supremacy then reigning among the sign-pasters. Naturally, each candidate wished to have his name on view the greatest possible number of times, and at the beginning of each electoral campaign he chooses his colors and hires a paster. The latter is by no means an unimportant person, and

deftness at climbing telegraph-poles, chimneys, etc., and a certain amount of observation and cunning, are qualities much sought after, and become very remunerative to their lucky possessors.

Presently the first signs began to disappear, replaced by longer and more explanatory sheets, wherein each candidate trumpeted his own virtues and insinuated uncomplimentary things about his rivals. Begun in a most courteous tone, these public polemics presently became more and more embittered, until finally the most grievous accusations and insulting epithets literally covered the village and made me fear for the worst.

The doctor was most indelicately treated by the count, who called him "that pot-bellied soup-gobbler bursting with self-sufficiency," while the professor accused him of growing fat at the workingman's expense, and both united in calling him a "second-rate veterinary to whom one would not care to intrust the paw of a stray dog for treatment."

These flaming red and vivid green barbarisms were soon blotted out by the doctor's brilliant yellow protestations and retorts. He even went so far as to call the count "that good-for-nothing, lanky imbecile, worthy descendant of a degenerate father and a drunken grandsire." The professor fared little better at his hands, for such terms as "prig" and "smug-faced pedant" were liberally applied, and the tirade ended by the statement that it was "lucky Leputois wore a mortar-board to cover his ass's ears."

These eloquent and elegant assertions once off to the press, the doctor set off in search of seconds, whom he promptly despatched to both the count and the professor; but these gentlemen wisely decided to defer the blood-spilling until after elections, when all accounts would be finally rendered.

This procured a fresh opportunity for the doctor to employ such terms as "coward," "cold feet," etc., when summing up his adversaries' office-holding qualities, though secretly overjoyed by the pacific outcome of his cartel.

Drawn by Charles Huard

"THE FIREMEN WERE AGAIN DRAWN UP IN REVIEW"

The older peasants would stand open-mouthed before the sign-boards. Then pushing back their caps and thrusting their hands deep down into their pockets, they would shuffle away, shaking their heads, as though in disapproval of the pettiness of the conflict.

It was almost impossible to obtain from any one of them a personal opinion as to the merits of the candidates. Their answers to all questions were exceedingly polite, but non-committal. "Well, Père Launay, what do you think of Dr. Dubois?"

"Oh, he is a good man enough, very amiable and kind-hearted."

"And the Count of Pontfarci?"

"Why, he comes from one of our oldest families. He 's good as gold and not in the least stuck up."

"How about the professor?"

"Think of all the learning in his head! You can't beat him for talking."

Though accustomed to this habitual reticence, the candidates were somewhat dismayed by its obstinacy, which permitted none of them to judge of the headway gained or lost, and each was in despair, and seemed to be beating about the bush in search of a plan which would instantly make him the most popular man in Normandy.

Presently the doctor announced his intention of giving a flag to the firemen.

" 'T is an honor for the brigade and for the district," was the most enthusiastic comment this genial idea provoked.

The day of the presentation, the firemen were again drawn up in review; another and stronger punch was bountifully provided, and Dubois nearly died of congestion from having stood too long in the blistering sun haranguing his fellow-citizens.

To parry this blow, the most noble of Christian Socialists offered a banner to the parish church. The curate, delighted, organized a procession so that all might rejoice in the sight of this newly acquired church ornament. Early on Sunday morning, peasants from all the outlying farms and neighboring districts, attired in their festive garments, began flocking into our little village. Our own community turned out in a body, and every one seemed overjoyed, save the doctor, whose heart sank into his boots when he saw the same man who three days before bore his tricolored emblem now proudly carrying the sacred banner of his hated rival.

To get the better of these gifts, Professor Leputois sent an autographed copy of his book, "The Utility of Statistics and Their Employ," to every family, who promptly put the volume as an ornament in the place of honor on the best table, along with photograph-albums and other souvenirs.

The economical doctor must have obtained his flags at wholesale prices, and the count surely bought his banners by the dozen. As for the professor, he exhausted the entire edition of his book, and throughout all the neighboring villages and hamlets firemen, clergy, and peasants were unanimous in lauding the munificence of the candidates.

The journalistic part of the campaign is not as important as it might be in a larger center, owing to the fact that there is only one paper in our district. The first sheet of the "Coutances Gazette" is necessarily filled with legal announcements, births, deaths, etc., and this year each of our candidates rented one of the three remaining pages, from which they continued to hurl verbal bombs into one another's camps. In the inns and drinking-houses it was no rare sight to see the better-instructed peasants reading the news to their fellows, grouped about the tables deeply absorbed in dominoes. Never yet has any startling political verbiage been able to distract their attention from their favorite game.

It was very difficult to tell which of the candidates would be most likely to make the trip to Paris. The chances seemed so evenly balanced that interest in the campaign had begun to wane a trifle when a most important announcement was placarded on the walls.

The Count of Pontfarci, Dr. Dubois, and Professor Leputois had organized a mass-meeting to be held at the nearest town. Each was to appear in turn upon the platform, and would try to "embalm his adversary in the liquid amber of his remarks."

I would n't have missed that controversy for worlds. So at an early hour we drove to Cerences. The meeting was called at eight P.M. in an immense shed adjoining the Hôtel de la Pomme d'Or,

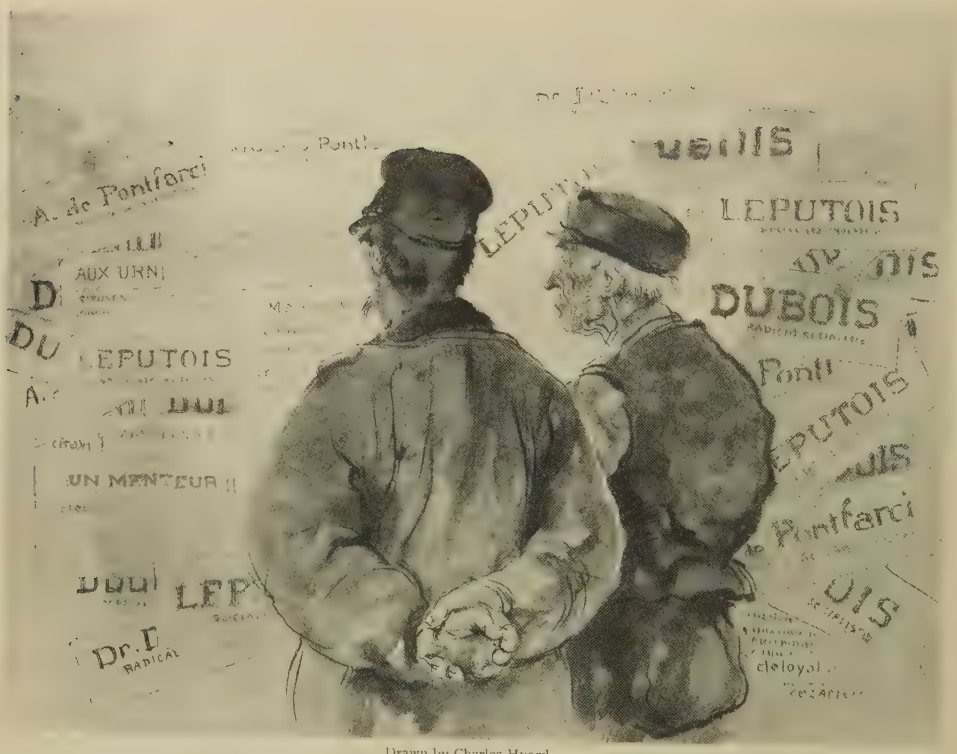
Drawn by Charles Huard

"THE COUNT OF PONTFARCI MET MOTHER POULIN"

and Mme. Frémont, the innkeeper's wife, had reserved us seats in a window that overlooked the orators' platform.

By seven o'clock the place was packed to overflowing with a crowd mainly composed of lesser bourgeois, retired merchants, shopkeepers, and laborers. The peasants here were greatly in the minority, the children of the soil being unwilling to compromise the next day's labor by staying out late, and many preferring to rely upon their own good judgment to having their opinions swayed by "pretty talk."

No seats or benches having been provided, the audience was obliged to remain standing, and excitement was at fever-heat by the time an elderly man, with a long, sad face, climbed to the impromptu platform of planks mounted on barrels and announced the first speaker, Le Comte de Pontfarci.



Drawn by Charles Huard

"THE OLDER PEASANTS WOULD STAND OPEN-MOUTHED BEFORE THE SIGN-BOARDS"

That representative of one of the best Norman families, elegantly attired in evening clothes, and wearing a camellia in his buttonhole, stepped to the front.

"Gentlemen and dear fellow-citizens," he began in a well-poised voice.

"La calotte! Hou! hou!" ("Down with the church!") shrieked half the assembly, while the other half burst forth into applause. It was plainly evident that they had no intention of letting him speak; yet he bravely continued, and above the uproar one could now and again catch such words as "France," "duty," "country."

Finally realizing the uselessness of trying to combat such an explosion, the count wisely curtailed his address and, after a polite bow, retired.

Still the tumult continued. It seemed as if the fight for supremacy depended upon the strength of the assembly's vocal organs. When one side would begin to howl "La Carmagnole," the Revolutionary song, the other would instantly try to drown it by

"Sauvez Rome et la France,
Au nom du Sacré Cœur."

In the meantime the valiant doctor had taken his place, and literally foaming at the mouth, his eyes popping from their sockets, he stood there wasting his energy on an uproarious assembly, which seemed to ignore his existence. He was no luckier than the count. "France," "democracy," "liberty" were the only parts of his discourse which reached my ears.

He was instantly replaced by Professor Leputois. No sooner had he opened his mouth than a huge cabbage, aimed by a master hand, closed it most forcibly, and sent the unfortunate advocate of statistics sprawling beneath the table.

That was the last straw. All bonds were now loosened, and the three rival parties began to demonstrate their rights to existence in a most strenuous manner. They were no respecters of persons, and in one corner I saw two sturdy brutes wildly shaking a helpless old gentleman, whose cane was waving above his head.

Behind me I could hear Mme. Frémont expostulating indignantly.

"To think of getting into such a state over politics! The best man of the whole lot is not wise enough to cut down our tax-rate, is he?" And as a conclusion to her argument, she turned off the gas-meter.

Finding themselves in total darkness, the crowd suddenly quieted down, and presently a ripple of laughter spread over the entire assembly, and the exit was accomplished amid general good humor and without further incident.

Scarcely a fortnight before election the news circulated that a fourth candidate had appeared to compete with our already famous trio. True enough, a few modest pasters announced "Lechaptois, Cattle-dealer, Republican."

This created a sensation, and all the old busybodies from the inn to the smithies stood on their door-steps and openly discussed his haughty pretensions.

"Who 'd have ever thought it? Lechaptois! Big, fat Lechaptois, a man who began life empty-handed!"

Truth to tell, the fourth aspirant was anything but interesting-looking. A broad-shouldered, heavily built Norman peasant, Lechaptois, like men of his class, wore a long, blue blouse, with a woolen cap pulled down over his eyes. He evidently had no intention of letting his political career interfere with his business, and could be seen driving about in a rickety farm-wagon, carrying a load of bleating calves. He had the reputation for driving hard bargains and making close business deals. He was at the same time the joy and the terror of all the county fairs and weekly markets, and woe unto the man who tried to deceive him!

"I hear you 're out for deputy, Lechaptois," ventured a more intimate acquaintance.

"Why not I as well as any one else? A man who 's got the coin goes where he pleases, my boy, and I 'll bet you anything I 'll pan out as handsome as that cream-puff of a doctor when I get on my frock-coat and stovepipe."

"But what 'll you have to say if you do get into the chamber?"

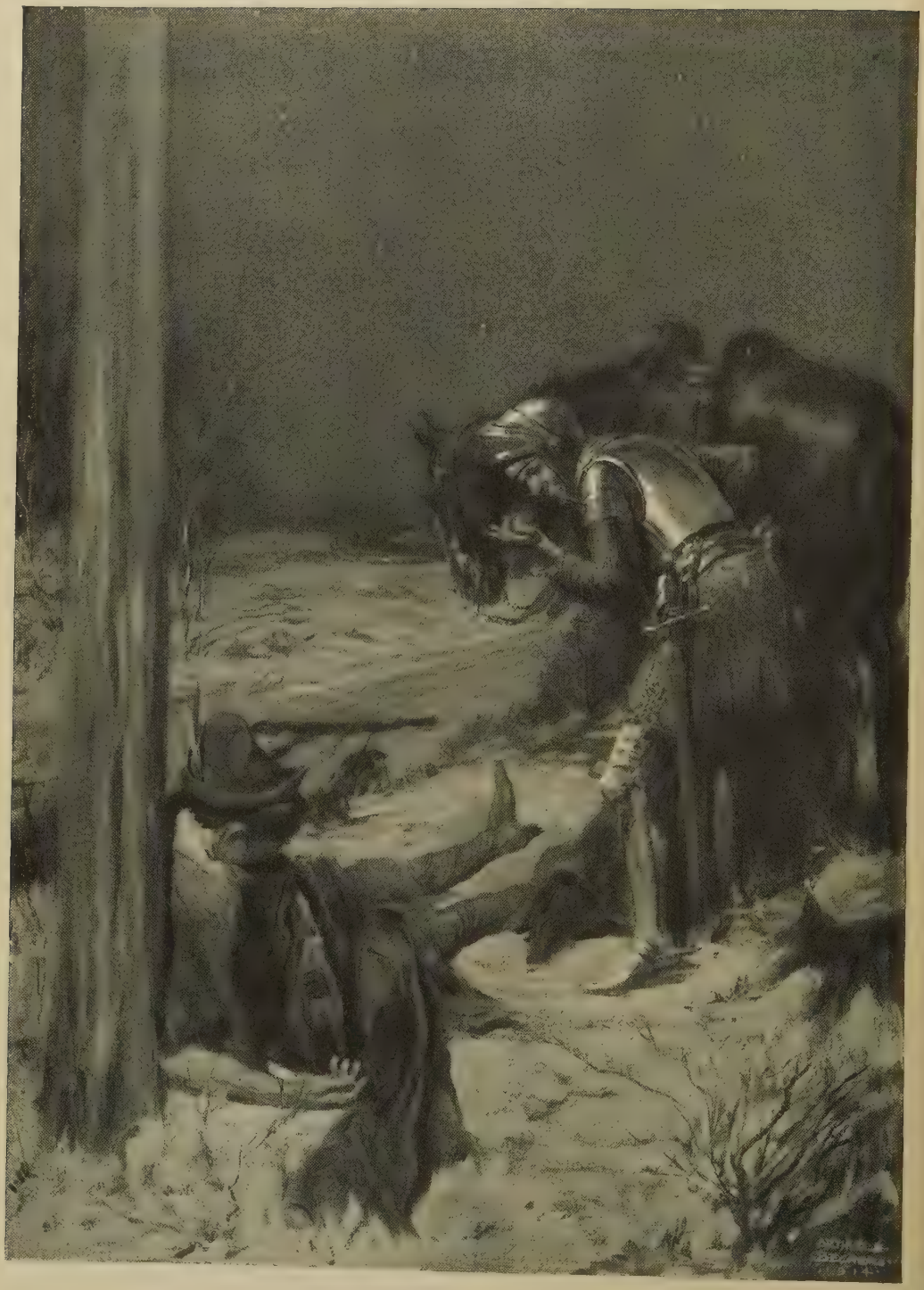
"Nothing. Take it from me, the fellow who knows how to keep his mouth shut is worth all the chatterers on earth. And to think it is I who should teach you that! Well! well!"

That was the extent of Lechaptois's electoral campaign.

The eventful day finally arrived. The polls opened at sunrise in the school-house, and the counting began as soon as night fell.

The count received five votes, the doctor three, the professor one, and Lechaptois forty-seven.

He was elected representative from our district by a crushing majority of four thousand.



"HE PROPPED UP THE FALLEN ONE AT THE FOOT OF THE GALLOWS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE[1]

(BEING A NIGHT WITH MASTER FRANÇOIS VILLON, POET)

BY GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

Author of "Shadows," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

I

PARIS, the sixty-first year of the century, the sixth month of the new reign, the seventh day. Moonlight on Montfaucon; a man on Marigny's tall gibbet,—what had been a man,—his shadow contracted in the pale light, and flat upon the St.-Denis Road a little black jumping-jack suspended by a string. The rope of Hangman Henriot seemed no more than that to the gnomes of Shadowland. And as the wind rattled the brittle bushes of the hedge, and the man above jigged gently upon nothing, the silly little clown down below cut side-splitting capers.

Master Francis Villon, observing this while resting on his long journey and warming himself beside the fire he had built, was moved by the discovery that comedy is but the dwarf of tragedy.

"They weep when men die in the mysteries, but they laugh when marionettes are murdered. Witness Polichinelle, who kills his wife and child." The thought of Master Punch and his comic murders set Master Francis laughing, and proved his point. Mirth on Montfaucon! Had he no other claim to fame, this was enough.

But immediately his thoughts were sober again. "Colin, Colin, my friend,"—and he lifted his eyes from the shadow to the man,—"what use to 'scape Montpippeau, only to fall foul of Montfaucon? The game hardly seems worth while to be played. And assuredly the saints should have spared you this last hind kick of Fate. From death the lowliest should at least salvage dignity. But death is no kinder to you than life. It turns a Prince of Picklocks into a Jack Pudding kicking out comic legs like a capsized turtle. Or a black dwarf that coach wheels have flattened out like a cooky, his house along with him. Most precious like a dwarf's doorway that gallows in shade. *Hola!*—" he smiled again,—"revenge, Friend Colin. Be glad of your comicality. Justice is made comic, too. The gibbet is also a joke. Justice! As if any one can be just save the Sieur God!"

And mightily pleased with this thought, he forgot Master Colin, and searched in his scrip for a scrap of parchment, lest the idea escape him. Six years had made a different Villon of the affrighted youngster who had begged he should not be planted upright in the St.-Denis Road. That had been early in his career as a scape-gallows, and before the poet had turned philosopher. That earlier Villon would never dare build a fire in the shadow of a tree of such ill fruit. Poor as were its neighbors of St.-Lazare, Pre St.-Martin, the temple, and the marsh, cold as was the winter of 1461, none sought fire-wood here.

So busily did his new poem employ the poet that the rattle of oncoming hoofs, the jingle of harness, went unheard. Even when a cavalier reined in with a cruel grip that ached his mare's jaws and sent to join the dark foam on her gleaming bit blood darker still, Villon scribbled on, head bent nearer the waning fire, lips pursed, eyes narrowed.

"Body of a cock!" quoth the ignored new-comer, scowling. "God give you a bad year, vagabond! By St. Julian of Brittany! it must be an ill dog who seeks the gallows before they seek him. Or have you repented cheating the hangman, rogue?"

His voice, increasing in volume as he spoke, roused the poet. Annoyed, he

[1] Published in collaboration with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

looked up, and saw a cloak that fell to spurs at the heel—spurs of which there was need to learn gentler usage, for the mare's coat as well as her mouth was stiff with frozen black blood. Her rider's hood-like bonnet, padded with leather and quilted with soft stuffs, terminated in a short mantelet of finer steel, closely linked, protecting neck and shoulders, and giving Villon reason to believe that beneath the cloak chain mail was worn. This, taken with the rider's lack of escort, made clear his occupation.

The poet had seen many of his like, who, unwilling that page or esquire should share his spoil, therefore rode alone. Such hedge-knights disgraced the name of chivalry, robbing and ravishing, secure in armor that rendered them invincible against the unarmored peasants and half-armored merchants upon whom they levied tribute. Or else they sold their swords in the wars, and as members of mercenary "free companies" added pillage to their other crimes.

Yet though these were knights and gentlemen, and Master Francis, because he stole a fat duck from Paris moat or a golden cup from an altar, or because he defended himself in a tavern brawl, was a most pernicious thief and incorrigible villain, it angered him when he saw how barren of mercy to his steed was this gentleman. And when the gentleman gazed with evident gratification upon the fate of poor Colin de Cayeux, whose soul, if churchmen were to be believed, had not shared the elevation of his body, Villon's anger grew. Should one robber, because he bore armorial bearings, hold himself so superior to another?

"Yes, *Maître,*" he said, deliberately. "It *is* a pity, *enne?* None was his superior in craft and cunning. Even now, in Terra Incognita, he teaches the Prince of Darkness much he did not know of picking locks. Yet, like most wise men, gained a high place only after death. I have written a poem about it. Will you dismount and listen as a brother-craftsman, seeing that you ride without squire or retinue so late at night?"

Overcome by this insolence, for such it was from one whose rank was as low as his funds, judging from his threadbare doublet, patched hosen, and clumsy shoes, and for all his impudent thumbs in girdle and ragged cock's feather in rakish cap, the knight choked and sputtered, and laid hand on sword. Villon, glancing round to make sure no man at arms followed, nor any chance horseman approached from the north or east, concealed his delight. Better far to chance the sword than to enter Paris penniless after years of exile. As for the knight's armor, Villon was no thick-headed peasant or muddy-brained merchant. A robber on his own account, he was skilful in all matters pertaining to larceny; so he continued to speak in a most familiar manner, but with a shrewd eye and at a discreet distance.

"I warrant the poem will be worth your hearing, *Maître.* In it I rightly resent certain coxcombry of kings, lords, and bishops. 'How may man know Justice?' I ask. 'Can a man know another until he has seen his eyes? Can he know even his own mistress when hers are hid by a mask? Or she her lover? And does not Justice go blindfold?' The jest of the gibbet, *Maître.*"

The man on horseback sat motionless during this harangue; but all the while his anger grew apace, and when was added for the second time the insult, *"Maître,"* which denied his rank, he spurred his horse, and with a violent oath brought down the flat of sword upon the poet's thin, cold shoulders. To the pain was added the distaste of a mouthful of St.-Denis dust; for the blow sprawled Villon out, a comical companion for the jumping-jack shadow of his quondam friend.

The stranger laughed harshly.

"Dirty vagabond, filthy rogue, carrion crow of a truand, foul scarecrow! That for profanity to his Majesty, to holy church, to your rightful lords! That for treason, heresy, conspiracy, sacrilegious scoundrel!" With each exclamation, he leaned over his stirrups and struck at the poet. But Villon had hastily rolled beyond his reach, a piece of unlawful resistance that abetted the knight's anger. He spurred his horse again. Villon rose speedily and leaped the hedge.

"Enough," shouted the knight. "Down on your knees, recant your treason and heresy, or I do you an injury." He sheathed sword and reached for dagger. Never had he suspected that low fellows, no matter what their other crimes, could fail in respect to rank. This presumptuous rascal must be a demon of the deepest

dye, perhaps even an Englishman. In England low fellows with longbows were encouraged to assault belted knights, even to hold them at ransom, as at Agincourt. But this low fellow was armed only with a short dirk, which would bend and break against steel of proof. So the knight made his horse ready to leap the hedge.

The poet was on fire with hate and rage. It was a chance for which he had devoutly prayed: to meet some knight or noble, man to man, to prove upon his person that brains were more than a match for noble birth. Now, as the moonlight ran along the blade of the knight's dagger like a streak of summer lightning as he rose in air, Villon on hands and knees in the bushes, having used his dirk to pry up a great stone, bounced to his feet, and, bending back so that he was turned into a catapult, launched it so shrewdly that it struck the knight above the eyelets in his vizor. His horse, affrighted, reared; he was hurled from saddle to hedge. Some of the brittle branches broke; others closed over him. Left to view were only two pointed toes turned up to the moon, two gilt spurs buried deep in the soil.

The sight of steel to the knight's legs assured Villon of the correctness of his surmise; steel to head, steel to the body and limbs likewise, against which his short dirk was as useless as a harlequin's lath. So plucking up a second heavy stone, he put foot upon the fallen dagger and, parting the hedge, allowed the prostrate knight a bath of moonlight.

"Disgorge," he said victoriously, "disgorge. Purse and pouch and jewels. Hand them up. I fear treachery if I kneel to untruss you and put my Goliath pebble aside."

The knight made no answer, neither did he move, nor a limb quiver.

"Come now, no foxing," commanded Master Francis, on guard. "Disgorge, I tell you, or by the blessed maid of Domremy, whom worthy Christian knights like yourself let the English burn, by her of Orleans and my own sweet duke, I 'll crack your shell and mess up the kernel. Why, it occurs to me, do men have so little brain in life, so much to spatter in death? It 's a subject I would discuss at some future date. But now disgorge, I tell you."

Still the knight made no answer. Villon stirred him with a sandaled toe, turning him over like some slain beast. Even to this insult he was mute; so, tuck 'twixt teeth, Master Francis knelt, and fumbled with cold fingers at points and gyves. The face revealed had eyes that stared both wide and wild, a mouth as wide open as mouth could be. A suspicion of the truth came to the poet. He brought a flaming brand from the fire, and waved it close to the eyes of the fallen man. They did not flicker.

"Cracked—cracked like a snail in his shell!" thought Villon, amazed. He laughed aloud. "Songs shall be sung of this, of how Master François Villon de Montcorbier, returning to his beloved Paris from vile duress in Meung-sur-Loire, slew a mighty warrior with a single stone! Songs shall be sung; aye, I shall sing them myself—privately, and hide them away to be found after death. But just now I think I had best be going. But not without purse and pouch or that precious armor of proof. I were unworthy my captaincy in the Coquillards. Better death than disgrace."

So, speedily, and with a shifty eye to the St.-Denis Road, he stripped the erstwhile knight of the Milanese mail, which crumpled in his hand like a rain of rose-nobles; took nether garments also. At the fire he cast aside his own rags, and rearranged himself; then having caught the mare, which had been nosing about for what King Winter might have been pleased to provide, Master Francis stood the peer of any chevalier who roamed those wide domains of Armagnacs, Burgundians, and English which, as a merry jest, were called France.

Holding in his hand the man's pouch, and chinking the golden angels that he had abstracted close to ear, he peered at a piece of written parchment that kept them company.

"The Chevalier Philip de Soissons, so?" he said. "Well, *Maître* Philip, may you enjoy your pleasant company." He bowed gravely to the man on Marigny's gibbet. "Colin, I leave a friend, that you may not be lonely." He propped up the fallen one at the foot of the gallows, wrapped him in his own tattered cloak, crowned him with his own rakish cap and ragged feather. Then, mounting, he rode off toward Paris.

II

ADMITTED by the St.-Denis Gate, Master Francis traversed the Ville, crossed the Petit Pont, and came directly to the Street of the Lantern. Here the windows of the Fir-Apple Tavern lit up the lower steps of the great church of the Madeleine, the church where Villon's mother often prayed for her scape-gallows son reveling in the tavern opposite. But this night he scorned the Fir-Apple. It ill beseemed a man in costly mail and coat of velvet to consort with thieves: he could consort with them at any time.

To-night he would be admitted obsequiously by landlords wont to set their dogs upon him. He craved cookery and wines of which the Fir-Apple's patrons lacked knowledge as well as price. But Villon, because of his masterly verse, had been metamorphosed by gift-clothes of decent black, and had eaten at the tables of lords and seigniors, who, to celebrate notable feats of arms or of the chase, had gathered together minstrels, ballad-singers, and tellers of tales. Thus more than a dozen times had he been permitted the presence of his dear Duke Charles.

To-morrow, an old "fence" of his acquaintance would buy the Milanese mail and the velvet surcoat; but to-night Master Francis would not yearn in vain. Food was with him a passion to which women took second place: he had had too little of one, too much of the other. Now, after six months on moldy bread and water from Meung moat, we may imagine him unwilling to take less than God, or the devil, gave. With more than a hundred crowns in his pouch, he could afford a bishop's best; and his attire gave him the right to expend them as a bishop might. Not for such, then, the taverns of the Jibing-Ass or the Golden Mortar, the White Horse or even the Fir-Apple, but smaller semi-private hostels whose guests must be of a rank that permitted the wearing of fur, no mere matter of vulgar wealth. There was nothing of the public house about such as the Golden Bees, with a name derived from the royal robe of the Carolingian kings, with architecture resembling that of a small seigniory, and admittance won only through an oaken, nail-studded outer door.

But when Villon was viewed through a wicket-window, his velvet coat and gilt spurs gave the porter assurance, and, his horse taken by a sleepy groom, the poet found himself in the tap-room of the famous inn. It was surrounded by an upper gallery upon which opened half a dozen sleeping-chambers, was crowned by a pointed Gothic arch like the roof of a small cathedral. Rushes were strewn upon a sanded floor, a hearth of brightly colored flagstones shone in the light of a great fire. Within the huge alcove of the fireplace the sight of another late traveler supping upon ortolans, a larded capon bursting with rich juices, a huge meat-pasty, and a flagon of Anjou wine, turned poor greedy Villon faint with thirst and hunger.

Regaining his voice, he eagerly inquired as to a vintage beside which the Anjou was no nobler than *vin ordinaire,* wistfully questioned the existence of a pasty so delicate of meats and spices that the tears came into his eyes, for he had heard of it only in a tale. But it happened that the tale was of this very inn, and that such a pasty lay behind an iron-hasped cupboard-door above his head. He asked no more of fortune, but fell to, having much ado to prevent an ungentle wolfing, one that would bewray his pretensions to gentility. But he must beshrew (aloud) a pestilential cold in the head, for the water in his eyes would not out; and when the landlord mulled his wine over the roaring fire, its warm, delicious fragrance provoked a torrent of poet's tears.

Thus beatifically tortured, it is unreasonable to suppose that he heard much of the speech addressed to him by his companion at table. This traveler, dallying with his wine, had surfeited himself, and could speak at ease; but it was not until Master Francis had consumed more than half of his pasty, with roasted plover's eggs on his right, and manchets of soft white bread as delicate as angel's food on his left, that his steady champing abated and he heard with any understanding. Then only did he trouble to observe his interpellator.

In the smoky light of fire and lantern the huge and heavily-bearded stranger seemed fierce and intolerant of aspect. His nether garments were hidden by a belted robe on which his crest was blazoned in bright threads, a leveret in claws

of merlin. His thick, curling locks were surmounted by a flat velvet cap the color of which matched its emerald brooch. Just what were his mental powers, Villon could not know, his monosyllabic answers having been guided by the other's intonations; but what manner of man he was became immediately apparent upon his address to his servitor, who, happening to stumble and to touch the august shoulder, became the object of objurgation and invective.

"What, knave? One of Roland's blood dirtied by your greasy finger-bones? Out of my sight or I sweep you into the fire as I would your brother-cockroaches!" By his gesture he would have buffeted him roundly had the old man not stepped nimbly aside.

"Blood of the Paladins!" his master grumbled on, "saw you that, Sir Incognito?"—the velvet of Villon bore the arms neither of house nor of office. "In my grandsire's day such a clumsy lout would have been struck to his death. But Little Louis, with his burgess's bonnet and his barber's brains, comes to the seat of Charlemagne, and every low rascal ruffles his rights or cries his clerkship. Rights, quotha—rights? Our varlets should go before us to lash these knaves from our path. Their vermin are like to spoil our furs, which are worth more than the lives of the lot of them, uncouth, unmannerly dogs."

He raised his flagon by the handle, and after a long pull at it, wiped mouth with hand and went on grumbling all the more.

"Idle students, too, the streets and taverns full of them. And one of Roland's blood must defend himself from such. Sooner the pestilence in Paris, the foul fiend himself, than that thrice-damned university. Rather a troop of Cathayian lepers in the Place du Palais rubbing shoulders with every passer-by than the land from the Tournelle to Nesle Tower covered by Phœnix nests that spew out disorder and rebellion with every lay scholar. Eh, Sir Incognito? Destroy these damnable, useless arts of reading folly and writing treason, say I, as poisonous and profane as those of the Cabala. Alchemists sell themselves to Satan, scholars give themselves for love of evil. Confine such practices to sworn servants of holy church,—priests and monks,—too strong in faith for heresy to touch. There 's monstrous folly in permitting them the public. Observe what ruin lies in their wake."

"Ruin?" asked Master Francis, wondering that man could speak so little truth and in so many words. "Such innocent devices that touch men of the robe alone? You jest, my lord."

"Innocent!" roared the good gentleman, setting down his flagon. "Innocent! Hark ye, the Bishop of Paris in this one year of our Lord and our Lady cried benefit of clergy for no fewer than tenscore marauding cullions—scholars and clerks, quotha. Plucked them from the provostry, freed them after paltry 'prisonment. And as many score have been gibbeted willy-nilly for persistent and incorrigible robbing and murthering. Out upon wrong-headed beneficence that breeds a race of robbers; upon schools that give them privileges of noblesse to 'scape their lawful punishment! Out upon nests of crime, where they learn to sneer at seigniors' rights, the rights of their superiors, their natural lords! No villein or tenant of mine shall have leave to 'prentice his son to clerkdom and villainy."

And still he grumbled, while his servitor trembled, and landlord and cellarman swallowed their yawns.

Villon was, for the nonce, in a quandary. Resenting the grumbler and all his like, the poet must yet remember that he now impersonated one of them, and that to combat their ignorant dogmatics he must find some excuse that would not betray his mumming. Pondering upon this, his mouth full of cheese, his ready wit was soon to yield more than he sought.

Chivalry had become only an excuse with which noble voluptuaries dignified unwholesome amours, noble cutthroats their lust for the kill. But there had arisen a minority,—Hermit Peters of high degree,—who sought to revive those almost mythical austerities of crusading soldier-monks—Hospitalers, Templars, *et al.* Their creed commanding celibacy and the strictest adherence to the code of humility, such reformers might rightly resent the grumbler's barbarous beliefs. So, finishing his cheese, Villon cast down his eyes with great show of meekness.

"I grieve to hear such speech," he said, inwardly glad, outwardly sad. "And,

oh, that it should come from one of the blood of the Paladins! Ah, me!" He sighed heavily. The other stared at him, mightily amazed.

"And wherefore not?" he growled.

"Did they not break their lances and dull their swords to rescue the tomb of the Most Humble from heathen pride?" quoth Villon, meeker still. "Was it not written of Roland that he dismounted and led Mallarosa for a lame ancient to ride, and she a peasant. And how of Amadis of Gaul, when he had struck his servant unjustly? He proffered his poniard and begged that the fellow hack off the hand that had so offended against the creed of the Nazarene knight. To humble the heathen was only half their holy work. Their swords must ever outflash in the service of the oppressed. Pride 's a heathen virtue, Sieur Stranger. I sigh to find it in the seed of those most Christian Paladins!"

During this discourse, delivered in a tone low and devout, the bulky stranger made attempts to speak; but the same passion that empurpled his countenance gripped his throat.

"Callest me a heathen?" he bellowed, and landlord and cellarman looked askance upon the disturber, while the servitor's teeth chattered. "A heathen—Bertrand de la Pogne, Seignior of Guane, Knight of his Most Christian Majesty's own making at the great tournament of Plessis? Whose grandsires have fought for the cross against Moors and Turks and all paynim infidels?"

He pawed his sword-hilt as he roared, but did not alarm the poet particularly; he mistrusted the valor of blusterers. Moreover, a new idea had been born to him, one so delightfully wicked that only a pantaloon of a poet could have fathered it.

"I pray you, restore your bodkin," he said, motioning mildly. "My knightly vows forbid I draw upon Christian men save to succor distressed womanhood or to defend the weak." And, though choked with ribald laughter, he began to take the interest of the true artist in his creation. If only there were present some kindred souls to see this seignior's baffled bewilderment. Meanwhile, meekly forgiving him, he ate more cheese in a humble sort of way, adding between mouthfuls: "Tell me of some damsel in distress, some people oppressed, and you will find me quick to flesh my blade."

It seemed he had only to ask to receive. From the gallery above came a cry very like that of damsel in distress. It brought to the seignior's face a heavy scowl, to the servitor's a look of blank dismay. Landlord and cellarman exchanged anxious glances; but Villon's haunts had accustomed him to drunken, noisy women; so to hearken did not appear for the moment in its true light, a literary necessity. Moreover he was fully occupied upon his wicked jest.

"But," he continued, "you may prove yourself no Christian, my seignior of Guane. To be such, as your Seigniorship doubtless knows, is to possess ancestors who, for close upon a millennium, have been wedded according to the rites of holy church. If but one bar sinister casts its shadow on your shield since Clovis was made Christian by Saint Remi of Rheims, a thousand years ago, the whole inheritance is void, be it from the Paladins themselves. Every descendant is then a heathen, and to escape damnation must take the vows of priest or monk. Or else, like my unworthy self, swear to know no woman till he has been knight-errant for a round half-dozen years.

Greatly gratified by the grumbler's gasp, Villon shook his head, sighing. "I, alas! had one unworthy *gran'mere;* so, though I am lord of certain wide domains, I am no Christian until I have wiped out her stain upon my scutcheon."

He sighed more dolorously than ever, and seemed to drop a tear. As well he might, for he was near to collapse at sight of the other's panic-stricken face. The poet's insolent invention was no random arrow. Few, if any, were his noble contemporaries (and fewer those of that later François, *Maître* Rabelais, if one takes his lewd witness thereto) on whose family-tree had not been grafted alien limbs royal or ducal. Hence the purple face of the superstitious seignior became a pallid one. His hand upon the flagon trembled, spilling more wine upon his surcoat than into his suddenly parched throat.

"Why do they not speak of this, our sires, our honored dames? Were one to come to his death before such knowledge, his damnation is upon their heads."

" 'The sins of the fathers,' " quoted Villon. "In childhood we must e'en dice with Fate and trust in Heaven's justice. But at man's estate, an we draw no sword for Christian Hungary against the pagan khalifa, for Catholic Castile against paynim Moor, or ship with Genoese or Venetian to harry the dogs of Mahound where heathen Carthage stands in ruins, a warning to infidels,—whither I go on the morrow,—why, then, Sieur Bertrand, we are unworthy to be saved. So, excellent landlord, bring more of this excellent wine to drink damnation to all such sons of the devil."

To what lengths the jest might have been carried no mere historian may know; but certain it is that the most cunning conniver in all France meant that the scholarship this seignior had despised should take toll of his lack of it; meant that he should pay dearly for past arrogancies and insolences. Had not François Villon been thrown into the mire by squires and men at arms clearing their master's way? Perhaps the artful rogue might have so worked upon the seignior's superstitions as to saddle him with a vow that would have rendered void those violences about to occur.

But the chronicle bespeeds itself. It was now that they heard the second scream—a scream so long-drawn out that landlord and servants trembled, while covertly casting glances toward the knight who succored the weak and delivered the oppressed. That impostor, reading them aright, was filled with confusion and dismay.

It was not his maiden experience of a jest that rebounded upon the head of its maker; but being a philosopher, our poet did not impatiently repine. The comedy begun, its author must provide it with a climax before he could drop the curtain. To create a striking character, and then to play it false, offended his nice literary sense. It was well enough for François Villon, cynically familiar with tavern bawds, to disregard the screams of some scold upon whom the male of her choice was laying on as lustily as she had clacked her tongue; nor was it ill for a knight or noble of a more familiar pattern to ignore so usual a practice as amorous abduction. But it did most badly beseem a forerunner of Bayard. Such a one must look darkly about him, half start and half draw. Master François de Montcorbier, being an artist, did these things. Landlord, servitor, and cellarman looked helplessly upon the Sieur de la Pogne, who, not scowling this time, but wearing the most ludicrous look of any man in Christendom, encouraged Master Francis to a mighty stern demeanor.

"Sirrah," he commanded the landlord, "lead me to whence come these lamentations. And quickly, as you prize your cullion's hide." Instinctively, he put himself between the seignior and the staircase. 'T was then the Lord of Guane arose in wrath, entirely forgetful of his soul's peril.

"Bandy-legged mosquito! meddling jackanapes, pestilential flea! vermin-ridden nothing!" he roared like a lion a-hungered. "Throw me this toss-pot into the filth of the stable-yard before I make dog-meat of him." But having drawn his blade, he seemed satisfied to hold it at arm's-length, point downward, swashbuckler fashion, so that the red of the dancing fire might run up and down the steel.

Villon smiled. Such ruffling was poor proof of valor.

"My vows forbid I do the first violence," quoth he, darkly; "but stop me in my succor of this dolorous female, and, by St.-Denis! you shall count your guts like rosary-beads. Landlord, lead me, sirrah!" The point of his dudgeon-dagger sent the landlord skipping nimbly up the stairs.

Villon stepped behind him; but on the second stair he turned speedily. The seignior, with a bull's bellow, had rushed after him. Their swords crossed in the light of the lantern at the foot of the stairs.

Master Francis had fought in many tavern brawls. His sword-play lacked something of finesse, he knew none of the tricks of the tilting-yard and tournament; but for such an affair as this he had one trick worth them all. His blood-letting had been accomplished in the nests of the night-birds, often by no light save that of the stars upon his sword. He need but draw his man into the shadows to have him helpless; and each lunge of the seignior's took them another pace from the lantern. Soon their swords flashed in the semi-darkness at the head of the stairs.

The gallery, inclosed upon all four of its sides by a balustrade of latticework, was dark save for flickering shadows cast up from the tap-room below. But at the wicket-window of a locked door a few rays of candle-light streamed through the bars and showed a flushed face, with eyes eager and excited—the face of a young girl. Toward this wicket-window the combatants now drew near, Villon encouraging his assailant by giving ground. The light of the fire beneath was soon behind them. Then *"Hola!"* laughed Master Francis, and sheathed his point in his opponent's shoulder.

"Lights!" shouted the Lord of Guane, alarmed. "Light me, Drago! Damnation! Light me!" For in that narrow space 'twixt chamber-door and latticework Villon turned self and sword into half a pair of compasses: his lordship must describe a circle or take a thrust. He was herded like any sheep, his blade insolently thrust aside by another that he could not see, though his antagonist was leaping and laughing.

"Lights, Drago! The foul fiend take you!" he bellowed lustily. But his trembling servitor had hearkened, and with the cellarman came running up the staircase, one with a lanthorn, the other with a torch. As their flare flooded the sagging floor of the beamed balcony, the seignior attacked again. Villon leaped backward. Before the seignior could follow, the landlord crouching behind the latticework beyond, heard his good horn lanthorn tinkle against steel, saw the cellarman, from whom Villon had snatched the torch, collide with the fleeing lantern-bearer, heard his lanthorn crash as, in frenzied fear, each tore the other's hair. Villon flung the torch after them, extinguishing it upon their persons, and the panting seignior was in a land of dusk and shadows again, the dancing harlequin's blade at his breast. His voice rose in something very like a wail.

"Philippa, seize your candle and bring it to the wicket! The wicket, girl! Light me, you trull!" He was cut short by lack of breath, gasping like a stoat with a slit weasand.

"Come to the wicket by all means, Demoiselle," jeered Villon, lifting the other's blade high, and pushing him back with a flattened palm. "Bring your light and see me write a rondel on a rogue's face." In the aureole of misty light that framed her dark and tragic eyes Villon saw the girl at the wicket-window raise a copper candlestick until the light was level with her lips. The shadow of the seignior's sword lengthened. But as the candle's witch-like face lengthened on the leaping steel, her cheeks puffed, her lips parted, the window framed only a fiery wick.

"Well done, Demoiselle!" crowed Villon. "Now mark me as I cut sufficient pigskin for a purse. Or would it please you better to see how sweetly I can pierce his ears? What say you? 'It is more fitting swine wore rings in snouts'?"

As he spoke, he again turned the seignior in a circle.

"Where learned he to dance so drolly?" he asked her. "No doubt some worthy mountebank can earn an honest livelihood with such a dancing swine. 'T were pity to kill him. Besides, my bodkin is too finely pointed for pig-sticking. But fear not. His scant wits shall be exiled by the haft of my dudgeon-dagger, and you shall be free to go your way."

But as he drew his poniard, he heard a voice which, though small of volume, was great of hate.

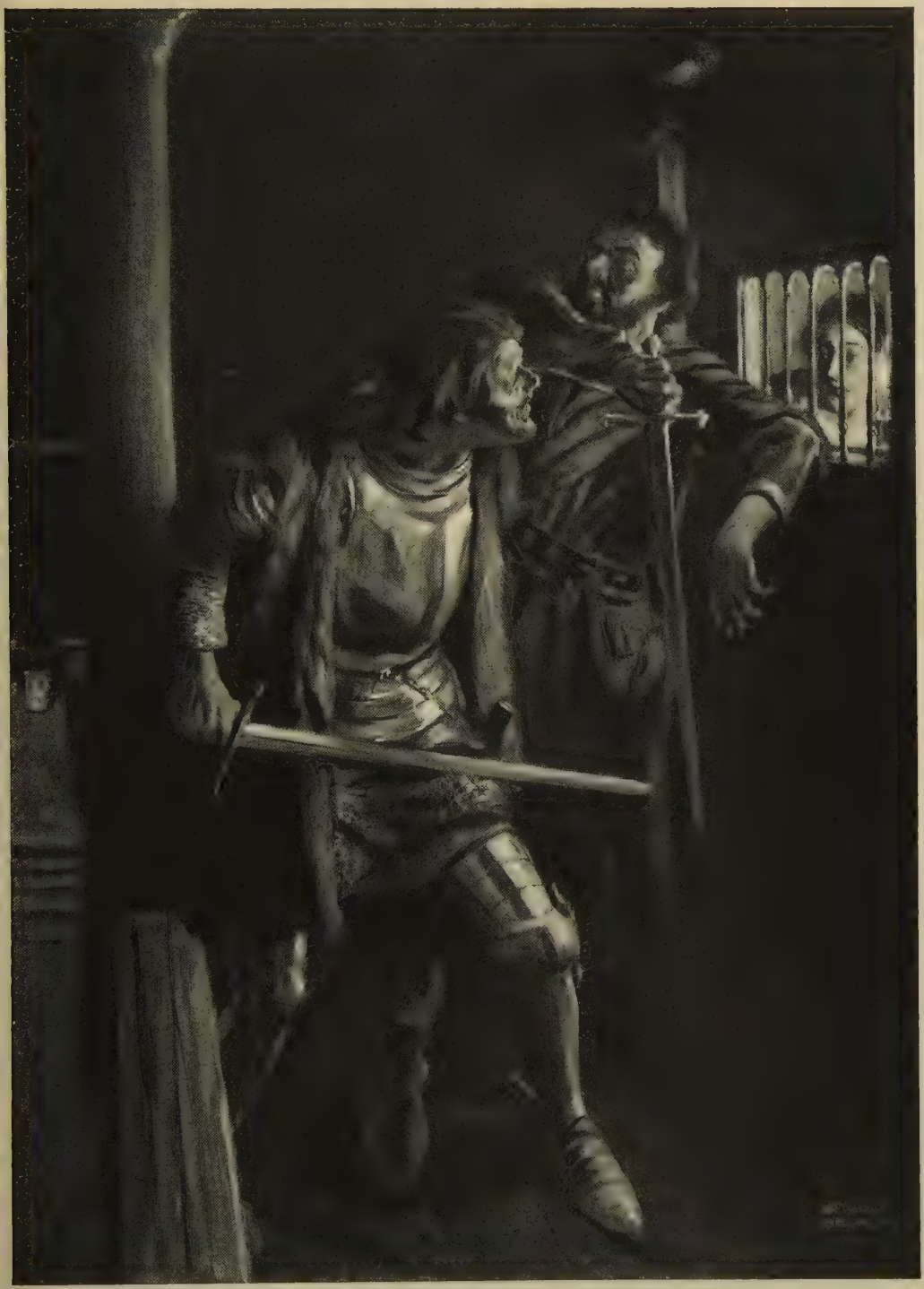
"Kill him! kill him!" it whispered close to his ear.

"Traitorous trull!" gasped the exhausted and affrighted De la Pogne. "Have done, Sir Knight! have done! Fight no further for such a vixen. Do not hark to her. Have done, and take a bag of angels for yourself, a hundred tapers to the saint you serve—a—"

"Kill him!" urged the girl, whose eyes shone in the darkness. "Kill him, or else know that I shall suffer all the more for your championship! Kill him, Sir Knight! He is too foul to live."

Villon had desisted in his sport, the hand holding the poniard resting against the barred window. Silence ensued save for the heavy breathing of the vanquished. The poet felt the jest had been carried much too far. He had no real quarrel with the fellow; besides, when commoners slew noblemen, there was breaking on the wheel, drawing, quartering, a pretty return for enlivening an evening with a quaint conceit.

"I cannot kill him, Demoiselle," he



"VILLON SAW THE GIRL . . . RAISE A COPPER CANDLESTICK"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

said, thankfully resuming his pose. "My vows forbid. Send such a soul unassoiled into eternity? My sin would be as great as his. But fear nothing. Render up your sword, Sir Swine. Swear this maiden shall go free wherever she so wills. Swear or look to yourself, and St.-Denis have mercy on your soul!"

A long-drawn wail of terror answered him. Villon cursed heartily the play-acting that, on the first full stomach in months, had caused him to meddle in another's affairs.

"He will break his oath. E'en if I escape, he will find me again and force my friends to give me up. I am his ward, God help me! I am not safe while he lives. Kill him, Sir Knight!"

"I cannot," returned Master Francis, uneasily. "I cannot, Demoiselle."

"You cannot?" she said, low and sibilant. Her bare arm, like a darting snake, came through the bars. "You cannot?" she said again, as venomous as any hiss, and even before Villon could cry out the warning of his empty hand, the exhausted enemy, leaning against the lintel of the door, gasped and groaned, and the pilfered poniard dropped from 'twixt his shoulder-blades.

He tottered and fell, but they heard him crawling and feeling for his sword. As he found it, he cursed them horribly and dragged himself up, only to stagger back against the latticework. His eyes caught the light too late. Villon had a glimpse of them, glazed and ghastly, as he plunged backward over the gallery-rail and turned in mid-air. So that, when he came crashing down, his face was mercifully hid, and his padded velvet toes were flattened against the great stone flags below.

III

It had been done. What use, then, to pause and to reproach, to tell her bitterly her deed would be his penalty. In the darkness up there the blow could be seen by none below, nor by the landlord crouched down beyond. Even were it seemly for a gentle knight to shield himself by denouncing a fair lady, a provost's inquiry was likely to reveal no gentle knight, but an impostor. There was, therefore, no time to lose. He must speedily seek that quarter where he would cease to be a gentle knight and become once more a vagabond poet whom no one would suspect.

"Come, my demoiselle," he said almost with a snarl. "Consider what trinkets and gauds you must carry, and I will fetch the key." No need to show his skill at picking locks when there was a quicker way. He hastened toward the stairway. As he reached it, he was suddenly sickened not by what he saw, but by what he did not see. Servitor and cellarman were gone, the door flung wide. Beyond the gate he heard men bawling for the watch.

Never had the heart of Master Francis beaten faster. Beyond the garden the flare of torches lit up the wall; the sound of many voices and the tramp of many feet came nearer. In that instant, when he saw himself swinging beside Colin de Cayeux, his mind accomplished a miracle. Leaning over the crumpled heap on the flags, he felt for the seignior's pouch, and, for all the watching landlord saw, withdrew from it a key. But with his old thievish dexterity he had first reached into his own pouch, and now as the key came out, a roll of parchment popped in—that parchment that had been the property of the man of Montfaucon, whom, unless luck served, the poet would soon join under the gallows-tree.

But he gave no sign of fear; only holding the key aloft for the landlord to see, he hurried to the balcony, unlocking the door. The prisoner, her hair no longer disordered, but surmounted by a peaked head-dress with a bandeau of chased gold, flung herself at the poet's feet.

"My Lord," she wept, "you are the perfect knight. But you shall not be stained by my crime, if crime it be to slay a monster. My dying father trusted me to him, and he brought me from among my own people to marry him or have worse befall me. I have rich lands. I will petition his Majesty and my lord of Orleans to make them yours. My lord, my knight, when listening at that wicket, I first heard you speak of your vows and your faith, I knew the gentlest of all knights, the Lord Jesus, had sent you to save me. And so I called until you hearkened. Chivalry is not dead, though even the king mocks it. And you —you are the noblest knight in Christendom."

But Villon heard only the tramp of feet and the rattle of arms; and now he saw a company of the provostry, crossbows at their backs, half-pikes in hand, the light of torches upon their steel bonnets and breastplates. They were headed by a gold-laced officer; and to him Villon addressed himself, leaning from the latticework.

"Monsieur the Captain," he said, no trace of quivering in his voice, "I beg of you not to alarm this lady. She has endured sufficient for one night. The false traitor and spy, Bertrand de la Pogne, lies there before you."

A linkboy thrust his torch upward that they might better observe the quality of the speaker, and as Villon descended the stairway, the officer observed the serenity of his face, the dignity of his carriage, the costliness of the rich surcoat and the gold-threaded mail. Villon beckoned him aside and spoke him low.

"You have stumbled upon an affair of state, Monsieur the Captain," he said. "Be discreet, and it shall serve you well. The king's service transcends the provost's. Though his Gracious Majesty may have Scotch archers for his watch-dogs, he needs French greyhounds for the scent. Therefore, silence, and carry to the king what you find upon that traitor's person. Give his barber the word 'Charlerois.' If Oliver be absent, say the word to his marshal, Tristan. If either suspect, show them what you carry. Look for it there." With a dramatic gesture, he indicated the body of Bertrand de la Pogne.

The officer, heavy with wine, greedy for the gold that comes from the possession of royal secrets, ran his hand into the pouch from which Villon had taken the key. His eyes glistened as he felt the parchment crackle underneath his fingers, and he beckoned the linkboy nearer while he unrolled it. Villon did not give him time to be disappointed by its clerkly Latin. Proper names in that language did not vary much from the same in French; and where the poet's finger pointed was that of the dreaded Duke of Burgundy to be, Charles the Bold always, even when but Count of Charlerois: Charles, the one enemy that Louis feared, for while he detained Burgundian lords on any pretext, and had begun to parley with Dutch burghers to revolt against their overlord, Paris was a city of Burgundian plots. War was howling like the wolves outside its gates, and the name of Charles was that of the foul fiend's to the soldiers of Louis. Among such, officers or no, there was no great learning, little Latinity, a deficiency upon which the life of the poet hung as by a hair.

But, as he had suspected, the name was a magic charm.

"Burgundian dog!" snarled the officer, and kicked the body. "You did well, Monsieur the Agent. And it is your pleasure that I hasten to the Bastille with this traitor's message? Will not Oliver le Dain or Tristan l'Hermité bid me wait until the morrow?"

"My ring," said Villon, with a gesture immeasurably lofty. He extended a jewel that until a moment before had adorned the demoiselle's hand, one of such weight and so cunningly carved that the officer's respect for the great agent became almost servile, cadet of the *haute noblesse* though he was. "Show it to Oliver or Tristan, and they will whisper to his Majesty the name of him who brought this fellow's treachery to naught. The king will then instruct the provost to make no pother about the inquiry, but to bury him in secret. Tell his Majesty how well the lady played the part he had assigned her. A pest on these spies that I myself cannot see the light of the presence," he added angrily; "but, once observed to enter, my identity known, their reports to Burgundy would bring my usefulness to an end. Charlerois has them everywhere, even in the antechamber. It was by fortune's favor that you were on guard to-night, my Captain. Return the ring to me upon the morrow. Meanwhile remove that carrion. It should go to the proper place for traitors, the highest gibbet in Paris. But the lion is secret, my Captain, until the time to strike. As for your men—" He thrust his hand into the hedge-knight's pouch and tossed a handful of golden angels toward crossbowmen and linkboys—"drink with that the health of his Most Christian Majesty King Louis, and confusion to the Devil of Burgundy."

Even before they stooped to scramble for the gold they raised their pikes and torches, cheering. Then the officer gave rapid orders, a litter was arranged, and the little troop went off, shouting Ludovican healths and Carolingian confu-

sions, the officer last of all, Villon with a gesture like a benediction clasping his hand.

When all had gone, the poet passed up the staircase for the last time. For the moment he was stifled with laughter at the thought of the king's barber (and prime minister) awakened for the sight of a mere triviality setting forth in legal Latin certain claims of a paltry free companion for justice against a paltrier Jew who had shielded himself under Burgundian law against the redemption of certain jewels pledged by the hedge-knight for harness at a recent tournament. The tale of Oliver reading of this "treason" was to be a "Villonerie" which was to aid his fame by adding a new word to the language. But his mirth was short-lived. He must hasten on his way, discard his dangerous costume, emerge again the starveling poet of the Pomme de Pin.

But there was still the demoiselle, and Villon, as has been observed, was too much of an artist to mar a literary creation or even to leave it unfinished. From the gallery he gave orders that his horse and hers be saddled instantly. The dazed landlord crept down to call the hostler, and Villon returned to the girl to take her hands in his.

"Demoiselle," he said, "I have rid you of them for the nonce. But they will return, and we must be gone. Tell me the name of some noble dame or gentlewoman of your kindred that I may take you there. As for me,"—and here his eyes looked far away and dreamy, the same expression that had won Jeanniton la Heaulmière and many another of the fair one's sex,—"as for me, my vows must drive, and I may not dream as others dream. And yet my vows fulfilled, were I to take another journey—a little journey into—" He paused and regarded her tenderly.

"It is but between Beaugency and Blois, near where our Duke Charles holds his court, the village of Annonay," she said, blushing and trembling violently. "And I am Philippa de Annonay. But you, Sir Knight, oh, I am ashamed! You will think me a virago, a termagant, a creature! But you cannot know how I have suffered from him these two years. If you but knew—"

"I shall take another little journey into Orleans," he interrupted softly, for he feared to waste more time in such a danger zone, "and I shall pass by the village of Annonay. And perchance I shall find in Annonay that rest a poor wanderer hopes for after long travail." He caught her hands again; and, seeing his tone compelled her tears, his artistry must venture on a final touch, one to make the romance a perfect thing, the Romaunt of the Rose.

"If I could but hope there would not be another there—another with the right to bid me go. If, as each year passed, you would tell me with a flower, a single rose, sent to the Tavern of the Fir-Apple. And, no matter were I in far-off Cathay, my squire would be waiting to cross the seas and mountains and bring that flower to me—that single rose."

Her tears fell hot upon his hands. Truth to tell, artist that he was, his own eyes were wet. Slowly he drew her to him; but renouncing her surrender that his creation might be complete, he dropped upon his knees and kissed her hand.

(*This is the first of six adventures of François Villon.*)

THE "GEX" PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON

BY CHARLES WILLIAM MACFARLANE

THOSE of our readers who are familiar with Geneva will not soon forget those wondrous glimpses that one sometimes gets of Mont Blanc. As I sat one evening in the little park at Geneva, watching the night again essay the task of paling those "ineffectual fires," my unknown companion on the bench murmured to himself, "Pourpre jusqu' au cœur!" ("Purple to the very heart of it!") Then noticing that I had overheard his remark, he turned to me and said:

"This always makes me think of the kingdom, and the power, and the glory."

Later in the evening I learned that my new-found friend was the Abbé Gaspard, who had been for more than a generation pastor of the little church at Versoix, just outside of Geneva. We often met at sunset after that, and on one occasion I asked him whether he knew where was the house in which the English poet Byron had spent the summer of 1816. Pointing to a house on the other side of the lake, nearly opposite the spot where we were sitting, he said:

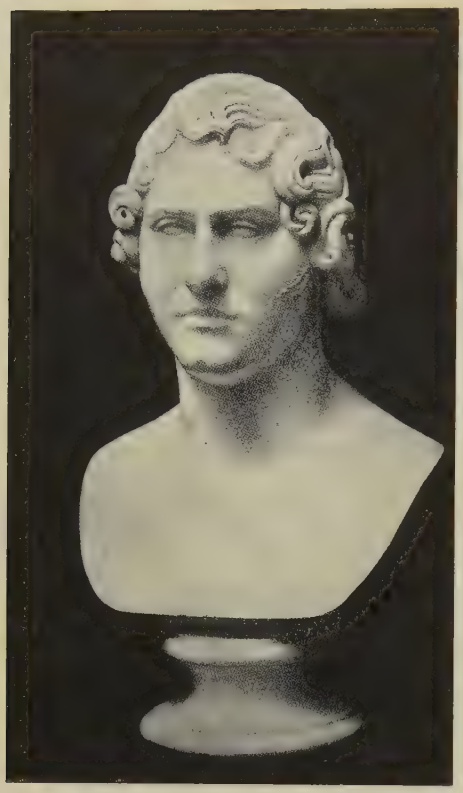
"That is the Diodati Villa, where Lord Byron lived; and directly back of it is the older house in which Giovanni Diodati, a famous Protestant theologian of that day, entertained your poet Milton in 1639." After some further talk about our English poets, the abbé left me with the remark: "You must come to see me. If you do, I will show you a portrait of Lord Byron that may interest you."

It is needless to say that I availed myself of this invitation the following day, and saw for the first time the portrait of Lord Byron to which the present paper is devoted.

The history of this portrait, so far as known, was given by the abbé in an affidavit before Mr. F. H. Keen, United States consul at Geneva. The abbé states therein that he knew the portrait to have been for many years in the old château at Gex, lying high on the lower slope of the Jura Alps, about twelve miles from Geneva, and that he believed it to have been painted by a local artist when Byron occupied the Diodati Villa. By 1877 the owner had sold the château and most of its effects, and had departed for Lourdes. The few remaining pictures were sent one night to the home or the rectory of Abbé Gaspard at Versoix, where they were offered for sale, the abbé buying the Byron portrait the morning after its arrival at the rectory.

As there is no signature on this painting, the question naturally arises, Who was the artist? In the hope of solving this problem, the portrait was submitted to the "Musée des Beaux Arts" at Geneva, as being more familiar than any other authority with the work of local painters. Mr. Fredericks, the curator of the musée, at once asked what was known about the artist. The only possible reply was that Abbé Gaspard had ventured the opinion that it was the work either of Saint-Ours or of Lufargon, Saint-Ours being possibly the most noted artist that Geneva has produced, while Lufargon was one of his pupils.

"The abbé's explanation," Mr. Fredericks replied, "raises one or two serious difficulties. First, if Saint-Ours had painted it, he would certainly have signed it. Again, if my memory is not at fault, Saint-Ours died before 1816, the year in which Byron was on Lake Geneva. [A reference to the records confirmed this.] With regard to Lufargon, there is also some little difficulty, for he could not have been twenty years old in 1816, and it is hard to believe that this picture was painted by so young a man. Nevertheless," Mr. Fredericks continued, "the picture is painted absolutely in the manner or style of Saint-Ours; but since he died before 1816 it must have been painted by some pupil of his, and so possibly by Lu-



BUST OF LORD BYRON BY BARTOLINI

fargon, for the absence of any signature rather favors the assumption that it was done by one of the younger men."

In brief, then, the best expert opinion is that this portrait was painted by one of the younger pupils of Saint-Ours, probably Lufargon, at the time that Byron was living in the Diodati Villa. Mr. Fredericks expressed no opinion as to whether or not it is a portrait of Byron. Indeed, he found the face too strong, the jaw too massive, to agree with the portraits with which he was familiar.

The question then arose, Is there any reference in the journals or letters of Byron or his friends to the painting of a portrait during his stay on Lake Geneva? If the "Gex" portrait was painted by a young and unknown artist, the famous poet might not have thought it of sufficient consequence to make any note of it either in letters or journals. Nevertheless, two months after leaving Lake Geneva, Byron writes to Moore in a letter dated Venice, December 5, 1816, "As for the likeness, the picture cannot be good —I did not sit long enough." It should be noted, however, that this occurs in a letter in which Byron says: "By the way, I suppose you have seen 'Glenarvon.'" This was a novel by Lady Caroline Lamb, in which Byron was thought by some readers to figure as the hero, and it is therefore conceivable that the reference given above was to the pen-portrait in this novel. The author, however, denied having had the poet in mind, and in a letter to Mr. Murray, September, 1816, she says of a criticism in one of the reviews, "I like it because it takes the matter fairly, and not as real characters." In "The Connoisseur" for July-August, 1911, there is an excellent article by Dr. W. A. Shaw on "The Authentic Portraits of Byron," and it is interesting to remark that even so careful a writer as Dr. Shaw does not seem to regard the pen-portrait interpretation as worthy of even passing consideration, but attributes the reference to what is known as "the Holmes miniature."

This attribution, however, encounters several serious difficulties. In the first place, it is difficult to reconcile the phrase "the picture cannot be good" with Byron's unqualified praise of the Holmes miniature in a letter written to the artist in 1823. "I prefer that likeness to any other which has been done of me by any artist whatever," he wrote. Again, in the same letter he refers to the Holmes miniature as having been painted in 1815. Now, as the letter to Moore is dated December 5, 1816, or only two months after Byron left Lake Geneva, it would seem much more probable that, if it referred to any painting, it was to one of more recent date, or to the "Gex" portrait. The existence of this portrait being unknown when Dr. Shaw's article was written, he naturally attributes the reference to the Holmes miniature, it being the last-known portrait preceding the date of the Moore letter.

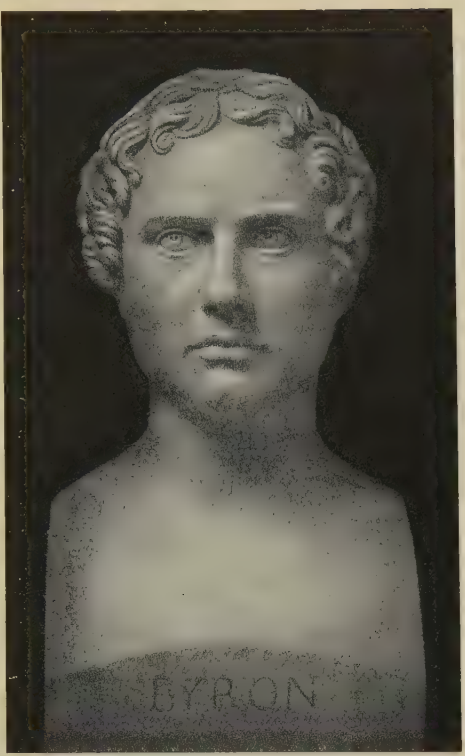
Dr. Shaw elsewhere refers to a half-length portrait painted in 1816 by George Henry Harlow, an English artist. As Byron left England in April, 1816, and as Harlow seems to have been on the Continent on or about that time, it has been suggested that the "Gex" portrait is the long-lost Harlow painting, despite the

fact that the latter is spoken of as a half-length. We have not, however, been able to verify the correctness of this suggestion.

We have seen that Mr. Fredericks, curator of the Musée des Beaux Arts at Geneva, found the face of the "Gex" portrait too strong, the jaw too massive, as compared with some of the more familiar portraits of Lord Byron. It is, of course, natural that we should compare any new claimant with the portraits that are known to be authentic; but before doing so we should in all fairness inquire as to the faithfulness of such authentic portraits. In other words, before setting them up as standards by which to try any new claimant for recognition, we must determine whether they are in agreement with the known facts in regard to the life and face of the person portrayed.

Curiously enough, while there is a wide divergence among the several authentic portraits of Lord Byron, all may be placed in one or the other of two groups. That is, all have a certain similarity either to well-known portraits of the poet or to those here reproduced. To the first of these groups might be added a portrait in Albanian costume, now in the possession of the National Portrait Gallery, and the "Unknown Portrait" given in Dr. Shaw's article; while to the second group we should certainly add the "Benson" portrait, the "Gex" portrait, and the equally

SILHOUETTE OF LORD BYRON
BY MRS. LEIGH HUNT



BUST OF LORD BYRON
BY ALBERT BERTEL THORWALDSEN

square-jawed silhouette by Mrs. Leigh Hunt. In the first group, the artist seems to have been under pressure from the sitter or his publisher, or has, at his own instance, been more desirous to produce an attractive picture than to give us a faithful portrait of his subject. This will be more manifest as the argument proceeds, though all seem to have the earmarks of a frontispiece to a volume of poetry. On the other hand, those in the second group have a certain air of sincerity, as though the artist had not sold his birthright, but was trying to give us a faithful portrait of his subject.

It has been suggested by one of those who at first "looked askance and strangely" upon the "Gex" portrait that some artist had taken the well-known Westall profile and turned it around to get the three-quarter face of this later claimant for recognition. The impossibility of such a feat will appear later, though the suggestion has at least the merit of recognizing the intimate connection that exists between the two; for in both we see the

THE "GEX" PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON
OWNED BY DR. CHARLES WILLIAM MACFARLANE

same massive throat and jaw, the same man of power and force. If, then, we compare the "Gex" portrait with published portraits of Byron, we may discredit it as not agreeing with our notion of what a poet, as a gentle idealist, should look like; but if we compare it with the silhouette, we shall find no reason to complain either of the strength of the face or of the massiveness of the jaw, and may even be constrained to concede that a poet is not necessarily a physical weakling, but may be a man of virility. It will now be in order to inquire which of these two groups corresponds with the known facts in Byron's life.

We all know of Lord Broughton's account of Byron's swimming the Hellespont in an hour and ten minutes, a feat not since duplicated, and one of which Greek athletes in their best estate were wont to boast. Then, too, Robert Emmet

tells us of Byron's marvelous skill and endurance while at Harrow not only as a swimmer, but as a batter and boxer, and all this "despite his great infirmity." Again, during his residence in London, we find him boxing almost daily with Jackson, whom he called "the emperor of pugilism," while he dined almost weekly with "Jackson and others of the fancy" at a public-house kept by Tom Crib, the retired heavy-weight champion. In one place in his journal Byron describes himself as follows: "My chest and arms and wind are in good plight, and I am not in flesh, and my arms are very long for my height (5 feet, 8½ inches), and I used to be a hard hitter"; while in another place he tells how he dropped his opponent so suddenly that the man's knee-cap was broken in the fall.

In the face, then, of this record of Byron's activities while at school and in London, may we not ask which of the portraits of Byron, the well-known Holmes portrait or the "Gex," corresponds most nearly with the facts? However, we are not left alone to this test, for there is another and still more conclusive test to which all portraits of the poet must be subjected, and that is their agreement with the known facts in regard to his face.

It has been urged as a serious objection to the "Gex" portrait that it shows the face of the poet as being badly out of drawing, not in the general sense in which it is probably true that all our faces are out of drawing, but that in the case of the "Gex" portrait this amounts almost to a distortion; for after allowance is made for the perspective of the portrait, it still remains true that the left side of the face is distinctly larger than the right side. We enter here upon a very interesting phase of our inquiry, but one in which neither the Holmes nor Westall portraits can greatly aid us, first, because they have already been so discredited as to give us pause before accepting anything we might learn from them, and, second, because, being in profile, they afford no opportunity to compare the two sides of the face.

When this objection was first raised against the "Gex" portrait, it was suggested that if a Lombroso were asked to make a rough sketch of Byron's face, without other information than that afforded by his family and personal history, he would undoubtedly have shown it as being distinctly out of drawing. To this the answer was made that, whatever a Lombroso or any one else might do in a hypothetical case, the fact remained that the bust by Bartolini, now in the National Portrait Gallery in London, did not show the face of Lord Byron as being out of drawing, and on examining the Bartolini bust, we found this to be true. But what are the facts in regard to Bartolini and his bust? What do we know of this man and his willingness or ability faithfully to portray the features of the poet? In this connection Dr. Shaw writes as follows:

> Sometime shortly before March, 1822, when Byron was at Pisa, he received a communication from the sculptor Bartolini. The latter was evidently not merely a good workman, but also a business man. He was in the habit of reproducing in marble, in Florence, the casts of busts of the English notabilities of the time, and these he sent to London, all expenses of carriage included, for £22 each.

This certainly suggests a doubt of obtaining a truth-telling portrait from the hands of a man thus actively engaged in getting commissions.

Before this, fortunately, Byron had fallen into the hands of a truly great artist, Albert Bertel Thorwaldsen, who in 1817 executed a bust of the poet, which is now owned by Mr. John Murray of London. Of this bust Byron wrote to Mr. Murray, June 4, 1817: "Thorwaldsen has done a bust of me at Rome for Mr. Hobhouse, which is reckoned very good. He is the best after Canova, and by some preferred to him." Shortly after this, Mr. Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) wrote to Mr. Murray: "It is a masterpiece by Thorwaldsen, who is thought by most judges to surpass Canova in this branch of sculpture. The likeness is perfect." Again, Byron's half-sister, Mrs. Leigh, considered it lifelike.

Is it not fair, then, to insist that it is to this "veritable work of genius," as Dr. Shaw justly calls it, and not to the product of the atelier of a Bartolini, that we must turn for a faithful portrait of Byron? What, then, has the Thorwaldsen bust to tell us of the two sides of Byron's face?

We here have a full-face view, so that there is no question of perspective involved, and one has only to draw a medial line on the photographic reproduction to see that the face of the bust is not only out of drawing, but that here, as in the "Gex" portrait, it is the *left side* of the face that is distinctly the larger of the two. Indeed, so marked is this difference that when Mr. Murray's attention was called to the greater size of the left side of the face of his Thorwaldsen bust, he replied, "Yes, I have often wondered at that lump."

There is, however, other and important evidence on this point. Lady Blessington writes in her "Conversations with Lord Byron," "His eyes are gray and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other." Again, when Lord Broughton and Byron's attorney, Mr. Hanson, stood beside Byron's remains on their arrival in London, Hanson called Lord Broughton's attention to the difference in the size of Byron's eyes. Since the body was rather badly preserved, this must have been noticeable in the modeling of the bony formation about the eyes; but, as Lord Broughton informs us, Mr. Hanson said that "in Lord Byron's lifetime he had often noticed that the *left eye was larger* than the right eye." Here, indeed, is a test that has a convincing quality about it, for if we turn to the Thorwaldsen bust and the "Gex" portrait, we find that in both there is an appreciable difference between the two eyes. Note, too, that they agree with Mr. Hanson's observation in making the larger one of the two the left eye. This difference in the size of the eyes is thus seen to be only a part of the general statement that the left side of the face as a whole was larger than the right. If we now examine the Bartolini bust and the Holmes portrait, you fail to find the slightest hint of this difference in the size of the eyes or of the two sides of Lord Byron's face. May we not, then, fairly urge that if any artist had tried to make the three-quarter face of the "Gex" portrait from the Westall profile, he would surely have missed this distinctive feature?

While the Thorwaldsen bust and the "Gex" portrait agree in showing the left side of the face and the left eye as perceptibly larger than the right side of the face and the right eye, there are two points in which they do not agree—in their expression and in the greater fullness of the face in the Thorwaldsen bust. It is true that expressions vary and that men grow fat, but it may prove helpful if it can be shown that there is a reason for this difference in expression, and also that Lord Byron did take on considerable weight after leaving Lake Geneva, or in the interval between the sittings for the "Gex" portrait and those for the Thorwaldsen bust.

That the poet was not a complacent and easily handled "sitter" seems to be a matter of record. Indeed, he was so prone to dominate the artist that it may seem a little unfair to hold the latter alone responsible for the results. W. E. West, an American artist, writes of his experience: "He talked all the time, asking a multitude of questions about America. . . . When he was silent he was a no better sitter than before, for he assumed a countenance that did not belong to him, as though he was thinking of a frontispiece for 'Childe Harold.' "

Thorwaldsen, too, seems to have had his troubles, though his treatment of his noble patron was in refreshing contrast to the commercialism of a Bartolini. It is complained of Lord Byron that while claiming equality as a member of the literary or artistic gild, he yet took offense if other craftsmen did not make obeisance to him as my noble Lord. In a word, he was never quite large enough to ignore his aristocratic connections. But in Thorwaldsen he met at last a fellow-craftsman who absolutely refused to accept this double standard, and so we find that the letter of Hobhouse to Thorwaldsen, asking for a sitting for Lord Byron, went unanswered. The result was that Byron was forced to go personally to Rome to arrange for the sittings. The account of these sittings, as given by Thorwaldsen, is also somewhat refreshing:

"Byron placed himself opposite to me, but at once began to put on a quite different expression from that usual to him.

" 'Will you not sit still?' said I. 'You need not assume that look.'

" 'That is my expression,' said Byron.

" 'Indeed,' said I, and I then represented him as I wished." Through all this one has the feeling that the artist resented Byron's assumption of a double standard,

and that to his simpler nature the English poet was something of a poseur. One is therefore not surprised to find that when Byron saw the finished bust he took serious exceptions to it. "It is not at all like me," he said; "my expression is more unhappy."

It is not here necessary to decide whether or not this "more unhappy" expression was natural to Lord Byron or was part of a pose, but the reference to it by both West and Thorwaldsen may help us to understand Byron's admiration for the Westall portrait, of which he wrote, "It is dark and stern and black as the mood." Yet the incident serves to explain the difference in expression between the Thorwaldsen bust and the "Gex" portrait; for the great artist might well take liberties that a youthful pupil of Saint-Ours would not presume to take. And so we find the latter constrained to paint his noble patron with that assumed countenance of which West and Thorwaldsen complained.

But what of the fuller face of the Thorwaldsen bust? That during his latter days in London Lord Byron had been drinking more than was good for him can be readily shown from his journal; and this fact, conjoined with his marital difficulties, seems to have somewhat undermined his health. We may fairly assume, therefore, that when he arrived at Lake Geneva it was still true of him, "I am not in flesh." The more regular life at the Diodati Villa, however, resulted in a marked improvement in his physical condition. Hobhouse, writing from the villa, September 9, 1816, to Mrs. Leigh, the poet's half-sister, says:

> In sober sadness, I can give you very good accounts from this place, both as to morals and other material points. A considerable change has taken place in his health, no brandy, no very late hours, no quarts of magnesia, no deluges of soda, neither passion or peevishness. Even the scream has died away.

It was in the beginning of October that the Byron party gave up the Diodati Villa, and set out for Italy, and after spending a month at Milan, they journeyed on to Venice. At this place the poet was stricken with a low fever, and for a time was in a bad way. At the end of a month or six weeks he began to improve, "thanks," he himself said, "to the fact that I have neither consulted doctors nor taken any drugs." As frequently happens after a fever of this kind, the patient began with his recovery at once to take on flesh. This is clearly shown by a letter to Mr. Murray, dated Rome, May 9, 1817: "I am better than ever and in importunate health, growing (if not grown) large and ruddy and congratulated by impertinent persons on my robustious appearance when I ought to be pale and interesting." And Moore, who visited him at Venice in October, wrote: "I was a good deal struck, however, by the alteration that had taken place in his personal appearance. He had grown fatter both in person and face, and the latter had most suffered by the change."

It may be interesting to note that a miniature credited to Harlow shows the face distinctly fuller or fatter than the "Gex" portrait, and so must have been painted after his recovery from the fever, or early in 1817. This is so close to the time that Byron was at Lake Geneva that it gives further credence to the suggestion that the "Gex" portrait might have been done by this artist.

The letter to Mr. Murray, dated Rome, May 9, 1817, was manifestly written at the very time at which Byron was in that city sitting for the Thorwaldsen bust; and if, in imagination, we strip the mask of surplus flesh from this bust, we find little difficulty in discovering underneath it the severer modeling of the "Gex" portrait. For, painted as this picture may have been shortly after the return of Byron and Hobhouse from their fortnight's trip by horse and by foot through the Bernese Oberland, it shows the poet in probably as fine fettle physically and intellectually as he ever was, for it was while living in the Diodati Villa and in almost daily contact with his neighbor Shelley that he wrote the third canto of "Childe Harold."

Another very simple and interesting test of the ultimate verity of the several authentic portraits may be found in the depth of the shadow by which the dimple in the chin is indicated. This shadow, which in the Thorwaldsen bust is barely shown, is so slight in the "Gex" portrait as to be almost fleeting in its effect. On the other hand, a glance at the Bartolini

bust discloses that in it all this shadow is so strengthened that the result is a cleft so deep as to lose all hint of light and play.

We now come to an even more crucial test of the faithfulness of the several portraits of our poet. When Mr. John Murray was asked what he knew about the color of Byron's hair, he promptly replied, "All there is to be known, for I am the fortunate possessor of the only lock of Byron's hair in existence," and forthwith he produced that treasured memento. If given to gentle euphemisms, one might, with Mme. Albrizzi, call it "the finest chestnut hair"; but if given to excessive plainness of speech, one would be more apt to characterize it as a commonplace red. It is far from commonplace, however, it has a certain distinction of its own, and with its tendency to curl freely, it may well have played an important part in the attraction that he seemed to have had for more than one woman. But what is more to the point is the fact that this lock of hair in the possession of Mr. Murray in no way corresponds to the dark auburn, almost black, hair in the Holmes portraits, but quite accurately matches the color of the hair in the "Gex" portrait.

It seems clear, then, that Westall and Philips portraits agree neither with the facts in regard to the life nor with the known facts in regard to the face of Lord Byron, but that the artists, to make effective pictures, have actually falsified the facts. The hair is made much darker than it was in reality, as shown by the lock in the possession of Mr. Murray. The dimple in the chin is made much deeper than it was in fact, as shown by the Thorwaldsen bust. The two sides of the face and the eyes are shown to be equal, when we know from the Thorwaldsen bust, and from the observation of Lady Blessington and Mr. Hanson, Byron's legal adviser, that one side of the face and one eye were distinctly larger than the other.

On the other hand, in the "Gex" portrait the hair matches in color the lock of hair in the possession of Mr. Murray; the shadow of the dimple in the chin is slight; the two sides of the face and the two eyes are unequal in size; and, in entire agreement with the Thorwaldsen bust and Mr. Hanson's observation, it is the left side of the face and the left eye that are the largest. As a result of truth-telling on the part of this artist, we have here a portrait that accords not only with the known facts in regard to the face of Byron, but one which, in its force and virility, accords with the equally well-known facts in regard to his life. In conclusion, then, may we not repeat that probably the most faithful oil-portrait that we have of this wayward genius is the one that remained long hidden from the English-speaking world in the old château at Gex? And if it is true that there were marked differences between the right and the left sides of Byron's physical form, is not that fact of much interest and significance in estimating the wayward life and character of the poet?[1] In conclusion, then, we would suggest that it is to the Westall profile, the "Gex" three-quarter face, and the Thorwaldsen bust that we must turn for any just notion of what the man Byron really looked like.

[1] This difference between the two sides of a face may be noted in the daguerreotype of Edgar Allan Poe, as reproduced in THE CENTURY for January, 1903, p. 436.

THE ISHMAELITE

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

Author of "Big Thursday," "The Rebellion of Wilhelmina," etc.

AT Williamsport the special train waited for three hours on a siding. It was night, and Johnson slept uneasily in his short and narrow seat. As was becoming to a black man, he had selected the half-seat at the end of the car. Having been a night porter in hotels during his varied life, he had learned to snatch rest in all sorts of places and positions.

At Harrisburg the special train waited for four hours in the station and the yards. It was now daylight and desperately hot. Johnson did not leave his place for fear that the train might start without him; he did not even seek a drink for his parched throat, because experience had taught him that it is better for the black man not to drink of the white man's cup. He began to be frightened lest the train might never start and he be unable to get to Gettysburg.

At Carlisle Junction there was another interminable pause, but Johnson was less disturbed. Gettysburg was only a short distance away; it might be possible to walk. In the distance he could see hills; there had been hills at Gettysburg. His heart beat, his hands clutched his cane.

Presently he observed what seemed to him miles of cars standing upon sidings; he heard the laughter of the veterans in his own car become almost hysterical. They waved flags, they hurrahed, they began to sing "Tenting to-night" and "Just before the Battle, Mother," and "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." Sometimes Johnson joined in. He sang softly, so that no one might accuse him of presumption. He knew all these songs; they had been his matins, his lauds, his vespers for fifty years.

Johnson had been engaged in the Battle of Gettysburg, although he was not a soldier. Born no one knew where, growing up like a weed, he had entered the service of a Northern officer, for whom he thenceforth performed all services outside the duties of the orderly, who daily abused him. His master he adored. He had followed him to meet a fierce charge of the enemy, running after him like a child, refusing to be stayed by loud command or by louder roar of musketry. His master had been killed, and Johnson had been wounded in the shoulder and the leg.

After the battle Johnson was left behind in Gettysburg. His wounds healed slowly, and he had, besides, an attack of slow fever. The attack was light; another man of a different race or of more ambition would have thrown it off by sheer power of will, or would have gone about his business despite it.

Johnson continued, however, to linger about Gettysburg, having his wounds dressed at the great general hospital along the York Road, begging at back doors, sleeping in any shelter he could find, and earning whatever pennies he could pick up.

Johnson's ordinarily dull mind was further confused by the turmoil of battle. He had looked at all its fearful sights, men and horses torn asunder, attitudes of agony, rain of fire; he had heard all fearful sounds, whistle of shot and shell, quick patter of bullets in leafy trees, roar of cannon, shrieks, groans, hysterical laughter. His face had turned gray-green, his eyes had rolled in their sockets, his breath had seemed to stop in his throat. He was really only half conscious during the mêlée; it was not until afterward that he interpreted all the sounds, and, brooding over them, identified all their sources.

"Like thunders and lightnings," he soliloquized, shaking his head in stupefaction. "Swords flashing powerful' to cut off your haid!"

It took Johnson a great deal longer to fathom the cause of the war. His mind was not keen enough at its best to struggle with questions of states' rights and compromises, squatter rights and what-not, over which statesmen and masters of law had puzzled their brains for genera-

tions. He laughed shrilly when some one tried to make him believe that it was for creatures like himself that these lords of creation had quarreled, mowing one another down with cannon-shot, hewing one another asunder with knives.

Until early winter Johnson hung on in Gettysburg, still living on scraps from back doors, still cogitating stupidly about what he had seen. New sights came to emphasize and deepen the horror of the old. Idly roaming about, he watched the transferring of thousands of bodies from great, hastily dug trenches to multitudinous graves. Again the problem confronted his stupid soul. Why this astounding madness? These rotting bodies might have been living men. The black man was nothing to be struggled over. Johnson, if he had been able to analyze his own thoughts, believed that his black skin was a badge of eternal servitude. A waif, knowing neither father nor mother, lacking entirely the religion which lightened the lot of his Southern kin, he was as humble a creature as any that existed in the world. The creeping worm thought no more highly of himself; he was as unnecessary in the scheme of things as the single spawn of a great fish.

On the nineteenth of November following the battle, Abraham Lincoln came to Gettysburg to consecrate the cemetery in which the dead were being laid, and Johnson went idly to hear him. What strength and ambition were his by nature were gradually returning; his mind was now clear enough to understand simple things. He had asked some questions of a kindly woman who lived in a farm-house at the edge of Gettysburg, and she had answered with incomprehensible words about living souls and the equality of men in the sight of God. Moreover, she had let him sit at the table with her children and share their food. It was a tremendous experience for poor Johnson. At the end he had only blinked at her stupidly, and had gone away without thanking her. But he had kept her sayings in his mind.

Ragged, unkempt, stunted in growth from the hardships of his wandering life, he had stood on the edge of the great crowd at the dedicatory exercises. He was too far away to hear the speakers, he could have comprehended little of what they said; but he began suddenly to tremble and to shiver. He had endured travail in this battle, had contemplated strange events, had experienced emotions for which he had no name. He remembered now the words the woman had spoken about the value of his poor soul; he began to believe that in some vague way this battle was his battle. In tears he sought the rounded clump of trees near which he had seen his master die, and there lay down, his face against the ground. The leaves were gone from the trees, the ground had been several times frozen, the blood-stains were long since washed away. Here, where a few months ago had been shedding of blood and snarls of rage and terrible, wild laughter, was now peace.

Johnson wept until he could weep no more, then stammering incoherently to himself, he rose, and made his way back into the town.

The next day Johnson left Gettysburg and began to drift slowly toward the North. He was afraid of the gray-coated soldiers who had killed his master; for a while, along the lonely roads, he traveled swiftly. Then he moved more slowly, stopping here in this village for a month, lingering in this city for a year, in that for two years. In thirty years he worked his way to Buffalo, and there he stayed. He was by turns a teamster, a farm-hand, a porter, a bootblack, a coachman. He tried to live decently, not an easy undertaking for one in poor Johnson's position. He was converted, but religion shone for him with a dim light compared with that blinding flash from the torch of liberty which had once dazzled him. Experience he had in plenty to teach him the evanescence of that dream of equality, but he clung to it with cheerful stubbornness.

Now Johnson was old. He had, besides his burial insurance, a small bank-account that he had long been saving for a certain object. He meant to return to Gettysburg, where he had heard that strange word "equal." For years he had saved newspaper-clippings about the battle and the battle-field. Various persons for whom he had worked as coachman added to this collection, which was his only treasure. When the time came to start, he packed the little bundle with his clothes, and took the train.

On the long journey no one spoke to him, but he did not care. He was accus-

tomed to being ignored. Besides, in Gettysburg it would be different. His heart traveled fast to that consecrated spot. In his stupid mind was firmly fixed the notion that the impending celebration had to do with him, that he would have a part in it, that he would sit again at white men's tables. He smiled happily at his traveling companions, and hummed with them "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

At Gettysburg he was the last to leave the train. He looked down upon thousands of men, veterans in blue and gray, soldiers of the regular army in khaki, mounted members of the State Constabulary, civilians. He began to clap his hands, emotion rising within him as though he were in camp-meeting. When he was finally down in the crowd he smiled into every pair of eyes he met, offering his hand as he saw other old men offering their hands to one another.

With the crowd he was swept up the street. First he would find a place to stay, then, having left his satchel, he would start forth. He remembered the streets; he had earned many pennies holding horses here at the door of this hotel. Now, smiling, bent, black old Johnson went up the steps. He had money to pay for his board; for years he had been saving.

Quietly, yet with confidence, he pushed his way through the crowd to the desk and stated his desire.

"A good room, sir, on the outside, sir." Johnson had heard many orders for rooms.

One would have said that scarcely a cannon-shot would have produced silence in the crowded lobby; but now silence fell, unbroken until men began to repeat the amazing request to one another.

"A good room, sir!" The clerk gasped out Johnson's words exactly. *"A good room!"*

At once came laughter, hearty, unrestrained. Johnson laughed also. He saw the hurrying bell-boys, the automobiles that blocked the street.

"Of course, sir, you are full," said he, and made his way to the door. Men laughed still, saving his ears from the sarcasm which followed him from the desk. He said to himself that he would go elsewhere. He had had little to eat since yesterday, and he began to feel weak. The sun was hot; he sought the shady side of the street, and there sat down on a step for a moment. He would rest, then he would seek a boarding-house. Recollection transformed Gettysburg into a much larger village than it was; he had no doubt that he would find plenty of places to stay.

Suddenly Johnson remembered the kind woman at whose table he had sat fifty years ago. She had been a young woman, and might easily be living yet; if she were not, her little children would be. There had been little children playing about the yard.

Gettysburg had changed so little that Johnson found the house without difficulty. In the doorway he saw a young woman, and to her made his request.

"A room!" cried the young woman, who stood with her children clinging to her skirts exactly as the other woman had stood fifty years before. "A room for *you!*" she repeated as though he had asked a monstrous thing. The young woman was tired, as one has a right to be with little children and many boarders and poor help. Johnson looked at her with such a blank and stupid face that she was frightened, and threatened to set the dog upon him. Johnson was terrified; he did not dare to recount the slight claim he had upon that house, so walked rapidly and fearfully away. The smile had gone from his face; he was mystified, bewildered.

In his confusion he saw a familiar sight —first one tent, then row upon row of tents. There were friendly objects; he connected them with the young master whom he had loved. He turned his steps toward them.

Then, incredulous, horrified, Johnson began to back away. There were men in the tents, sitting about on stools, laughing, talking, or walking up and down the camp streets. Johnson's eyes rolled; his breath came in gasps. These soldiers wore gray coats! Johnson did not stop to reason; he was only horribly terrified. Wildly he ran. He took a wrong turn, and found himself surrounded by tents filled with men in gray coats; he saw groups of them in the open, here a hundred formed in line for the repeating of an old manœuver. They laughed good-naturedly at sight of poor frightened John-

son, but to him their laughter was menacing.

Then a terrible accident happened to him. Still running, he found himself back before the house from which he had been turned away. Forgetting his rebuff, he opened the gate and rushed into the yard. The young woman, hearing his steps, came to the door of her kitchen and, seeing him, fulfilled her threat to let loose the dog. Lifting his cane to defend himself, Johnson touched lightly a little child who stood near by.

In an instant a hundred persons had rushed into the yard; there were excited cries and screams and sharp commands. Johnson's satchel dropped to the ground, his hat toppled from his head, his cane was snatched from him, he felt himself seized, and, looking up, found himself in the hands of soldiers.

Frantically he began to beg:

"Oh, please let me go! I did n't go to do harm! I did n't see the little fellow. The dog was comin' for me hotfoot. Oh, don't take me to prison! Oh, please, please!"

The constabulary dispersed the crowd, and led Johnson up the street. Presently his pleading had an effect upon them. The accommodations arranged for the unruly were already crowded.

"Well, we 'll let you go up here, and then you run, and don't be seen round here again, or we 'll pull you in for sure."

At the end of the street Johnson was let go, and did his best to run. He still had had no food, and his knees shook under him. Dusk was falling; from the great camp where fifty thousand veterans were housed the enticing odors of boiling coffee and frying ham floated across the fields, adding actual pain to Johnson's discomfort. The soldiers laughed to see him run, and as he fled, his steps failing, he knew that he could go only a little farther. He expected that when he sank down they would surely spring upon him.

Before him was a wall. He ran along it until the shrubbery hid him from view of his captors, then with a mighty effort he crept over it, and sank down on the other side under the low, spreading limbs of a great tree. There he lay until his spent breath began to come to his emptied lungs in more satisfying quantity. He was sixty-eight years old; he had never had very good food or much comfort of any kind, and he had run for a hundred yards on a hot day.

Presently, with many alarmed, searching looks about him, he crept out from under the low limbs of the tree, and started to walk across the grass. It was now too dark for him to realize that the little stones which impeded his progress and made him fall were the headstones of the graves which he had seen filled in fifty years before, and that he was here in this place alone. He fell a countless number of times and got to his feet again. In the distance he could see many lights; toward these he tried to make his way.

Falling again, he found himself on some sort of marble steps. He was hot, and the marble felt cool, and he lay still. If the breath of life had not almost gone from him, and if it had been light enough to see, he would have beheld looking down upon him, so close that he might almost have touched the bronze cheek with his black hand, the face of Abraham Lincoln. But he saw no more, felt no more, in this world. Sometime in the night he rose aimlessly and moved a few steps away, and fell again, thus destroying the strange tableau of which he had made part.

In the morning he was found, and was taken away. That he represented a great problem, that he was a creature of strange, pathetic, tremendous significance, no one noted. The land had purged itself of its sin, a blood-sacrifice had been made, the forbidden thing had been put away. Down in the great camp thousands of Union veterans shook hands with thousands of Confederate veterans; there rose hurrahing and singing and playing of bands. Brother was united with brother; it was proper that no discordant note should mar the blessed harmony of peace and good fellowship. Of Johnson and his kin no word was said.

EIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS *from* FOREIGN LANDS

by
Alvin Langdon Coburn

THE THAMES AT HAMMERSMITH, *England*

C I GARTH JONES

Engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson. Decorations drawn by Garth Jones

Engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

THE CHAMPS-ELYSÉES, PARIS

Engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

SETÚBAL, PORTUGAL

Engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

THE ARCH OF TITUS, ROME

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SANTA MARIA DELLA
SALUTE, VENICE

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RAMSGATE, ENGLAND

Engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

THE CHURCH OF ST. ANNE
SHANDON, CORK, IRELAND

Engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

GEORGENSGMÜND, BAVARIA

THE OLD SOLDIER

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Author of "The Secret Woman," "Mother," etc.

A WOMAN may be just as big a fool at sour seventy as she was at sweet seventeen. In fact, you can say about 'em that a woman 's always a woman as long as there 's breath in her body; and my sister Mary were n't any exception to the rule. You see, there was only us two, and when my parents died, I married, and took on Brownberry Farm, and my sister, who shared and shared alike with me, took over our other farm, by the name of Little Sherberton, t' other side the Dart. A very good farmer, too, she was; knew as much as I did about things, by which I mean sheep and cattle, while she was still cleverer at crops, and I never rose oats like she did at Little Sherberton, nor lifted such heavy turnips as what she did. Mary explained it very simply.

"You 'm just so clever as me," she said, "but you 'm not so generous. You ain't got my powers of looking forward, and you hate to part with money in your pocket for the sake of money that 's to be there. In a word, you 're narrow-minded, and don't spend enough on manure, Rupert; and till you put it on thicker and ban't feared of paying for lime, you 'll never get a root fit to put before a decent sheep."

There was truth in it I do believe, for I was always a bit prone, like my father before me, to starve the land against my reason. You 'd think that was absurd, and yet you 'll hardly find a man, even among the upper educated people, who have n't got his little weak spots like that, and don't do some things that he knows be silly, even while he 's doing 'em. They cast him down at the moment, and he 'll even make resolves to be more open-handed or more close-fisted, as the case may be; but the weaknesses lie in our nature, and you could no more cure me from being small-minded with my manure than you could have cured Mary from shivering to her spine every time she saw a single magpie or spilled the salt.

A very impulsive woman, and yet, as you may say, a very keen and clever one in many respects. I don't think she ever wanted to marry, and certainly I can call home no adventures in the way of courting that fell to her lot. And yet a pleasant woman, though not comely. In fact, without unkindness, she might have been called a terrible ugly woman. Yellow as a guinea, with gingery hair, pale eyes, like a dead fish's, and no figure to save her. You would have thought her property might have drawn an adventurer or two, for Little Sherberton was a tenement farm, and Mary's very own; but nobody came along, or if they did, they only looked and passed by, and though Mary had no objection to men in general, she did n't encourage them. But in her case, without a doubt, they 'd have needed all the encouragement she could give 'em, besides the property, to have a dash at her.

So she bided a spinster woman and took very kindly to my childer, who would run up over to her when they could, for they loved her. And by the same token, my second daughter, by the name of Daisy, was drowned in Dart, poor little maid, trying to go up to her aunt. My wife had whipped her for naughtiness, and the child, only ten she was, went off to get comfort from Mary, and fell in the river, with none to save her. So I 've paid my toll to Dart, you see, like many another.

Well, my sister, same as a good many other terrible ugly women, got better to look at as she grew older; and after she was sixty, her hair turned white, and she filled out a bit. Her voice was always a pleasant thing about her. It reflected her nature, which was kindly, though excitable. But her people never left her. She 'd got a hind and his wife, Noah and Jane Sweet by name, and he was head-man; and his son, Shem Sweet, came next,—thirty year' old he was,—and besides them was Nelly Pearn, dairymaid, and two other men and a boy.

Then came along the old soldier to Little Sherberton, and he never left it again till five year' ago, when he went out feet first.

To this day I could n't tell you much about him. His character defied me. I don't know whether he was good or bad, or just neither, like most of us. But on the whole I should be inclined to say he was good. He was cast in a lofty mold, and had a wide experience of the seamy side of life. I proved him a liar here and there, and he proved me a fool, but neither of us shamed the other in that matter; for I said, and still say, that I 'd sooner be a fool than a rascal; while he, though he denied being a rascal, said that he 'd sooner be the biggest knave on earth than a fool. He argued that any self-respecting creature ought to feel the same, and he had an opinion to which he always held very stoutly, that the fools made far more trouble in the world than the knaves. He went further than that, and said if there were no fools, there would n't be no knaves. But there I did n't hold with him; for a man be born a fool by the will of God, and I never can see 't is anything to be shamed about; whereas no man need be a knave, if he goes to the Lord and Father of us all in a proper spirit, and prays for grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the dowl.

Bob Battle he called himself, and he knocked at the door of Little Sherberton on a winter night and asked to see Mary, and would not be put off with any less person. So she saw him and heard how he had been tramping through Holne, and stopped for a drink and sang a song to the people in the bar. It happened that Mr. Churchward, the innkeeper, wanted a message took to my sister about some geese, and none would go for fear of snow; so the tramp, for Bob was no better, said that he would go if they 'd put him in the way and give him a shilling. And Churchward trusted him, because he said that he reminded him of his dead brother. Though that was n't nothing in his favor, seeing what Henry Churchward had been in life.

However, Bob earned his money and came along, and Mary saw him and took him in and let him shake the snow off hisself and eat and drink. Then began the famous blizzard, and I 've often thought old Bob must have known it was coming. At any rate, there was no choice but to let him stop, for it would have been death to turn him out again. So he stopped, and when the bad weather was over, he would n't go. There 's no doubt my sister always liked the man in a way; but women like a man in such a lot of different ways that none could have told exactly how or why she set store on him. For that matter, she could n't herself. Indeed, I axed her straight out, and she tried to explain and failed. It was n't his outer man, for he had a face like a rat, with a great, ragged, gray mustache, thicker on one side than t' other, and eyebrows like anybody else's whiskers. And one eyelid was down, though he could see all right with the eye under it. Round in the back he was, and growing bald on the top; but what hair he had was long, and he never would cut it, because he said it kept his neck warm.

He had his history pat, of course, though how much truth there was to it we shall never know in this world. He was an old soldier, and had been shot in the right foot in India along with Lord Roberts in the Chitral campaign. Then he 'd left the service and messed up his pension, so he said. I don't know how. Anyway, he did n't get none. He showed a medal, however, which had been won by him or somebody else; but it had n't got no name on it. He was a great talker, and his manners were far ahead of anything Mary had met with. He 'd think nothing of putting a chair for her, or anything like that; and while he was storm-bound, he earned his keep and more, for he was very handy over a lot of little things, and clever with hosses and so on, and not only would he keep 'em amused of a night with his songs and adventures, but he 'd do the accounts, or anything with figures, and he showed my sister how in a good few ways she was spending money to poor purpose. He turned out to be a very clean man and very well behaved. He did n't make trouble, but was all the other way, and when the snow thawed he was as busy as a bee helping the men round about the farm. He made his head save his heels, too, and was full of devices and inventions.

So when I got over, after the worst was past, to see how they 'd come through it, there was Bob Battle working with the

others; and when I looked him up and down and said, "Who be you, then?" he explained, and told me how Mary had took him in out of the storm and let him lie in the linhay; and how Noah had given him a suit of old clothes, and how much he was beholden to them all. And they all had a good word for the man, and Mary fairly simpered, so I thought, when she talked about him. There was no immediate mention of his going, and when I asked my sister about it, she said:

"Plenty of time. No doubt he 'll get about his business in a day or two."

But of course he had n't no business to get about, and though he talked in a vague sort of way concerning his home in Exeter and a brother up to Salisbury, it was all rubbish, as he afterward admitted. He was a tramp and nothing more, and the life at Little Sherberton and the good food and the warm lying of nights evidently took his fancy. So he stuck to it, and such was his natural cleverness and power of being in the right place at the right moment that from the first nobody wished him away. He was always talking of going, and it was always next Monday morning that he meant to start; but the time went by, and Bob Battle did n't. A very cunning man, and must have been in farming some time of his life, for he knew a lot, and all worth knowing, and I 'm not denying that he was useful to me as well as to my sister.

She was as good as a play with Bob, and me and my wife, and another married party here and there, often died of laughing to hear her talk about him, because the way that an unmarried female regards the male is fearful and wonderful to the knowing mind.

Mary spoke of him as if she 'd invented him, and knew his works, like a clockmaker knows a clock. He interested her something tremendous, and got to be her only subject presently.

"Mr. Battle was the very man for a farmer like me," she said once, "and I 'm sure I thank God's goodness for sending him along. He 's a proper bailiff about the place, and that clever with the men that nobody quarrels with him. Of course he does nothing without consulting me; but he 's never mistaken, and apart from the worldly side of Mr. Battle, there 's the religious side."

I had n't heard about that and did n't expect to, for Mary, though a good, straight woman as would n't have robbed a lamb of its milk, or done a crooked act for untold money, was n't religious in the church-going or Bible-reading sense, same as me and my wife were. In fact, she never went to church save for a wedding or a funeral; but it appeared that Mr. Battle set a good bit of store by it, and when she asked him, if he thought so much of it, why he did n't go, he said it was only his unfortunate state of poverty and his clothes and boots that kept him away.

"Not that the Lord minds," said Bob; "but the church-goers do, and a pair of pants like mine ain't welcomed except by the Salvationists, and I don't hold with that body."

So he got a suit of flame-new clothes out of her, and a new hat into the bargain; and then I said that he 'd soon be a goner. But I was wrong, for he stopped, and went down to Huccaby Chapel for holy service twice a Sunday; and what 's more, he kept it up. And then, if you please, my sister went with him one day; and coming to it with all the charm of novelty, she took to it very kindly, and got to be a right-down church-goer, much to my satisfaction, I 'm sure. And her up home five-and-sixty years old at the time!

To sum up, Bob stayed. She offered him wages, and he took them. Twenty-five shillings a week and his keep he got out of her after the lambing season, for with the sheep he proved a fair wonder, same as he done with everything else. And nothing was a trouble. For a fortnight the man never slept save a nod now and again in the house on wheels, where he dwelt in the valley among the ewes. And old shepherds, with all the will to flout him, was tongue-tied afore the man, because of his excellent skill and far-reaching knowledge.

Mary called him "my bailiff," and was terrible proud of him, and he accepted the position, and always addressed her as "Ma'am" afore the hands, though "Miss Blake" in private. And in fullness of time he called her "Miss Mary." The first time he went so far as that she came running to me all in a twitter, but I could see she liked it at heart. She got to trust

him a lot, and though I warned her more than once, it were n't easy to say anything against a man like Battle, as steady as you please, never market-merry, and always ready for church on Sundays.

When I got to know him pretty well, I put it to him plain. One August day it was, when we were going up to Princetown on our ponies to hear tell about the coming fair.

"What 's your game, Bob?" I asked the man. "I 'm not against you," I said, "and I 'm not for you. But you was blowed out of a snow-storm, remember, and we 've only got your word for it that you 're a respectable man."

"I never said I was respectable," he answered me; "but since you ask, I 'll be plain with you, Rupert Blake. 'T is true I was a soldier, and done my duty and fought under Lord Roberts; but I did n't like it, and hated being wounded, and was glad to quit. And after that I kept a shop of all sorts on Salisbury Plain till I lost my little money. Then I took up farm-laborer's work for a good few years, and tried to get in along with the people at a farm. But they would n't promise me nothing certain for my old age, so I left them, and padded the country for a bit. And I liked tramping, owing to the variety. And I found I could sing well enough to get a bed and a supper most times; and for three years I kept at it and saw my native country—towns in winter it was, and villages in summer. I was on my way to Plymouth when I dropped into Holne, and Mr. Churchward offered me a bob if I 'd travel to Little Sherberton. And when I arrived there, and saw how it was, I made up my mind that it would serve my turn very nice; then I set out to satisfy your sister and please her every way I could. For I 'm too old now for the road, and would sooner ride than walk, and sooner sleep in a bed than under a haystack."

"You fell into a proper soft thing," I said; but he would n't allow that.

"No," he answered; " 't is a good billet, but nothing to make a fuss about. Of course for ninety-nine men out of a hundred it would be a godsend and above their highest hopes or deserts; but I 'm the hundredth man—a man of very rare gifts and understanding, and full of accomplishments gathered from the ends of the world. I 'm not saying it ain't a good home and a happy one; but I 'm free to tell you that the luck ain't all one side; and for your sister to fall in with me in her declining years was a very fortunate thing for her, and I don't think that Miss Blake would deny it if you was to ask her."

"In fact, you reckon yourself a proper angel in the house," I said in my comical tone of voice. But he did n't see nothing very funny in that.

"So I do," he said. "It was always my intention to settle down and be somebody's right hand some day; and if it had n't been your sister, it would have been some other body. I 'm built like that," he added. "I never did much good for myself, owing to my inquiring mind and great interest in other people; but I 've done good for others more than once, and shall again."

"And what about church-going?" I asked him. "Is that all 'my eye and Betty Martin,' or do you go because you like going?"

" 'T is a good thing for the women to go to church," he answered, "and your sister is all the better for it, and has often thanked me for putting her in the way."

" 'T was more than I could do, though I 've often been at her," I told the man, admiring his determined character.

And then came the beginning of the real fun, when Mary turned up at Brownberry after dark one night in a proper tantara, with her eyes rolling and her bosom heaving like the waves of the sea. She 'd come over Dart by the stepping-stones, a tricky road for an old woman even by daylight, but a fair marvel at night.

"God 's my judge," began Mary, dropping in the chair by the fire—"God 's my judge, Rupert and Susan, but he 's offered marriage!"

"Bob!" I said; and yet I were n't so surprised as I pretended to be. And my wife did n't even pretend.

"I 've seen it coming this longful time, Mary," she declared. "And why not?"

"Why not? I wonder at you, Susan!" my sister answered all in a flame. "To think an old woman like me, with white hair and a foot in the grave!"

"You ain't got a foot in the grave," answered Susan. "In fact, you be peart

as a wagtail on both feet, else you 'd never have come over they slipper-stones in the dark so clever. And your hair 's only white by a trick of nature, and sixty-five ain't old on Dartmoor."

"Nor yet anywhere else," I said. "The females don't throw up the sponge in their early forties nowadays, like they used to do. In fact, far from it. Did n't I see Squire Bellamy's lady riding cross-legged to hounds but yester-week, in male trousers and a tight habit, and her forty-six if a day? You 're none too old for him, if that was all."

"But it ain't all," answered Mary. "Why, he offered me his brains to help out mine, and his strong right arm for me to lean upon. And he swears to goodness that he never offered marriage before because he never found the woman worthy of it, and so on, and all to me! Me—a spinster from my youth up, and never a thought of a man! And now, of course, I 'll be a laughing-stock to Dartymoor, and a figure of fun for every thoughtless fool to snigger at."

"You could n't help his doing it," I said. " 'T is a free country."

"And more could he help it seemingly," she answered. "Anyway, he swore he was driven to speak; in fact, he have had the thing in his prayers for a fortnight. 'T is a most ondacent, plaguy prank for love to play; for surely at our time of life we ought to be dead to such things."

"A man 's never dead to such things, especially a man that 's been a soldier or a sailor," I told my sister; and Susan said the same, and assured Mary that there was nothing whatever ondacent to it, silly though it might be.

Then Mary fired up in her turn, and said there was n't nothing whatever silly to it that she could see. In fact, quite the contrary, and she dared Susan to use the word about her or Mr. Battle, either. And she rattled on in her excited and violent way, and was on the verge of the hystericals now and again. And for my life I could n't tell if she was pleased as Punch about it or in a proper tearing rage. I don't think she knew herself how she felt.

We poured some sloe gin into her and calmed her down, and then my eldest son took her home; and when he came back, he said that Bob Battle had gone to bed.

"I looked in where he sleeps," said my son, after he came back again, "and Bob was in his shirt, quite calm and composed, saying his prayers."

"Trust him for being calm and composed," I said. "None ever saw him otherwise. He 's a ruler of men for certain, but whether he 's a ruler of women remains to be seen; for that 's a higher branch of l'arning, as we all know."

Next day I went over and had a tell with Bob, and he said it were n't so much my business as I appeared to think.

"There 's no doubt it flurried us both a lot," he told me. "To you, as an old married man, 't is nothing; but for us, bachelor and spinster as we are, it was a great adventure. But these things will out, and I was sorry she took it so much to heart. 'T was the surprise, I reckon, and me green at the game. However, she 'll get over it, give her time."

He did n't offer no apology nor nothing like that.

"Well," I said, in two minds what to say, "she 've made it clear what her feelings are, so I 'll ask you not to let it occur again."

"She made it clear her feelings were very much upheaved," answered Bob; "but she did n't make it clear what her feelings *were,* because she did n't say yes and she did n't say no."

"You don't understand nothing about women," I replied to him, "so you can take it from me that 't is no good trying no more. She 's far too old in her own opinion. In a word, you shocked her. She was shaking like an aspen when she ran over to me."

Bob Battle nodded.

"I may have been carried away and forced it on her too violent, or I may have put it wrong," he said. "It 's an interesting subject; but we 'd better let it rest."

So nothing more was heard of the affair at the time, though Bob stopped on, and Mary never once alluded to the thing afterward. In fact, it was sinking to a nine-days' wonder with us when be blessed if she did n't fly over once more, this time in the middle of a January afternoon.

"He 's done it again!" she shouted out to me, where I stood shifting muck in the yard. "He 's offered himself again, Rupert! What 's the world coming to?"

This time she 'd put on her bonnet and cloak and, Dart being in spate, she 'd got on her pony and ridden round by the bridge.

She was excited, and her lip bivered like a baby's; but on the whole she took it a thought cooler than before. To get sense out of her was beyond us, and after she 'd talked very wildly for two hours and gone home again, my wife and me compared notes about her state; and my wife said that Mary was n't displeased at heart, but rather proud about it than not, while I felt the contrary, and believed the man was getting badly on her nerves.

" 'T is very bad for her to have this sort of thing going on, if 't is to become chronicle," I said. "And if the man was a self-respecting man, as he claims to be, he would n't do it. I 'm a good bit surprised at him."

"She 'd send him going if she did n't like it," declared Susan, and I reminded her that my sister had actually talked of doing so. But it died down again, and Bob held on, and I had speech with Noah Sweet and his wife, and they said that Mary was just as usual and Bob as busy as a bee.

However, my sister spoke of it on and off, and when I asked her if the man persecuted her, and if she wanted my help to thrust him out once for all, she answered:

"You can't call it persecution," she told me, "but often he says of a night, speaking in general-like, that an Englishman never knows when he 's beat, and things like that; and when he went to Plymouth, he spent a month of his money, and bought me a ring with a blue stone in it for my sixty-sixth birthday. And nothing will do but I wear it on my rheumatic finger. In fact, you can't be even with the man, and I feel like a bird afore a snake."

All the same she would n't let me speak a word to him. She wept a bit, and then she began to laugh, and, in fact, went on about it like a giglet wench of twenty-five. But my firm impression continued to be that she was suffering, and growing feared of the man, and would soon be in the doctor's hands for her nerves, if something were n't done.

I troubled a good bit and tried to get a definite view out of her, but I failed. Then I had a go at Bob, too; but for the first time since I had known him he was short and sharp like, and what I had to say did n't interest him in the least. In fact, he told me to mind my own business and leave him to mind his.

Then another busy spring kept us apart a good bit, till one evening Noah Sweet came up, all on his own, with a bit of startling news.

"I was n't listening," he said, "and I should feel a good bit put about if you thought I was; but passing the parlor door last Sunday, I heard the man at her again. I catched the words, 'We 're neither of us growing any younger, Mary Blake,' and then I passed on my way. And coming back a bit later, with my ear open, out of respect for the missis, I heard the man kiss her. I 'll swear he did, for you can't mistake the sound if once you 've heard it. And she made a noise like a kettle bubbling over. And so of course I felt that it would be doing less than my duty if I did n't come over and tell you, because your sister's eyes was red as fire at supper-table, and 't was very clear she 'd been weeping a bucketful about it. And me and my wife feel 't is an outrageous thing, and something ought to be done against the man."

Well, I went over next morning, and Mary would n't see me!

For the only time in all our lives she would n't see me. And first I was properly angry with her, and next, of course, I thought how 't was, and guessed the man had forbidden her to speak to me for fear of my power over her. Him I could n't see neither, because he was gone to Plymouth. Of course he 'd gone for craft, that I should n't tackle him, neither. So I left it there, and walked home very much enraged against Bob Battle, because I felt it was getting to be a proper struggle between him and me for Mary, and that it was about time I set to work against him in earnest.

The climax happened a week later, when the Lord's Day came round again, and we went to church as usual. Then a proper awful shock fell on me and my wife.

For at the appointed time, if the Rev. Batson did n't ax 'em out! "Robert Battle, bachelor, and Mary Blake, spinster, both of this parish," he said; and so I knew the old rascal had gone too far at

last, and guessed it was time I took him in hand like a man. I remember getting red-hot all over, and feeling a rush of righteous anger rise up in my head. And an angry man will do anything, so up I got in the eye of all the people, a thing very contrary to my nature, I 'm sure. The place swam before my eyes, and I was only conscious of one thing: my wife tugging at my tail to drag me down. But naught could have shut me up at that tragical moment, and I spoke with a loud and steady voice:

"I deny it and defy it, Rev. Batson," I said when he asked if anybody knew just cause; and the people fluttered like a flock of geese, and parson made answer:

"You will meet me in the vestry after divine service, Farmer Blake," he said, and so went on with his work.

I sat down, and my wife whispered:

"Now you 've done it, you silly gawk!"

But I was too put about to heed her. In fact, I could n't stand no more religion for the moment, and I rose up and went out, and hid behind the family vault of the lords of the manor till the people had all got away after service. And then I came forth, and went in the vestry. But I was n't the first, for who should be waiting for me but my sister Mary and Bob Battle himself!

Bob was looking out of the window at the graves, thoughtful-like, and parson was getting out of his robes; but Mary did n't wait for them. She let on to me like a catamountain, and I never had such a dressing-down from mortal man or woman in my life as I had from her that Sunday morning.

"You meddlesome, know-naught, gert fool!" she said. "How do you dare to lift your beastly voice in the house of God, and defy your Maker, and disgrace your family, and come between me and the man I be going to marry? You 're an insult to the parish and the nation," she screamed out, "and 't is enough to make father and mother turn in their graves."

"I did n't know you was to church," I answered her, "and of course if you 're pleased—"

" 'Pleased!' " she cried. "Very like I am pleased! 'T is a pleasing sort of thing for a woman to wait for marriage till she 's in sight of seventy, and then hear her banns defied by her own brother! Of course I 'm pleased—quite delighted, I 'm sure. Who would n't be?"

Well, we was three men to one woman, and little by little we calmed her down with a glass of cold water and words of wisdom from the reverend. Then I apologized to all of 'em, to Mary first for mistaking her meaning, and to Bob next for being a bit too busy, and to his holiness most of all for brawling under the sacred roof. But he was an understanding man, and thought nothing of it; and as to Battle, he had meant to come up that very afternoon, along with his betrothed wife, to see us. And it had been Mary's maidenly idea to let us hear tell about it in church first—to break the news and spare her blushes.

Well, I went home with my tail a good bit between my legs, in a manner of speaking, and my sister so far forgave me as to come to tea that day fortnight, though not sooner. And she was cold and terrible stand-offish when she did come. We made it up, however, long before the wedding, thanks to Bob himself; for he bore no malice, and confessed to me in strict privacy, after all was over, that it had been a difficult and dangerous business, and the Chitral campaign a fool to it.

"The thing is to strike the right note in these matters," he said. "And it were n't till the third time that I struck it with your sister. Afore that I talked of being her right hand and protector and so on, and I offered to be a prop to her declining years and all that. And I knew I 'd failed almost before the words were spoken. But the third time I just went for her all ends up, as if we was boy and girl, and I told her that I loved her and wanted her for herself and would n't take no for an answer. Why, God forgive me! I even said I 'd throw myself in the river if she refused again! But there it was; she yielded, and I kissed her, and she very near fainted with excitement. And I want you to understand this, Rupert Blake; I 'm not after her stuff nor her farm nor nothing that 's worth a penny to any man. Her will stands, and everything goes back to you and yours. I only ask to stop along with her till I 'm called; for I 'm alone in the world, and should n't like to be thrust out. And if Mary goes first, then I ordain that you let me bide to my dying day in comfort,

out of respect to her memory. And that 's all I ask or want."

Well, I did n't see how the man could say fairer than that, nor more did my wife. And it all went very easy, I 'm sure. They was wedded, and spent eight fairly happy years together, and Bob knew his place till Mary's dying day. He did n't kill himself with work after he 'd got her, and he was n't at church as regular as of old; but he pleasured her very willing' most times, and was always kind and considerate and attentive; and if ever they had a word, only them and their Maker knew about it.

She loved him, and she loved the ring he put on her finger, and she loved signing herself "Mary Battle"—never tired of that. And then she died, and he bided on till he was a very old, ancient man, with my son to help him. And then he died, too, and was buried along with his wife. He was always self-contained and self-respecting. He took his luck for granted, and never made no fuss about it; and such was his character, that no man ever envied him his good fortune. In fact, I do believe that everybody quite agreed with his own opinion, that he had n't got any more than he deserved, if as much.

THE LAST SHRINE

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

NOT all my treasure hath the bandit Time
Locked in his glimmering caverns of the past:
Fair women dead, and friendships of old rhyme,
And noble dreams that had to end at last.
Ah, these indeed, and from youth's sacristy
Full many a holy relic hath he torn,
Vessels of mystic faith God filled for me,
Holding them up to Him in life's young morn.
All these are mine no more; Time hath them all—
Time and his adamantine jailer Death.
Despoilure vast! yet seemeth it but small
When unto thee I turn, thy bloom and breath
Filling with light and incense the last shrine,
Innermost, inaccessible—yea, thine!

Drawn by W. M. Berger

OX-CART IN THE COUNTRY NEAR CAMAGÜEY, CUBA

A PAINTED CITY OF THE SPANISH MAIN

BY JULIUS MULLER

Author of "The Man Who Saw It," "We Find the Island of Servants," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY W. M. BERGER

Drawn by W. M. Berger

TINAJONE, OR WATER-JAR

WHOEVER drinks its *tinajone* water, surely shall return to Camagüey. So they say in Camagüey, once the always faithful, very noble, and very loyal city of Santa Maria de Puerto Principe.

It must be true. I have drunk its *tinajone* water, and I cannot be content. I must see again the broad church towers of gamboge and pink and blue above the red roofs of pottery, and lose myself in the tight, gaudy streets. It is not the taste of the *tinajone* water that draws one. *Tinajone* water is rain-water, extremely pure, without doubt, but not extremely delicious.

I want to sit again under the Moorish eaves of the house-galleries about a patio garden where the water-jars sit, red and globular, as Arabic as the fluted roof-tiles from which the water will roar to fill them when the black West Indian rains come. Into such jars the faithful *Morgiana* poured the oil that boiled the Forty Thieves so efficiently.

Soon the water-jars will be dry. Camagüey owns a most modern water-supply system, which arrives through iron pipes, and the noble earthenware cisterns will survive only as ornaments or as receptacles for palms. Then there will be no more work for the agreeable old gentleman whose official duty it is to inspect every water-jar in Camagüey once a week, and put live little fishes into the water to destroy breeding mosquitos. There will be no more processions of donkeys, pitching and rolling under giant tins of river-water, to replenish the jars when the dry season prolongs itself unduly. The blue and green lizards will have no place in which to drown themselves. The red and yellow frogs will miss the cool, arched interiors to which they love to paste themselves. The scorpions will miss the happy race-tracks of the deep rims.

Other charms beside the water-jars are going from Camagüey. Camagüey mer-

chants are beginning to put glass windows into shops, and glass windows mark the end of painted cities. When shops become fended from the rest of the street by more than a pillar or two, that street ceases to be a Moor's street of bazaars.

Still, the Moor's houses remain. They remain through hurricane and earthquake and revolution. They have survived the conscientious efforts of pirates and bucaneers, as may be seen set truly forth in Mr. Thomas Cates's doleful remark about Santo Domingo. Mr. Cates was with Sir Francis Drake at the taking of that city. They held the town for a month, and tried with honest patience to destroy it. "But," said Mr. Cates, bitterly, "tho' we ordeined eche morning by day breake that two hundred Mariners did naught else but labour to fire and burne, yet did we not in this time consume so much as one third of the towne."

Stone-floored, stone-walled, the only wood in the ancient houses is the iron-like wood of the rafters supporting the peaked roofs of tile, and the equally iron-like wood of doors and shutters.

So the old American cities remain more truly old in aspect than some of the old cities of Europe. They are our cities of Harun-al-Rashid; for when the Spaniard built them, he was fresh from the domination of the Moor. His architecture, his engineering, his art were of the Arabic universities of Toledo, Cordova, Seville, and Granada.

Of all the painted cities, Camagüey is the last to surrender its seclusion. The others were long ago found by the tourist steamship, for they sit by the sea; but Camagüey sits in the middle of the very big and very untraveled land of Cuba.

The railroad discovered it only twelve years ago. For more than three centuries it had sat, strong and rich, so utterly hidden that its very name was scarcely known to the outer world. To reach any other city, its denizens had to journey on horseback, depending for night shelter on the hospitality of planters or, lacking that, slinging their hammocks under a cocoa-thatch shed in a village.

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"SWARTHY COUNTRYMEN, IN COTTON SHIRT AND TROUSERS, . . . THEIR MIGHTY SPURS TIED TO THEIR NAKED ANKLES"

Stubbornly, intelligently, Camagüey is both resisting and accepting modernity. The great gilt and jeweled images from the churches are still carried through its streets on religious feast-days, followed by multitudes with tall, lighted candles, and led by naked, golden-brown little children, with gauze wings tied to their shoulders. But the narrow streets through which the medieval procession crawls are kept so clean that one may wander through any part of Camagüey, from plaza to slum, in white linen clothes and white canvas shoes, and gather never a speck of dirt.

The gong of the trolley-car clangs in Camagüey, but it is still a city of riders. In all the streets stand horses, swamped

under Spanish saddles, hung with braided and silvered ornament of stirrup and bridle. The trolley-car waits to let trains of pack-horses pass, each horse tied to another's tail. Everywhere are wild, armed riders, with machetes clattering. Thin, swarthy countrymen, in cotton shirt and trousers, with sandaled feet, gallop into town, their mighty spurs tied to their naked ankles with thongs of leather.

The American carriage, and even an automobile or two, have found their way to Camagüey, but the volante still comes in from country districts, with its ladies looking timidly out upon the wonders of the city. The volante used to be the only wheeled vehicle besides the all-wooden ox-carts that could be used in interior Cuba. Even to-day there are thousands of miles of road and trail passable only for it. It is a two-wheeled carriage, the body being set not over the wheels, but on the two immense shafts. The horses are harnessed tandem, and there are no reins. The volante is governed by a rider who sits on the leading horse.

People are beginning to walk in Camagüey, but they have not yet become obsessed by the habit. However, it has become entirely unfashionable to ride into one's house and through the drawing-room into the patio, as was a custom when Camagüey was the lonely queen of all the great cattle country about it.

There is nothing except fashion to prevent one from riding into any house to-day. The doorways are amply high enough for mounted visitors to enter. The stone floors would not suffer from the dainty step of the gaited Cuban horse. The drawing-rooms are large enough for any modest equestrian evolution. The rider's head is in no danger from the ceiling, for the ceiling of a Camagüey house is the roof, and the roof is twenty-five feet high, and more in the peak.

Our neighbor in Camagüey not only held to the old fashion of riding into his house, but he drove his *gua-gua* into it. A Camagüey *gua-gua* is not a duck; it is a public stage. Our neighbor was the town driver, and he had the simple habit of driving the entire outfit into the house and unhitching in the drawing-room. There the *gua-gua* remained till next morning, while the horses wandered unrestrained about the patio, gazing amiably into the rooms when they were not seeking passionately for vegetation that they had devoured years before.

Although the *gua-gua*-man was our next-door neighbor, we lived in an unquestionably aristocratic part of town. Promiscuous neighbors are a feature of life in a painted city of the Caribbean world. Our washerwoman lived next door to a former governor of the province. Outwardly their houses were quite alike, except that his was painted a most becoming rose-color, while hers was motley with the paints of many generations. The great double doors were alike, each formidable, rivet-studded, ponderous of hinges and bolts, and painted a Cuban blue. By peering through the two blue doorways, one obtained instantly the local atmosphere that is needed to understand the Arabian Nights intimately.

As the characters in the Arabian Nights forever enter doorways to find themselves quite unexpectedly in a scene of limitless grandeur or limitless lack of it, so, through one blue door could be seen rooms radiantly decked, with the patio beyond blazing like a floral conflagration. And through the other blue door the view was of a stone room empty of everything except two hand-hewn, rush-bottomed chairs,

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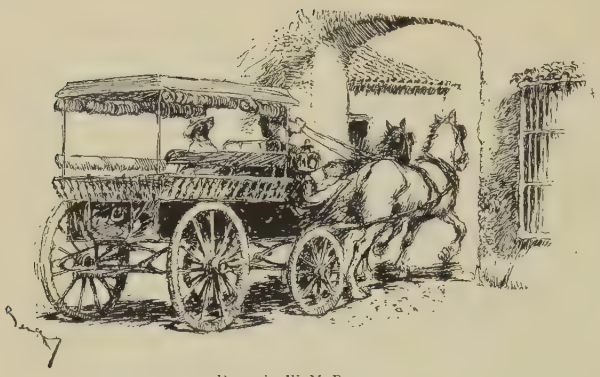
A VOLANTE IN CAMAGÜEY



Drawn by W. M. Berger

THE *GUA-GUA*

with a naked patio where stood the wash-tub of Marcellina Blanco de Betancourt. The aristocratic name was without warrant. She was a most ragged black washerwoman, without even a bar sinister.

Proximity means nothing in Camagüey. Unlike the Englishman's house, which is his castle only because he thinks so, the Spaniard's house is his castle in reality. His house exists within itself. Its front looks on the street only like a harem. Within, all the dark, cool rooms face upon the patio, or courtyard garden; or, if there is a wall around part of it, it is a wall as high as the house next door. Nothing except the birds can look in on its privacy.

So, though Camagüey's streets are solid with house-fronts, revelry and sorcery could take place in any house as easily as in crowded Bagdad without a neighbor being the wiser.

The house-fronts, almost uniform in height, are all of the same type. To the street they present, row on row, the same fortress-like doors and the same cloister-like, barred window-openings; but in fanciful ornamentation of grills and bars, and more than all in coloring, each house has an individuality. Dyed with a soft, thin color that lies on the smooth concrete or lime walls like a water-color wash, each house flames with the particular tint preferred by its dwellers. No color, no combination, is too daring for the joyful Camagüeyan painter, and no combination is out of place in the painted city.

Our own house was blue and yellow. The blue was the astonishing blue known as Cuban blue. In truth, it is Spanish-American blue. It shouts at the traveler throughout the American tropics. Cuba, however, is impregnated with it. A single house painted Cuban blue in a Northern city would make the whole city scream. It does not make Camagüey scream.

On one side of our house was a salmon-pink one. The *gua-gua*-man's house was crimson. Just opposite, beyond the glaring plaza, was a purple house. There was a beryl-green house, a violet house, an ultramarine house; there was an orange house, a rose-red house. Always between them were blue ones. Each had overhanging, gallantly sloped roofs of big, fluted, warmly red Arabic tiles. In the middle of the plaza stood the old cathedral, gamboge and blue, with its high-swung Moorish arches picked out in green. Its square steeple was of peeled colors, toned, like a bright cliff, with weathered pinks and greens and browns and yellows.

Over the painted city is a painted sky. It radiates blue. It throbs. The streets glare white in the sun and white in the moon. There are no twilight spots in Camagüey.

Drawn by W. M. Berger

THE PATIO OF THE HOTEL

Night serves only to brighten its color. Camagüey stands eminent even in the tropics, where moonlight is like a vivid Northern day. There is something in the ether of the flat table-land of the province that makes its moon an incredible thing. It rises like a burning dragon. It swims up from the edge of endless savannas as level as sea. Immediately the land flashes with enormous plumes. First, they are glittering indigo; a moment later they are frozen silver. They are the plume-heads of the royal palms, which stand in all the horizon-bound land like temple-shafts.

The sky is bare; the stars are drowned by light. Heaven is brightly blue. Camagüey is a city of the moon. It stands bewitched, ready to vanish. In the dead walls of the river-like little streets, any defiant doorway should open at any moment for Bobadilla himself to emerge with curved simitar. From any gaudy wasp's nest of balcony a veiled princess should beckon.

Though he meet no Moorish princesses, the stranger who prowls through Camagüey of nights will find himself bewitched the moment he leaves the lively, lighted plazas. Camagüey's streets, according to authentic legend, were planned with the intention of bewildering the bucaneers. Certainly he was a reckless, desperate bucaneer who dared to separate himself from his companions in them. I am a specialist on getting lost, but in Camagüey my art was wasted. Persons who do not know the first elements of the science can get lost there. Strangers have been known to wander around and around, always in sight of the high tower of the cathedral, or even within hearing of trolley-gongs, and never get nearer to them until rescued by one of Camagüey's prodigiously armed little policemen.

Even the horses get lost there. I know, for I tried to ride a horse and lead two others to their stable. Freely acknowledging to the horses my worthlessness as a pathfinder, I gave them their heads. They disagreed at the first corner. The stable was fifteen minutes' canter from where we entered the town. We reached it after two hours, and then only by going in a direction precisely opposite to the one where the stable should have been.

However, the horses and I found a cloister of violet nuns that night. Not that the nuns were violet; but their costume was, and if one wishes to see something beautiful, he must see black Spanish eyes under white and violet, with a Cuban moon shining. It was a violet nun, peering through a barred loophole in thick masonry, who pointed out the right way to the señor caballero. I never found that cloister of violet nuns again, but I found many other things.

I came on lovers clinging to window-bars, the señoritas just visible behind a slit of shutter or jalousie. I came upon half-ruined houses, and behind rusty gratings saw faces as Indian as Montezuma. One magic night I found a plaza empty

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A PATIO IN CAMAGÜEY

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A FUNERAL IN CAMAGÜEY, WITH THE CATHEDRAL OF LA SOLEDAD IN THE BACKGROUND

and white, like a snow-swept field, and in the middle a cathedral all sky-blue. I came upon *cantinas* in the outskirts under the shed-like portals of which hung long rows of poor travelers, not dead, but sleeping in their hammocks. I met wood-cutters perched on wooden saddles, their horses' tails jerking in pain whenever the wood-laden donkeys that were tied to them failed to keep pace.

Always I met families coming in from the country in their two-wheeled carts of wood, without a nail in them, the shafts being whole trees. They were drawn majestically by two and three and sometimes four pairs of great oxen; and between the horns of the leading oxen were lighted candles. This was not a custom handed down from the Middle Ages. It was highly modern, being in compliance with a municipal regulation that demands lights on vehicles.

Nearly every one of these in-coming people had the face mysteriously, menacingly muffled in a shawl or towel. It was not done for disguise, but in fear of the night air.

The townspeople are too modern for that fear. Only a few of the older generation go abroad with their mouths and noses wrapped up. Still, there is none too much confidence about this thing, and after nine o'clock at night Camagüey's streets are empty streets of tightly shuttered house-fronts, as if it were a city left untenanted, and surviving by sorcery.

In the plazas, however, there is life enough till about ten. Then all the city

goes to bed except those riotous spirits who stay in the cafés till midnight, or remain in the moving-picture theaters to see the last *tanda*. There are no ladies in the theater for that last *tanda*. All the ladies of Camagüey understand clearly that they must not stay to see it.

The cafés in the plazas are exceedingly modern in the way of drinks, being proudly ready to produce anything from an American cocktail, very well made, to the very latest insidious appetizer from France. But though one may sit at a marble-topped little table with a dandy dressed too correctly for one's own vanity, one may also sit next to a dangerous caballero in high-peaked sombrero, whose smoldering black eyes promise sudden death. But the smoldering one will pray the señor stranger to pardon him as he removes his mighty, razor-keen machete from between the señor stranger's feet, or he may unbuckle a great, saw-handled revolver and lay it aside as a mark of courtesy.

Presently he will make the señor the favor to drink with him. The chances are that he will order not a fiery alcoholic drink beseeming his features and arsenal, but a tiny cup of intensely black coffee, half solidified with brown sugar. And his voice and delivery will be strangely, charmingly soft and low; and he will tell the señor of his children, and invite the señor to visit his *finca* in the country and stay for a few months. And after meeting many smoldering ones in roadside *cantinas* and in their little *fincas* in the bush, one discovers that the brigand features are as deceptive as the weapons, that the wild riders will go miles out of their way to put a stranger on his, that the cruel machetes are worn only to cut trail or because the country Cuban carries a machete as the honest Northern citizen carries an umbrella, and that the revolvers—what are the revolvers for? Perhaps because there is a most stringent law against carrying them. Certainly it is not for killing anybody, for in Camagüey murders are so rare that when one is committed, the whole province tells the story over and over.

A kindly and soft-spoken and dignified race are the Camagüeyans, dignified in their homes, in their clubs, in theater, and in business. The ragged peon who rides to the door with the live chickens for the day's supply tied to his saddle, is so dignified that it occurs to one to doff the hat to him. He will accept the courtesy as a matter of course.

Only in one place is the Camagüeyan undignified, and that is in the cockpit. In Camagüey the cockpit is not a place that one visits surreptitiously. It is a municipal affair, supervised so well that there even are shower-baths for the crowing gladiators, and the birds are watched and tended by municipal experts.

We lived near the cockpit, and never were permitted to forget it. Roosters in the tropics crow all night.

On Sundays the easiest way to find the cockpit is to wait at the doors of the cathedral till the worshipers come out. The cathedral is near the cockpit, and the male part of the congregation moves

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"I MET WOOD-CUTTERS PERCHED ON WOODEN SADDLES"

in a mass, without unworthy detours, from the cathedral to the pit.

There the soft-voiced, dignified Camagüeyan becomes a mad creature. As a better he would shame the most wonderful Western gambler who ever drew the breath of life in an American novel. A cattle king will bet his herds, a peon will bet his horse, his saddle, his spurs, even his sacred machete. Everybody goes to the fights. Officials, doctors, lawyers, cowboys, policemen, and servants shake their forefingers at one another and shriek bets in perfect equality. It is no strange sight, after one is used to it, to see a grave gentleman enter a trolley-car with a game-cock, which he holds by a string tied to one leg as if he were leading a pet dog.

Drawn by W. M. Berger

A STREET MERCHANT

The cockpit is the one sport of Camagüey, since the bull-fight has been abolished by an enlightened, but not altogether pleased, public sentiment. The Cuban still views the doctrine of kindness to animals with an innocent, puzzled curiosity. The dignified peon who brings the chickens will have half a hundred tied to his saddle by their legs, their heads hanging down and their beaks open as if in apoplexy. The rider breaks his horse to the obligatory and marvelous *pasafina* gait by spurring it deep with tremendous spurs and simultaneously jerking it back with tremendous Spanish bits, till the animal learns its steps, and drips with blood from mouth and flanks. The ox-driver calls his oxen by beautiful, poetic diminutive names, but he will jerk Amorosa, the Love, around by the nose-ring till the Love's eyes redden under the strain; he will harpoon La Preciosa with his goad till La Preciosa is riddled; with a report like a rifle-shot he will lay the lash across the flanks of Angelita, the little Angel; he will whack Hermosita, the little Beautiful, over the horns with a logwood stick till the little Beautiful falls to her knees; and he will twist the tail of Dulcita, the little Sweetness. It is all incomprehensible.

In the municipal slaughter-house, the operators, each wearing a belt in which are stuck a dozen and more keen knives and sharpening steels, snatch a steer out of the herd by his tail, throw him, and drag him to the killing-pen on his side or his back, according to the struggles of the animal. In the pen his head is lashed to a post, and a crimson-armed matador drives a ridiculous, minute, three-cornered knife into his neck. He is a skilful matador, and generally he kills his steer with one blow. But when there are many steers to be killed, and not enough skilful killers to go around, enthusiastic amateurs essay to help out, with results that are not good for the nerves of an ordinary spectator. He who witnesses it, and looks at the huge hecatomb of horned skulls surmounted by vultures, and, seeing the little river running red with blood, goes home to say that the Cubans are a brutal people. Yet these same Cubans are not at all brutal in their relations to one another. They are wonderfully kind to children, and more than a little kind to one another.

The stranger is likely to make other mistakes. If, for instance, he remembers the amazing amount of liquor that he has seen stacked up in the *cantinas* and cafés of Camagüey, he is likely to mention at home that the always faithful port of Camagüey in drunkenness is rather ahead of our own joyous, bar-room-blessed North. And again he will be wrong. In all my residence there I can recollect seeing only three drunken men in Camagüey; that is, three drunken Cubans. Patriotism and hands-across-the-sea sentiment forbid my saying how many drunken Americans and Britons I can remember.

The stranger in Camagüey, if he is ignorant of Spanish, is more than likely to go away with another fixed and permanent mistaken idea in his mind. It will be that for some mysterious reason there is an enormous demand in Camagüey for hay-tickets, possibly connected with some free-hay fund for the poor. He will get this idea because every day there may be seen temporary placards affixed to scores of shops and private houses, "No hay billetes." These placards, however, really and truly have nothing to do with hay. They signify simply that the person displaying the placard has sold all his lottery-tickets. The Cuban lottery is Camagüey's chief sport next to cock-fighting, and the demand is so good that the venders do not need to advertise that they have tickets, but announce merely when they have none, in order to head off the rush.

Everybody in Camagüey sells lottery-tickets. The banks sell them, the chemists sell them, the shoemaker sells them, the doctors sell them. The men who bring guinea-grass fodder and milk and live chickens and live piglets to one's house sell them. A vivid, though impressionistic, memory tells me that the only person who does not sell them is the undertaker.

The undertaker brightens Camagüey in another way peculiarly his own. He conducts funerals so radiant that I know of tourists who, having failed to see the hearse and noting only what followed, have gone away certain that they had witnessed a gorgeous military parade.

They are scarlet-and-gold funerals. The hearse is scarlet and gold, the horses are hung from nostrils to tail in scarlet and gold, drivers and outriders and attendants are garbed in braided and frogged and laced coats of scarlet and gold, and surmounted with cocked hats of scarlet and gold.

The gorgeous funeral goes to a red, white, and blue cemetery, the beautiful, gaudy wall of which is crowned with minarets and towers and little steeples, which are the tops of tombs.

A sun-bright, flower-bright place is this place of painted tombs, with no gloom of cypresses or willows. The very tombs themselves are sociable, for rows of them are apartment-tombs, whereon are painted the names of many divers occupants who had nothing to do with one another in life. The apartment idea is carried out still further, for apartments in these tall tombs are leased for strictly limited occupancy only. Few of the tombs are permanent. After a respectable interval of years has elapsed, the occupants are moved out to make room for new arrivals.

And there, too, in the red, white, and blue cemetery one meets the Arabian Nights again. There are ancient Spanish tombs let deep into the earth. Of these nothing is visible above-ground except gigantic slabs of stone with enormous rings in them, the very slabs that are lifted so often in the Arabian Nights for doomed princes and princesses.

THE SEVENTH GLASS

BY FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

THE long, hot July afternoon gave promise of an even hotter night. Paul Remington found himself glancing anxiously at the clock, and marveling at the slowness with which the hands approached the hour which would mark the closing of the bank for the day. Baker on one side of him, Zimmerman on the other, toiled stolidly over their books. Mr. Curtis, the paying teller, was counting up his cash at the window.

It still wanted a few moments to the hour when Johnson, the president's secretary, came into the inclosure. "Mr. Langham wants to see you in his office at once," he said to Remington, then went over to Baker and Zimmerman and gave them the same message. All three had been about to remove their ink-stained alpaca office-coats. Zimmerman, in fact, had already taken his partly off.

"Come just as you are," Johnson said sharply, then held open the grated iron door until they had filed ahead of him down the corridor leading to the president's private office.

Paul Remington was aware of a curious presentiment of disaster. It arose from no definite cause, yet it was sufficient to give him a sudden dryness of the throat and a trembling in the knees that were annoying. This peremptory summons to Mr. Langham's office suggested something unpleasant, even sinister. He felt that his companions shared his agitation.

Mr. Langham, the president of the bank, sat behind his rosewood desk. His face was grave, somber. Beside him stood a short, heavily built man with a grayish mustache whom Remington had never before seen.

Mr. Langham looked up, allowing his eyes to stray idly over the faces of the three men before him. Mr. Curtis, the paying teller, came in at that moment and whispered something in the president's ear. Then the latter spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the sum of one thousand dollars in hundred dollar notes has been taken from Mr. Curtis's counter during the day. Do any of you know anything of the matter?"

Remington shook his head confidently.

"Not I, sir," he said. The other two men did likewise.

"None of you, then, knows anything about this missing money?"

Again the chorus of denials.

The man with the gray mustache spoke a few words very low into Mr. Langham's ear. The latter nodded, and the man left the room.

"I must ask you to wait a few moments longer," the president said, playing with a silver paper-knife that lay upon his desk.

Almost immediately the gray-mustached man returned. In his hands he carried three coats. Remington recognized one of them as his own, the other two as belonging to Baker and Zimmerman. The man laid the three coats on a chair.

"Shall I go ahead, Mr. Langham?" he asked.

Again the president nodded. Remington observed that his coat lay upon the top of the pile. The man held it up.

"Whose is this?" he inquired.

"Mine," Remington replied, with a sigh of relief. He was anxious to get away. Aline would be expecting him.

The stout man plunged his hand into the breast pocket of the coat, and drew forth some letters and papers and a brown leather wallet. Remington gave a gasp of surprise. The wallet was not his.

"Open it," said Mr. Langham, quickly.

The other did so, and took out a bundle of bank-notes, still bound together by the paper band containing the figures $1000 upon it in red. Then he placed both the money and the wallet upon the president's desk.

"You may go," Mr. Langham said, nodding to Baker and Zimmerman. Remington watched them file out, his mind dazed, numb. Then Mr. Langham looked steadily at him without speaking.

"The wallet is not mine," said Remington, nervously. "I have never seen it before. I did not take the money."

Mr. Langham frowned.

"Under the circumstances, young man," he said, "your denials are worse than useless. The evidence is complete."

"But I swear to you, on my honor, I did not take it. I—"

"Then how, may I ask, do you account for its presence in the pocket of your coat?"

Remington was silent. How, indeed?

"I am inclined to be lenient with you," Mr. Langham went on. "You are young, you have been with us a long time. This is your first offense. If I turn you over to the police, as is perhaps my duty, you will get a long sentence. It will make a hardened criminal of you. I may be wrong, but I do not think that you are that now. It is just possible that this experience may teach you the futility of crime. I am going to discharge you, of course, but without pressing the case against you further."

Again Remington began to speak, hurriedly, excitedly, denying all knowledge of the theft. Mr. Langham's frown grew deeper. He raised his hand.

"No more, if you please," he said. "It is useless, and you may make me regret my decision not to prosecute. Take your coat and go."

With a sob rising in his throat, Remington took up his coat and staggered out. The other clerks looked at him curiously as he passed. Some of them laughed. None made any effort to address him. After what seemed an eternity, he reached the street.

For a time he staggered along, quite unaware of direction. Some automatic operation of the brain guided his steps to the up-town subway station. Then he remembered that he had an engagement to meet Aline at four o'clock.

She was waiting for him in the hall when he reached the apartment, and she had on the white linen dress which he had always admired. They had planned to go to the beach together, and he had intended to go home first and dress. That, however, made no difference now.

"Why, Paul, what 's the matter?" she asked quickly, noting his haggard face.

"Come in and sit down," he said, leading the way to the little parlor; "I have something to tell you."

She followed, dazed by his somber manner, and listened in silence while he told her what had occurred.

"I do not know how the money came to be in my pocket," he said dully as he concluded. "I did not take it."

Aline Barnes was very young and very much in love. Hence she came up to him and, putting her arms about his neck, kissed him.

"Of course you did n't, dear," she exclaimed. "I know that. But who did?"

There was no answer to that and he attempted none.

"Our engagement must be broken, of course," he went on in a trembling voice. "Your mother and father would insist on that—"

She interrupted him with a cry, and held him close.

"No! no! They won't believe this thing."

"I am disgraced," Remington said bitterly. "I shall be unable to get another position. The moment I tell them where I last worked, they will find out everything. I appreciate the way you feel now, but until I am cleared, I shall not hold you to our engagement."

She protested against this with all the fervor of her youth, but Remington was firm.

"You must tell your parents about it first," he said, "and do as they say." He knew very well what the girl's mother would say; she had never liked him very much as it was, having aspirations for her daughter above the meager salary of a bank clerk.

The tragedy of the situation made it impossible for him to remain. He left Aline in tears, and once more found himself in the blistering July heat. Then he went to his room, and threw himself on the bed. He felt that he must be alone with his grief.

The following day he started out to look for another position. He realized the difficulties which confronted him, and he met them bravely. For many weeks he walked the oven-like streets, searching for work, and found none. The inevitable question, "Where were you last employed?" seemed a barrier which he could not cross. If he replied truthfully, he knew that he would be branded as a thief. If he evaded the question, he became at once a man without experience, and there-

fore unavailable. He had been at the bank for several years; his start there, as a messenger, had constituted his first real work. The situation seemed well-nigh hopeless. He had written to Mr. Langham the day after his discharge, protesting his innocence and begging for a further investigation, but there had been no reply. To all intents and purposes he was a thief.

Poverty early gripped him with an icy hand. With the carefree optimism of youth, he had not thought of saving until he met Aline. Since their engagement he had regularly put a certain amount every week into a life-insurance policy, but it was of too recent a date to be available as a means of borrowing money now. In fact, he realized that he would be unable even to keep it up. In two weeks his ready money was gone, and he moved to a cheaper room and managed to exist upon what he could obtain by pawning his few articles of jewelry and his clothes.

Slowly, but none the less surely, poverty and disgrace wore their way into his soul. He no longer faced the world head up. A beaten feeling came to him, growing with the passage of the heartbreaking days. Aline he seldom saw now. In the first rush of her sympathy and love, she had written to him daily, and they had met from time to time in the park and at street corners. He was no longer welcome at her home.

Gradually, however, these meetings became less frequent, and presently ceased altogether. Aline wrote him a tearful note, informing him that her mother had learned of them, and had forbidden her to see him again. Remington was rather glad. He did not blame Aline in the least; he felt that he was under a cloud, and his pride told him that there could be no future for either of them until the disgrace that had unjustly come upon him had been removed.

This disgrace told upon him heavily, even more than his poverty or the loss of Aline. There seemed something cruelly unjust about the whole affair. As week after week of failure sapped his courage and his hope, he became gloomy and morbid, and believed that the Fates had conspired to ruin him. It was a grotesque and futile state of mind, no doubt, but one that in the circumstances was perhaps inevitable. No one of the several calamities which had overtaken Paul Remington could alone have robbed him of either his courage or his hope. Taken together, they had deprived him of both.

It was at this juncture that he made up his mind quite calmly and deliberately to commit suicide. The impulse came to him at the close of a day that, in its discouragement and suffering, had brought him measurably nearer the bread-line. He knew that he was beaten, and he gave up the fight. For the last week even employment as a day-laborer had been denied him.

On his way home he made several purchases. He congratulated himself that he still had a small sum of money left from what he had obtained by pawning his only other suit. Arrived at his room, he unwrapped the parcel, done up in brown paper, which he carried under his arm, took from it seven small glasses of a cheap and coarse variety, and placed them upon the top of his chiffonier. Then from a bottle which a second package contained he filled the glasses nearly to the brim with whisky.

This done, he drew from his pocket a small package, and carefully shook the white powder which it contained into one of the glasses, stirring it about with the end of a penholder until it had entirely dissolved. Then he closed his eyes, and moved the glasses about here and there in such a way that, upon opening his eyes again, he was unable to say in which the powder had been placed. Arranging them in a row on the top of the chiffonier, he stood off to observe the results of his work.

One of the glasses now contained a drug, tasteless and odorless, which through its rapid action on the heart would produce death within a comparatively short time. The contents of the other six glasses were harmless.

The purpose of this singular arrangement was this: Paul Remington intended to commit suicide by drinking, upon seven successive nights, or such less number as the Fates might dictate, the contents of the seven glasses.

It is true that one glass alone would have accomplished the business in hand much more expeditiously, but the fantastic plan which he was about to put into

effect contained a deeper and more subtle purpose. Convinced that the Fates were against him, he now proposed to issue to them a challenge, with his life as the forfeit.

The reason for this lay in the fact that while he had definitely decided that death was the only course open to him, there still hovered within his mind a faint doubt. Possibly in concluding that the Fates had doomed him to destruction he might be acting hastily. There was just a chance that during the very week to come some unexpected piece of good fortune might arise to prove his reasoning false. True, he had waited with extraordinary patience for many weeks, hoping every day for some favorable turn in the downward course of events, and none had come. There was no reason to suppose that this particular week would prove an exception to the rule. And yet it might. He was willing to give his adversaries a sporting chance.

There before him stood the seven glasses, one of which held death. Which one only the Fates knew. Would they, knowing that the week to come held for him some better fortune, stay his hand, or would they guide it, perhaps even on the very first night of the seven, to that one of the glasses which held the fatal dose?

Their hands had already directed his in the arrangement of the glasses as they now stood. Even now his death was unalterably fixed for one night of the seven about to come. He offered the Fates a full week in which either to save or destroy him, and bade them, if they had any favorable cards up their sleeves, to play them now. He washed his own hands of all responsibility in the matter. Destiny, not he, should decide. A psychologist would doubtless have said that Paul Remington, by reason of his sufferings, had become a trifle mad.

At ten o'clock on the first night he drank the first glass. An agonizing moment of suspense followed, but the dose proved quite harmless. His judges had given him a respite of twenty-four hours. He sought for work with almost pathetic eagerness the following day, only to return at night beaten and discouraged.

On the second night he drank the second glass, with the same results as before. The ensuing day was even more distressing. The late August heat and his lack of suitable food exhausted him to a point where he could scarcely stagger through the long, hot hours, and his haggard appearance and his shabby clothes rendered it difficult for him even to obtain a hearing.

On the third night he drank the third glass, and realized almost with annoyance that his adversaries had still refused to give the rack the final twist. No doubt, he argued, they were playing with him, as a cat plays with a mouse. For a moment he was tempted to drink the remaining glasses then and there, and settle the whole wretched business once and for all; but some instinct restrained him, and bade him play the game fairly.

On the fourth, fifth, and sixth nights the results had still been the same, but he endured phlegmatically the successive disappointments. A curious dullness had crept over his brain, and during these final days he wandered about in a daze due to lack of sleep and hunger. He no longer had money for food.

And now the seventh night had come, and with it certainty. He lay upon the bed exhausted, yet with a fierce joy in his heart at the thought that all would soon be over.

The room in which he lay was small and plain, and there was little in it. His trunk, against the kalsomined wall, yawned emptily. There was little in it as well. The kerosene lamp upon the table gasped and flickered in the thick, hot murk of the August night, its feeble flame in momentary danger of extinction.

Paul Remington's face, as he lay upon the bed, showed lines of suffering more appropriate to forty than to twenty-five. There was this, however, in his favor: at twenty-five such lines may be erased by some turn of fortune. At forty they would have become permanent. Such a turn he no longer expected now. Despair held him in its iron grip.

He was gazing with moody eyes toward the battered oak chiffonier, which faced the foot of the bed, but his glances were concerned not so much with this uninteresting article of furniture as with the straggling row of glasses upon its top.

The light from the lamp barely served to reveal those which he had already emptied; their presence was manifested only

by an occasional gleam across the dull background of shadows. The seventh glass, however, shone in the lamplight like a huge and baleful eye, winking occasionally with malevolent glee as the rumble of traffic in the street jarred its contents to a momentary activity.

The hot, lifeless atmosphere of the summer night rolled in through the open window, bringing with it suffocating odors of garbage, tarred pavements, and dust. Occasional flashes of lightning irradiated the western sky, turning its opaque surface to a livid green, and giving sure promise of a storm. Paul Remington set his teeth, dropped the unlighted cigarette he held between his fingers, and, rising, went toward the chiffonier.

The single remaining glass stood at the end of the straggling line. He took it in his hand, and, going to the table, sat down. For a moment he seemed about to drink, but the impulse passed. Placing the glass before him, he sat regarding it fixedly. Under the light of the lamp the mobile liquid quivered and danced as though inspired with life. Every night for six successive nights he had gone through all the agonies of death, only to realize that once again the Fates had stayed their hands. Now no further doubt remained: the seventh glass, glowing before him with almost diabolical intensity, held the destiny for which he had declared himself ready. How like the Fates, he thought, to subject him to this sevenfold agony. He pictured them in his mind, sitting in judgment upon him, thumbs down, implacable, voting him death, yet willing to give it to him only after they had prolonged his sufferings to the very last moment of the last day. No doubt they were grinning with delight at the ironic answer they had accorded his feeble challenge. Well, in a few moments all would be over. He was ready to do his part.

And yet there was no reason for hurry. He had drunk the first glass at ten o'clock of that first night seven days before. Not until ten o'clock would the allotted time expire. He felt for his watch, only to remember that he had long ago pawned it. The cheap alarm-clock on the mantel showed him that it still wanted twenty minutes to ten.

In twenty minutes many things might happen. He would play the game fairly to the end. The decree against him had not yet been unalterably declared. Anxious as he was to end everything, he felt that he still must not judge the Fates hastily. If they were playing with him, he would show them that he could pay without flinching. There was still time for a telegram, a special-delivery letter, a late caller, bringing him some favorable news. Twenty minutes! They ticked themselves into eternity with intolerable slowness. Presently he rose and, taking the clock from the mantel, placed it on the table beneath the lamp. He staggered with weakness as he returned to his chair and resumed his contemplation of the glass.

Strange figures seemed to move about within its fiery depths. He saw himself struggling endlessly with a grisly gray presence, the demon of failure, strong, cruel, relentless, crushing him down every time he strove to rise and overcome it. Beside him stood the figure of a woman, a young girl, with brown eyes and a pouting red mouth. It was Aline, and she watched the combat with a cynical smile, her white teeth pressed into the scarlet of her under lip.

Other shadowy figures moved here and there, clutching at him with snake-like hands—poverty, disgrace, madness. He shuddered as he strained his eyes into the topaz depths of the glass.

His emotions, as he contemplated drinking it, differed materially from those which had filled him on the occasion of drinking the other six. Then there had existed an element of uncertainty, a chance that the glass he was about to drink might not, after all, contain the fatal dose. Now all such uncertainty had been removed. The remaining glass held the poison which would waft his soul, should he by chance find that he possessed one, gently and not painfully beyond the confines of this life. The twenty minutes, which had by now diminished to seventeen, alone stood between him and the hereafter. He had thrown his challenge to the Fates, and he had lost, unless within those few brief and fleeting moments his judges should relent.

The nickel alarm-clock ticked off the moments with an astonishing amount of noise. The record of their passing grew louder and louder, until it resounded through the room like the pounding of a trip-hammer. Yet despite the clamor with

which they passed, the interval until the hour seemed unbearably long. Remington was anxious to have the whole affair over and done with. Time after time he wiped his sweating forehead and groaned as he watched the minute-hand of the clock creep with maddening slowness toward the hour.

A curious dull feeling came over him. He seemed no longer to belong to the world of material things. Of all its myriad activities, its vast possessions, there remained to him only one thing—the glass of liquor which stood before him, glowing like some splendid and impossible jewel.

Despite his willingness, his almost eagerness, to abide by the results of his experiment, Remington still strained his ears, unconsciously perhaps, for some sound that might indicate that even at this eleventh hour his judges had relented. The faint ringing of the door-bell, three flights below, might mean a message from Aline, bidding him continue the fight. He had written to her that morning, sending her a last farewell. There had been no reply.

The door-bell, however, did not ring. The dull silence of the house remained unbroken save by the hum of traffic in the street, the far-off playing of a hurdy-gurdy, the rattle of an elevated train.

Remington, watching the clock, saw the minute-hand at last reach the vertical position which indicated the hour of ten. At almost the same moment a bell, far off, began to beat its muffled strokes through the hot thickness of the night. He glanced swiftly, but unseeingly, about, laughed a momentary laugh the very bitterness of which stopped him as soon as he heard it, then turned to the table, and drank the seventh glass.

Remington knew very well the symptoms which would follow the drinking of that glass. The sudden rush of blood to his brain, the gradually weakening heart action, the labored respiration—all these he had experienced in his imagination many times since he had first procured the white powder which was to put an end to all his earthly ills. He hurled the empty glass defiantly across the room, and laughed as it fell in a tinkling shower along the wall. Then he sat back, and with frozen lips waited for the end.

He felt distressingly weak from lack of food, and the nervous excitement under which he was laboring caused his heart to pound against the walls of his chest in a manner distinctly alarming. Its rapid beating sent a bewildering rush of blood to his brain, and gave him a peculiar sensation of lightness, so that for a moment he gripped the arms of his chair as though to prevent himself from floating away into space. He fixed his eyes upon the white face of the clock, and watched the almost imperceptible movements of the hands.

The pounding of his heart increased until he could hear it above the noisy ticking of the clock. The two sounds raced along side by side, filling the room with a violent clamor. From time to time they seemed to synchronize; then the beating of his heart, being the more rapid, would draw ahead of the ticking of the clock, leaving him with a jarring and disagreeable sense of discord, of lack of rhythm, which caused him inexpressible pain. He found himself waiting with singular anxiety for the moment when the two beats would again merge into one.

The first tumultuous response of his heart to the stimulant and the drug now began to disappear, and with it the burning flush which had suffused him. A cold and disagreeable perspiration took its place, accompanied by a feeling of great weakness. The action of his heart became less rapid; this he was able to determine at once by observing the lengthening of the interval required for it to catch up with the ticking of the clock. Soon they were racing along side by side, matching beat for beat; then the heart began, almost imperceptibly at first, to fall into the rear, and once again the unrhythmic beating jarred his tensely drawn nerves.

The effort to concentrate his gaze upon the face of the clock became increasingly painful. Try as he would, he found his eyes wandering about the room. The bed, the chiffonier, the trunk beside the wall seemed to have receded to immense and ghostly distances. Even the lamp, upon which he could most easily fix his gaze, seemed to float away, and at the same time to swell to absurd proportions. For a time it hung in the air before him like a huge grinning moon, then began to move toward the far-off wall, growing larger and larger as it receded. The clock had

vanished. He could no longer perceive it, but from a misty cloud about the table its ominous ticking proclaimed the ebbing moments of his life.

He gasped for air, and found an ever-increasing difficulty in breathing. The cloud about the table rose higher and higher, enveloping him in a choking fog, thick, gray, lifeless. With a fierce effort he filled his lungs, and immediately the various objects in the room seemed to rush back to their accustomed places. The bed, the chiffonier, closed in about him, the lamp winged its way back to the table, while from the mists which surrounded it the face of the clock shone imperturbable and bland.

The relief, however, was only momentary. With the increase of his muscular weakness and the greater difficulty he experienced in breathing, the vagueness of things about him returned with even greater force. This time the pieces of furniture vanished entirely, as though the walls of the room had opened and allowed them to be swallowed by the darkness without. The lamp, swollen to impossible size, now occupied the entire side of the room, the cracks in the shade giving to it the appearance of an evil and grinning face.

The ticking of the clock had by this time become a mighty pounding, as of a sledge-hammer on hollow pieces of iron. It drowned completely the faint beating of his heart. Above the tumult which filled the room came a roar as of distant thunder. It seemed to be the face in the lamp, addressing him. "Fate!" it muttered with grinning lips—"Fate! Fate! Fate!" The words died away in a long crackle of laughter. A luminous arm projected itself from the mists about the table, the thumb of its huge, misshapen hand turned downward. Again the sharp, rattling laugh vibrated through the room, accompanied by the thunderous roar of "Fate!"

Remington could endure no more. He knew that the next symptom would be a paralysis of his muscles, followed by the stopping of his rapidly weakening heart. He wanted to die, yet the instinct to live caused him to struggle against death with all his strength. He felt himself unable longer to endure the choking sensation which accompanied his efforts to breathe. Exerting all his strength, he rose from his chair and staggered toward the window. He must have air—air. If he could only get that, nothing else mattered.

One step he took, two, with trembling muscles and livid face. He could not see the window; his senses no longer performed their functions. Gasping, choking for breath, he stumbled blindly toward the wall.

It appeared an incalculable distance away. His feet seemed made of stone, requiring an enormous effort to raise them from the floor. A confused rumbling in his brain deafened him. With one hand he reached out, searching for the window.

And then, with a flash of unspeakable brilliance, the lamp whirled itself upon him. For a moment it dazzled his eyes; then it seemed all of a sudden to explode to the accompaniment of cyclopean thunder.

Remington's heart gave a final, despairing beat. He flung his arms outward as all the rigidity which held his body upright passed from it. With a choking cry he fell headlong upon the floor.

The clock continued its monotonous ticking. The lamp glowed faintly from the table. Paul Remington, however, had passed beyond all realization of their presence. It was just seven minutes past ten. Outside, the thunder-storm raged with almost tropical fury.

Half a block in the direction of Broadway a diminutive figure in a dripping, black rubber coat struggled manfully westward against the swirl of the storm. It was a messenger-boy, and beneath his coat he clutched a book containing a yellow envelop. He zigzagged slowly along the slippery pavement in the manner of a vessel tacking against a head wind. From time to time he looked up at the numbers of the houses as he passed.

At last, with a snort of relief, he stopped, and, ascending the crumbling brownstone steps of a house near the end of the block, jerked viciously at the old-fashioned door-bell.

A slender and acute-looking Irish girl answered the summons. The boy fumbled with his book.

"Telegram for Mr. Remington," he announced stolidly. "Sign here." His stubby forefinger indicated wetly a printed line upon the page.

The girl manipulated the bit of pencil which hung from the book by a string, then took the telegram and ascended with increasing slowness to the third-floor hall bedroom. Here she proceeded to knock, at first gently, then with greater and greater asperity. Her efforts, however, were unproductive of any result. She tried the knob, only to find that the door was locked. A feeling of alarm began to creep over her. Soon her staccato assaults upon the door brought forth a shrill chorus of disapproval from the occupants of the adjoining rooms.

Above the excitement thus created she heard the penetrating voice of Mrs. Perry, the landlady, ascending from the ground floor.

"Ellen!" it said warningly, "what are you doing up there?"

"I 've got a telegram for Mr. Remington. He won't answer."

Mrs. Perry, grown gray in her profession, scented trouble at once. Only the previous winter a discouraged actor had deprived her of three weeks' board and brought unpleasant notoriety upon the house by turning on the gas.

"Ellen," she commanded sharply, "come here at once."

"Yes, 'm." The girl descended the stairs and mechanically gave Mrs. Perry the yellow envelop. Equally mechanically the latter took it and tore it open.

"Maybe he 's out," she suggested.

"No, 'm, he ain't out. He ain't been out since noon. And, besides, his door 's locked on the inside. I tried to look through the keyhole. The key 's in it."

Mrs. Perry mumbled the telegram aloud:

> Owe you sincerest apologies. Have just been informed that wallet containing stolen money has been traced to Zimmerman, who has confessed theft. Placed same in your pocket to avoid detection, meaning to claim it from you as soon as you left the bank. Report to me in morning.
>
> HENRY LANGHAM.

A look of grim understanding crossed Mrs. Perry's face. Remington's room-rent was three weeks in arrears, and she had about reached the conclusion that it was likely to remain so. If he had not already done anything desperate, this message meant that his affairs were on the mend. Of the ironic Fate which had caused the message to be delayed half an hour by the storm and his changed address she realized nothing. Closely followed by the maid, she ascended to Remington's door.

The knocking was repeated, with no better results than before. Mrs. Perry soon desisted. The noise bade fair to rouse the entire house.

"I 'm going to break it open," she remarked, placing her strong shoulder against the door. The operation would present no serious difficulties, she very well knew. The locks on the bedroom doors in her house were purposely frail, with an eye to just such contingencies.

In a moment the door had splintered itself softly open, and the two women stood horrified on the threshold. Remington's body lay huddled on the floor beneath the window. Ellen started toward it, but her employer stopped her.

"Don't touch a thing until the police get here," she warned. "Better go for one at once."

The girl had just reached the lower hall when there came a sound of furious ringing at the front door-bell. It vibrated shrilly through the otherwise silent house. What commotion the noise of Ellen's knocking had created had long since subsided with its cause. Mrs. Perry peered downward over the balustrade of the landing as the maid opened the door for the caller.

From the darkness of the vestibule came a sound of excited whispering, followed by a cry as a hurried figure swept into the hall and up the stairs. Ellen followed, murmuring unheeded protests. Simultaneously they faced Mrs. Perry at the door of the room.

"Where is he?" the new-comer demanded on the crest of a sob. She was a young girl, with red, pouting lips, their redness made the more noticeable by the pallor of her face.

The landlady raised her hand warningly. Such disturbance was not well for the comfort and peace of mind of her roomers.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "What do you want?"

"I 'm Aline Barnes. I want to see Mr. Remington. I 'm afraid, from a let-

ter he wrote me, that he means to commit suicide. Where is he? Quick! quick! We may be too late." With quivering lips she strove to force her way into the room.

"We *are* too late," the landlady announced sepulchrally as she stood aside and motioned to the silent figure upon the floor.

Aline gave a pitiful cry and tottered toward Remington's prostrate form.

"He 's done it! he 's done it!" she gasped. "O my God! my God!"

"He must have had it in one of them glasses," Mrs. Perry said, her eyes fixed upon the array on the chiffonier.

Ellen followed her glances.

"Mother Mary!" she gasped as she heard the landlady's words. "Mother Mary!" With bulging eyes she crossed the room.

And then an amazing thing happened. Paul Remington gave a sigh, opened his eyes, and slowly sat up. With incredulous face he gazed at the three women. Aline, kneeling beside him, was the first to recover her voice.

"Paul," she screamed, "what is the matter?"

He looked at her, wondering.

"I—I don't know," he gasped. "I—I must have fainted. I can't understand. I took the poison—"

"Was it in wan o' thim ye had it?" cried the maid, relapsing for the moment into her native brogue. She pointed to the glasses.

Remington nodded.

The girl burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"Praise be!" she screamed. "Praise be!" then sank into a chair and began to rock herself to and fro.

"Ellen, what 's the matter with you?" Mrs. Perry demanded sharply.

The girl was choking between laughter and tears.

"I—I—praise be!—I knocked over three of thim glasses last Tuesday mornin' whin I was dustin' out the room. I—I thought it was just whisky in 'em, so I—I filled 'em up ag'in from the bottle in the closet."

Remington rose unsteadily to his feet. Aline was still clinging with frantic eagerness to his arm. Mrs. Perry thrust the telegram from Mr. Langham into his hand.

"I opened it," was all she said.

He read the telegram through. Then he looked down at Aline. He had taken no poison. The whisky, his weakened condition, his imagination—he had only fainted, after all. A feeling of littleness, of humiliation, came over him. How absurd now seemed his defiance of the Fates. He glanced at Ellen, their unconscious instrument, rocking to and fro in the chair. The challenge he had flung to them they had answered, through her, six days before.

PAGLIACCI

BY DOUGLAS DUER

CHILD of those lovers, mortal mirth and woe,
Poor Pagliaccio, fool and lover both,
How often have I laughed, and left you loath,
Not dreaming that your play was mingled so
With prayers and creeping dread; or that the show
Of gaudy silks could hide so red a heart,
A mind so tantalized and torn apart,
A soul so taunted of the powers below.
And look! the laugh, the kiss, the sudden blow,
The flaring lights, and frightened faces round
A stained and sinking form! Oh, sure I know
That rising, ringing cry! The knife has found
A lovely sheath! Aha, Pagliaccio!
Your heart was breaking then; I know that sound.

THE FINE ART OF SIMPLE LIVING

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

Author of "Everybody's St. Francis," "The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis," etc.

THE Emperor Caligula—it is recounted by the same historian who inspired Mr. Bernard Shaw with his idea of the character of Julius Cæsar—remarked on his death-bed, "I have lived as simple a life as I could in the high station to which the gods called me." These pathetic words are not usually commented on in the accounts of this very interesting man, but they seem to hold a clue to the interpretation of the fine art of simple living.

Simplicity for the rich is not the same as simplicity for the poor. Riches are so common in our time, that even the humble cannot escape occasional contact with the millionaire. I remember once dining at the table of a host and hostess who were reputed to be worth millions of dollars in the currency of the United States. The dinner opened with barley soup, and the hostess seemed particularly proud of a large joint of mutton, garnished with caper sauce. "Everybody praises us for being so simple," she said, with that exasperating giggle in which the simple rich occasionally indulge. But it struck me that the nice hot barley soup and the excellent mutton and caper sauce,—no better than I had frequently eaten in my own frugal way,—were extremely ostentatious and in very bad taste. Caligula, with all his faults, would never have made such a mistake, and no doubt this gave him some consolation at the end of a life which he must have felt was incomplete. He had never realized the aspirations of his youth, because some of his friends whom he most hated remained to outlive him.

The hostess, not content with calling attention to the admirable mutton, said, "Most people expect terrapin when they come to our house."

"But they do not get it," I remarked, with an audible sigh, and being pressed, I was forced to admit that I not only expected terrapin when I dined with millionaires, but gold plate and napkin-rings studded with a ruby or two. If these napkin-rings should happen to be marked with the initials of the guest and offered as souvenirs, nothing, from the point of view of a thoughtful man, could be more appropriate. As a rule, the rich are rather intelligent, but not very sparkling. They are too limited in their affections; for wealth, if it does not produce egotism, at least encourages egoism.

Now, what is the use of a millionaire's pretending he is not rich? He may not be able to play the violin or the guitar or even bridge with elegance and skill, he may know nothing of the poets, and look at the great masters of painting through the eye of his agents; but he does possess one solid quality which nobody can deny: he is rich. With this chord of richness, if he understands the fine art of simple living in its true sense, he can play many pleasant variations. The harmonics of riches may be made very pleasant, and not at all annoying to anybody. The rich do not really annoy us with their display of wealth; they irritate us only when we are not allowed to participate in these displays.

It ought to be remembered that we bless the world with the talents with which Providence has gifted us. Emerson used to say that a man should make his gift to his friend something characteristic of himself. The poet should give his poem, the painter his picture, and the housewife her pumpkin pie or doughnuts. Now, what has the rich man to give the witty, gifted persons congregated about his board but that which is most characteristic of himself—the things that money can buy? Your rich friend is ordinarily not really simple. He is economical, and being economical, he covers this trait with a surface varnish of simplicity, which never deceives the elect. His principles, he says, will not allow him to give money to a friend except at the usual rate of interest; but when you suggest that his

principles are merely prejudices, he falls back on the principles of his friends.

"No gentleman," he will say, "will accept money as a gift." But when you remind him that the man in question would perhaps prefer to be his simple friend rather than a gentleman, he scoffs at the idea, and buttons his check-book more tightly in his coat-pocket. To practise the fine art of simple living, a man must be himself; he must not pretend to be poor. If he does, he ceases to be simple, and he certainly fails to be elegant. Only the simple can be elegant, if they have the price.

Now from what I have said, I think it is plain that what we call simplicity in the wealthy is often the height of vulgar ostentation. If you offer the wife of a rich friend a humble bunch of daisies or a bouquet of potato blossoms, she will not let them appear as part of the garniture of her table unless she expects college professors or poor relatives, thus showing a tendency to force her ideas of simplicity on people who expect quite other things from her. If a poet, for instance, presents his poems to the amiable millionaire, and the amiable millionaire responds with a copy of his own early compositions, all the rules of simplicity are outraged. The poet receives a shock. He is made to be less serene; he may even be tempted to dislike the millionaire, which is wrong, for the end of the fine art of simple living is to produce serenity. The simplicity of the rich ought to be the exercise of the gift of magnificence. A really rich man ought to be magnificent; if he fails to show this gift, the only valid excuse we ought to accept is that he has overdrawn his income for charities.

Now theology, as understood in some countries, has limited very narrowly the graces of God. Fénelon says of a great lady of the court of Louis XIV that a grace of God in her case was affability and tact; and it is recorded that an observant ecclesiastic once said of another great lady that her special grace was to be the best-dressed woman in London. But from the point of view of the modern conscience, the definitions implied in these sayings about the essence of the grace of God are rather shocking. Nevertheless, all things of life which make for beauty and serenity must be looked on as gifts from a higher sphere, no matter what the modern purists may say.

Seriously, the end of the art of living is to live, and the principal object of the spiritual directors of those old days which produced Sir Thomas More and later Mme. de Sévigné, and others, was to assist life to be lived. It was not then the rule to believe that there was only one life and nothing afterward; but that this one life, no matter what came afterward, was to be gone through with as much graciousness as possible. One's spiritual director in those days was not as *exigeant* as the modern pietist, and the conscience of the time, though by no means easier than the conscience of the present, was neither so nervous nor so restless. In fact, the ordinary conscience of to-day is rather more restless than scrupulous. A court confessor in the day of Mme. de Sévigné might tolerate the décolletée gowns or even some of the gossip of his penitents, but he expected them to examine their conscience, to discover whether they had sinned against simplicity or not.

In a time when simplicity was looked on as one of the usual virtues, life had many more charms than it has now. This is the key to the declaration of many of the fortunate folk who escaped the guillotine, that nobody knew the sweetness of life who had not lived before the French Revolution. And this was probably because nearly everybody in the same class spoke the same language of the mind. If one reads the memoirs of the two reigns preceding the French Revolution, one discovers that simplicity and a certain elegance went hand in hand with many qualities that were not graces of God. The worst enemy of simplicity is self-consciousness and a desire to seem to be what one is not. These two qualities make for restlessness, and whatever may be said of our ancestors before the French Revolution, no matter of what nation they were, they were not restless.

The least simple and the least elegant of all reigns in France was probably that of Louis Philippe, for the reason that Louis Philippe and his *entourage* had determined to be simple. Of all the ladies left over from the preceding régime, the least simple and the least elegant was Mme. de Genlis, who had molded the mind of Louis Philippe and given a third-rate tone

of pretension to the time. Everybody said, "I will be simple," and everybody tried hard for simplicity, just as everybody now seems to be trying hard to have "red blood" or to be "efficient," or "to let a little sunshine in."

Even when the horrible restlessness induced by those indefatigable talkers, Voltaire and Rousseau, had begun to infect French society, we see in the delightful memoirs of Gouverneur Morris that nobody hesitated to ask for a dinner whenever he was hungry, and no hostess was at all inconvenienced when he asked for it. When this can be done among friends, when conversation and ease are preferred to the material adornments of the board, then simplicity has been achieved without effort, and one has begun to understand the first rudiments of the fine art of simple living.

Simplicity and elegance do not always go together, as we know. Once in Ireland, while some of our friends were waiting for luncheon, which was somewhat delayed, the cook suddenly appeared, and demanded in a ferocious tone, "Have anny of yez taken the leg of mutton?" As it happened, nobody had. Before any one could answer, the cook and the host and the guests caught sight of the favorite dog disappearing in the shrubbery with the *pièce de résistance*. It was recovered after a hot pursuit. All this was simple, but scarcely elegant. Nevertheless, it was better for the appetite than a cocktail.

Some of our English friends achieve an elegant simplicity, which is as unstudied as it is effective. To lunch off cold mutton and chutney sauce, with Stilton cheese "to follow," accompanied by a pitcher of home-brewed ale, attended by four flunkies, subservient and impassive, is the height of elegance and the depth of simplicity; but it is only elegant and simple when it is altogether unconscious. Your host likes cold mutton; a morning's walk in the fields gives him an appetite. He does not hanker to begin his meal with up-standing goblets of grape-fruit and maraschino cherries tied with red ribbon, or some of the landscape cookery to which a love of novelty draws us; it would strike him with embarrassment. The essence of simplicity seems to be ease; the aim of simplicity is undoubtedly forgetfulness of self or of that part of self which stands in the way of agreeable intercourse. In a word, luxuries which become common, every-day things cease to be luxuries, and when they are emphasized as luxuries they do not add anything to the elegance of life, and they take away its simplicity. Besides, every-day life, to be lived comfortably and self-respectably, must have its climaxes. If our English friend, whose butler and footmen are descendants of the butlers and footmen who have watched his ancestors eat cold grouse and cold mutton to the accompaniment of home-brewed ale for centuries, should not take the attendance of his flunkies as a matter of course, he would cease to be simple and consequently lose his self-respect. The doing of anything for effect is the red spider in the rose of the simple life.

It is the custom of American publicists to assume that we know nothing of the fine art of simple living. People who spend their days in modern sky-scrapers and their nights in apartment-houses, where mushrooms or a white elephant can be produced by the hands of an electric clock, implore us to go back to the farm, that we may be simple. The consequence is that people who rush to deserted farms because they were deserted, find them overpopulated, and so much in the spirit of the twentieth century that even the cows are milked by machinery. Now, a cow milked by machinery is certainly not in accordance with the ideas of the simple life we are to cherish. In fact, we have begun to suffer from an access of manufactured simplicity as much as we suffered for a time from an access of manufactured cheerfulness.

Nearly every part of our country, it is true, is becoming more and more restless. This is said to be due to the competitive race for the luxuries of life; but in many parts of the South one still finds that the fine art of simple living has been achieved without effect; yet the very people who are begging us to be simple and to relieve stony soils of the reproach of desertion, look on the lives of some of our Southern fellow-citizens as unprogressive and inefficient. These Southerners, however, do not live by maxims. They are too self-respectful to be pretentious and too desirous to be peaceful to join the mad race for luxuries which they could value only because they are esteemed by other people.

It is not the chase for what we really want that spoils life; it is the mad rush for what other people think we ought to have. Your Southern gentleman,—the race is not yet extinct,—whom I have in mind, likes his broad porch in the summer, his boxwood hedge, his slow stroll by the bay and through the pines. He is as interested in the curing of his hams by his ancestral receipt as he is in the local politics, which is saying a great deal. If you are his guest, he welcomes you with evident delight. He gives you fresh air, a spacious room in which to live, sound, plain food, the loan of a gun, agreeable conversation, and the right to be friendly with nature and all human things about you.

Horatius Flaccus, who has frequently been acclaimed as an adept in the elegant art of simplicity, lays great stress on those adornments that make life worth living. You may remember his beginning of the twenty-ninth ode, second book. Of course you do. It is to be assumed that we all remember it, though to remember anything out of Horace or Vergil or the Bible is not considered the proper thing in these days; for neither Horace nor Vergil nor the Bible have as yet been put in tabloid form. It is evident from the beginning of the poet's invitation, that Mæcenas is a gourmet and not a Philistine. Horatius wrote:

Thou, sprung from Tuscan kings,
Mellowing wine waits in its chaste cask for thee,
Fragrant balms for the anointing of thy hair,
And roses to adorn and soothe thy brow.

He does not speak of the solid part of the feast. He does not offer, as *Mesdames,* the aunts of M. le Comte de Provence, did, just before the French Revolution, a menu which begins with four hors-d'œuvres, two soups, two *"grosses pièces,"* including *"le rôt de bif, du mouton de Bellevue,"* two *relevés,* which consist of chicken with rice and a sucking pig *à la broche,* and then meanders gently through twelve entrées and a dozen more *entremets.* All France, however, at this time was not so devoted to gormandizing as Louis XVI and his brother, the Comte de Provence. Philippe Égalité, a much misunderstood gentleman, by the way, satisfied himself just before he went to the guillotine with a dozen oysters and a bottle of white wine.

It was evident that Mæcenas would not be attracted by the vulgar announcements of extraordinary food, and that, if we may judge from the poems of Horatius, he understood what elegant simplicity meant. Horatius is never tired of his ancestral silver. It is his; he adorns it with flowers, if you like, with narcissi in the spring and with roses in the summer, but he always looks on it with satisfaction as the expression of himself, and he is glad to honor his guest by displaying it as the best he has. It is certain that no matter how the fashions at Rome might change, how often the vulgar Tremalchio might displace his Tyrean purple for new tissues from Paris or brocades from Venice, Horatius would have made no alterations. He left the iridescent modes to the vulgar. He was not a "man who lives and moves and has his being in the realism of ordinary stock ideas"—"A man," as Mr. Birrill adds, "who is as blind to the future as he is dead to the past." He was not the kind of man who wallows in mission furniture because "mission" is the rage, who fills his rooms with imitations of Louis XVI because everybody is going in for white and gold and mock tapestries, who drags ancient and uncomfortable chairs from his garret because he is so dead to the past as not to be able to reconstruct it, and to see that much that was old was good only in its own environment. He does not melt his ancestral silver because fashion decrees that he must have orange-spoons and a new kind of spade for asparagus. The cult of the old because it is old adds as much to the pretentiousness of life as undue attention to the changing fashions of the new.

It seems to be understood to-day that the conduct of the interior of the house depends entirely on the woman. A man is supposed to have a moderate interest in the management of a garden, if he is fortunate enough to have one, but everything that is connected with life in the inside of the house is supposed to belong to the kingdom of the ladies. This was not always so. One has only to dip into that most delightful of all books on the secrets

of the art of living, the "Physiologie du goût" of Brillat-Savarin, to discover this. Sir Thomas More, for all his wit and wisdom, had a serious interest in the haunch of venison that occasionally awaited him at Chelsea on his return from court; George Washington put some thought into the choice of the surtout of porcelain which he asked his friend Gouverneur Morris to send him from France; and the older country gentleman of leisure in all countries was so anxious to make his table interesting that he was capable of inventing hunting exploits to sharpen the appetites of his guests. People were even induced to eat rabbit by his interesting accounts of his skill in shooting that relative to the famous friend of the Marquis de Carabas. In our older cities there was a time when the careful master of a house did not consider it beneath his dignity to go to market in person to choose his joint and his vegetables with taste and discretion. It is a shocking thing, one that will be very much disputed, to say that the fine art of simple living is decaying because all the really important arts of the household are left to the ladies.

As an example, few women really care for a garden unless by chance it is forced on them. They like to read about gardens. I know a very charming woman who collects books on gardens; but she has built a big music-room in her city house over the only plot where spring and summer flowers used to grow and where her mother's parsley bed was famous. She would as soon use a garden tool as fail to manicure her nails; she says that she dreams of gardens, but that she cannot imagine a garden without a gardener, or conceive of a garden that does not cost a great deal of money.

It is not the men who enter into that deplorable competition that forces the price of living to such heights as make the judicious tremble. It is not the men who despise violets when they are in season and look on roses as things of naught when they are not exotic. Every normal man wants a garden because, in his blundering way, he perhaps sees that no man can approach the perfect life in this world without a garden. I once knew by accident a king and a Carmelite nun. The king endured his palace, but lived in his garden; before he came to die he escaped from his splendid rooms to roam in his garden even on misty days. The nun moved heaven and earth, though she had forsworn the things of this world, to acquire a garden for her convent; and those devotees of the simple life of poverty, the Franciscans, like the king I have mentioned, could not conceive life endurable without a garden. To kings and friars, each at the end of a straight line, gardens are not luxuries; they are necessaries.

There are people to-day who prefer an automobile to a garden; but these people, sane as they appear to be, and respectable as some of them like to be thought, will never understand the rudiments of the fine art of simple living while they remain in their depraved state of mind.

No man can practise elegant simplicity without a grate fire inside and a garden outside. The French idea seems to be a large room with a slippery floor and very little else; the German idea is a small room filled with heirlooms and everything except fresh air. The Frenchman will manage to get a garden somehow, but the German, who is not so ingenious in this way, will cut off the light from his windows with a collection of flower-pots and even put up painted transparencies in which the Rhine may be seen rushing through the moats of ancient castles. Everywhere, except in our own country, gardens, or imitations of them, seem to be necessities.

If simplicity of life consists in the smooth working of every-day affairs without any effort of one, it is impossible to live elegantly and simply without a certain number of servants; and yet the requisite number of servants is virtually an impossibility in any part of the United States except among the very rich. We are told over and over again that the absence of a "servant class" in our country is the cause of the anxiety written on nearly every woman's brow when she proposes to "entertain" guests; but the real cause is the state of mind of the hostess who assumes that her guests demand that she shall be a sacrifice to their expectations. The moment she begins to feel that she must "entertain," her brow becomes dark with depression and her blood feverish with fears; there is no joy in it at all. She has the sole responsibility not

only of the amusement and comfort of her guests, but for exciting their admiration or their awe. Her husband hopes that everybody will be comfortable, and that if the carving is not done behind the screen, that the knives will be sharp. If whisky and soda is good enough for *him,* even the choice of the wines is left to his wife. The whole thing is her affair. If a soup-tureen drops, he looks at *her,* and her furrowed brow can appeal only to heaven, for at that moment she feels that all her women guests are her enemies. The "help" has left her helpless.

The question of servants is no doubt making a huge interrogation-point in American life. You cannot have servants without money. Before general instruction became the fashion, when classes were separated by education, servants in all countries were in a measure content to work for what seemed to them and their masters a reasonable sum; but the leveling effect of education has made them free and equal. The servant now uses a place, if he or she is at all clever, to "better" himself or herself, and this "betterment" can be done only by increased wages.

Heretofore a man paid his cook as little as he could. He admitted that a cook was a necessity; but the cook, learning the art of political economy by experience, turned herself into a luxury and said: "There you are! What are you going to do about it?" This is becoming true all over the civilized world; many bad cooks have left Sweden for the United States. Some good ones remain at home and demand high wages. Young ladies whose chief qualification for uplifting American homes is that they can milk reindeer are sailing from Norway in the track of their ancestors, glowing with the fire of conquest—the only fire they have yet learned to make. The haughty Irish maid values herself at the price of a case of champagne a month. Why not? If she can cook at all, she is more of a luxury than Veuve Cliquot. What the whole civilized world is beginning to realize is that servants must be classed with truffles, caviar, and pâté de foie gras on one side, and with soap, fresh air, and steam heat on the other. They are luxuries *and* necessities.

How is life, then, to be led elegantly and simply without servants? That is where practical science ought to come in. Let it settle the question, or forever hold its peace. But could Horatius Flaccus, could Petronius, could Brillat-Savarin have believed that the art of simple living must depend on applied science? To the conservative mind it seems incongruous even to-day. We have just realized that chemistry is a branch of cookery.

Leisure of life has disappeared because a great deal of money must be made in order to live. Who to-day will sacrifice much for good books or a garden or for leisure itself, unaccompanied by luxuries? After all, if one wants to acquire the fine art of simple living, it is the spirit that counts. "I never," said an old gentlewoman who had suffered reverses, "gave up having candle-shades on the table, even if the dinner was only bread and milk." And there is a great deal in the spirit that this triumphant point of view expresses. Like the Emperor Caligula, the old lady had lived as simple a life as she could in the station to which the gods called her.

To the best of us the practice of the fine art of simple living consists in doing without things gracefully, gaining what we can of pleasant leisure, and giving what we can of cheerful companionship, and in never talking about economy. There are men who would rather die than swear in the presence of ladies, yet boast loudly of their savings in the matter of cigars; and there are women who would forego their annual spring cleaning rather than show their ankles, yet who triumphantly tell you after dinner that you have eaten not sweetbreads at their table, but the frugal calves' brains. These people do not know that one of the principal secrets of the fine art of simple living is never to tell. To save and to tell, is as bad as to kiss and to tell, and in the matter of cigars it is only too easy to find out the truth for oneself. Now, Caligula —but wherever he is, this remarkable man must be pleased to know that he has pointed a moral.

THE CAR THAT WENT ABROAD

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "Mark Twain, a Biography," "The Ship Dwellers," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES HUARD AND REGINALD BIRCH

WHEN I had finished telling him my plan, my friend laid a gentle hand on my shoulder and said:

"You will be robbed at every turn, and crucified on every cross-road. In three months you will sell your car for ten cents on the dollar, and come back on a cattle steamer."

"I 'm *going* on a cattle steamer," I replied; "that is to say, a freight steamer. I 'm not sure that they carry cattle. If they do, and the cattle don't object, neither shall I. Perhaps we shall have separate state-rooms. The fare is said to be very good. I 'm on my way now to engage passage."

"You are dabbling with the pastimes of millionaires," he said.

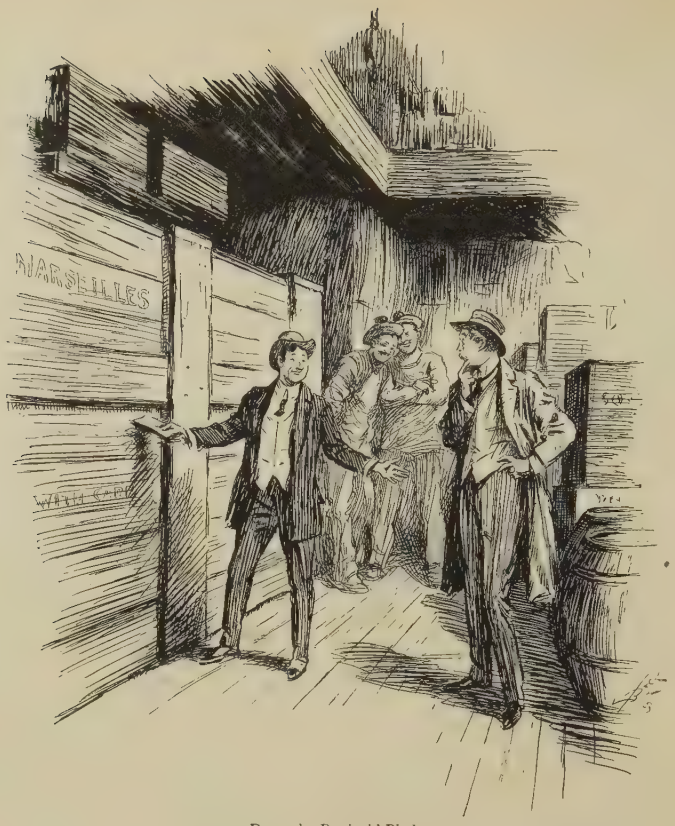
"Then I 'll risk one dab, if I perish."

To tell the truth, I had been hesitating. It was his opposition that started me for the steamer office, where presently a young man was showing me the plan of the vessel. The state-rooms were few and amidships. I was early, he said, and could have first choice at eighty dollars the person to Marseilles. When I inquired the cost of taking an automobile, he said it was a matter of measurement, so much per cubic foot. Then we guessed at the size, and he thought a hundred dollars might cover the boxing and freight.

Here was a new idea. I had supposed that cars were driven aboard ship as on a ferry-boat, and driven off at the other end. The young man smiled. Cars crossing the water were put into very secure boxes, and loaded by derricks. The boxes were not very cheap, he said; still, he thought a hundred dollars would see me through. It was all rather vague, but he was pleasant and inspiring, and I engaged state-rooms—two of them, we being four. Then from the freight department he got me a price on the car of about sixteen cents per cubic foot, which seemed cheap; also a figure on the box, which stunned me a little at first, it being forty dollars; that is to say, about the price of a good-sized chicken-house in the part of Connecticut where we live. However, he said we would own the box when we got there, and could bring back the car in it, or sell it, or live in it, or something. Anyhow, the box would be ours. I said I would go home and consider the car question. I meant to let him have it, but I wanted to seem cautious.

On the way up-town it occurred to me that, as a member of the American Automobile Association, it might be worth while to look in at headquarters. Certainly there are not many places where one gets so much for his money. It costs two dollars a year to belong, and the information that one may have for the asking is beyond price. I came away loaded down with documents, including two thick road-books, everything free.

On the whole, they were not very cheering. Even a casual examination showed that there were a good many requirements for foreign motor travel. To begin with, one must deposit the custom charges for a car in each country, and leave them until retiring permanently. It seemed a good deal of money, as I figured it, to have lying around that way, and I could n't find anything about getting interest on such time-deposits. What one did get was something they called a "triptych," or "triptyque," that one had to show and have indorsed in going in or out of a country, if one wanted to avoid fines and continue to enjoy the sunlight of freedom. Then of course one must have a machine license and a driving license, and I gathered that the examination for the latter was likely to be severe. I imagined myself before a board of French examiners trying to explain in my brand-new phonographic French what I would do in the event of meeting a load of hay on the brink of a precipice three thousand meters



Drawn by Reginald Birch

"THE SIZE AND SOLIDITY OF THE BOX ASTONISHED ME"

high, with only room for the hay. It would be easier to go over the precipice and be done with it. Then there was mention of an "international pass," affording free circulation in the various countries without reëxamination or a *new* car license. Furthermore, membership in the Touring Club of France was regarded as advisable, perhaps necessary.

Presently I found something which seemed promising. It was a slip which said that for a "reasonable sum" a down-town express company would ship a car, as well as obtain all the various triptyques, licenses, and memberships, and would deliver the car fully equipped on the other side, with no bother, no trouble. The owner, arriving in Marseilles, had only to step into his car and drive away.

I went down there. The brightest young man in New York, full of interest in my errand, welcomed me. He asked me the name and style of my car, then got out a pile of catalogues and papers, and did a lot of figuring. He covered several pages with figures, and at last looked up with a smile of triumph, and said they would do it for two hundred and forty dollars.

Then I went away. One could undertake a good deal in the way of trouble for a hundred dollars or so, and a week or two of delay in Marseilles would not be fatal. I remembered reading somewhere that Lucian, away back in the second century, had spent years in "New Athens," as they called it then, and had grown rich there. Perhaps I could turn even a fortnight into profit. I was not of those who with a careless wave of the hand could say, "Ship my car," and pay at the rate of a dollar every few minutes for trouble-saving.

A CARPENTER WITH AN EXPENSIVE CONSCIENCE

So I went home, measured the car, and laboriously figured its cubic dimensions.

I was gratified to find that it would come within the rate quoted, even allowing something for the box, and I wrote in a hurry to the company, securing passage for it, lest there should not be space on our little ship. A strenuous time followed. Never mind; we four—the owners of the car and two sub-owners, Narcissa, age fifteen, and the "Joy," who is ten—landed our precious vehicle at the South Brooklyn dock in person two days in advance of sailing; delivered it over to the agent and the carpenter, and set out for the hotel across the river. When we made our way back two days later, the car had disappeared. The carpenter and the derrick had done their work. The agent, coming to the upper deck forward, where we had gathered, pointed down at a huge case about three stories below.

"There it is," he said, "all safe for the journey."

I went down there with him. The size and solidity of the box astonished me. The carpenter had apparently been afraid he would not give us enough for the forty dollars, so he had blocked and braced and packed until he had got a case as big as a furnished flat, and more solid than one we lived in during our long-ago van-dwelling days. Then the agent produced the bill, and I was astonished again. The space required for that carpenter's conscience had increased the figures fully twenty-five per cent.

We discussed the matter vigorously, not to say violently. I admired the carpenter's probity, but it was too expensive. I said there ought to be a cubic limit even to virtue. Then the agent said he knew that I wanted to do what was right, and I said I knew *he* wanted to do what was right, and we compromised. That is, I paid a hundred and ten dollars, and became the owner of a warehouse and some bills of lading. After which we smoked, and he told me what kind of cars and accidents he had had; we parted friends.

Drawn by Charles Huard

THE FRENCH PRIEST

A QUIET START

SOMEHOW we could not make it seem that we were setting out for the other side of the world. The coziness of everything, the fewness of our fellow-travelers, the air of peace that prevailed—surely we were only guests on a big yacht, going for a day or two down the coast. Even when we had straightened into the tide, and were waving returns to the two fluttering handkerchiefs on the wharf, the illusion of brief separation did not leave us. Only when they passed from view at length, and the tall towers of Manhattan were fading out behind us, could we begin to feel that perhaps we were going a long way.

But the illusion of the yacht returned presently, for at dinner our entire passenger-list gathered at a family table. We were at home; the ship was ours. If heavy seas and disquiet lay ahead, they were not considered now. The French priest, a tall Jesuit returning from a two-years' stay in Canada; the English contingent, a university professor and his wife; the Spanish boy, returning to Galicia after two years of America; and we four, amalgamated in such languages as we knew or wanted to know, and were glad to be there, so comfortable and cared for. And when we made our first port next morning, a port not exactly foreign,—that is to say, Providence, Rhode Island,—and all went ashore to see the sights and send picture postals, and also to buy the soap which Americans always forget when they start on their travels, we could not help the feeling that there would be something like this every day, and that presently we should find ourselves in Manhattan harbor again, and driving the car back to Connecticut.

It is remarkable how soon a ship begins to seem like home, especially after visiting a foreign port, and Providence, when we got back to the ship, had become really foreign, for

we were loading about two hundred "third-class" Portuguese mill-hands from New Bedford, returning to the Azores, some of them for a visit, others to retire on their accumulations. They had their boxes and bags and beds and sewing-machines and furniture, roped and corded beyond all reason, because such lashings go in free, and will doubtless be needed over there. They were a happy, healthy-looking collection, and their clatter made the place seem anything but a port in the land of the free.

animals are never needed in these days of quick and safe travel, and they become pets. Our ox was named Coca, and he answered to it, and expected favors, like a circus elephant.

It was perfect weather. The violet water of the Gulf Stream was positively glassy at times, but there is always the long Atlantic swell, which becomes disquieting to sensitive organisms. Narcissa and the Joy lost something of the exuberant gaiety they had shown in the beginning, and preferred to have their meals on

Drawn by Charles Huard

"PORTUGUESE MILL-HANDS FROM NEW BEDFORD, RETURNING TO THE AZORES"

WAYS THAT ARE FRENCH

We put in our first days at sea acquiring information. For one thing, our cattle consisted of just one fine French ox,—fine enough for a county fair exhibit,—and he had traveled back and forth in that vessel a great many times. He was in a stall in the forecastle, and his beautiful friendly face looked up to greet us every morning. In another stall, next door to him, were a few fine sheep, and close by some chickens, with a rooster who crowed every morning. A curious old French law provides that live meat must be carried on each ship, for use in case of emergency, and this was our supply. The deck. They were also particular as to the bill of fare. The fine French dishes that pleased on the first evening did not attract them any more. Only a few crisp, salty things awakened enthusiasm.

IMPORTANT, BUT GLOOMY, DETAILS

During these days of leisure I dug with some diligence into the general-information chapter of the red road-book already mentioned, and discovered a complication. In order to get a triptych, or a triptyque, one must furnish a good deal in the way of specifications. The name, color, and cost of one's car must be given; also the number of its cylinders and wheels. I knew pretty well how many wheels our

car had, and I remembered something about those other things; but the book said that one must be prepared as well to give the maker's number of the car, also of the engine and of the chassis. I did not know a single one of those items. They all had numbers, I supposed, but it had never occurred to me to hunt for them and write them down. Then, and this seemed very important, one must know the weight of his car; for the duty to be deposited is figured on the weight—so much a pound—and not on the car's value. I was not even positive as to that detail. I had only a shaky memory of once asking the agent who sold it to me, "How much does that thing weigh?" and of his saying, "About twenty-five hundred pounds." Now there were likely to be difficulties, also penalties and confiscations, if one gave in the weight wrong. Even the bore of the cylinders is sometimes required, and I might as well have been asked the bore of the bottomless pit.

I realized now that I should have taken a day off and read this chapter thoroughly, and then hunted and measured and recorded with care. Also I remembered the hay-scales I had passed, where I might have weighed our vehicle to a pound. Probably I should be fined or jailed on every frontier for misinformation. No, I should not get that far. I should not be able even to *apply* for a triptych without those details, and very likely I should not be permitted to open our box or to touch it until the triptych was issued. What a mess that would be! It might call for a permit from the French Government, signed by the American minister and the President of France. If I knew anything about official red tape, it would require time to get that. Our vast tower of lumber and spikes would stay in the custom-house at Marseilles until it crumbled with age, and I had grown too old and feeble to crank the car.

Other things in the road-book interested me and disturbed me—the road-rules, for instance. Every kind and condition of road seemed to have its speed-limits, and the penalties for infraction were, I judged, severe. There was a speed-limit for the open road; another for the winding road, another for the village road; another for mountain-passes, where the automobilist took the precipice-side when he met a drove of cattle or anything native; another for bridges; and so on, world without end. When I could hold all that information, I should have wings and no need of an automobile. Some of the speed-limits were very low. I have never been for fast driving, and the twenty-mile limit given there for the "open plain" was enough. One cannot see much of anything going faster than that; but the "three and three quarters" prescribed for certain districts was shading it pretty fine, and the "two miles an hour" at other points meant to get out and push the car. The friend who prophesied that I should be crucified on every cross-road was probably right.

There was one bright spot in the dismal picture: vehicles on the Continent turn to the right and pass on the left, as in America. I had been afraid that it would be the other way, as in England. But, then, only England could be as—as different as that.

Drawn by Charles Huard

"ROUGIE . . . WOULD RING THE BELL FOR LUNCHEON"

DIVERSIONS AT SEA

Our days went by too quickly despite their similitude. Breakfast was hardly over before a steward was passing bouillon and sandwiches, and presently Rougie, a little, tight-skinned wisp of a Frenchman, would ring the bell for luncheon. It was a big bell, and he would take it in both hands and ring it through the cabin, and over the rail, as if to call up the sea-folk. We seemed to be eating most of the time, and there was plenty to see and do between times. I dug away at my French, and the Jesuit helped me. Faithful and resolute as those people always are, when I was not on hand he looked me

Drawn by Charles Huard

"THEY PLAYED ELEMENTAL AIRS

up. He was thin and eager and exacting, and if I could spend the rest of my days in his society, I should know something about *"Que je fisse"* and the rest of it.

The chief steward adopted us. From another source we learned that he was a Rumanian nobleman who had somehow distributed his patrimony, which would account for the soft-eyed sorrow of his swarthy face; also for his liberal and thorough education, acquired in Bukharest, Vienna, and in one of the Italian cities. He himself never mentioned his former estate, never suggested it in any way. Instead, he showed us a driving license, and said he had been a chauffeur. He would go with us for the change, he said, if we needed a driver. But that would not fit in with our scheme; and how could we live up to a nobleman, one who looked and acted every inch the part? His license was several years old, and the little photograph on it, required by law in Europe, had a gay, youthful look. I suspect that it was his own car he was driving in those days.

Part of our entertainment each evening was in watching the Portuguese "third-class" on the lower deck forward. They were a picturesque lot, with their baggage and their babies, and we were never tired of looking down at the continuous performance. A number of them had guitars, and they played elemental airs with something half barbaric in them, altogether hypnotic and seductive.

Looking over the rail at these people, we realized that in their own country at least they had a racial solidarity which does not yet belong to ours. We shall get it some day, if we survive a thousand years or so, when motley immigration has finally ceased, and its tints and tones have blended, and I would give something valuable to know what it will be like. I suppose its general complexion will be rather coppery, its native dances the turkey-trot and the tango, and that an endless version of "If You ain't got no Money, You Need n't Come Around" will be the national song. Very likely it will be a good-enough country and people. I wish I might live to see it.

One night we had two of the Portuguese musicians in the dining-saloon. They played the mandolin and the guitar, and made good music when they stuck to their native airs; but when they attempted modern popular stuff, they made the ship roll, and two women left the cabin.

Six days from New York the captain told us that we should see land the next morning—Flores of the Azores. Our first stop would be Fayal, in Horta, where the *Quaker City*, with its "Innocents Abroad," first landed forty-six years ago. We must have followed the same route, but I suppose the water has changed a good deal.

From a photograph by Limet, Paris

THE HOME OF AUGUSTE RODIN, MEUDON

RODIN'S NOTE-BOOK

COMPILED BY JUDITH CLADEL AND TRANSLATED BY S. K. STAR

INTRODUCTION BY JUDITH CLADEL

PART TWO

IN Rodin's statues we find his conception of eternal man—man as he really is. They are molded on modern thought, with all its variations. One might suppose that these beautiful beings of marble and bronze had been named by the characteristic poets of the century, Victor Hugo, Musset, Baudelaire.

Beginning with the Renaissance, and particularly during the seventeenth century, the royal courts were the great salons in which the taste of the day was developed. Necessity made courtiers of the artists, for to obtain orders, they had to win the good-will of the sovereigns, the great seigniors, and the financiers.

Art then lost its collective character, the artist his independence and strength. There was no longer the united effort of artists, inspired by love of beauty, to create great masterpieces such as cathedrals, city halls, and castles. The artist wasted his abilities in fragmentary bits, his time in worldly duties. To-day it is even worse. Keeping house, traveling, receiving, exhibiting in a hundred different places, living in great style, carrying on his life-work—all these crowd out the first, and formerly the essential, object of the artist, his work. It is these which lower art to the last degree of decadence.

Rodin has kept aloof from this manner of living, has avoided these innumerable occasions for wasting time, or, better said, has never allowed them to take possession of him. Modest, unpretentious, travel-

ing little or within a limited radius, the unremitting study of the divine model and of the masterpiece, man, forms his whole ambition, while it is also the source of endless delight to him. "Admiration," he says, "is a joy daily kindled afresh," and again, "I walk out in the fullness of life; it belongs to me in a sense larger than that of ownership."

In his villa at Meudon, in the midst of his collections of antiques, he pursues this study incessantly. He who is admitted to the modest garden of the great master first beholds with delight a Greek marble in an arbor. At the turn of a path there is the torso of a goddess resting on an antique column; in a niche in the wall a Roman bust. Beneath the high arch of the peristyle of the studio, the architecture of which blends into the surrounding background as in the paintings of Claude Lorrain, there is a magnificent torso. Finally dominating the garden and the valley it overlooks, standing on a knoll, and projected against the clear sky, there is an isolated façade from a castle of the seventeenth century, its delicate balustrades and casements outlined against the blue sky as in the decorative paintings of Paul Veronese.

These ruins are the remains of the Castle of Issy, the work of Mansart. Rodin saved them at the moment when their destruction at the hands of ignorant workmen was imminent, and at great expense reconstructed them near his residence. These fragments, this noble portico, seem as though placed by chance, but the keen observer quickly perceives the correctness of taste that has determined their disposition. Each fragment forms part of an ensemble with the trees, the grass, the light, and the shadows, and to change any of these in the slightest degree would sacrifice some of its beauty. Sculpture at its finest is architecture, and architecture is perhaps the greatest art because it collaborates directly with nature. Architecture lives through the life of things, and every hour of the day lends it a new expression.

Innumerable reflections were aroused in the mind of the master Rodin when he essayed to place his treasures: the effect of the changing light on the object, the balancing of values, the relation of proper proportions, the appearance of the object in full light. All these he examined and studied, and he searched into the depths of the language of forms, to him as clear and as mysterious as beautiful music. This remarkable gift for determining the value of the object in its setting—a gift the secret of which is beyond the knowledge of the ignorant—has brought forth that peculiar poetic charm which permeates this little garden in a suburb of Paris, a refuge of persecuted beauty. Here the master confers with the artists of Greece and France of other days. These are his Elysian Fields.

In Paris, where he is daily and where he works every afternoon, he lives in an exquisite, but ruinous, mansion of the eighteenth century, situated in a rustic, neglected park. There he finds his delight in the study of flowers, and applies himself to it with his intense, never-dormant desire for understanding. His antique pottery is filled with anemones, carnations, and tulips. During his frugal meals they are before him, and his reverent love of them arouses his desire to understand them as completely as he does human beings. He analyzes and searches out their details without becoming insensible to the beauty of the whole. He jots down his discoveries, his words picture them; like La Rochefoucauld, he searches into their character; but watching over their life admiringly and tenderly until they wither, he does not dissect them, does not destroy them.

Is not the flower the queen of ornaments, the inspiration of all races and ages, the very soul of artistic decoration? Have not the hands of genius contrived to employ the most durable as well as the most fragile material to express this delicate beauty in Greek and Gothic capitals, in the stone lacework of cathedrals, the fabrics of gold and silk, brocades, tapestries, wrought ironwork, old bindings? Is the splendor of stained-glass windows ought else than the splendor of a mass of beautiful flowers?

"Were this thoroughly understood," says Rodin, "industrial art would be entirely revolutionized—industrial art, that barbarous term, an art which concerns itself with commerce and profit.

"The young artists of to-day understand nothing; they copy to satiety the classic ornaments and designs, and reproduce them in so cold a manner that they

Photograph by Bullez. Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

MINERVA

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY AUGUSTE RODIN

PORTRAIT OF RODIN'S WIFE

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY AUGUSTE RODIN

lose all meaning. The ancients obtained their designs from nature. They found their models in the garden, even in the vegetable garden. They drew their inspiration from its source. The cabbage-leaf, the oak-leaf, the clover, the thistle, and the brier are the motives of the Gothic capital. It is not photographic truth, but living truth, that we must seek in art."

Rodin writes his observations. He notes them down at the moment as they occur to him in all their freshness, and in this form they will be given here. At first glance, the reader may be surprised at their apparently fragmentary form. They may seem devoid of general continuity, but when one comprehends the great master's method, one sees that a bond much

Photograph by Limet, Paris

PORTRAIT OF RODIN WORKING IN THE PERISTYLE OF HIS STUDIO AT MEUDON

firmer than that of the mere word binds them together. They seem disjointed because here, as in his sculpture, the artist accepts only the essential, and rejects all superfluous detail. In reality they have the continuity of life, which is felt, but not seen, and which renders arbitrary transition unnecessary. This is the prerogative of genius, while all else is within the grasp of any one. His authority strikes us dumb; it puts to rout mere commonplace cleverness.

SCATTERED THOUGHTS ON FLOWERS

BY AUGUSTE RODIN

I HAVE had primroses put in this little flower-pot. They are a bit crowded, and their poor little stems are prisoners; they are no longer in their garden.

I look at them on my table like a vivisector. I admire their beautiful leaves, round-headed, vigorous, like peasants. They point toward me, and between them is the flower. The one on this side is resigned, and as beautiful as a caryatid. In profile it seems to hold up the leaf against which it leans, and which gives it shade.

These little flowers are not beautiful, nor are they radiant. They live peaceably, gently contented in their misery; and yet they offer something to one who is ill, as I am to-day, and cause him to write to ward off weariness.

I always have flowers in the morning, and make no distinction between them and my models.

Many flowers together are like women with heads bowed down.

There is no longer the sap of life in flowers in a vase.

The lacework of the flower of the elder-tree—Venice.

The anemone is only an eye, cruelly melancholy. It is the eye of a woman who has been badly used.

These anemones are flowers that have stayed up too late at night; flowers that are resplendent, with their colors as though spread over them superficially and wiped away. Even in the spring, in the hour of anticipation, they are already in the fullness of enjoyment.

Like the flower of seduction, the anemones slowly change their form outlined in various ways, always restrained, however, and inclosed within their sphere. Their petals have not a common destiny: some curl up, others are like a becoming collaret, still others seem to be running away. The delicate droop of the petals, standing out in relief, is like the eyelid of a child.

Although old, that one does not shed its petals. Poor little flower with bent head, you are not ridiculous; you are pensive now that you are dying. You suffer from the cruelty of the stem which holds you back.

Flowers give their lives to us; they

Photograph by Linet, Paris

PERISTYLE OF RODIN'S STUDIO AT MEUDON. RODIN'S STATUE OF "ADAM" ON THE COLUMN, HINDU STATUES AT THE RIGHT, AND THE RIVER SEINE IN THE DISTANCE

should be placed in Persian vases. Near them, gold and silver seem of no value.

Ah, dear friends, we must love you, if we would have you speak to us! We must watch you or you fall from the vase, despairing, your leaves withered.

The flowers and the vase harmonize by contrast.

In this bouquet there are some with flexible stems which seem to leap up gracefully. The flower, surrounded by its frail, straight leaves, is as if suspended from the ledge of a wrought-iron balcony.

Ah, the adorable heart of Adonis is incased within these flowers!

The hyacinth is like a balustrade placed upside down. A bed of hyacinths resembles a mass of balusters. Thus that great invention of the Renaissance, the balustrade, allows us to gain through it a glimpse of nature. This ray of art, the flower, this delicate inspiration, unknowingly requires the intelligence of man to develop its possibilities.

From a photograph by Henri Manuel, Paris

A PORTRAIT OF RODIN IN HIS STUDIO

Superb is this little rose-like flower among its spreading leaves. It is like an assumption.

The double narcissus is a bird's-nest viewed from above. Strange flowers, like so many throats! What a frail marvel they are!

These three little narcissi group themselves like a cluster of electric lights.

The dignity of nature impresses us on every hand. It is greatly apparent in flowers; and yet so small are they that some look on them merely as the decoration at a banquet.

I will cast a narcissus in bronze; it shall serve as my seal.

A maiden on a lake, that is the narcissus.

Little red marguerite, not yet open, sister to the strawberry, huddled in the shade, which caresses you.

The full-blown marguerite seems to play at *pigeon-vole*.

It has rained for four hours; this is the hour when flowers quench their thirst.

A marguerite in profile, a serpent's head with open jaws, stretching out its tongues! Petals, white, like a little collar.

Seen in full face, its yellow-tinted heart is a little sun; its long petals are like fingers playing the piano.

These white flowers are gulls with wings outstretched. They fly one after the other;

this one, in adoration, has its petals thrown backward, like wings.

Whoever understands life loves flowers and their innocent caresses.

These marguerites seem to retreat like a spider that finds itself discovered in the road. Their buds stretch out their serpent-heads at the end of long stems, divided by intercepting leaves and entangling knots. Does not love travel in a similar path rather than straight as an arrow?

There is so much regularity in these dark-green leaves, extending at fixed intervals to right and left, and in the eternal dryness of the bouquet, that it calls to mind a Persian miniature.

No man has a heart pure enough to interpret the freshness of flowers. We cannot give expression to this freshness; it is beyond us.

When it sheds its petals, the flower seems to disrobe and go to sleep on the earth. This is its last act of grace, showing its submission to God.

Photograph by Limet, Paris

HOME AND STUDIO OF RODIN AT MEUDON

What spirit possesses these flowers that die in silence! We should listen to them and give thanks.

This red and black ranunculus proclaims the carnival; it is the carnival itself. The carnival is the very emblem of flowers. Like them it also wears masks and costumes. It wears their colors, bright yellow, red—an imitation of the flowers of the sun.

Delightful carnival! Delightful interpretation of flowers! For a long time in my youth I undervalued them. I am happy now to see them under another aspect, as the splendor of Rome, and the lavish intelligence of a bygone time.

Some one gave me tulips. They fascinate me variously. How great an artist is chance, knowing the last secret by which to win us!

These yellow tulips, dipped in blood! What a treat to see true colors—reds, blues, greens, the art of stained glass!

One is quite taken aback before these flowers, in which nature has expressed more than one can comprehend. It imparts that great mystery which is beyond us and signifies the presence of God.

How magnificent the flower becomes as its youth passes!

Even the flowers have their setting sun.

My bouquet is always the same, yet I never cease to look at it.

A whirlwind, a very cyclone, this tulip has perished in the storm. Like the wife of Lot, it is possessed of fear.

This one is open, all aflame like a burning bush. That one, all disheveled, comes toward me. Full of ardor, it springs up, its petals strong and expanding, like a mouth curling forward.

The violence of passion in flowers is pronounced. Ah, the softness of love is found only in women!

Great artists, curb your curiosity, neglect the pleasures which offer themselves to you, so that you may better understand the secrets of God.

DEWAN-I-KHAS

(THE HALL OF PRIVATE AUDIENCE)

BY E. F. BENSON

Author of "The Relentless City," "Account Rendered," etc.

IT is possible for us to conjecture only faintly how luminous in its magnificence, how glorious with gems and the moonshine of white marble, was the palace at Delhi when Shah Jehan, a very Solomon in his love for gold and jewels and the sumptuousness of fairy architecture, had completed and realized his designs, and Austin de Bordeaux, in whose hands he had placed the execution of the decorations that he had dreamed, had finished his work. For after the mutiny and the recapture of Delhi, large portions of this palace of the Arabian Nights was blown up for the exigencies of adequate fortification, and this we must hope was a step the necessity of which mitigated its vandalism, for vandalism is bound to take rank as a virtue when, as was then the case, the fortunes of so large a territory of our mercantile empire were at stake.

But less to be condoned was the treatment accorded to certain rooms of Shah Jehan's zenana, where, for purposes of mere convenience, ceilings and walls were in some cases whitewashed, in others despoiled of their enchanting decorations. There, for the delight of the queens of the harem,—and no doubt for his own, so that he might see the quaint fantasy and play of light on the faces of his favorites,—Shah Jehan had caused roof and walls to be inlaid with a hundred and a hundred hundred strips of mirror, and had decorated the panels with sculptured and painted flowers.

But when, after the mutiny, such part of the fort as was not blown up was turned into barracks, these vaulted chambers were found to furnish cool saloons and dormitories for the officers of the garrison. It appears that they did not like the twinkling of lights and lamps reflected from the mirrors in the vaulted ceilings, and for that reason alone many of these irradiated domes were destroyed, and whitewashed wooden ceilings put in, so that the faces of their comrades should not be too wantonly illuminated. Yet, after all, it was but merciful to the mirrors that had so often reflected all the loveliness of Shah Jehan's queens to spare them the perpetual repetition of the faces of British officers.

Shah Jehan was a poet who wrote in marble, and illuminated his verses in precious stones and pearls, and embellished the pages with the living embroidery of

running water. He knew well how the sight of an ugly shape or a discordant color or a dusty surface pains and even falsifies an artist's eye, and from end to end of his palace there was not a room built of common material, or undistinguished by exquisite decorations of agate and jasper and carnelian, nor one that was not ever renewed and refreshed by the magic of broad strips of liquid and sliding shallows. From the two pavilions on the north of his palace, built of white marble to catch the winter sun, sprang two great streams of running water, which flowed through the gardens and the Turkish bath and the hall of private audience, where stood the peacock throne, and the dwellings of the zenana and the private place of the emperor. A thousand devices did he design, with this embroidery ever renewed from the depths of his wells, for here it passed at pressure underground, and spouted up in a myriad bouquets of rainbowed flowers; here in the Turkish bath it ran in open marble conduits, the bed of which was inlaid with arrow-shaped designs of black marble, so that when the water flowed over them they quivered and were tremulous, like poised fish; here it was outpoured over a fretted incline of white marble, and ran as a river over rocks in billows and fountains of spouting water; here it slept in deep pools so tranquil that a man could see his face reflected, as in a glass, unwaveringly. He also planned a square lake, framed in red stone from Agra, in the midst of which was set a marble pavilion; and round this lake he would be rowed in a gilded barge with oars of silver, and would enter into his pavilion, and the doors would be shut, and none might come to him, for here was the secret place where he made his meditations. But best of all in this embroidery of running water was the square pool that lay in the midst of the zenana, for the bottom of it was carved into the image of a huge and many-petaled lotus flower, all of one block of white marble without flaw or stain, and the petals seemed astir when the clear crystal passed flowing over them. And at each corner of the lotus, completing the square, were triangular panels of delicate water flowers, and through the water the carnelian and the agate and the jasper of which they were fashioned shone strangely with vivid gleams. All round the pool of the lotus used to sit the flowers of Shah Jehan's garden of girls, and there is no pool on earth that has reflected the image of such beauty. Often did the Pearl-Lily, the chief flower and favorite of the harem, sit there with unsandaled feet, waiting for the summons of her lord; and sometimes a cloud would pass over the image of her face reflected there when she considered that soon her loveliness would pass, and her beauty be marred by the wrinkles of the shriveling years, and desire would fail, and long after her lips had crumbled into dust and her soft limbs had been laid underground for the worm and the red ant to batten upon, the water that flowed there would be ever renewed and know not the horror of age.

Jeweled, too, with imperishable blossom of stone was the Turkish bath which Shah Jehan built, and to which he would go from his hall of public audience when the dry winds of summer parched his skin. Straight to the hottest room he went, and when the hot air from the cellared furnace, heating the waters of the stream that flowed there, had loosened his skin, he gave himself to the coaxing of his manipulators. All round him bloomed his jeweled gardens, and when the captains and colonels of the bath had punched and beleaguered his limbs, he called for the douches of hot water and cold. Thick and torrential they poured on him till you would have said the whole bath must be drowned, but, instead, the seemingly solid floor magically drank in the ablutions, for it was all jointed and honeycombed with lines of crevices, so that had the whole Jumna been outpoured there, it would have drained away, leaving there only a dampness as of dew. From there he passed into a cooler room, and when his sweat was assuaged into one cooler yet, where no sun-ray penetrated, but only a dim daylight filtered in through thin and fretted marble screens on the north and through thin slabs of marble that filled the eastern casements. Here, after the fatigues of his morning passed in the hall of justice, he would rest during the torrid noon, and drink a little orange-colored sherbet from his cup of rose rock-crystal, and eat of honeyed dates, while his minstrel plucked strange melodies from the strings of ivory viols, and a girl with henna-stained nails,

and eyes that gleamed like fire in a forest, and slender, sinuous limbs, danced before him. Sometimes she pleased him, and he would give orders concerning her; sometimes he found her only a tedious enchantress, and the iteration of her gestures and the drone of the music would make his eyelids heavy, and Shah Jehan would sleep.

Indeed, this whole palace at Delhi, with its liquid embroideries ever self-cleansed, and its jeweled gardens on the marble walls, was to its creator a place of sleep, and of forgetfulness of the great loss that had widowered his life. Probably he never loved but one woman, his wife and cousin, Mumtaz Mahal, who had died in childbed shortly after he came—by judicious fratricide, it must be confessed—to the throne of his fathers, and since then his great passion had been to erect to her a worthy memorial of her death and of their love. For eighteen years this Taj Mahal at Agra was a-building, and artist and voluptuary as he certainly was, though withal a just and impartial ruler, he sought anodyne in designing other marvels of building, and drowned his passion, or buried it alive, in the arms of other women. But none of them all ever won his heart. They but ministered to his physical need, were opiate to his one great passion, and, as it were, stimulated his desire for artistic expression. In particular there was one among them named the Pearl-Lily who was so like in face and form to her over whom he was erecting the world wonder at Agra that his imagination could play with him when he was with her, and cheat him, though knowing that this was only a conjuring trick of his senses, into the make-believe that his widowered life was only a dream. It was in her name and through her inspiration that he designed the Dewan-i-Khas, or hall of private audience, in the palace at Delhi.

This year he lingered late at Delhi before going up to the coolness of his pavilion in Kashmir in order to see the completion of the work, and thus it was on no cool winter day that he first beheld it, but on a noon of summer, when all the land lay scorched and reverberating with waiting for the long-delayed monsoon to break, and the liquid channels that flowed through the palace scarcely recovered their coolness at night from treading all day their burning march through the open courts. He had given audience, as was his wont, that morning, despite the devilish and intemperate weather in the Dewan-i-am, and the fierceness of the heat that streamed through the arches to where he sat high and secluded on the throne of his majesty made him impatient for the string of suppliants and misdoers to be ended. Of marble from Jeypore was the throne built, and the great artificer, Austin de Bordeaux, who had traveled from Italy to work for him, had there expended the utmost of his skill in the presentation of strange birds and panels of jeweled flowers, using for pigment imperishable stones of price, agate and carnelian, and lapis lazuli and jasper. But the emperor's power of moderation in punishment and of impartiality in judgment had this morning been sorely taxed, for even as he took his seat word had been brought him from Austin de Bordeaux that with his imperial permission the Dewan-i-Khas was finished, and its artificer suppliantly begged for the great glory of his presence there. It was all unworthy, and unworthiest of all was the peacock throne, since it was there that the shadow of God would rest in very person; but the seas were empty of pearls, and Golconda was bereft of her buried lights, and the world could do no more but make humble offering of its best. Yet since the shadow of God had graciously indicated his divine commands, and since those commands had been obeyed with all the zeal and skill of his devoted slaves—Shah Jehan read no more. The Dewan-i-Khas was finished, but autocrat as he was, he obeyed his own laws, which enjoined on him to do the duty of a king each day before he indulged the artist.

Interminable this morning seemed the stream of suppliants and criminals; but though burning to be gone, he gave to each the due reward or punishment of his doings or misdeeds. A meritorious fellow had fashioned at his bidding a curious golden hawk that sat on his wrist when he was so minded, and though to-day it sat there and seemed of little account, he remembered that he had been pleased with the chiseling of its golden beak and the deft setting of its ruby eyes when first he saw it, and he awarded to its maker ten times the value of the gold and jewels he

had used in its manufacture. To others he denied compensation for loss they had incurred in his service,—there was an eyeless warrior, there was one who in his work as royal fisherman in the Jumna had lost an arm to a hungry crocodile,—for others he decreed death by the trampling of an elephant; and as the hours went on, their complaints and supplications and atonements lost all significance to him, since the Dewan-i-Khas was completed. It was as though a cloud of mosquitos came singly before him, trumpeting in turn their insect-like affairs. Yet none of his lords and counselors, or the scribes who recorded his awards and punishments, guessed until the last tale was heard that the emperor had burned inwardly with a devouring desire to be finished with all his kingship, and to judge no longer of doings and misdoings, but to see the peacock throne set in the hall of private audience.

Then in haste he rose, not waiting for the customary prostrations of his lords and counselors, and on foot he set forth across the sun-baked space which divided his public judgment-hall from the place of private audience. His servants, the litter-bearers, the bearer of his peacock fan, the bearer of his fly-whisk, his minstrels and beaters of drums, his trumpeters, his scepter-bearers, and the bearers of his pearl-sown sandals, his sherbet-mixer, his dwarfs, his clowns, his favorite boys, his recorders of private speech, who waited outside to escort him, beheld him coming swiftly out of the hall of public audience alone, and wondered. He stayed not for his litter, with its cloth of gold; he waved the fan-bearers aside; the sherbet-mixer stood with astonished spoon aloft; the trumpeters puffed out their cheeks to blow the royal fanfare; the drummers paused with uplifted sticks that should have sounded the royal tattoo; on the lips of his clown the jests froze; and the dwarfs with their ludicrous strut remained leg in air, for Shah Jehan hurried past them all unheeding. With turban awry, and dropping a jeweled slipper by the way, he passed swiftly into the empty and finished hall, where the peacock throne gleamed in the veiled light that filtered through marble screen and golden embroideries, none following him; for it was to be seen by a blind man that Shah Jehan hastened to be alone. The sweat poured from his forehead, his unslippered foot was soiled with unwonted, but honored, dust, and he seated himself on that marvelous throne, and drank of the coolness and the wonder of all that he had ordained.

For near an hour he sat there alone, and marveled at the beauty of the hall he had imagined, and the skill and fidelity with which Austin de Bordeaux had executed his dream of flowers. All of the finest marble from Jeypore was the hall, and round the central space ran two rows of pillars, some built strong and four-square, like the bodies of men at arms, but the rest were slim, like the women of his zenana, and delicately tall. And on every pillar from pavement even to ceiling bloomed flowers of jewel and gold: here was impaneled in square garden-bed of marble the Orient poppy, whose petals were of carnelian, and its toothed leaves of green jasper; here was the secret Istad flower, to smell at which closes a man's eyes, and makes him dream of his heart's desire. But most abundantly did the lily flower there in chalcedony and beryl and chrysoprase; there were pale lilies of agate also, and red lilies of carnelian, lilies of the crown imperial, and lilies that hide in the long grasses by the waters of Kashmir; but the most of them were white, for when Shah Jehan dreamed this dream of marble, it was in the arms of the Pearl-Lily of his zenana that he saw the visions that were to-day made real around him, and it was the Pearl-Lily who had inspired him—she and the slimness of her white arms and the ivory of her neck. And the ceiling above the central place was like the setting of the winter sun, all enameled with gold and scarlet; and it was fretted and celled like the work of curious bees that build in marble, and round the outer edge of it ran a pool-edge of lotus flowers. But the ceiling between the lines of columns was covered with plates of silver so chased and chiseled that they caught the lights from the silken rugs that strewed the floor and from the gardens of jeweled flowers, and burned with veiled flames and borrowed hues. On three sides, to north and west and south, the hall was open to the breeze, but on the east thin slabs of marble let in a little light, as though the sun shone through the depths of golden waters. And right

through the hall ran a broad marble conduit, closed over with marble pavement in the central space, so that the ambassadors and lords to whom he gave audience there should have access to the throne; but it was open on each side, where it flowed through the grove of columns, and down it ran a clear, cool river, making a liquid murmur, and refreshing the heart of the weary air.

But the greatest marvel of all was the peacock throne, a ransom for a hundred kings, on which Shah Jehan reclined himself. Of pure gold was the framework of it, and the arms and the back of it were of solid gold, and of gold were the legs of it, and it was all covered, on back, legs, and arms alike, with great pearls for which Shah Jehan had stormed and sacked the seas. On the arms and on the legs were stars of rubies and diamonds, and on the back the diamonds and rubies were as the stars of heaven set in a gray, shining sky of pearls. There, too, on the back, one at each corner, sat the two peacocks, with tails unfurled, and the eyes therein were of great sapphires, ringed round with emeralds, and in the center of each eye was a diamond of great size and light. Never yet were seen fowls so strange and shining. And between the peacocks there sat a green parrot as large as in life, all carven out of one great emerald, the like of which no miner had ever yet found, nor will find until all the treasures of the world are garnered. As Shah Jehan turned and beheld these winged jewels, he laughed aloud from joy at his own magnificence, and from behind the screen of the zenana, the Pearl-Lily, who watched there, was uplifted in heart, and said to herself, "My lord is pleased with the awakened vision of the dream that he dreamed in my arms." And as Shah Jehan laughed, he bethought himself also of the Pearl-Lily and the white, soft source of his dream, and he clapped his hands three times, and bade that she should visit him.

Out from the zenana she came, cool and fragrant, and when he looked on her, it seemed that his dream was not so fair as she who had inspired it. Black as night was the wilderness of her hair, and pale as the moon shone out the perfect face in the night of her tresses. Black as night, too, were her eyes—black and soft as the nights of spring when the trees put forth their leaves, and the buds grow fat on their stems; and the lashes that shaded them were like soft brushes of silk that swept her cheek. Her mouth was as a split pomegranate, and her teeth were white like pealed almonds; they were whiter than the milk of young camels. Slim was her form, and her breasts were as the swell of gentle waves on a sleeping sea, and her throat was as the stem of a young palm. Rosy as dawn were her feet, and the nails, unstained by the disfigurement of henna, were like moonstones and polished jade.

And when they were alone, he said, "Look on my dream which I dreamed in your arms."

She was filled with amazement as she beheld the jeweled flowers, and the sunset of the ceiling, and most of all when she looked on the throne.

"So my lord's dream is made real," she said; "and, oh, but it is a fair dream! There are poppies that make my eyelids heavy to look upon, and Istad flowers that fill my soul with desire, and lilies of which the scent is sweet in my nostrils. Only not yet is the throne where my lord sits worthy of my lord."

Again he looked at her, and she was fairer than all in his eyes.

"I dreamed the dream," he said, "and the jewels and the marbles under the saws and wheels of the artificers have made it real. But it was thou, Pearl-Lily of all the gardens, who inspired the dream, and the jewels and the gold are but as the slaves and the eunuchs that attend thee. But with thee beside me, if there be paradise on earth, it is here, it is here, it is here."

And again he clapped his hands, and commanded that it should be written in black marble on the corner of the court, even as he had said.

So there to-day, on the corners of the hall of private audience, is written in black marble the word of Shah Jehan, "If there be paradise on earth, it is here, it is here, it is here."

THE SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin, Author of "Changing America," "The Changing Chinese," etc.

ALTHOUGH Leif Ericson discovered America in the year 1000 A.D., his countrymen made no serious use of his find until the latter part of the nineteenth century. It is only sixty-four years since the memorable visit of "the Swedish Nightingale," Jenny Lind, opened our eyes to the existence of the Northern peoples. In fact, the few thousands that about this time began to filter in were first known as "Jenny Lind men." Now there are among us a million and a quarter born in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and, counting those among us of Scandinavian parentage and grandparentage, it is safe to say that a quarter of all this blood in the world is west of the Atlantic.

In 1874 the Icelanders celebrated the millennial anniversary of the settlement of Iceland, and only last year certain of our fellow-citizens were commemorating the millennial anniversary of the cession of Normandy to Rollo the Dane. In all the thousand years since these colonizations, there has been no diffusion of Gothic blood to compare with the settlement in this country of nearly two million Scandinavian immigrants. Sweden has sent the most, but Norway has contributed a larger proportion of her people than any other country save Ireland. There are certainly half as many of Norse blood here as there are in the fatherland, and they own six times as much farming land. A Norwegian economist estimates that the property owned by his compatriots in this country corresponds in value to the entire national economy of Norway.

The crest of the Scandinavian wave passed thirty years ago. The current runs still, but it is a flow of job-seekers rather than of home-seekers. America is no longer so attractive to the land-hungry; besides, their home conditions have greatly improved. By their wonderful development of rural coöperation, the Danes have made themselves the most envied of European peasant farmers. By harnessing their waterfalls, the Norwegians have gained a basis for new industries. The Swedes have drawn the power of half a million horses from their streams, and their multiplying factories take on about ten thousand new hands every year.

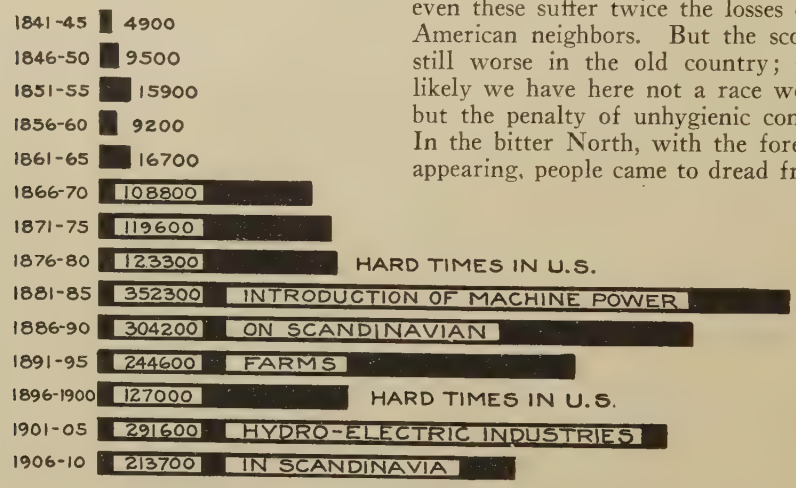
DISTRIBUTION OF SCANDINAVIAN BLOOD

THE old Northwest, stretching from Detroit to Omaha, and thence north to the boundary, has been the Scandinavian's "land of Goshen." Here is the "New Sweden" that Gustavus Adolphus dreamed of when he planned a Swedish colony on the Delaware. In 1850, when there were only thirteen thousand of her race in this region, Frederika Bremer wrote from St. Paul with the vision of a Cumæan sibyl:

> What a glorious new Scandinavia might not Minnesota become! Here would the Swede find again his clear, romantic lakes, the plains of Scania rich in corn, and the valleys of Norrland; here would the Norwegian find his rapid rivers, his lofty mountains, for I would include the Rocky Mountains and Oregon in the new kingdom; and both nations their hunting-fields and their fisheries. The Danes might here pasture their flocks and herds and lay out their farms on less misty coasts than those of Denmark. . . . The climate, the situation, the character of the scenery agree with our people better than that of any other of the American States.

It is a striking fulfilment of her prophecy that to-day a fifth of the Scandinavian blood in the world is in this very region. Fifty years ago Wisconsin led, with its great Norwegian contingent; then Minnesota passed her, and later Illinois, with Chicago as the lodestone. To-day two fifths of the people of Minnesota are of Scandinavian strain. Northern Iowa has a strong infusion of the blood, while the

Dakotas are deeply tinged. In 1870 four fifths of all our Scandinavians were in this region. The proportion fell slowly to three fourths in 1880, five sevenths in 1890, two thirds in 1900, and three fifths in 1910. Of late many have dropped into the ranks of clanging industrialism between Pawtucket and Pittsburgh, while the current of home-seekers into the new Northwest has given Washington and Oregon as many Scandinavians as there are in the Dakotas.



IMMIGRATION FROM SCANDINAVIA BY FIVE-YEAR PERIODS—1841–1910

SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS

Like the immigrants from Great Britain, the Scandinavians came with a male preponderance of about three fifths. About a quarter of them were servants at home, a third were common laborers, and a sixth were skilled laborers. They have brought far less skill than the British, and distinctly less than the Germans and the Bohemians.

In point of *literacy* they lead the world. One finds an illiterate among every twenty German immigrants of more than fourteen years of age. Of immigrants from other nations, one may find an illiterate among every twenty-three Dutch, thirty-eight Irish, fifty-two Welsh, fifty-nine Bohemians, seventy-seven Finnish, one hundred English, and one hundred and forty-three Scottish; but the proportion among those who come from Scandinavia is *one in two hundred and fifty*. What a contrast between these and the Lithuanians and southern Italians, half of whom are unable to read any language!

It is perhaps the strain of melancholy lurking in Northern blood that gives our Scandinavians a tendency toward insanity slightly in excess of the foreign-born as a whole, and decidedly greater than that of Americans. In susceptibility to tuberculosis they make a worse showing than any others among our foreign-born save the Irish. They die of it oftener than do their children born in this country, but even these suffer twice the losses of their American neighbors. But the scourge is still worse in the old country; so very likely we have here not a race weakness, but the penalty of unhygienic conditions. In the bitter North, with the forests disappearing, people came to dread fresh air, and the trouble began as soon as the open hearth gave way to the tight stove.

In our Northwest many Scandinavians board up or nail down their windows for the winter, and in such homes one appreciates the *mot* evoked by the query, "Why is the country air so pure?" The answer is, "Because the farmers keep all the bad air shut up in their houses." The second generation are taking to ventilation, and in their children very likely the hyperboreans' horror of fresh air will have wholly disappeared, and with it their special susceptibility to the white plague.

The study of several thousand mixed marriages in Minneapolis has led Professor Albert Jenks of the University of Minnesota to this conclusion: "The Irish blood tends to increase fecundity, and the Scandinavian blood tends to decrease fecundity, of other peoples in amalgamation." Is this contrast due to the Scandinavians being so fore-looking, whereas the

Irish give little heed to the future; to the fact that the Scandinavians are the purest Protestants, while "the Irish are the purest Roman Catholics"; or to the coming together in the Scandinavians of prudence and Protestantism with a high status of women? At any rate, such caution in family is startling when one recalls that old Scandinavia was the mother hive of the swarms of barbarians that kept southern Europeans in dread a thousand years, or notes what William Penn found among the Swedes on the Delaware two hundred and thirty years ago: "They have fine children and almost every house full; rare to find one of them without three or four boys and as many girls; some six, seven, or eight sons."

The primitive man commits crime from passion; the developed man commits more of his crimes from cupidity. Proverbially honest, the Scandinavian is less prone than the American to seek his living by crookedness. The gamut of exploit that reaches from the *Artful Dodger* to *Colonel Sellers* is alien to him. Nor is he subject to the wild impulses that often crop out in the Italian or the Slav. Much of his crime springs from disorderly conduct, and drink must bear most of the blame, for on the Scandinavian nature liquor has a disastrous effect.

ALCOHOLISM AMONG THE SCANDINAVIANS

Pytheas of Marseilles, the explorer who about the time of Alexander the Great gave the world its first news of Norway, said that the people of Thule made from honey "a very pleasant drink." This beverage could hardly have touched the right spot, for when the product of the still reached the Thulites they fell upon it with the joyous abandon of the inexperienced. A century ago Scandinavia was the home of hard drinkers. Even yet, in our cities, the "toughest" saloons are kept by old-time Norsemen, who left the fatherland before it began to dry out. One hears a proverb which runs, "What won't the German do for money and the Swede for whisky!" As charity seekers and hospital patients, our Scandinavians are not so alcoholic as the British, but more so than the Teutons. More and more, however, they come to us temperate, and strong believers in sumptuary legislation; for within a generation Scandinavia has become the Sahara whence issue the desiccating simoons—Gothenburg system, *samlag* system, etc.,—which have taken much "wet" territory off the map.

FAVORITE OCCUPATIONS

Rugged Norway freezes into the souls of her sons a sense of the preciousness of level, fertile land, and there are no great cities to infect the imagination of her country dwellers. What wonder, then, that in 1900 nearly four fifths of our Norwegians were outside the cities, most of them sticking to the soil like limpets to a rock? In 1900 half of them were tillers, and sixty-three per cent. of their grown sons. For the rest, they are to be found in the forecastles of the great lakes, in the copper and iron mines of upper Michigan, in the coal-mines of Iowa, in Northern lumber-camps, where they wield another pattern of ax than did their forebears, who, eight centuries ago, were known as "ax-bearers" in the Eastern emperor's body-guard. They work in the building trades, on the railroads, in the flour-mills of the wheat centers, and in the furniture-mills, the plow-wagon-and-implement factories of the hard-wood belt. From his vast new circle of opportunities, the Norwegian immigrant chooses those that enable him to continue his life at home. He insists on getting his living in connection with soil, water, and wood. In the East he shuns mill drudgery, but shines as a builder. A fourth part of the Norwegian wage-earners in New York are carpenters, while none are on the farms. In Iowa two thirds are on the farms, and only seven per cent. are in the building trades.

Through the occupational choices of our Danes, one can obtain a glimpse of the lush meadows of Jutland. Forty per cent. of them are on the farm, ten per cent. are laborers, and four per cent. are carpenters. In butter-making and dairying they are six times as numerous as in the general work of the country; in cabinet-making and before the mast they are three and one half times as strong. As stock-raisers and drovers, the second generation are five and one half times as strong as they are in other lines.

Coming from an industrial country, the Swedes bring skill, and show no marked bent for agriculture. Only thirty per cent. of them are at the plow-tail; of their sons forty-three per cent. The rest will be carpenters, miners, and quarrymen, railroad employees, machinists, iron- and steel-workers, tailors, and teamsters. Although they form only an eightieth of the army of bread-winners, one out of twelve iron-workers, one out of fourteen cabinet-makers, one out of twenty-one boatmen and sailors, and one out of twenty-five tailors is a Swede. The Swedish aristocratic view of callings is perhaps responsible for the fact that the immigrants' sons are three times as successful in getting "white-handed" jobs as the immigrants, and are much keener for such work than the sons of our Norwegians.

A like difference is visible in the choices of the daughters. Between the first generation and the second the proportion in the "ladylike" jobs increases from 3 per cent. to 13.5 per cent. among the Swedes; from 4.2 per cent. to 9.8 per cent. among the Norwegians. While the proportion of servants and waitresses falls from 61.5 per cent. to 44.5 per cent. among the Swedes, it actually rises from 46 per cent. to 48 per cent. among the Norwegians. Among the former there is a more eager flight from kitchen to factory. On the other hand, the affinity of a democratic people for education reveals itself in the fact that in both generations the Norwegian women are decidedly more likely to be teachers than the Swedish women.

ASSIMILATION WITH FOREIGN PEOPLES

It may be true that "every Sunday Norwegian is preached in more churches in America than in Norway," still, no immigrants of foreign speech assimilate so quickly as the Scandinavians. They never pullulate in slums or stagnate in solid rural settlements. Of 10,200 families that have been studied in seven of our great cities, it was found that the 148 Swedish families had the most dwellings of five and six rooms, the largest incomes, the best housekeeping, the best command of English, and the highest proportion of voters among the men. The Scandinavians have not braced themselves against assimilation, as have the Germans, with their *Deutschtum*. Not being beer-bibbers, and warned by their desperate home struggle, they will not stand with the Teutons for "personal liberty" on the question of drink. The anti-liquor sentiment is very strong among them, and in the Minnesota legislature nearly all the support for county option is Scandinavian. Politically, the Norwegians are more active than the Swedes, and they have been insurgent ever since they formed in the Northwest the backbone of so American a movement as Populism.

Among the Scandinavians the spirit of self-improvement is very strong. No other foreign-born people respond so eagerly to night-school opportunities. Farmers' institutes command better attendance and attention where they abound than in straight-American neighborhoods. On a holiday celebration the address attracts more Scandinavians, the ball-game or the fireworks, more natives. As patient listeners, they match our Puritan forefathers. No other people take more pride in giving their children a chance. In the words of a Minnesota schoolman, "They are the best people in the State to appreciate education and to want it improved." Unlike the Germans, they have left no mark on American culture. Our ideas and institutions have not been changed by their coming. What they have done is to quicken our interest in the literature of the North, and to gain it academic recognition. A department of Scandinavian is found not only in Harvard and Yale, but also in a dozen universities all the way from Chicago to Seattle. Even the high schools in Minneapolis and elsewhere find place for Scandinavian.

REACTION TO AMERICA

The commonplace Knud or Swen brings us a mind pinched by the petty parochialism of little countries on the world's by-ways. Coming from some valley-closet in a mountainous country, only three per cent. of which is fit for the plow, the Norse immigrant is here spiritually enlarged, like the native of a box-cañon let out into a plain, or the cove-dweller who comes to live by the open sea. In a log hut by a lonely fiord in Trondhjem, or on a dreary moor in Finmark, the story of

a Norse peasant lad rising to be governor or senator in this country thrills as did, near a thousand years ago, the romantic tale of some Varangian back from service in the emperor's guard at Constantinople.

In the home-land, a distinguished Norwegian-American, Dr. Wergeland, finds:

> Such an oppressive spiritual atmosphere of narrow-minded intolerance, of unloving readiness to raise tea-cup storms, of insolence, private and political, of clerical and æsthetic arrogance, that the Norseman, though scarcely knowing why, longs to get away from it all and to breathe a fresher, sweeter air. No wonder the people emigrate. There is a peculiar hardness and inflexibility in the Norseman's nature, and the mild virtues of forbearance grow but sparsely in his surroundings. This is perhaps the reason why the Norse immigrant brings to his new homestead for the first four or five years nothing but an open mouth and a silent tongue—speechless astonishment. And this is the reason that to come back to Norway, after spending some years abroad, is so often like coming from open fields into narrow alleys.

In this strain writes a North Dakota pioneer:

> What of change the new-comer notices in us American Norsemen is good manners; the respect shown to women; the small class distinctions between rich and poor, high and low; and, finally, the quickness and practical insight into work and business.

Another pioneer, after revisiting Norway, writes:

> I was often surprised to find that persons who had never seen me before took me at once for an American. It seems that even the expression of one's face is greatly changed here. During this visit I discovered that my mode of thinking and my spiritual life had changed so much during my thirteen years in America that I did not feel quite at home with my childhood friends. . . . The Norwegian who has lived a while in America is more civilized than if he had not been here. He has seen more, experienced more, thought more, and all this has opened his eyes and broadened his view. He is more wide-awake, lives a richer life, and is in a closer correspondence with his surroundings. His sympathies are widened, and he takes more interest in what is going on in the world.

CONTRASTS AMONG SCANDINAVIANS

It will not do to shuffle all our Scandinavians into one pack. The Danes are courteous and pleasure-loving, though moody, and they run to moderation in virtues as in vices. The Swedes bear the impress of a society that has long known aristocracy, refinement, and industrialism. They are more polished of manner than the Norwegians, although the humble betray a servility which grates upon Americans. Many show a sociability and a love of pleasure worthy of "the French of the North." They bring, too, a love of letters, and I am told that most of the servant-girls write verse. The editor of a Swedish weekly receives very well written poems and contributions from his readers. Learning stands high with the Swedes, and since John Ericsson they have sent us many fine technical men. Only lately their great chemist Arrhenius hazarded the prediction that, owing to the tendency of American men of ability to go into business, our university chairs will some day be filled principally with scholars of German and Scandinavian blood.

The Swede is more melancholy than the Norseman, and his letters to friends in the old country are full of the expression of feeling. He has the temperament for pietism, which has always been marked among the Swedish-Americans because they have been dissenters rather than adherents of the state church. Formerly the Swedes came from the country, and were conservative; but of late they have been coming from the cities, and are of a radical and even socialistic spirit.

The Norwegian bears the stamp of a more primitive life. Squeezed into the few roods betwixt mountain and fiord, he has eked out the scanty yield of his farm by grazing the high glacier-fed meadows and gleaning the spoil of the sea. The need which ten centuries ago drove the Vikings to harry Europe, to-day forces their descendants into all the navies of the world. Granite and frost have made the Norse immigrant rough-mannered, reserved, and undemonstrative, cautious in

speech, austere in church life, and little given to recreation. German *Gemüthlichkeit* is not in him, nor has he the Irishman's sociability. Often he is as taciturn as an Indian, and the lonely farm-houses on the prairie, where not a needless word is uttered the livelong day, contribute many young people to the city maëlstrom.

The Norwegian immigrant has the many virtues of a people that has never known the steam-roller of feudalism, of peasants who held their farms under an *odel* tenure, and could order the king himself off their land. He has more pride of nationality than the Swede, gets into our politics sooner, and is more aggressive in improving his opportunities. He has the name of being truer to his friends and to his word. Firms declare that they lose less by his bad debts. "The Swede," remarks an educator, "will show the white feather and desert you in a pinch; but not the Norwegian." A mine "boss" thinks he can distinguish Scandinavians by type. "The smooth, white-haired fellows," he says, "have a yellow streak in them; but the dark, or sandy-haired fellows, with a rough skin and rugged features, are reliable." In the Northwest, the nickname "Norsky" is more apt to be used in a good-natured way than the term "Swede."

INTELLECTUAL ABILITY

Since our editors and public men tender each nationality of immigrants—as soon as they have money and votes—nothing but lollipops of compliment, one is loth to proffer the pungent olive of truth. But it is a fact that many who have to do with the Americans of Scandinavian parentage question whether marked ability so often presents itself among them as among certain other strains. The weight of testimony indicates that resourcefulness and intellectual initiative are rarer among them than among those of German descent. Teachers find their children "rather slow," although few fall behind. Scandinavian students do well, but they are "plodders." They beat the Irish in close application, but less often are they called "brilliant."

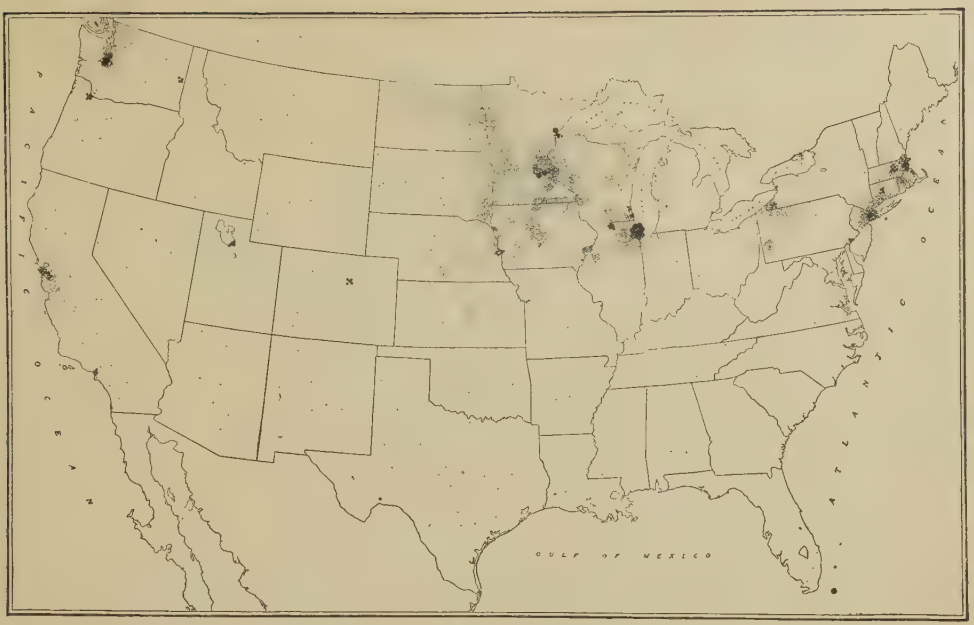
Of 19,000 Americans recognized in "Who 's Who in America," 332 were born in Germany, 151 in Ireland, 68 in France, 54 in Sweden, 42 in Russia, 41 in the Netherlands, 34 in Switzerland, 33 in Austria, 30 in Norway, 28 in Italy, and 14 in Denmark. The Scandinavians have reached prominence far less often than the French, Dutch, and Swiss Americans, and not so often even as the Germans. To the first thousand men of science in America, our Swedish fellow-citizens contribute at the rate of 5.2 per million as against 1.8 for the Irish, 7.1 for the Germans, 7.4 for those born in Russia, and 10.4 for those born in Austria-Hungary.

It is a fair question, then, whether our Scandinavians represent the flower of their people as well as the root and stalk. No doubt in venturesomeness they surpass those in like circumstances who stayed at home. No doubt they brought in full measure the forceful character of the race; but, thanks to our bland, syrupy way of appraising the naturalized foreign-born, the question of comparative brain power never comes up.

Now, oppression or persecution had very little to do with the outflow from Scandinavia. The immigrants came for a better living, for, in the main, they have been servants and common laborers, with a sprinkling of small farmers and a fair contingent of craftsmen. We have had very few representatives of the classes enjoying access to higher education, business, the professions, and the public service. Having fair prospects at home, the more capable families very likely contributed fewer emigrants than the rest. A professor of Swedish parentage tells me he has noticed that the successful Swedes he meets traveling in this country are wholly different in physiognomy from the immigrants. The faces here strike him as duller and less regular than the faces of people in Sweden. Other Swedish-Americans, however, contend that formerly caste barriers in the fatherland so blocked the rise of gifted commoners that the immigrant stream is as rich in natural ability as is the Swedish people at home. Rugged Norway has less to hold at home the more capable stocks; but still one meets with candid Norwegian-Americans who think our million of Norse blood represent the brawn of their folk rather than the brain.

MENTAL AND PHYSICAL TRAITS

Norse mythology is to Celtic mythology what a Yukon forest is to an Amazonian jungle. In the sagas of Iceland the fancy



MAP SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF SCANDINAVIANS AND NATIVES OF SCANDINAVIAN PARENTAGE IN THE UNITED STATES

· dot of this size represents 200 persons • dot of this size represents 2000 persons • dot of this size represents 20,000 persons

never runs riot as it does in the legends of Connemara or of Brittany. It is not surprising, then, that our Scandinavians are not distinguished for visual imagination. Professors notice that the lads of this breed are slow to grasp the principle of the machinery about the college of agriculture, and need a diagram to supplement oral description of a ventilating system. To them even a drawing is a maze of lines rather than a picture. A physical director working among Scandinavians labored in vain to get his trustees to imagine from the blue-prints how the new gymnasium would look. Not until the scaffolding was down were his gymnasts satisfied that there would be "room to do the giant swing." His boy scouts had no faith in a selected camp-site till the brush was actually cleared from it. They lacked "the mind's eye."

"It is not enough," remarks a settlement head, "to show rich Nils or Lars 'how the other half lives'; you 've got to clinch your appeal by showing him how the other half *ought* to live." Says a social worker, "I picture to the poor Slovak an eight-room, steam-heated house as a goal, and he will work for it; but the poor Swede can't imagine such a house as his own, so I have to talk to him of the *four-room* house he will one day possess."

It is said that, as merchant, the Scandinavian puts little visualizing into his advertisements, and is slow to catch the vision of a community prosperity through team-work. As business man, he is a "stand-patter," able to run a going concern, but without the American's power to anticipate developments and to plant a business where none exists. As farmer, he is not so far-sighted as the German. He will burn off the growth on his cut-over land till the humus has been consumed, or wear out his fields with some profitable, but exhausting, crop, like tobacco. As investor, he is the opposite of the imaginative, speculative American, for large, remote profits do not appeal to him. As labor leader, he lacks vision and idealism. On the stump he does not address the imagination as does the Hibernian spellbinder. As advocate, he makes a hard-headed plea without sentiment, and as after-dinner speaker he lacks in wit and fancy.

So little sociable are the Scandinavians that it is said "ice-water runs in their

veins." Even liquor will not start the current of fraternal feeling. They care little for the social side of their labor-unions, and neglect the regular meetings. They do not warm up to an employer who treats them "right." Without the happy art of mixing and fraternizing, these sons of the North do not shine as bar-tenders, salesmen, canvassers, commercial travelers, or life-insurance solicitors. As street-car conductors in Minneapolis they are said to be less helpful and polite than the American or the Irish conductors of St. Paul. Teachers of this blood do not easily attach their pupils to them; while the children, instead of being inspired by an audience, as are the Irish, become tongue-tied. Often one hears a teacher lament, "I can't get anything *out* of them."

There is sweetness in the Scandinavian nature, but you reach it deep down past flint. The late Governor Johnson of Minnesota drew people because he had imagination and tenderness—traits none too common among his people. They are undemonstrative in the family, and it is not surprising that their youth on the farms are restless from heart-hunger. Besides, there is dearth of recreation. The Norwegian has his violin, but the Swedish folk-dances we hear so much about were not brought in by the immigrants. They lack the German *Männerchor, Turnverein,* and *Schuetzenfest.* It is unusual to find them organizing athletic sports. Their social gatherings center in the church, which of course acts as a damper on the spirits of the young. They love fun, to be sure, but have not the knack of making it. Shut up within themselves, hard to reach, slow to kindle, and dominated by an austere hell-fire theology, they are too often the prey of somber moods and victims of suicide and insanity.

An experienced social worker finds selfishness the besetting sin of the Scandinavians he deals with. If a settlement class gets a room or a camp, they object to any others using it. In any undertaking they have in common with other nationalities they try to get the best for themselves. They withhold aid from the distressed of another nationality, while the Irish will respond generously to the same appeal. A labor leader notices that the Scandinavian working-men are "hard givers."

On the other hand, an observer remarks: "For a suffering *person,* circulate your subscription paper among the Irish; for a good *cause,* circulate it among the Scandinavians." In other words, the goodness of these people is from the head rather than from the heart. "If I can get him to see it as his *duty,*" testifies a charity worker, "the Scandinavian will go almost any length." Credit men rank them with the Germans as the surest pay. Insurance agents say no other people are so faithful in paying their premiums "on the nail." If there is a suspicious fire in a store, the owner's name never ends in "son." In Minnesota there are more co-operative stores, creameries, and elevators in the Scandinavian communities than in the American.

The Norwegians have been virile politically, and their politics has reflected moral ideas. They look upon public office as a trust, not a means of livelihood. In the days of Populism they were more open-minded than the Americans. In Wisconsin they have furnished a stanch support for the constructive policies which have drawn upon that State national attention. In the critical divisions in the Minnesota legislature all but one or two of the Scandinavian members are found on the "right side." The "interests" have the Germans,—brewing being an "interest,"—the Irish, and many Americans.

THE TARIFF OUT OF POLITICS

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

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THE new tariff law of the United States is an attempt to express in figures and fixed terms the more or less vaguely understood wishes of a great majority of the American people. How nearly the attempt has been successful it will be possible to tell later in more accurate measure, but that the signing of this bill by President Wilson took the tariff out of politics, or, in other words, accomplished what has heretofore been held to be impossible, is unquestionable. The tariff is no longer a "local issue." If the Republican, Progressive, or any other political party succeeds the Democrats as a result of the next national election, no serious attempt will be made by the incomers to restore the higher tariff schedules of recent years, and no party would now dare conduct a campaign with a promise of generally higher import duties as its principal claim upon the vote.

Great national changes in social, political, or economic policy are born "beneath the threshold of public consciousness." These issues are not created by any party, nor do they originate in the teachings of any one man. Statesmen are those who with exceptional vision and power of expression give voice to the wishes and needs of a generally inarticulate public. The Republican party remained in power for many years, so long, in fact, that it achieved a blind faith in the power and righteousness of the party cause. For years public opinion in favor of a revision of the tariff, increased trade facilities with foreign peoples, and less protection for pampered industries, has been growing apace. Ten years ago a census of 2000 newspapers in the United States showed that all those with Democratic proclivities and two thirds of those professing Republicanism were in favor of tariff revision and reciprocity. The Republican party-leaders, drawing their support as they did from the highly protected industries, and unwilling to enter boldly in upon new fields of political progress, clung to a high tariff as the one policy which would save the party, and incidentally the country, from disaster. They persistently kept a blind eye toward numerous danger-signals, and turned a deaf ear to demands from the people for a more intelligently adjusted fiscal system.

There was, however, one distinguished prophet among them, and, strange to say, it was the man whose name above all is held to be synonymous with extreme protection. An intimate personal friend of President McKinley was with him at his home in Canton, Ohio, when the President was preparing the now famous reciprocity speech he made later at Buffalo. Tariff matters were under discussion, and the friend, himself heavily interested in a certain industry, asked the President why he had permitted so high a tariff to be maintained upon his particular line of manufactured goods, at the same time stating his belief that it might lead to capitalization of earnings rather than assets, which in his opinion would be dangerous.

President McKinley's answer was, "For the best of reasons—to have my bill passed," and then explained further, saying that he had felt it would be better to accept compromises, and have the bill speedily enacted into law, rather than jeopardize it by antagonizing powerful interests, inasmuch as he had plans later on for reducing the schedules which were placed too high and for making reciprocity agreements with foreign nations, which would soon be necessary. President McKinley also remarked that his position as President had enabled him to widen his horizon; that his policy had been successful in holding the home markets for home manufacturers, and that it was now his hope that America would reach out for foreign markets as never before. He believed that, with American resources and initiative, American manufacturers would

be able to compete with the European manufacturers in their own markets. There is no doubt that in the course of his residence in the White House President McKinley evolved a fairly definite plan for future tariff revision and reciprocity that would in time have led to many changes in the tariff law as it then stood, and would have opened the way to greater freedom in foreign trade.

PRESIDENT MC KINLEY'S ATHWARTED PURPOSES

After his plans were fairly well developed in his own mind, he prepared himself to deliver a series of speeches which would convey to the American people his ideas as to what should be done. The occasion of the Pan-American Exposition was chosen as a fitting setting for the first speech, one dealing with the need for greater markets for American manufactured goods. This speech was delivered, but it was to be the last as well as the first, for the President there met his tragic end. Those who were in his confidence at that time are aware of the plan he had in mind for a campaign for tariff revision and reciprocity on broad lines. It is profitless, though interesting, to speculate upon what effect such action would have had on the fortunes of the Republican party had their leader and tariff expert lived to impress his views upon Congress. In the light of a careful analysis of the results of the last national election it is difficult not to believe that the party would have escaped disruption and defeat had it profited by the wisdom of its former leader. It may be, however, that such revision as the tariff law would have received at the "hands of its friends" would not have been sufficiently drastic to accomplish the great and unexpected result of taking the whole question out of politics, as has been done by a bewildered and astonished group of men, acting almost unwittingly as an instrument of the will of a non-partizan electorate demanding a reduction of the tariff and a curtailment of special privilege, but with the vaguest ideas as to how it was to be done and as to what the ultimate result would be.

The Democratic party was most certainly not given power in Washington with any idea in the mind of the voters that the tariff was thereby to be taken out of politics. No member of Congress, no executive officer of the Government, not even President Wilson himself, from the beginning of the campaign of 1912 to the present day of the operative law, has suggested this apparent miracle as about to take place. For many years academics, political purists, economists, and non-partizan business men have upheld the desirability of putting customs legislation on a non-political basis, and of making changes therein only as demanded by the interests of public policy. Committees, commissions, and boards of various kinds have been appointed, and legislated in and out of office, in the attempt to hasten this end, but without practical results. For as many years so-called practical politicians have argued that such a thing was impossible, for the reason that so long as men were elected by local constituencies, each with their particular industries to be favored and taken care of in every way possible, no candidate could successfully evade his responsibility to those industries, which apparently insured his majority at the polls. It is an accomplished fact, however, and those who in the future do more than criticize particular details of the law are wasting their time over a dead issue.

This is not to say that the present law is perfect,—far from it,—but its crudities, contradictions, injustices, and mistakes will be corrected in the future in detail as they make themselves compellingly apparent. This will be accomplished through that process, anathema to the old-fashioned high-tariff politician, known as "tariff tinkering." The present law needs a lot of intelligent tinkering, as would any measure of such wide scope and vital importance enacted in a single session of Congress by men whose knowledge of the subject is not all that might be desired. It was probably the only way such a radical move could have been brought about. Great determination and unyielding pressure, a certain amount of haste and disregard of detail, brought about the success of what is in intent and purpose a revolutionary economic measure. It is to President Wilson that credit must be given for the stage management of the performance. Hesitancy in decision or too great regard for nicety of balance would have been fa-

tal. The judicial mind would have been hopelessly swamped by a multiplicity of conflicting interests. In other words, the principle had to be rushed through, and the absolute details of its application left to future adjustment.

A great many members of Congress do not yet realize how it came about, and how, without overwhelming political disaster to themselves, it was that they were apparently able to defy those to whom they had looked for practical political support and inspiration in the past, and vote for a measure which had been the rallying-cry of a minority for many years. Many of these men attempted successfully to delude themselves and their constituents with the plea that the tariff must be lower to decrease the cost of living; for this was a cause which found willing recruits the land over, regardless of party lines, and was a campaign argument which went home to the pocket of every wage-earner. That this argument, or, rather, reason for tariff reduction, had little real value as a political slogan has been fairly well demonstrated already, for the new tariff has not brought nor will it bring spectacular relief to those upon whom the burden of the high cost of living falls with most crushing force, nor will the people give any one political faction credit for its enactment.

The explanation of this lies in the smallness of the actual import duty collected at the custom-house, even at a high rate, as compared with the cost of the article to the ultimate consumer who is the fair game of every one, from the manufacturer to the retailer, including the host of middlemen who take toll of the goods passing their way. It costs the retailer about twenty per cent. of the wholesale value of the goods to do his business. Before this twenty per cent. cost is incurred, the manufacturer or importer and the jobbers or middlemen must in many cases add their profit to the original factory or import price. After adding twenty per cent. to cover his own expenses, the retailer must add his profit, and with a majority of articles the final selling price is from fifty to two hundred per cent. more than the producing cost. It will be easily realized, therefore, that the tariff, especially on material to be used in manufacture, does not constitute a large percentage of what is paid by the consumer to the retailer for the finished article.

THE TARIFF NOT THE CAUSE OF THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

THE reasons for the high cost of living in America lie more in other things than in the tariff. They are found in the extravagance of the people, the dearness of rent, high wages for service, city transportation, and all the minor expenditures for necessities and luxuries. It is on these items that the native-born European saves at home, and makes the cost of his living at least apparently lower than that of the American in his own country. It has been said of London with much truth that there is in that city more comfort and less convenience than in any other place. It is the convenience of American life for which the people pay, and grumble as to the cost thereof. These things, however, are not concerned with the tariff, and excepting for an occasional item, the tariff has little or no direct bearing upon the actual cost of living to the wage-earner or even to the man of moderate means. It will also be found in a careful analysis that in America the complaint as to the high cost of living comes mostly from those who through ambition or extravagance are largely responsible for high prices, and who have it within their power to cut their expenses by a considerable percentage at any moment that they have the courage and necessary determination to do so. Testimony to this effect can be had from the thousands who toil in city and country with no margin between their daily earnings and the cost of existence, and also from those, more fortunately placed, who spend less than they earn.

The appointment of a congressional committee to inquire as to the reason why a lower tariff has not cheapened the cost of living, as was expected, is official and political confirmation of the facts as they are stated, and a realization of them has now dawned upon those who led the political fight for lower import duties. To say that a lower tariff will make no difference at all in the cost of living would naturally be untrue, but the difference, while possibly in some instances large in the aggregate figures of the purchases of one hundred million people, will bring no

obvious relief to the average householder, because the benefit will either be spread over so vast a surface as not to be noticeable to the individual, or the reduction in wholesale cost will be absorbed by the middlemen, who jealously guard all avenues of approach to the ultimate consumer.

The retail purchaser of ready-made clothing, for instance, may consider himself fortunate if he does not pay more than double the factory cost of the article he buys; hence such cheapening of the materials or even of the articles themselves as may come from the lower tariff, and consequent foreign competition, will work out as such a small percentage of the price paid as to cut little figure in the final selling price. A twenty-five per cent. ad valorem, or value duty, is considered a fairly high tariff, and it approximates the average level of the entire import duty charged against imported goods by Germany for instance, a country known as one of protected industries. Goods entered at the American custom-house are valued at the lowest possible price upon which the importer and appraiser can agree, and this price is fixed upon a manufacturing basis. If one quarter of the value of an article sold to the consumer lies in the imported material of which it is made, it follows, therefore, that only one sixteenth of this value represents the amount of duty paid, and this would be an unusually large proportion to allow as an estimate.

So far as cheapening the necessary articles of food bought by the average family, it is probable that if the country were on an absolutely free-trade basis there would be no appreciable lowering of prices below present levels. This is shown in the fact that the staple articles of consumption are, almost as a rule, sold for the same price in London as in New York, and that in some instances things are now cheaper in New York than they are in London, the great consuming center of a free-trade country. This refers, of course, to the influence of the tariff alone, for with free trade it would be necessary to estimate the force of foreign competition, the effect upon the American wage-scale, and many other factors which in the end would tend to level prices throughout a world in which no tariff barriers existed. To lower the cost of living by cheapening the products of labor is not always a profitable transaction for a nation. To live in a country of cheap living means as a rule that other functions of life are measured by a like standard. The margin for saving is smaller, and opportunity is more limited. As a rule, the countries where living is dearer for the time than it is elsewhere are the countries of better living standards, greater opportunities, more rapid progress, and more cheerful outlook generally.

WELL within the memory of the present generation are the campaigns preceding the McKinley tariff of 1890, the Wilson tariff of 1894, the Dingley tariff of 1897, and the Payne tariff of 1909, each resulting in the enactment of a law making radical changes in customs duties and methods of administration. The Wilson tariff of 1894 was the only law under a Democratic administration, and its enactment was accompanied by scandal, and followed by the worst period of depression the country had experienced for many years. It was a law conceived in the light of intelligent effort, and born in the darkness of congressional intrigue and public suspicion. It did not have a fair trial before the country, for nature blighted the crops, and the money-markets of the world were so disturbed as to bring general disaster to industry and commerce.

These misfortunes were seized upon by the advocates of higher protection as arguments in their favor, and a harassed people accepted them without much question. Within three years after the Wilson law went into effect the Republicans came back into power, and, with the consent and approval of the governed, swept it aside and reinstated a high-tariff level. It is more than possible that the nation and its utilities were not ready for the change, for the great expansion of industry of the last twenty-five years was just getting under way, credit was just beginning to enlarge, immigration had not reached its flood-tide, and no such impregnable position had been attained by the great manufacturing interests as is now an accomplished fact. In the light of recent events, the tariff campaigns of past years are startlingly significant of the inadequacy of public opinion to deal with an economic problem delicately adjusted in its relations to the material affairs of the people.

The stock arguments for and against protection as expounded by silver-tongued orators to excited mass-meetings in the heat of campaigning look ridiculous in these days, when with an air of nonchalance the people now refer to the recent drastic revision not only of the schedules of the tariff, but the methods of administration, which failed to disturb the progress of the country beyond creating a period of dullness or waiting, due to a lack of information as to just what was going to happen. No factories have been closed, no bankruptcies have come, no rush of foreign goods has swamped American merchants as a result of revision.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD-TIME TARIFF ORATOR

To hark back to the political speeches of twenty years ago and recall the threats and prophecies, and counter-threats and counter-prophecies, of those days, is to wonder what it was all about. The cause of all the trouble, all the misinformation, the heat of controversy, the blind partizanship, lies in the fact that the tariff was in politics. The campaign of 1912 carried just as serious a threat of lower import duties as did the campaign of 1888, and yet the tariff was barely touched upon in the later controversy by those who talked to the voters, as compared with the effort given to other issues. When wool sold for twenty-six cents a pound on the ranch, a candidate for high office stumped the wool-growing States of the West, solemnly assuring his hearers that if the eleven cents' duty was removed, it would make just that difference in the amount which would be paid by the wool-buyers. When a little later wool sold for as low as seven cents a pound, with the eleven cents' duty still in force, the erstwhile orator was not there to explain the cause.

The favorite argument of the Democratic speaker on the hustings of twenty-five years ago was to recount the sins of the Republican party, and with withering sarcasm catch the crowd by reminding it that under a Republican tariff law the country had been blessed with the free admission of "human hair, raw," and now the Democrats have put a ten per cent. import duty upon this necessity—for some.

On the other hand, the Democrats drew an alluring picture of peace and plenty which would follow tariff for revenue only. They told how the cost of living would be cut in half, and declared, by what authority they did not say, that while all the working-man's receipts would remain at as high a level as before, all his necessary expenses were to be reduced to negligible figures. These were palmy days for political speakers; facts and figures were at hand in great abundance, and with a little imagination and a resounding voice, the audience could be aroused to a high pitch of enthusiasm for what they wanted to believe, whether it was the prosperity which was to follow high protection or the millennium which was to come with free trade.

Public opinion has changed generally toward the tariff in the last fifteen years. The free-trade party has disappeared from public view. Exponents of its ancient principles still linger in academic shades or in the haunts of economic theorists, but there are few who now live in the rough and tumble of modern American life, and who have a practical knowledge of wise expediency, but are in favor of a tariff for revenue, carrying with it such degree of protection from foreign competition as will help and encourage, but not confer dangerous privileges upon, those engaged in manufacture and other forms of industry. Out of the welter of political warfare has come this great following of a moderate tariff ideal, and it is recruited from the ranks of all parties, and is no longer a party issue. The result earnestly desired by all the people is an intelligent adjustment of the customs that will produce the maximum of revenue, yield a working degree of protection for American industry, stimulate exchanges in the market, and end monopoly automatically when it becomes an imposition. In the existence of this well-defined idea among the majority of the voters lies the reason for the general disappearance of the tariff orator on the political platform during the campaign of 1912. For this same reason the general public had no great fear of possible Democratic success, and for like reason those in Washington upon whom fell the actual work of revision were able to accomplish their task in record time, and with less interference from

representatives of various interests than ever before.

Congress assembled on December 1, 1912, the tariff bill was introduced in the House of Representatives on April 7, 1913, passed the House on May 8, passed the Senate on September 9, was signed by the President on October 3, and went into effect in its main provisions on October 4, 1913. When it is considered that this measure affected directly or indirectly the affairs of every man, woman, and child in America, and that during the progress of enactment the country waited undisturbed to see what would happen, and when it went into effect, resumed its former routine of business, and quietly adjusted itself to the new law, it may be realized how ready the nation was for just such a change in the fiscal system.

With the Payne law of 1909 the United States adopted what is known as the maximum and minimum plan of import duties. That is to say, the minimum was given to all countries with which the United States had treaties, insuring equal terms. Under the present law there is only one rate of duty. This can be varied by treaties with foreign nations; but such treaties must be enacted into law by Congress before becoming effective, or, in other words, the present law can be amended along lines suggested by the state department in its efforts to bring about better commercial relations between the United States and every separate foreign country.

Under the law of 1909 the average duty collected on dutiable goods entering the United States was forty-one per cent. of their value at the port of entry. Under the present law this has been reduced to thirty per cent. Out of the total of $1,590,000,000 worth of goods imported by the United States in a recent year under the law of 1909, about $780,000,000 worth were dutiable, and $810,000,000 worth entered free. Under the present law $670,000,000 worth of this total import would have been dutiable, and $920,000,000 worth duty free. The new law would have put import duties on $30,000,000 worth of goods which came in free under the Republican tariff law, and have admitted free of duty $140,000,000 worth dutiable under that law. Taking the whole import of the United States, dutiable and free, the law of 1909 assessed an average import tax of twenty per cent., and the tax under the present law averages fifteen per cent. Expressing the change in the tariff in figures, but from another point of view, it will be found that of the $780,000,000 of dutiable goods imported, the duties on about $45,000,000 have been raised from sixteen per cent. to twenty-eight per cent., the duties on $170,000,000 remain the same, —that is, fifty-four per cent.,—the duties on $425,000,000 have been reduced from forty-six to thirty-one per cent., and the duties on $140,000,000, formerly assessed at forty-one per cent., have been made free, while $30,000,000 worth, formerly free, have been made dutiable at the rate of about thirteen per cent.

THE THEORY OF THE PRESENT TARIFF

In pursuit of revenue, the framers of the present tariff law transferred to the dutiable list many things which have heretofore been brought into the country free of custom, even under the régime of the highest protection. These articles are not very important to the American nation as a whole, and yet in the aggregate the new duties will amount to a considerable sum. Many acids and other chemicals now pay toll at the frontier. Amber, worth wholesale nearly ten dollars per pound, formerly free of duty, now pays one dollar per pound at the customs, and nearly 40,000 pounds of this product were brought to America last year. The $200,000 worth of meerschaum imported in 1913 would have paid a duty of twenty per cent. had it been imported a year later. Ambergris, stuffed birds, coral, nearly all the fruit- and nut-oils, and Tonka beans, will now pay toll ranging from ten to twenty per cent. of their value. The largest item is uncut diamonds, of which $10,000,000 worth came to America in 1913 free of duty, and this product is now yielding ten per cent. of its value to the treasury. Vanilla beans, formerly free, now pay thirty cents per pound, and nearly a million pounds are imported annually. Spices to the value of $1,200,000 will now pay twenty per cent. Bananas to the value of $15,000,000 a year now pay a tenth of a cent a pound. All books printed in a foreign language now pay fifteen per cent. of their value,

and nearly $2,000,000 worth of this form of literature was brought into the United States last year free of duty. Ivory tusks to the value of $1,500,000 will now pay ten per cent., and "human hair, raw" to the value of nearly $2,000,000 will pay the same tax. In the effort to reduce the cost of living, manufacturing, and farming, and in the attempt to break alleged monopoly, the new law places upon the free list many important articles which formerly paid customs duties. Many of the chemicals used in agriculture and manufactures, woods and extracts used in dyeing and tanning, cement, typesetting-machines, shoe machinery, lumber, cattle and sheep, milk and cream, eggs, potatoes, bacon, hemp, wool, wood-pulp, coal, gunpowder, and heavy gloves produced abroad can now compete with like American products of land and factory without handicap except in the cost of transportation from foreign lands.

The most notable reductions in the tariff schedules affect agricultural products and fish, the average duty being reduced from thirty-two to eighteen and a half per cent. On sugar the tariff is reduced from fifty-four to forty per cent., with the proviso that sugar shall come in free after May 1, 1916. The reduction on iron and steel manufactures is a drop from thirty-one to thirteen and a half per cent., and on woolen goods from eighty-eight to thirty-eight per cent. Tariff on cotton manufactures is reduced from the old average of fifty-six per cent. to forty-nine per cent., silk from fifty-two to forty-six, and flax, hemp, and jute manufactures from thirty-nine to twenty-one per cent. All materials used in shipbuilding can be imported free of duty, and on all goods manufactured for export a rebate of ninety-nine per cent. of the duty paid on material used in the manufacture will be returned by the Government. Goods coming to the United States in foreign vessels are subject to an extra tax of ten per cent. unless the country to which these vessels belong is in treaty relations with the United States, and as this is the case with all countries, this tax is virtually inoperative. A clause which gave rise to considerable controversy provides for a five per cent. reduction in duty on all goods brought in American vessels; but this has been held to be inoperative, owing to existing treaties. The President of the United States is given the power to impose a duty upon goods coming from other countries which would otherwise enter free, if such countries impose a like duty against American products. Wheat, for instance, although it is now on the free list, pays a duty of ten cents a bushel if coming from Canada or Argentina, because of the fact that these countries impose a like tax upon United States wheat when imported. The President also has the power to impose a duty on goods coming from countries which pay a bounty for the production of such goods. All products of the non-contiguous territories of the United States, as in the case of the Philippines, are either admitted free or at duties considerably smaller than from other countries.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE BY THE TARIFF CHANGES

It is necessary to have taken this brief survey of the figures of the present law really to understand what has been done by those who undertook to revise the tariff. The actual changes made in the import duties on manufactured goods are not so important, however, excepting in the expansion of the free list, as the changes in governing principles and what these may lead to in the life of the nation. It is an enormous responsibility for any body of men, however representative such body may be, with many of its members necessarily ignorant of the subject, to undertake a revision of a fiscal system so interwoven into every human activity as to leave no member of the community unaffected. The alleged objects of the change were said to be the mitigation of the world-wide increase of prices in their effect upon the United States, elimination of monopolistic tariff effects in industry arising from excessive protection, the retention of such duties as would insure for American industry fair competition in home markets, the promotion of export trade by means of negotiation with foreign countries, and restriction of competition in the American possessions through preferential treatment. The only method whereby prices can be materially lowered is through competition from places where production is cheaper than in the United

States. By retaining a far from low level of protection on almost all manufactures, this has been made impossible to any marked degree. The United States, with its thirty per cent. average of import duty, is still the most highly protected country in the world with the possible exception of Japan.

The question of monopolistic tariff is controversial. That monopoly has been aided by the tariff is undoubtedly true, just as it is also true that all manufacture has been aided. It is extremely doubtful whether any alleged monopolies maintained by the manufacturing combinations such as those which have recently come under the legal displeasure of the Government, even if the charge be proved, have been created or even materially sustained by import duties. Combination, organization, and power to secure special privileges have been the secrets of "Big Business." It has shared in the benefits of protection, but no more than those outside the wide-flung lines of its combination. The promotion of export trade means the promotion of import as well, both beneficial, if well balanced; for successful foreign trade is an exchange of commodities, not a one-sided sale.

For generations the American people have been taught to believe that exports must exceed imports, or the country would go to the dogs. The "horrible example" afforded by western Europe, where 400,000,000 people import every year five dollars per capita in value more than they export, was taken as an illustration of the rapidly diminishing productive power of the Old World. The idea that this five dollars per capita excess of imports might represent the trading profit on the export or the inflow of interest from foreign investments, does not seem to have occurred to the orators who assailed the ears of the voters in preëlection times.

THE BALANCE OF EXCHANGE

The excess of American export over import means that this excess represents the money paid to foreign carriers, money sent home by aliens, the expenses of Americans traveling or living abroad, and interest paid on American securities held in other lands. America is, in truth, a great debtor nation, and it will be many years before her people become a creditor or, in other words, a lending community. When it is realized that in round numbers the English people have $16,000,000,000 invested abroad, Germany $8,000,000,000, and so on through the list of European states, the secret of the European excesses of import over export becomes startlingly apparent. No one thing so clearly illustrates the axiom that foreign trading is an exchange of goods as does this balance of trade. If a nation imported only raw or partly manufactured material, the export of the finished product might show an excess in value over imports for a time, but no country would long trade with a nation which attempted to conduct so one-sided a business. The profits made on finished products when sold abroad must be exchanged for merchandise or the money be left abroad for investment, and not shipped back in the form of actual gold or gold value. If the latter course were pursued for long, the exporting nation would find its sales decreasing, for the customer would turn to those who were willing to exchange rather than to sell. All foreign trading is reciprocal in its benefits, or should be, to fulfil perfectly its function in international economics.

There is a much wider application of this principle than is found in the actual marketing of products; for when two countries are mutually beneficial in matters of trade, the two peoples are brought into closer relations, there is an exchange of all the courtesies and humanities as well as of goods, and a bond of friendship is woven between the nations, which, assisted by material business, or even originating therein, leads to heights sufficiently lofty to satisfy the most impatient idealist who would make the humanity of the world a common brotherhood. This is the result of a community of interest brought about by a community of material progress. One of the most striking illustrations in all history of the power of international trade to restrain two nations from open hostilities is the present situation between England and Germany. The community of financial and commercial interests between the English and German peoples is hardly realized. A failure in Hamburg is a disaster in London, while a panic in London finds its echo in

a concurrent catastrophe in Germany. It is this grave menace to community interests which has helped to bring reflection, self-control, conservatism, and finally a continuation of peace, at times when guns were loaded, men and ships were ready, and war seemed only a matter of the coming day.

The American nation is to a great extent happily free from international intrigue by geographical position and lack of territorial ambitions, but there are great necessities for the future of American industry, and to cultivate friendly business relations with other peoples, that foundations may be laid for a fair and free exchange of merchandise in the future, is a first and necessary step toward an expansion of markets to meet expanding production. That this can be done without danger to home industry has been demonstrated. For diplomatic and many other reasons, no foreign nation shows any partizanship in American politics. It is obvious, however, that without exception all foreign peoples have hoped for a victory of the low-tariff advocates in the United States.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF EUROPE IN THE NEW TARIFF

Such a victory is expressed in the enactment of the present law, and great hopes were aroused among foreign manufacturers as to the future of their export trade in American directions. It is interesting testimony as to the moderateness of the tariff reductions just made that there is a decided disappointment prevalent in Europe, and a positive reaction against the hopefulness of a year ago. Not only has it been discovered that the new tariff will cause no vast boom in the import of foreign manufactured goods into the United States, but it is also realized that the entry of raw material and food-stuffs into the United States free of duty will assist American manufacturers to compete with greater vigor abroad in the finished products, and will have a tendency to raise prices of both raw material and food to European peoples. A general indifference to the possibilities of any great increase in trade with America as an effect of the new tariff law has resulted, and has shown itself in many ways; in fact, the situation, so far as the foreign manufacturer is concerned, may be said to remain almost as before, or even still more to his disadvantage.

Free raw material, moderate protection where it is needed to balance the lower cost of labor abroad, and a tariff which, being moderate, acts as a governor on home prices where there may be danger of monopoly, constitute an economic creed strongly intrenched in Europe. It is not, therefore, with entire satisfaction that the European realizes that America has probably strengthened its industry by adopting his own weapon. The advantages of increased foreign markets for American products are obvious, and do not need to be set forth. They have long been advocated by every one, and indorsed in every political platform. There is, as stated, only one way to get them, and that is by increasing the home market for foreign products, thus following the dictates of a natural law of exchange.

THE NEED OF FREE RAW MATERIAL

The advantages of free raw material are that the home supply can be supplemented or material imported that is not produced in the country, thus not only reducing the cost of manufacture, but making new manufactures possible. Not many years ago a large firm of carpet manufacturers in America, finding its warehouses overstocked, sent a traveler to England with several bales of sample rugs. This was indeed, to all appearance, carrying coals to Newcastle. The traveler returned in a few weeks and made his report. It was to the effect that if the United States would admit carpet wool free of duty, and thus reduce the cost of the raw material to the manufacturer, he would guarantee to sell American-made rugs at a profit at the doors of the English factories. Carpet wools are not produced in the United States to any extent, but Congress has always been so fearful of the possible results of "tariff tinkering," as it was called, that no such suggestion ever got farther than the committee-rooms. Conditions may have changed since the days of the incident related, but it is a homely illustration of the urgent need for a scientific adjustment of the tariff to the individual peculiarities of American business.

THE THEORY OF AMERICAN TARIFF TAXATION

It has always been an American principle that necessities should be lightly taxed, and that luxuries should carry "all the traffic can bear." This principle has been adhered to in the present law. Luxuries of food and dress now pay nearly the same import duties that they did under the law of 1909. In countries where the rich govern for their own convenience, as, for instance, in most of the Central and South American states, it will be found that champagne, diamonds, high-priced clothes, and other things consumed or used only by those favored by fortune, are admitted at duties which seem trivial as compared with those collected at American custom-houses. On the other hand, the food and clothing of the people are heavily taxed. This is also made to yield an individual profit to the capitalists of the country, for they own the land on which the corn is raised, and the mills in which the coarse cotton cloth used by the poor is woven.

The inspiration animating the Government of the United States in the act of revenue-raising finds its origin in the reverse of this idea, and whenever a party has violated this intention, incorporated into the foundations of American life, the people have administered an unmistakable rebuke. The recent mandate for tariff revision stipulated that it should be carried out on these lines, or, in other words, that those who could best afford should pay the bills. There are unquestionably instances where the lowering of the tariff works injury to individuals, both capitalists and workmen, but the greatest good to the greatest number will in the end bring about a compensating balance.

Raw material in sufficient quantity and at low price is not all a manufacturing nation needs. Consumers are entitled to purchase at reasonable figure the products of labor and ingenuity the world over. These differ amazingly with different nationalities, and it would be a sad day if the modern nation found itself restricted absolutely to the products of its own territory and the handiwork of its own people. There is no question that the influence of an extremely high import duty which has prevailed for years has been to create some of the monocolor effect of American life which foreign travelers are quick to note. As long as the American manufacturer is given a reasonable degree of advantage in competition with foreign products through a tariff which compensates him for higher labor and other costs, American consumers are entitled to the advantage of a foreign import which will add to and vary the home supply, and keep prices down to a proportionate international level.

The handicap of the cost of transportation, and an average thirty per cent. import duty on foreign goods, are enough to do away with any competition which might in any sense of the word be called unfair. So far as the consumer is concerned, the disadvantage of a small reduction in a high import duty lies in the simple fact that he does not get it. In the matter of lace, for instance, a reduction of fifteen per cent. in the duty means nothing to the retail buyer. It is merely additional profit to the merchant. The importer must account for it to his wholesale customer, but from there on it is lost. In the meantime the Government is minus the revenue, and it is a question whether the added profit to the merchant is not an unfair distribution of the possible benefits of reduced taxation.

THE FALLACY OF "THE INTERESTS"

In the effort to put an end to alleged monopoly, the Democrats have greatly reduced or taken off altogether the import duty upon certain so-called "trust products." This form of retaliation is unintelligent, and usually ineffective in bringing about desired results. The manufacturers of these products have probably in many cases long passed the stage where protection did them any good or free trade could do them any harm. During the tariff hearings preceding the enactment of the present tariff law, many of these manufacturers failed to appear, and most of them ignored the threat of a lower tariff as a matter toward which they were utterly indifferent. The reason for this is found first in their domination of the home market, this not being concerned with the tariff, but with their producing and selling powers. Secondly, nearly all of these great American manufacturing concerns have created plants in foreign countries to supply foreign markets in

competition with foreign labor. In some instances these American firms under foreign guise play just as important a part in the local industrial situation in England, Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Russia, or elsewhere as they do in the United States. The American Government, by putting these products on the free list, has created what may prove to be a peculiar situation not at all favorable to American development.

The average wages in England are forty per cent. lower than in the United States. In France and Germany they are fifty per cent. lower. An American factory in England, France, or Germany, masquerading as a European concern, can compete with the American home plant of its own company with a considerable margin of profit. The suggestion immediately arises that it may be found more profitable for American enterprise to enlarge European facilities and ship to the United States rather than to expand in America and ship to Europe. It is true that the net profits of the European plants find their way largely into American hands, but American labor and material industry, local and general, do not share in the expenditure incurred in the cost of production. This goes to foreign purveyors of material and to foreign labor. The expansion of the free list as a method of retaliation is not always sure to produce the results intended, and it may be found that the features of the present law which are of this nature will prove boomerangs to the politico-economic saviors of their country.

Government attacks upon the large industrial organizations of the United States led to a general movement to manufacture abroad instead of exporting from America. Expansion along these lines has been going on quietly, but extensively, for several years past, stimulated by every fresh attack at home. A warm welcome has been extended to American enterprise of this kind in almost every foreign country, and their laws not only permit, but their governments encourage, the building up of great industrial combinations as being the strongest forces for supremacy in trade, both interior and international. Now that the way to the American consumer lies open through the custom-house for these particular products, it will be interesting and important to note the coming struggle for balance of power between the American home plants and their foreign protégés. In cases where the product of such industries has been put on the free list, it can at least serve no beneficial purpose to the American consumer, and may possibly work to his confusion and loss.

THE PRESIDENT'S GREAT POWER UNDER THE NEW TARIFF

A FEATURE of the present tariff law yet to be exploited is the extraordinary latitude given the President of the United States in negotiating commercial treaties with foreign countries. It is true that before these treaties can become effective they must be approved by Congress, but that Congress contemplated more radical treaty-made tariff changes than have been customary is shown in the clause which empowers the executive to negotiate treaties whereby concessions might even be as great as to provide for absolute free trade. Under the present law Canada secured nearly as much as was offered in the proposed reciprocity treaty, but has given nothing in return. As the present law still retains certain duties on agricultural products, and provides for a retaliatory duty on wheat as long as Canada maintains any discrimination against the United States, it is probable that in course of time a treaty will be arranged between the two countries which will bring about virtually the same status as was proposed in President Taft's reciprocity agreement. English satisfaction at lower duties on English goods brought into the United States is tempered by the possibility that the increased export of Canadian produce to the United States, which is already under way, will lead to a diminution of the supply from Canada available for European consumption, and consequently result in higher prices in Great Britain. The prices of staples, however, always find an international level, modified only here and there by tariffs or local conditions, so it is more than probable that English fears have small grounds upon which to rest.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURES

A SPLENDID vista for the future of American foreign trade opens out in the possi-

bilities of commercial treaties which can be made under the present law. In all such negotiations in the past, American representatives have been hampered by hard and fast lines drawn by the law itself. No such limits are now imposed, and if Congress will stand behind the administration in an effort to place American foreign trade relations upon a basis of mutual advantage, there is virtually no limit to what may be accomplished. There are three general classifications of tariff laws. There is the single tariff, the maximum and minimum, and the conventional. The maximum and minimum has been tried, and its serious limitations have been quickly discovered. The present tariff is what may be called a single tariff, but with the coöperation of the treaty-making and the legislative powers of the Government, it may become a convention or treaty-made tariff, the most intelligent and scientific fiscal system in existence. Germany adopted this method of determining import duties many years ago, and it has worked with fewer disadvantages and better results than the tariff law of any other country. In course of time, when treaties have been made by the United States with all the principal countries, the present single tariff will have become a conventional tariff through a process of evolution by commercial agreement. Under such a law the peculiarities and needs of each country can be studied, and treaties made to fit each case, whereas under any other form of tariff law there are hard and fast limitations which apply to all without regard to the advantages which might be gained through individual international bargains.

Under the recent law goods entering the United States were valued on entry, either at specific duties or by a combination of specific and ad valorem. That is to say, merchandise paid a specific duty of so much per piece or so much per pound, as the case might be, and also a percentage upon its value. Specific duties are fairly general now throughout the world. It has been left to the United States virtually to abandon the assessment of specific duty, and base collections almost entirely upon values. Specific duties are easier to estimate, for there is nearly always controversy as to valuations. It remains to be seen whether it was wise to adopt this method, and it is to be hoped that the administration of the law will not be so conducted as to nullify its purpose, and that it will not lead to endless controversy with other governments, and countless lawsuits against importers.

It would be unfair to attempt now an estimate of the effect of the present law upon American commerce and industry. Principles virtually new to America have been adopted, although they have been tried elsewhere. The reign of excessive protection is at an end, but the United States is still what the rest of the world would call a highly protected country. If it is true that high tariffs are responsible for the high cost of living, this will be demonstrated in time by a welcome reduction in the household bills of every American family. The principle of free raw materials has long ago been adopted by other great industrial countries, and it was high time America fell into line. There are injustices and economic errors in the law as it now stands, though none of them is fatal to ultimate success.

The present tariff law attempts to express the wishes of the American people. How successfully this has been done time alone can tell, and those who attempted to render these wishes articulate will stand or fall by the final verdict as expressed by a non-partizan electorate, for the tariff is now out of politics.

"WHAT ABOUT RUSSIA?"

To the Editor of The Century:
Sir:

The article by James Davenport Whelpley entitled "What About Russia?" in The Century for March, deplores that "through a series of diplomatic blunders, misunderstandings, and unfortunate incidents, the United States is now in a fair way to destroy one of her great foreign friendships." In the next paragraph, the writer declares:

> It may be stated here that the evidence of some of the ablest and most prominent of the Hebrew race of American citizens is to the effect that this attack made upon Russia was a serious error in that, while at the time it seemed to serve political purposes in America, the ultimate result has been to do harm rather than good to the Russian people it was intended to benefit.

As a student of Russian affairs, and as one familiar with the views of the leading Jews of America, I wish to express my belief that there is not the slightest justification for this opinion. The leading Jews of America feel that the abrogation of the treaty marked one of the greatest acts of justice on the part of the American people. Congress was virtually unanimous in its attitude toward this question; the press of this country was virtually unanimous in demanding the abrogation of the treaty. It was the awakened conscience of the American people that asserted itself.

The abrogation of the treaty was not intended to benefit the Russian people, but was an expression of the resentment of the American people, through Congress, against Russia's affront to American citizenship and American self-respect in discriminating against American citizens on account of their religion. The treaty was abrogated after forty years of futile effort on the part of the American Government to secure equal passport rights for American citizens, whether American Baptists, American Jews, or American Roman Catholic priests.

That the American attitude was correct may also be gathered from the fact that the progressive element in Russia praised it. Only the "Black Hundreds," the small bands of "hooligans" scattered over Russia, denounced this country in cynical terms for the action. That the United States did not demand the impossible may also be seen from the fact that even the reactionary Imperial Commission, headed by Durnovo, recommended, as far back as 1906, that the foreign passport question be adjusted, because Russian methods were obsolete and unfair to other countries.

Mr. Whelpley is mistaken when he says that "the diplomatic strain is not the only evil which has resulted from the rudeness of the United States toward the Russian Government. . . . But a direct and large financial loss has been inflicted upon American industry." Those who have studied the latest figures in connection with the commercial relations between the two countries know that these relations have not been affected in the slightest degree in the last two years. Russia cannot get along without American cotton and American agricultural machinery for many years to come.

But against the views of Mr. Whelpley, who deplores the loss inflicted upon American industry, permit me to quote the words of our foremost statesman, President Wilson, on the same subject:

> I, for one, do not fear any loss. The economic relations of two great nations are not based upon sentiment; they are based upon interest. It is safe to say that in this instance they are not based upon mutual respect, for Russia cannot respect us when she sees us for forty years together preferring our interests to our rights. Whatever our feeling may be with regard to Russia, whatever our respect for her statesmen or our sympathy with the great future in store for her people, she would certainly be justified in acting upon the expectation that we would follow our calculations of expediency rather than our convictions of right and justice.

If the Russian Government has felt

through all these years that it could ignore the protest of American ministers and Secretaries of State, it has been because the American Government spoke for special interests or from some special point of view and not for the American people.

Sincerely yours,

HERMAN BERNSTEIN.

A POETIC THIEF

"I 'll example you with thievery."—TIMON OF ATHENS.

Shakspere goes on to say:

The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief.

FURTHERMORE, the debate will never cease over the "unconscious plagiarism" and the reminiscent thought, phrase, and meter in poetry. We have known of many cases of unfortunate, but perfectly innocent, plagiarism, where a too apt memory has beguiled a poet into submitting work so strongly reminiscent of something already published by some one else as to cause remark and disagreeable suspicion. We regret that the very recent case of a contributor to THE CENTURY, writing over the name of Marvin Ferree, is not such a one.

Mr. Ferree recently submitted two poems to the editors of THE CENTURY. Their quality was unusual. Mr. Ferree called, talked to one of the editors, and gave what seemed to be an entirely satisfactory account of himself. One of the poems accepted as his work was "Ad Thaliarchum," a free translation of Horace. Mr. Ferree also submitted a literal prose translation and an English poetic translation of the same ode for comparison. The other poem accepted was a quatrain, "Of Love." Mr. Ferree gave his address as in Newark, New Jersey. Immediate inquiry failed to find him there. It was then ascertained that he had afterward submitted other poems to the magazine, which had not succeeded in passing the first reader's desk. They had been rejected as of insufficient merit. For these he had given another address in New York, although the editors have not been able to trace him through that address.

Mr. Ferree's guilt is just this: upon the publication of his quatrain in THE CENTURY for March, 1914, the editors received a letter from Mrs. Mortimer Seabury, who, writing under the nom-de-plume Frida Semler, her maiden name, had first published the identical quatrain in "Harper's Monthly Magazine" for April, 1906. Communication with Harper & Brothers corroborated this fact. "Ad Thaliarchum" was by that time in the April number, which was so far along in printing that the editors could not prevent its appearance. However, as soon as it appeared, they received an extremely courteous and witty letter from Mr. Charles E. Merrill, Jr., confessing with diffidence that the very same poem had appeared over his signature in "Scribner's Magazine" six or eight years ago. He concluded: "I call your attention to the matter only because his success in this attempt to get his name into THE CENTURY may embolden the gentleman who has honored me to try it again with the work of some one who sets more store by his attempts at verse than I do by mine."

There is the case against Mr. Ferree. The thefts are unquestionably despicable, and our readers are entitled to this statement. It is needless to say that our sincerest apologies are extended to the *real* authors of "Of Love" and "Ad Thaliarchum," as well as to their publishers. —THE EDITOR.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

FICTION ESTATE, FOR SALE OR TO LET

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

A BARGAIN

DESERTED island in the South Pacific, lying midway between Suez and Spitzbergen. Offered at a fraction of the original cost by successful novelist, who is going into the Wild West school of fiction. This attractive estate is complete in every way. It lies sufficiently outside of the steamship routes for no vessel to heave into sight until castaway hero and heroine have discovered the primal love which consumes them beneath mask of apparent indifference. Fine beach well provided with shell-fish for broiling over wood-fire collected by heroine. Large lagoon adapted equally for bathing and concealment of large war-canoe loaded with cannibal natives. Complete list of minor accessories: cave for sheltering comic mariner, who has been marooned without knowledge of principal parties; lofty mountain for scanning horizon in search of sail, small grotto to which heroine can retire in dudgeon after discussing sex rights with hero; ideal climate, shown by illustrations in which heroine's coiffure is in perfect order after three weeks' exposure to the elements, though torrential rains may be had if desired. Unequaled opportunity for author planning his first novel. Copyright guaranteed by the South Pacific Title Insurance Company.

TO LET OR FOR SALE

ON your own terms, brownstone mansion of extremely unsavory reputation in the heart of New York Tenderloin. Ideal location for white-slave novel, drama, or film. Owner going abroad to write novel about rural Indiana. Cellar well stocked with drugged champagne, revolvers, extra steel bars for door and windows, silken mufflers for stifling cries of victims. Will alter to suit tenants contemplating novel of theatrical life in New York or four-act exposé of police graft. Handsome return on investment, including serial and moving-picture rights.

ATTENTION, AUTHORS!

AN unequaled opportunity for acquiring the freehold or long-term lease of a quaint old English inn on the broad highway from London to St. Petersburg. Large, sanded parlor, with ample room for rapier duel. Attractive back yard, heavily turfed, where hero may knock out professional champion of all England in five rounds. Picturesque, seventeenth-century tavern-sign, "The Green Bullock," with painting showing said animal planted on all four feet and distinct traces of a fifth. Plenty of heavy stools, andirons, heavy flagons suitable for general mêlée, one disguised younger son against three yokels and a couple of bailiffs. Unlimited quantity of musty ale on draft. Quaint bar, with buxom barmaid extraordinarily apt at repartee. Ideal country location for novelist contemplating temporary retirement from school of Henry James or H. G. Wells. Owner going into religious drama. Address, D'Artagnan, Box 243, Outofdoors.

POISE; OR THE IMPERTURBABLE AVIATOR.

A MODERN BALLAD.

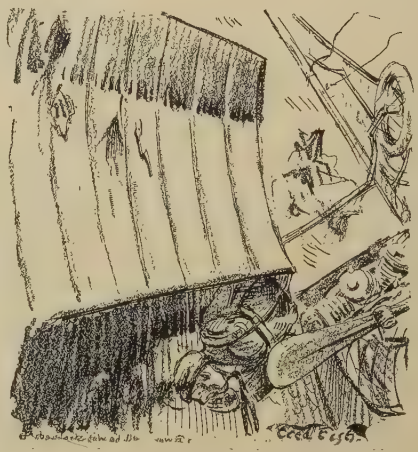
BY ROBERT EMMET WARD

WITH PICTURES BY FRED FISH

INVOCATION

COME, Muses in classic attire,
Come, tango and maxixe with me!
Apollo, smite softly your lyre,
And you shall see what you shall see!
A hero I sing
Of no Niebelung' Ring;
The modern it is that appeals.
Events are about to transpire
Which are worthy of several reels.

A daring aëroplane-flier,
Who essayed to soar over a church,
Turned turtle and stuck on the spire—
It was well he was strapped to his perch!
The agonized yelp
He emitted for help
Was wholly impromptu, though loud;
It was heard all the way to the choir,
And quickly collected a crowd.



"It was well he was strapped to his perch!"

Some people drew near to admire;
Some paused to direct or advise;
Some hastened assistance to hire;
Some covered their hands with their eyes.[1]
The camera-force
Got his picture, of course,
For the movies as soon as he "lit."
Such windfalls they 're glad to acquire,
And build the scenario to fit.

His wife seemed about to expire
As, in great apprehension, she came
With her father, James Doolish, Esq.,
In a car I 'm forbidden to name.
And the camera-guy
Stood immovably by
And ground and ground gladly away,
For they "registered" anguish and ire
As if they were paid by the day.

"His wife seemed about to expire"

[1] Proof-reader: "*Sic?*"
Author: "Certainly!"

Our friend (who is named McIntyre)
Mused calmly: "Still safe, I observe.
I perceive that this sport must require,
Besides lots of money and nerve,
Certain arts which I lack.
Now, a skilled steeple-jack,
Or an acrobat used to trapeze
And performing upon the slack wire,
Could descend from this steeple with ease."

Meanwhile the spectators inquire:
"Why does n't somebody get busy?
Do the Fates or the movies conspire
To keep the man dangling till dizzy?"
For the "camera bunch,"
Having stated their "hunch"
That the part he 's performing is "fat"
And the fix he is in is not dire,
Shout: "Register *terror! Hold* that!"

"'Register *terror! Hold* that!'"

Their circus-man, Danny Maguire,
Who directs all the "animal-stunts,"
And whom obstacles seem to inspire,
Took in the dilemma at once.
He called as he came,
"Lemme git in this game!"
The captive replied, "I 'll be charmed."
Dan sent up a trained lammergeier,
Which brought down our hero unharmed!

He bowed as he stood in the mire,
Still smiling, unruffled, and gay.
(The manager threatened to "fire"
A super who got in the way.)
Looking up at the vane
And his smashed monoplane,
He remarked, to the crowd's admiration:
"Next time I go up, I 'll go higher.
That was rather a trying location."

"Dan sent up a trained lammergeier"

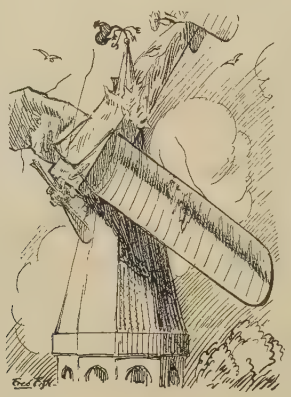
His wife urged her earnest desire
(She seemed still on the verge of collapse)
That he give up the sport and retire,
And join some good golf-club, perhaps.
But he gently asked: "Why?
All is clear in the sky—
Ad astra! My reasoning 's sound.
He is safe who will only aspire;
The danger 's in hitting the ground."

"'The danger 's in hitting the ground'"

L'Envoi

The wife and her silver-haired sire,
With the hero, go off in their car;
The crew mop their brows and
suspire—
How warm with exertion they are!

And the crowd melts away,
Uninformed, to this day,
If that wreck was by chance or design.
But if any one wishes to "buy 'er,"
Let him drop McIntyre a line.



THE MODERN EDITOR AND SCHOLAR

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

Being a Reprint of a Famous Poem, Together with Sundry Notes and Comments Necessary to its Complete Understanding and Appreciation,

All Being Done in Strict Accordance With the Practice of our Best Present-Day School and College Editions of the Classics.

THE POEM

I. I sent a message to the fish[a];
I told[b] them, "This is what I wish."
The little fishes of the sea[c]
They[d] sent an answer back to me.
5. The little fishes'[e] answer was,
"We cannot do it, sir[f], because[g]—"
"Through the Looking-Glass."

"John P.
Robinson, he
Says he won't vote for Governor B."

NOTES

a. It is not quite clear just what kind of fish the author means. However, as he refers, on line 3, to "the *little* fishes," and as the poem was written in England, they are probably sardines or herring, possibly whitebait.

b. Authorities differ as to the exact meaning of this passage. Professor Dummeresel of the University of Narrheit claims that the speaker first sent a *written* message; this proving ineffectual, that he delivered a second, or *oral*, message in person. On the other hand, Dr. Jean Galimatias of the Sorbonne maintains that the clause "I told them" should read "*it* told them," or "*which* told them"; in other words, that only one message was sent, and that a written one. We are inclined to agree with the latter interpretation.

c. This indicates that they were salt-water fish. See note *a*.

d. Tautological. "Little fishes" in the previous line is the real subject of the sentence. Cf. Lowell ("Biglow Papers"):

e. This repetition is unnecessary. "*Their* answer" would be better. See note *d*.

f. Note the respectful use of "sir," indicating (*a*) that the fishes belong to the servant class, or (*b*) that the person addressed is a member of the nobility, probably the former.

g. Showing that they were female fish.

Questions for Discussion

Who is speaking? Are the person speaking and the person who sent the message one and the same? What was the message? What does it mean? Why? To whom was the message sent? How do you think it was transmitted? Is there an answer to the message? If not, why not? If so, what does it mean, and why? What would you have answered? Why?

Write a short essay on submarine telephony.

Drawn by Will Crawford

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. THAT SCANDALOUS NEW DANCE, THE "WALTZ"

SPIRITS

BY BURGES JOHNSON

SEE that apple, ripe and ruddy,
  There on yonder lofty shelf
In the corner of my study
  I can scarcely reach myself.

Only yesterday I bought it.
  Tempted by its rosy glow;
Though my little ones besought it,
  'T was intended just for show.

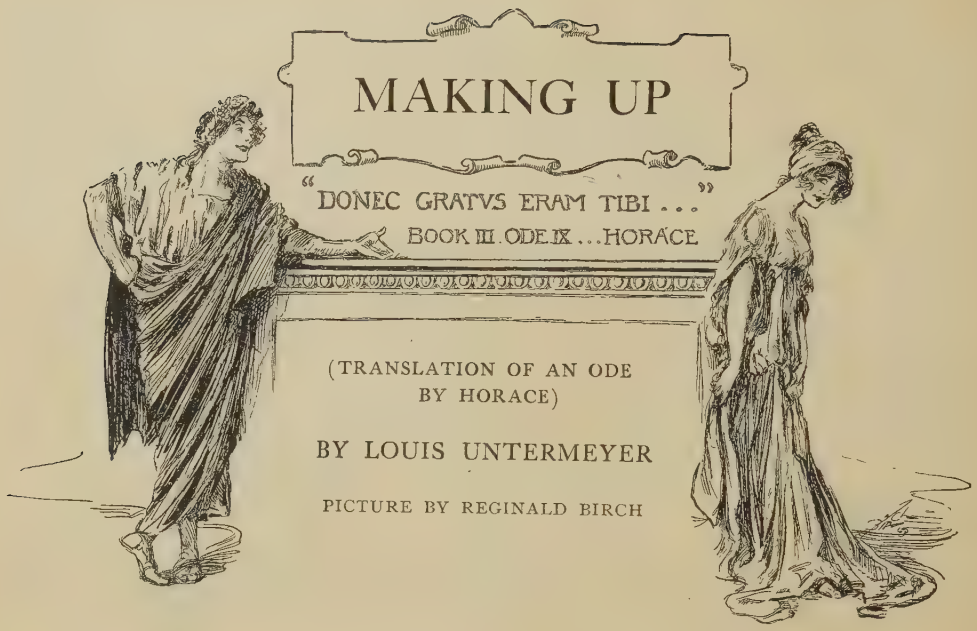
They are babes so frail and tender,
  They 're so innocent and young,
I perforce am their defender
  'Gainst malicious slander's tongue.

On the cheek of yonder apple
  There 's a scar that lately came.
Oh, for wisdom fit to grapple
  With the question, Who 's to blame?

There are little tooth-marks in it,
  Yet it has not moved at all.
I was absent scarce a minute—
  They 're so innocent and small!

Can it be that spirits haunt us,
  Leaving tooth-marks here and there,
Playing idle pranks to taunt us,
  Marking footprints on a chair?

They are babes so frail and tender,
  Far too wee for sin or guile;
One perforce is their defender—
  I must ponder for a while.



MAKING UP

"DONEC GRATVS ERAM TIBI . . ."
BOOK III. ODE IX . . . HORACE

(TRANSLATION OF AN ODE BY HORACE)

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

PICTURE BY REGINALD BIRCH

Horace:

ONCE (even twice) your arms to me would cling,
Before your heart made various excursions,
And I was happier than the happiest king
Of all the Persians.

Lydia:

So long as I remained your constant flame,
I was a proud and very well-known Lydia;
But now, in spite of all your precious fame,
I 'm glad I 'm rid o' ye. . . .

Horace:

Ah well, I 've Chloe for my present queen,
Her voice would thrill the marble bust of Cæsar;
And I would pass right gladly from the scene
If it would please her.

Lydia:

And as for me, with every burning breath
I think of Calaïs, my handsome lover,
For him not only would I suffer death,
But die twice over.

Horace:

What if the old love were to come once more
With smiling face and understanding tacit—
If Chloe went, and I 'd unbar the door;
Would you—well, pass it?

Lydia:

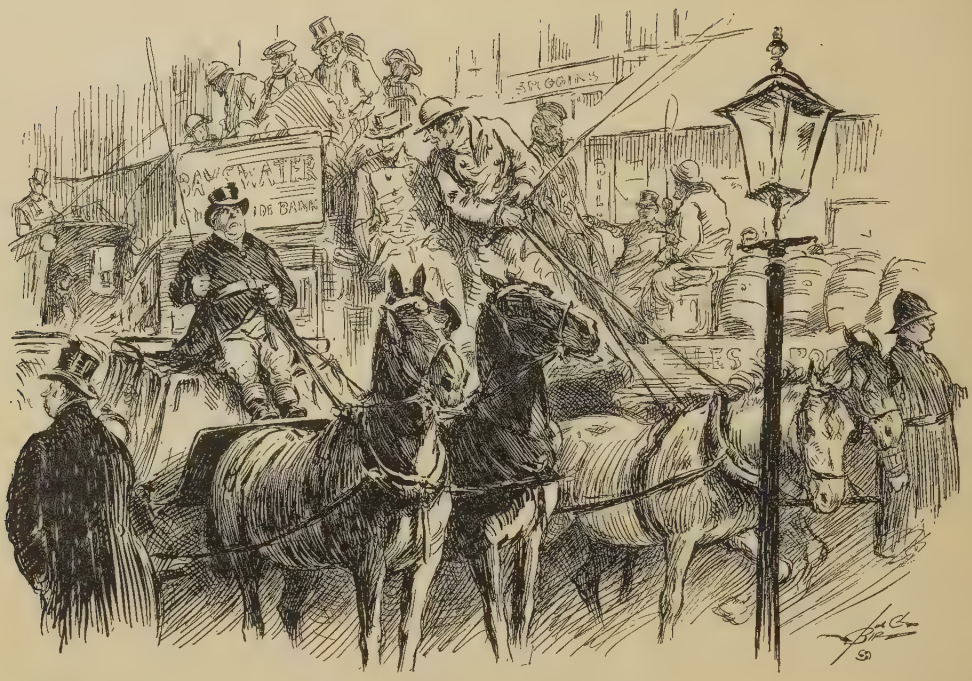
Though he 's as fair as starlight, and as true—
And you as light as cork or wild as fever,
"With all your faults" I 'd live and die with you,
You old deceiver!

Drawing by Held

THE GOLF ENTHUSIAST EXPLAINS A DIFFICULT IRON SHOT, OVER A POND, WITH A CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT

Drawing by Herford

"IT 'S ALL RIGHT, JACK DEAR. WE MISSED THE CHICKEN, AFTER ALL"



JOLTIN' 'IM EASY

BY ALBERT HICKMAN

PICTURE BY REGINALD BIRCH

IT seems to me that the old London bus-driver has been responsible for some of the most incisive bits of restrained comment in the language. Here is a story told me by Barry Pain a dozen years ago in London:

Scene, Piccadilly, at the time in a summer's afternoon when the last of the shopping is on. Traffic jammed from curb to curb. In midstream a bus, loaded inside and out, halted by a ducal landeau—round, fat-bodied landeau, with coat of arms on the door. Fat horses, fat coachman, fat footman, fat lady inside. The coachman is manipulating so that there will be the least possible number of fractional millimeters between the door of the landeau and the door of the jewelry shop, the lady wishes to enter. After a painful period, during which the entire traffic of Piccadilly remains blocked, this is brought to pass. The coachman lets the reins slacken and brings his whip to a formal position of rest. The horses throw their heads to pull out the martingale chains. The footman climbs down. The bus-driver, who has sat like a plaster cast through this, shifts his foot, the brake comes up with a clang, the bus-horses surge forward into the collars, the three-ton bus creaks, and begins to move. Then he leans over the edge, and addresses the dignitary on the box of the landeau in mellifluous cockney:

" 'Ello, Ga'dener!" he says. "Coachman ill yet?"

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SUMMER

FROM THE PAINTING BY HELEN M. TURNER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. 88 JULY, 1914 No. 3

THE SANDWICH-MAN

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG

Author of "Madam Butterfly," "The Prince of Illusion," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

I. WHAT SHOULD BE TOLD LATER

QUITE down-town in the city of Philadelphia stands an "anachronism [according to the newspapers in the dull season] in the form of a small, old-fashioned blacksmith shop, deeply sunken among tall modern buildings, which every consideration of civic pride and beauty demands be obliterated."

Last year the city, desperate at the demands of its journals, prepared to take it, by right of eminent domain, for a passenger-station in the plan of transit expansion. Old Sol Rank, the owner, had to consult a lawyer then.

"I expect you 'll have to go this time, Sol," said the counselor. "City 's after you. City 's got plenty of judges, lawyers, and policemen. And eminent domain 's a terror to beat."

"Yes," sighed Sol, "I expect so. Don't seem decent to be a-shoein' hosses under the nose of them big slick city buildin's growed up there sence my father built the shop in 1820, though I keep it clean as milk."

"Out of date, Rank, out of date. You can't blame people for being tired of seeing it. I am. Are n't you?"

"Can't say 's I am," answered Rank.

"Why, Rank, the place is worth a fortune; and the politicians know it."

"Expect it is," nodded Rank, indifferently.

"I suppose it did n't cost your father a thousand dollars."

"I expect not," agreed Rank.

"And now it 's actually worth more than ten times that a front foot! Better make a deal with the gang. What?"

Rank nodded. He had no understanding of figures. If the lawyer had explained that this meant two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, he would have known it only as considerably more than one thousand dollars.

"Well," he sighed, "I can shoe hosses somewhere else, I expect."

"Sure," cheered the lawyer, with exceeding great hope of a large fee. "Hunt some quiet place in the country. I 'll see that you get half of its value."

"Nix on the country!" said Rank. "I 'm a city man."

"Aw, let the gang have it without a fight, Rank. They 'll get it, anyway. I 'll make 'em pay half market value for it. They got to get something out of it. You 'll be a quarter of a millionaire, anyhow, Rank."

"Nix on the gang!" said Rank, imper-

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vious to the opportunity to join the money-eyed classes or oblige the politicians. "I kin go. Set up on Sansom Street. Got my eye on a place now. Let 'em have it at their own price. I 'm young 'nough to set up ag'in. I 'm only risin' seventy. But what about old Raybun? He 's—why, Lord! he must be a hunderd. He was seventy when he come, so he said, an' he 's been there a'most thirty year'. Near a hunderd, by heck! Say, you got to do somethin' fer old Raybun."

Rank suddenly became anxious in a fashion he had not been for himself.

"Raybun?" questioned the lawyer.

"Lives in the loft," replied Rank, nodding.

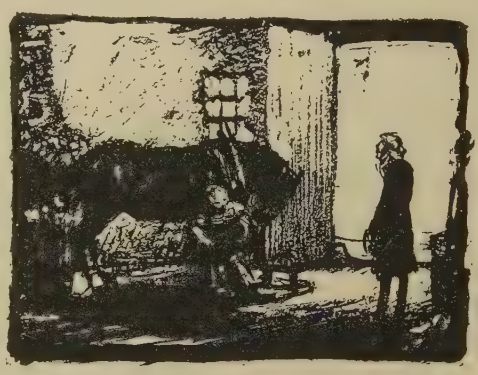
"Lives," shouted the lawyer, losing sight of the great fee in the prospect of a great fight—"lives, did you say? Eats and sleeps? Washes?"

"Fer thirty year'," said Rank.

"His home?"

"Everything."

"You can stay there in spite of the city of Philadelphia, the State of Pennsylvania, and the United States of America all together!" cried the lawyer. "Go home. Law in Pennsylvania has been changed to politics, and there is n't any justice at all; but they ain't got around to the doctrine that a man's house is his castle as yet. The gang 'll get there some day; but not in your time. Then a man's house 'll be the boss's office. Unless he buys a judge or two, an' they come high. The gang keeps the price up. But for the present go home. You 're safe. You can die there. Five hundred dollars. I 'll send the bill."



RAYBUN INQUIRES ABOUT THE LOFT

That night Solomon Rank fell upon Abraham Raybun as he sat at his supper in the loft, and swore that he had saved them both. He said nothing of the five hundred dollars. That he thought would be difficult. But he was surprised at the case of it when, by the help of the lawyer, he went to negotiate a promissory note. The legal person merely mentioned that Rank was the owner of the blacksmith shop objurgated by the newspapers.

II. THE REAL BEGINNING OF THE STORY

However that was only yesterday, and my story begins on a sunny morning in 1883.

Rank looked up from the horseshoe he had just fitted, to find an old man stroking a patriarchal beard and looking down at him.

"Well, old man—Moses in the Bulrushes," laughed Rank, "how 'll you be shod? Have steel calks?"

"Fine job!" said the patriarch. Now he took an old hat off a head of long white hair.

"Quit your kiddin'," said Rank, "and tell me what you want, Old Bulrushes. Honest, you look like Moses!"

"What 's the rent?" asked the old man, pointing above, toward the loft.

"Oh, that sign 's been up there twenty year'," said Rank. "No one likes the smell of the hosses nor the smoke nor the hammerin' nor me. What 'll you give?"

"Well, I dunno," said the stranger. "I never lived in no city 'fore. Down in Ma'yland, where I use' to live, I reckon it 'u'd be wo'th 'bout a dollar a month."

"Not on your life!" said Rank. "Nothin' in it. Pace away, old man. Not 'nough to watch you from stealin' the wash-boards. There 's the door; here 's my foot—git!"

But the old man did not go. He smiled. He liked Rank and his ways.

"Well, what 'd you say to a dollar a week, then?"

Rank looked up from his work, seeing first that the foot he had shod stood fair and flat on the earthen floor of his shop. The stranger had taken off his coat. His smile was pleasant. It was a warm day.

"How old are you?" irrelevantly asked Rank.

THE BLACKSMITH SHOP

"Seventy," answered his visitor. "You about thirty-five?"

"Forty," said Rank.

"Fine young man!"

"Take it," said Rank, referring to the loft. "You got the nerve of twenty-one."

"When can I take possession?" asked the old man.

"Now."

Rank slowly took a key off his ring and passed it over.

"Don't yo' want no writin'?"

"Not a write," said the blacksmith. "If you don't behave, you git fired. If you do, you live there forever. My word 's better 'n your bond."

"Look here now," said the lessee, haltingly, "I don't want to cheat you. You ain't got nothin' in advance. Seems cheap for this locality. Near business. I don't know nothin' 'bout city real estate."

"Well, if you can't pay me a dollar a week," said the blacksmith, grinning, "make it ten."

"You 're a very pleasant blacksmith," replied the old man, holding out his hand. "Better know my name. Raybun—Abraham Raybun o' Ma'yland, suh."

"Mine 's Rank—Solomon Rank o' Philadelphy, suh. Got it? Sure you can stand the hosses—"

"I was raised with hosses," the old man replied.

"And the smoke?"

"We had n't nothin' but fireplaces in Ma'yland," said Raybun.

"And the racket?"

Raybun nodded.

"And me?"

Raybun laughed happily.

"Good luck! Depart in peace, Moses!"

Rank waved Raybun away.

A few minutes later Raybun stood in the middle of the loft and looked about. His old blue eyes glowed.

"Home!" he murmured. "Home!"

For there was a space of at least ten feet by ten where he could stand upright, with no end of storage-room under the slopes of the roof. Besides, there was a tremendous, rude dormer on the south side.

He looked carefully at his worn silver watch, and then at the sun, and said:

"Yes, Mason and Dixon's Line is this way." He sniffed with joy the aroma of some new cedar shingles with which the

roof had recently been patched, and said again: "Home!" Later he exclaimed: "Peaceful! Very peaceful!"

III. CONCERNING THE GREATS

For some days after this Rank saw strange things going into the loft, mostly on the back of Raybun.

There were slabs of black wood, some of it so knotty that the blacksmith could see no use for it outside of the fire. Then there were pots and pans of paints and fillers and varnishes and stains and glues, followed by costly ormolu escutcheons and moldings, which the unlearned blacksmith knew no better than to call brass; pretty brass-headed tacks, glass and brass casters, knobs and handles, and many strange tools, the like of which even the blacksmith, used to tools of a certain iron kind, had never seen. There were giant wooden jack-planes, smaller, but still heavy, smoothing-planes, to the last stubby, coffin-shaped "finisher." Saws, molding-planes, bits and chisels for "fancy" work followed, and finally a turning-lathe.

Rank stood in the midst of it all, and admiringly asked:

"Sa-ay, what you a-go'n' to do?"

Raybun, with his coat off, happy, and looking twenty years younger, said:

"Down in Ma'yland, 'fo' the wah, my father was a chai'- and cabinet-maker. But when we boys—Dan an' me—got back after Appomattox, he and mother was dead, and the business left to us. Well, they was a few people wanted chai's, but none did n't want no cabinet-work. They jus' wanted to keep on livin' ef they could git food 'nough. Then you 'member how machinery come in and made everything. Could make ten chai's for what I could make one. So we sold what was left of the place an' divided up. Then Dan went wrong, an' it took most of my little share to keep him out of jail. I ain't right sure he 's goin' straight now. Always mo' o' less in jail. Dan 's young yit—not mo' 'n sixty. Got to be 'scused, I reckon, fo' a little wildness."

"Still a-sowin' oats, is he?" asked the smith.

"Well, about that there," nodded old Raybun, seriously. "He 's a promoter, an' they tells me that 's where promoters spend a good deal of their time—in jail. Cross at me fo' lecturin' him. Jail don' seem no right place fo' er soldier an' gentleman from Ma'yland."

"What jail does he live at just now?" asked the grinning blacksmith.

"Oh, I don' expect he 's *in* jail. Ain't there always. Fack is, I dunno where he is. An' I won' fin' out tell—"

"He gits hung up ag'in?" asked the shrewd smith.

Raybun nodded.

"Happens every now an' then, suh. No use to lie." Then he resumed his narrative: "So 's they wa'n't no money in the South, I come no'th with what was left—and bought these here things."

But Raybun ended with something on his mind. That was evident.

"All right fur as it goes," said the blacksmith; "but what 's the rest?"

"Well, suh," said the cabinet-maker, "they is somethin' else."

"Go on," urged the blacksmith. "What was you 'fore you come up here? A burglar or a murderer? Mebby jail 's a fam'ly complaint."

"Oh, nothin' like that—nothin' bad," said Raybun. "You 'll think it foolish, that 's all."

"Oh," said the smith. "In love?"

"No."

"Debts?"

"No."

"Whisky?"

"No."

"Then what is it?" asked the smith, impatiently. "What else is they?"

"I hate to tell; but it 's the greats."

"Greats?"

The blacksmith took a slab of black walnut from the rack and threatened Raybun.

"Now you go on! If you ought to be in jail, I won't keep you from it."

"Fack is," said old Raybun, diffidently, "ever sence I was six I been crazy to have 'great' attached to my name—"

The blacksmith burst into laughter.

"Yes, it 's funny," said Raybun. "When I went to school an' read 'bout that there Alexander the Great an' Peter the Great an' all them other greats, I says to Tim Barlow, says I, 'I 'm a-go'n' to be a great myself.'

" 'A great lunkhead!' says Tim."

Raybun paused to laugh, and the smith cried:

RAYBUN TELLS RANK ABOUT THE GREATS

"Well, go on, Old Bulrushes! 'Course you could n't deny that there."

"Well,"—the old man was serious now, —"I did n't see why I could n't as well as them. I don't know. Ain't they great chai'- an' cabinet-makers, too? But I expect it 's too late. Anyhow, they was no way o' gettin' great in ol' Ma'yland sence the wah, so I come up yere."

"How 'll you go about it, Old Bulrushes?" asked the blacksmith. "I want to try it on, too."

"Oh," answered Raybun, uncertainly, "jus' kin' o' git in the way of it. When I went in the army I thought I 'd try to come out a great general; so I jus' kep' in the way of it all the time. You know you got to be shot in wah 'fore they take notice of you, an' then, if you git shot too hard, it 's all over with you. Jus' 'nough. So I took lots o' fool chances with bullets, an' nothin' ever happened. I suppose ef I 'd hid behin' one o' them stone fences down in Ferginny, I 'd 'a' be'n shot dead."

"Jus' disgustin'!" laughed the blacksmith.

"Up yere, where they 's lots of people, they 'll take notice."

"Can't git it out of your nut?" asked the blacksmith.

"No," said Raybun, seriously. "No, I cain't." Then: "Ain't yo' nevah had that there in yo' hade?"

"Nit!" laughed the blacksmith. "All I want is jist 'nough—an' let the rest alone. It 's a bother. Jist 'nough to eat an' wear, an' a warm place to bunk up in winter. That 's all the greats I want."

"Anyhow," said Raybun, "chai'-makin' 's my long suit, an' I reckon I got about one chance left, an' I want to be right in way of the greats when they come. I reckon this is a good place."

"Well, I expect it won't do no one no harm—not even you," said the blacksmith, dubiously. "Sure you 're not cracked a little?"

The blacksmith touched his head.

"Think I 'm crazy?"

He looked avidly about the home he had made for himself.

"Oh, no," protested the smith.

"And if it turns out that I have n't got even one chance left,—no one can't tell, —or if it misses me, an' I got to do without it, well, it 's peaceful here—very peaceful."

"Say, Old Bulrushes, you gim me that there,—the peace,—an' you kin take all the greats that 's on the road," replied the blacksmith, with a thump on the back of old Raybun that hurt. "Good luck to the greats! But if you miss 'em, you got this!"

"I reckon, though, I 'll keep in the way of that last chance," persisted the old man, whimsically—"jus' stick round this here traveled road." He laughed happily.

"At seventy!" said the blacksmith.

The enthusiasm died out of old Raybun's face. He looked his age.

"When I git worked up, I forgit that I 'm an old man," said the cabinet-maker, humbly, "though I 've noticed that I can't quite make no joint no more so 's you can't see where the pieces go together. But I got these here strong glasses, which I reckon will fix that. Look through 'em."

He fixed the glasses carefully on the blacksmith's nose.

"Wow!" cried Rank, jerking them off. "They 'd make me crazy in a minute. Draw my eyes right out of my head. Too old for *me!*"

"Excuse me," said the old man. "I remember exactly how it was when I used to put my father's glasses on long, long ago. I was young then, too; yes, just about your age. And I had no idea that I would ever have to wear glasses. Do you think you will?"

"Not on your daguerr'o-type!" laughed Rank. "You 'll never see me behind no winders like them there."

"So I thought, too. So I thought, too," laughed the old man, gently. "They *are* people who don't need 'em ever. There was Hiram Bell, neighbor; he died at ninety-nine, and never had no glasses on his nose. And you look like you 'd be like that. Well, I got to wear 'em. I guess I like 'em."

He put the thick lenses on his nose with great comfort.

"Make you look young," laughed Rank. "You got big, blue, innocent old baby eyes now."

"Yes," said the old man, "they magnify, and I 'm told they make me look young. But I don't wear 'em for that. I 'm not ashamed of my age. Don't you think it 's kind of honorable to git old and have white hair and whiskers?" He looked at the blacksmith.

"Well, I 'll be blowed!" said Rank at this new point of view.

"The Bible thinks it is," said Raybun, smilingly; "good authority, I reckon."

THE CHILDREN ARE SHOWN THE NEW SIGN

"Say, suppose you ain't got no hair and whiskers?" asked Rank, laughingly.

"Bald?" questioned Raybun, appreciating the smith's humor. "Like brother Dan?"

"And shaved," added Rank.

"I don't reckon that there makes much difference," answered Raybun, still smiling. "Ain't it better to grow to be seventy than thirty, seein' how hard it is to keep alive at all?" he asked in turn.

"Dunno but it is, dunno but it is," replied the blacksmith, uncertainly.

Now, a curious thing was happening to Solomon Rank. He loved children; the shop was theirs whenever they chose to take possession. And he found himself feeling for this old man just as he did toward the children who came there and got dirty.

"Say, Moses, I bet you like kids," he said.

"Why, yes, yes," answered the carpenter, happily. "You got some?"

"Naw," said the blacksmith. "Bach. You married?"

"No," said Raybun. "Bachelor, too."

"That 's the way it always is. It 's the fellows 'at ain't got kids 'at wants 'em. I 'd give a leg apiece for a dozen."

"Eh?" The old man looked up quizzically. "That would be difficult, suh."

"Why?" demanded Rank. "I got some money."

"But not a dozen legs, suh." Raybun softly laughed.

The smith laughed terribly at the joke.

"Say," Rank then said, "I half believe you like *me.*"

Raybun nodded.

"You 're right, suh. I find you very pleasant—very pleasant, suh."

"That 's funny," the smith mused aloud, shaking his head.

"What, suh?"

"No one ever liked me before."

"Only yo' idea, suh, I reckon," said Raybun. "You are very pleasant, suh, very pleasant."

"Well," said the blacksmith, and with

a grin looked up and down his soiled person for some corroboration of Raybun's aberration, "first time anybody called me that."

IV. NOT THE EIGHT-CENT GUM-DROPS

One day, by leave of the pleasant blacksmith, old Raybun put up his sign. It took the subordinate position to that of the shoer of horses and tirer of wagons—just below it, in fact:

ABRAHAM RAYBUN
Chair and Cabinet Maker
General Carpentering

He had made and painted it himself.

It was of French walnut, with a black-walnut molding around the edge, and within that a tiny relief of the costly ormolu. The letters were of gilt bronze, and were, perhaps, less successful than the rest.

"Lettering, suh, you may not know," said the cabinet-maker, didactically, "is a separate trade. But I thought I 'd try to save that expense."

"Why did n't you let me burn 'em?" asked the blacksmith. "Looks like a field of corn after a storm."

The cabinet-maker laughed with him.

"Stick it right up over mine, if you want," said the blacksmith. "Everybody 'at 's ever goin' to know me knows me now. It 's you they got to git acquainted with."

"No, no," said the determined old carpenter. "I know what is right, suh; I know my place. You have been here, I understand, since 1820."

Rank nodded.

"Well, me and my daddy," he said.

Just then the children came along from school, and there was a great time introducing them to old Raybun. All of the smaller ones had to be lifted up to see the new sign, and to be told in first-primer language just what it meant; and then the knowledge acquired was reinforced by a visit en masse to the shop of the cabinet-maker. Well, it was nearly, not quite, as interesting as the blacksmith shop. There, of course, were the hissing fire and the living animals. Raybun would always have to lose in the competition for their favor

THE CHAIRS FOR THE CHILDREN

with these. But he certainly had the planes and the varnishes and the ormolu, which were no mean antagonists. Besides, as you shall learn presently, Raybun made two dozen chairs of varying sizes for the accommodation of the children, and thereupon you are to decide whether the loft had not equal attractions with the shop below it.

"My!" said old Raybun to the blacksmith, "but you have nice children here! So clean and polite!"

"Clean!" said Rank. "Wait till they 're through with my shop on Saturdays, when there 's no school! I got to hide from the mothers 'at come round and want to club me. Take warnin'."

The two men laughed together like malefactors.

"And, say," cautioned Rank, looking about, "don't you buy no cheap candy. The mothers know them eight-cent gum-drops."

V. OF THE CUSTOMERS WHO DID NOT COME

Then Raybun sat down to wait for customers. While waiting, he built for himself and his home the most beautiful furniture he could design, of course, should anybody want to buy them, to sell. It was all of black walnut, with the or nolu moldings, the glass handles, and the curled mahogany veneering, and of a style long past. There was a very wonderful table off which he ate, and where a great whale-oil lamp stood in the evening. There were two chairs with curved backs, one for a possible guest; and most wonderful of all, there was a four-poster, which found its place precisely beneath that great dormer which looked toward the Mason and Dixon's Line. Near this was a small stand whereon sometimes, when old Raybun was very tired, the whale-oil lamp was placed, while the cabinet-maker lay in his beautiful four-poster and read. You would be surprised to know *what* he read, besides the Bible. Nothing less than Marcus Aurelius! There is so much to tell of old Raybun!

But let us not pass the two dozen small chairs of varying sizes. Most of the time they stood in solemn phalanges around the walls. At others, as you may guess, they were occupied by the children. The one who was Raybun's favorite sat in the arm-chair, which, indeed, was more of a throne than a chair. If you had seen the children, you would have known in advance that this would fall to lovely little Annie Lee, with the dimples and the curling, blonde hair and the very blue eyes. But you would n't ever know why till you knew much more about Raybun than I am going to tell; namely, that brother Daniel, who was such a scoundrel as to be nearly always in jail, had a wife, or had, when he last knew of him, who long ago had just such eyes and hair and dimples. One of the Virginia Lees. You might go so far as to guess, if you were sentimental, that that was the reason why old Raybun was so kind to his brother Dan as to help him out of jail whenever he went there. I shall tell no more. Altogether you must perceive that old Raybun was very happy until he woke up one morning to find that he had not a cent with which to buy the children's candy—or his breakfast.

He went, smiling, down the outside stair to the blacksmith.

"Would you oblige me with a small loan, suh," he said, "until my customers come? The children need gum-drops and I breakfast."

The muscular smith slapped him jovially on his thin back.

"Sure they 're a-comin', eh?"

"Oh, yes. Some one in this great city must need me."

"Then you git the loan, to be paid back, mind you, soon 's your customers come."

"Most certainly," nodded the cabinet-maker. Then he thought of something.

"A little slow a-comin', ain't they?"

"A little slow," laughed the blacksmith; "but the greats is always slow a-comin'."

"Yes, yes; surely," agreed old Raybun, and went happily up the stair.

But he had to borrow again and again, until one morning, happily awake in his beautiful four-poster, for the first time a certain thought came to him:

"Why, there are no customers coming!"

Now, could it be possible that that was what the wise and smiling blacksmith meant?

Horrible!

The next day he met the blacksmith shamefacedly.

"'AND IT IS PEACEFUL HERE—PEACEFUL. I DON'T LIKE TO GO'"

DRAWN BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

"Mr. Rank," he said, "it looks like no customers was comin'."

"Looks that a-way," said Rank.

"And, I reckon, suh, that 's what you meant the other day when I—*you* laughed."

Rank nodded, smiling.

"I 'm not needed in all this city of a million of people!"

"I expect not," replied Rank.

"And I have not got in the way of the greats—not at all."

"Seems like," agreed the smith.

"Well! well!"

"You see, old man, all your kind of things are made now by machinery, and made better."

"Yes," admitted Raybun, "the joinery is perfect. What am I to do about your loans?"

"Just go on—ahem!—workin', and borrowin' money from me."

The blacksmith laughed happily.

"But though that would make me happy, when am I to pay you back, suh?"

"Soon 's your customers come—as agreed," laughingly replied the jolly smith, pushing a bill down the collar of Raybun's shirt so that he could not return it, and putting him out of the shop.

"Why," said Rank to the horse he happened to be shoeing, "I git happiness out of that old son of a gun being round—just being around—regular happiness! That there smile of hisn! Just stepped out of mother's big old Bible."

Raybun went back to his loft and stood in the midst of it, looking about. Then he passed his hands lovingly over the things he had made, the beautiful four-poster, the dining-table, last the arm-chair. Again he set his tools in order, ready at a moment's notice. Then he sat down on the bed.

"Well," he mused, "I expect my last chance has come"—a long moment—"and gone. Mebby I had none when I come up yere. Mebby—seventy! I reckon I 'm an' ol' fool. Yes, the greats is slow a-comin'. But my friend the blacksmith is pleasant—very pleasant. And it is peaceful here—peaceful. I don't like to go."

He remembered the money in his shirt, and extracted it with some difficulty. He turned it over in his hands, smiling.

"I reckon, now, he 'd be hurt if I were to return this. Yes, he 'd be hurt."

He put the bill away and went to bed. But he did not sleep well. At last he sat up.

"No man can give me money," he said to something. "One man may lend to another, but it must be paid back."

But this became more and more easy to say and hard to do, as he thought.

Finally he rose and paced the floor without more sleep that night, a thing which he could remember to have happened to him only once before, when his brother Daniel married Annie Lee of Virginia.

VI. PROTOPLASMIC HAIR TONIC

THE next morning he went to look for work. It was a weary day. What could one of seventy do?

Toward evening he came upon a man bearing on his back and his breast a pair of oilcloth signs that read:

USE PROTOPLASMIC HAIR TONIC.

That night, in the four-poster, he yielded to an idea. He rose early, and, dressing in haste, threw his great mass of white hair about his face and spread his beard over his chest. Then he found his way to the office of Protoplasmic Hair Tonic.

"Would you like another sandwich-man?" he asked.

"No," said the manager, without looking up. Then he saw Raybun's hair. "Wait," he said. "Would you dye your hair?"

Raybun hesitated.

"We can't advertise our goods to produce gray hair; but such a shock as yours—"

"If you could get the idea to 'em that even in old age your tonic produces such hair, suh—"

"No good," said the manager, briefly. "Everybody expects an old man to be gray or bald; but a young man, or even an old one, with that quantity of *dark* hair—good day."

Raybun paltered no more.

"You may dye my hair, suh," he said.

"You 'll make up real young," added the manager.

"Say, Moses in the Bulrushes, you quit that!" threatened Rank when Raybun ap-

peared that night. "You 're no chicken, and you can't make the girls believe it. Think, after all, you 'll start a mash and git married an' have your own kids, do you? Well, I 'll give you away—tell your age. Come on; wash that paint off right away!"

Indeed, Rank would have done this had not Raybun succeeded in explaining.

"Say," pleaded Rank, "you don't have to do that there."

"Yes I do," persisted Raybun. "A gentleman won't live on no one, and I expect to pay what I owe you, suh."

"Well, you 're a stubborn gentleman when you set your head. That 's no profession for a gentleman, and you said yourself that you was one."

"I agree with you, suh, that the profession of sandwich-man is the last I should have voluntarily chosen," said Raybun; "but any profession in which an honest livin' can be made is fit fo' a gentleman from Ma'yland, suh."

"Well, then, we 're off," replied Rank, and ended so.

VII. HOW THE GREATS CAME

THEREAFTER Raybun made two pilgrimages every day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, the first along the south side of Chestnut Street and the east side of Broad Street, and the second along the north side of Chestnut and the west side of Broad Street, at the busy hours, when men were going to their work, and when women were coming from the theaters. The price was a dollar and a half a week until another great idea raised his wages at one bound to two dollars a week.

"Suh," said Raybun to the manager one morning before starting upon his pilgrimage, "are my services satisfactory?"

"Oh, I guess so," replied the manager.

"If not, I will resign."

The manager laughed.

"Resign!" he said. "When we don't want you, you get fired. When you get tired, quit, that 's all. Get to work. Business been pretty good lately."

But Raybun persisted.

"I have an idea," said he, "which is worth at least another fifty cents a week."

"What is it?"

"I want the promise of the half-dollar first, suh."

"Oh, you do! Well, you 're discharged."

"Very well," said Raybun, taking off his sandwich. "I 'll take the idea to the Monument Hair Restorer. Good morning."

"Here," cried the manager, "out with your idea! Even a sandwich-man may have one. Here 's a half-dollar for it. I 'll take a chance on you."

"Thank you," said Raybun. "It is this: say on the signs, 'I Use Protoplasmic Hair Tonic.' "

"Right!" said the manager. "Your wages are two dollars a week hereafter. Go for a sign-painter."

Being a sandwich-man soon became a pleasant employment to old Raybun. He grew very tired at first, it is true, and often lay on the four-poster to rest after his pilgrimages. But presently he learned how to walk his allotted journey without weariness. And what he saw and heard on the way was always wonderful and never the same. For the most part he walked in the sun; but often it was through winds and rain and snow. Though always there was enough abroad to make every day attractive in its own way. So that presently the dull days were those he spent at home, and the bright and happy ones those he spent on the streets with the hair-tonic signs on breast and back.

Here, as always, the children flocked to Raybun, proud to walk his beat with the sandwich-man, two holding each hand sometimes, and others competing for the honor. And the children were not all of the poor.

Presently Raybun became a very celebrated person in the city, and had his portrait in the Sunday editions oftener than the richest man or the most beautiful woman. This gave Raybun great and unexpected delight, especially when he was snapped with a bevy of his children about him. A considerable space on the walls of his loft came to be covered with the various portraits of him. Of course all this served to make Protoplasmic Hair Tonic better known. There was one picture he liked specially. Perhaps without intention, he let the dye fade out of his hair, and it was again as white as snow. Now the manager discovered, to his surprise, that Raybun was right and he wrong about that white hair. It made their sandwich-man more to be remarked

and pictured, and it brought a decided increase in business; so that he was now permitted to go without dye. It was on the day of this emancipation and the happiness it brought that a photographer of the "Eagle" snapped him precisely in front of a great department store, with a smile on his face, his children about him, in the midst of pretty women, quite as if he were the proprietor of the great store where he had stopped a moment.

VIII. BROTHER DAN

One day, later, he was passing the Skylark Hotel when a laughing crowd of men and women fresh from luncheon, and not entirely sober, burst through the doors.

"Hah," quoted one from the sandwich, "'*I* Use Protoplasmic Hair Tonic.'"

Another, tearing the hat from a very bald man's head, cried out:

"I don't."

RAYBUN AND THE CHILDREN

The bald man took drunken offense at this, and at once there was a mêlée in which the bald man was knocked down. Well, it is hard to believe, but in a moment the old sandwich-man became a hurtling fury. He stood over the prostrate man and beat down those who came upon him with the edges of his signs. The police arrested him.

When the case came for its small trial before the small magistrate, Raybun stood mute.

"Don't you know this man? Did you never see him before?" shouted the magistrate.

Raybun calmly looked at the man.

"No, I never saw him before," he said.

"Then why did you beat him and three of his friends? They were only in fun."

But Raybun was again mute.

"Then, you," cried the magistrate to the other man. "Don't you know this fellow? Have n't you ever seen him before?"

"No," answered the man.

"Ninety days in the county jail," said the magistrate, who was Irish, "and that 's easy, considering that I don't know whether or not you deserve it at all."

Old Raybun went to prison, and his pictures went into the newspapers with the whole mysterious story. Raybun was afraid that he would be ruined in his profession by this, but he was entirely mistaken. He was missed from the streets, and constant comment was made concerning this in the newspapers. Indeed, he was more famous in prison than out of it; so much so that presently a petition was sent to the governor for his pardon, which was at once granted, and Raybun, more famous than ever, was met at the prison-gates by the manager in a cab, with an offer of twice his old salary. His way for the next month was a daily ovation.

"I thought goin' to jail would ruin any profession," said the sandwich-man to Rank that night, "but seems like it 's made me more famous."

"The greats has come," laughingly replied Rank.

"Yes," replied Raybun, seriously.

"You mean that yes?" demanded Rank.

"Certainly," said Raybun, with dignity; "I have become the greatest sandwich-man in the world, suh."

"Say," agreed Rank, in awe, "I guess that there 's so. Lord! And you like it!"

"Yes," replied Raybun. "You ought to see them flock around me wherever I go, and give me flowers—the pretty girls—and candy—the children—and money—the bankers."

He drew a handful of it out of his pocket.

"Right!" cried Rank, seeing a great light and gripping the sandwich-man's hand. "You 've joined the greats. You 're as great as Carnegie. He could n't be what you are. You could n't be what he is. Both great! But why did you do it—strike that man?"

"I did not strike him," said Raybun. "I protected him. It was brother Dan."

Besides, there was his brother's wife. And that was her picture Raybun had framed and hung on his south wall—her picture when she was twenty. And now you know why Annie Lee had the place in the arm-chair. And though I said that I would not tell you about this, I may as well go a bit further with it. Raybun was to marry her, it seemed, down there in Maryland, when his brother Daniel came home from the city for a visit. Well, she married Daniel.

IX. MONSIEUR DE CUSAC

And then one day Raybun saw in the newspapers that one Monsieur de Cusac had been arrested for embezzling money intrusted to him to invest. It was a large sum, and there was no excuse. The sandwich-man went to see this Monsieur de Cusac in prison, without his signs, of course.

"You!" exclaimed monsieur. "Get out! Have n't I enough to bear? Get out, or I 'll have them put you out."

"I knew right off it was you. I just want to give you my address," said the sandwich-man, "in case you may need me."

"Why? Have you got any money?"

"No; not enough to pay for this, Dan."

"Then go, you infernal sandwich-man! You 're a disgrace to the family. Have you another name to work with, like me?"

"Well, no," said Raybun, slowly. "I hate that—changin' names just because—oh, I take care. No one knows that we 're brothers. Like that day at the trial."

Dan looked at his brother in desperation.

"My God! to think that you are a Raybun of Maryland!"

"What do you think of yourself, Dan?" questioned old Raybun.

"Me? What you talking about! You think because I 'm in jail—why, all the great financiers get into jail now and then, or ought to. When I get out of here, business 'll be waiting for me at the door—twice as much as I have ever had. Think of the sum I pinched! I wish it had been three times as much. But there 's distinction in that amount, oh, yes."

"Oh," said Raybun, "you got the money hid somewhere?"

"Not a cent," growled Dan. "That 's the trouble. The other fellows got it and traveled. But I 'll get even with them; yes, and the rest of the world, too. The next time I get in, it 'll be for a sum that the world 'll never forget. And they 'll remember me with it. There 's the greats for you, you infernal sandwich-man!"

"I am the greatest sandwich-man in the world," said old Raybun, as if he had said he was Napoleon or Nelson. "Why, my picture and my history and everything about me have been printed all over the world. There 's not a country where I would n't be known the moment I announced myself. I have pictures and things in all the languages there are pasted on my walls. Come and see them, if you don't believe me. Well, what more has the most famous men in the world? I 'm as famous as the richest and best of 'em. Prize-fighters and base-ball pitchers are more famous than preachers or heroes. Well, fame 's fame, whether it 's a sandwich-man or a millionaire. You don't need to be ashamed of me."

"Oh, the fame of a sandwich-man!" shrieked his brother. "I asked you whether you had any money."

"No, I have n't any money, but there is always room for another in my bed, and a bite to eat in the morning. And you 're always my brother, no matter what happens. And it 's peaceful—it 's very peaceful. I kin lay in my bed and read. I 'll read Marcus Aurelius to you. It 's very peaceful."

"Out with you!" shrieked Dan.

"Very well," said the sandwich-man, going with the dignity of one who is known in the four quarters of the earth. "No matter how high I go, or how low you, there 's Marcus Aurelius. We can read—and the kids come in—"

The jailer closed the door on him.

X. WHAT MONSIEUR GOT

Dan got his ten years, served them, and then one day came to the little loft over the blacksmith shop—a different Dan.

"Just a bite, just a bite," he said hoarsely, "and I 'll go. I 'll manage to get back into business, never fear. There 's always a place for such as I. Give me something to eat."

The sandwich-man did this. Dan felt better.

"You got some decent clothes, have n't you?" he demanded.

"A pretty good Sunday suit," nodded the sandwich-man, getting it from the walnut and ormolu closet he had made.

"I look respectable in it, don't I?"

The sandwich-man nodded.

"Lend me your razor. After I 've shaved—my God! I did n't think they could do this to *me!*" He stared at his white old face in the mirror, and ran his fingers through the white beard which covered it. "The razor!" he shrieked.

"I don't use none," Raybun said. "I like my hair and beard to be white, and to show."

But he borrowed, for Dan, a razor of the blacksmith. He watched while Dan shaved.

Dan felt better after the shave. Indeed, he could laugh a little.

"Well, I expect I 'm somewhat the worse for those ten years. Ten years behind the bars just at the time when I could n't spare 'em! But I 'll not be old; I won't. I 'll show 'em. It 's too late to get after Gorman and Wend. They 've had ten years start of me, and I 've had a ten-year handicap. But the rest of the world had better look out for me! I 'm not done for yet. I 'm about twenty-one just now."

"What you goin' to do, Dan?" asked his brother.

"Do? The people who done me. Don't worry. Brother Daniel is still in the ring. I worked out a great scheme in jail. I met men there who 'll help. That 's what jail is for. More jail, if you 're caught; but they teach one how not to be caught in there. Oh, it 's a great scheme."

"Think you can get any one to trust you now, Dan?" asked old Raybun.

"Trust me! Watch. People 's just crazy to be cheated. Some one 's got to do it. That 's me. New name, of course. Signore Spirelli. Sounds well, don't it?"

"I expect people do like to be cheated; but not by one who has been found out, do they?"

"You watch."

"Whatever happens, Dan," said the sandwich-man as his brother was going, "here 's the key, and here 's a little money for you, knowing this would maybe happen—"

He put some bills into his brother's hand with the key, and wore his sandwich suit on Sundays. Then he watched the newspapers for the name of Spirelli.

DAN IN PRISON

XI. THE FASCINATIONS OF IT

THE sandwich-man did not see his brother Dan for two years after this, then he found him in his bed. He held up the whale-oil lamp and looked at him. Dan woke.

"Take that away," he said. "You want to see what you have done to me. Well, wait till morning. I 'm a bum."

In the morning the sandwich-man stole out before his brother woke, leaving his breakfast ready on the table.

He had looked, as the brother had said, while he slept, and it was impossible, without the sustaining comfort of his beat, to stay and see what Dan had become. He himself had not overstated it.

The beat brought its usual peace and the wisdom of peregrination. Before the old sandwich-man got home that night he had determined what must be done to save his brother.

"Why did n't you tell me I was old and broke instead of letting them rub it in? Why did n't you remind me that I am a jail-bird, and that Annie is living with Bonner! God!"

"Annie!" that was all from old Raybun. Then: "Dan, I don't make enough to support both. You got to work. It 's good for you."

"What 'll I do? What can a broken jail-bird do?"

"Be a sandwich-man."

Dan laughed.

"Think it over a day or so. You 've tried everything else, or you would n't have come back here. I got an idea that 'll double our wages. You gave it to me the day of the fight. Think it over."

"Work, eh?" sneered Dan.

"No, not work; jus' walkin'. It 's good for us. Keeps us in health and out of mischief. Don't you remember how father use' to say, 'For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do'?"

DAN

"A sandwich-man! My God! Well, I 've been a thief, a jail-bird, a hobo. No! I 'll be hanged if I do!"

"Dan, I 'm offering to make you as famous as I am. Why, the world will ring again with this new idea of mine that you gave me. The world 's never heard of you. Now it will. You 'll be great; you 'll be in the papers with me, and—" Raybun halted. "You never liked children. Is it that way still?"

"Hate 'em," said Dan.

"Pity," mused his brother. "They done more to make me famous than anything else. However, I 'll trust you. You can't be a sandwich-man long without likin' the kiddies. They 'll make love to you. Why, to the kiddies a sandwich-man is a king. My, how proud they are when they can wear the signs for a block. I let 'em take turn about."

"You mean that they don't know it 's a disgrace?"

"They think it 's the finest thing on earth, God bless 'em! And they 're right."

"Good Lord!"

"Why, you 'll love it yourself. Down Chestnut Street on Sat'day afternoons, just when the pretty girls is comin' from the matinée, most of 'em noddin' an' laughin' to you, an' callin' you by name, street all perfume, flowers, chatter, and beauty. Up Broad when the bankers is comin' from lunch an' laughin' an' tossin' you dimes, then home here, an' lay on the bed an' read Marcus Aurelius, an' nothin' to do till to-morrow! Well, kings ain't got it much better.

"Why, Dan, you 're just a sort of a clear little stream, laughin' along among all sorts of beautiful things. They 's flowers and people, an' sometimes rocks along your banks, but you go on jus' the same forever. Say, I 'd rather be a sandwich-man than anything on earth. It 's just tramp, tramp, tramp, an' peace an' Marcus Aurelius, an' sleep.

"Why, you see and hear and know everything first. In the base-ball season I carry the news down the street. Hardly any one waits for the papers. They just sing out to me, 'What 's the score?' And I tells 'em, 'Six, four, Athletics!' and if they 's a war, I tells 'em where the last battle was fought, and how many was killed and wounded, and who won. An' I know about the fashions fer men an' women. I see 'em first in the windows.

"Why, I carry messages about millions of dollars for the bankers, and notes from boys to girls makin' dates, if they 're all right."

And with talk such as this old Raybun slowly cozened his brother until the idea of being a sandwich-man had lost most of its repugnance, not all.

XII. THE GREATEST SANDWICH-MAN ON EARTH

It was only when food had become very scarce in the loft that Dan asked the sandwich-man what his great idea was.

"I 'll walk in front," said the sandwich-man, "with my signs saying, '*I* Use Protoplasmic Hair Tonic,' you walk behind me with yours reading, 'I Don't,' just like they said that day we fought. It 's really your idea. That 's why—we can get ten dollars a week for that idea. We 're starving now. What little hair you got is gray, like mine, but we 'll shave it all off, and no one will know you."

"They won't, eh?"

"You 'll git fascinated by it. And think of what the newspapers 'll do fer us then! Why, you 'll be as famous as me. You 'll git your picture, sent from every country in the world, in every language, by friends who 'd known you here! They may be somethin' finer, Dan, but if so, I don't know what it is. It 's as good to be the greatest sandwich-man in the world as to be the richest or wisest. Matty Christianson, the greatest pitcher that ever was, ain't as well known as I am. And here I 'm offering to share with you just because you 're my brother. I would n't take any other man on earth into partnership. Why, Dan, I *made* sandwiching a profession! A line to be proud of. I 'm the first great sandwich-man, just like King George I, and so on."

Starvation is a powerful motive. Dan

said he would try it if his brother was certain he would not be known. And he did.

And then, curiously, Dan's real happiness began. Sometimes they went tandem, often side by side, and all the things that had fascinated one with this life of the streets now began to fascinate the other. They lay in the four-poster together now and read Marcus Aurelius and talked. They were never apart. Dan became as famous as his brother, and was as often in the newspapers. And so shrewdly did the sandwich-man manage the manager that they now got twelve dollars a week for their joint work.

And Dan, also, became proud. Why, scarcely a Sunday, when they went to the Church of the Advent, but some one would be heard to whisper:

"There 's the Raybun brothers, the great sandwich-men."

Well, would n't that have made you straighten up and stare straight ahead, just like kings and things?

Why, they sang strange old songs up there in the loft, these two happy old men —songs almost beyond the memory of man! And you should have heard the laughter, both the songs and the laughter being somewhat cracked, it is true. Almost the grand things and days of the cabinet-making were forgotten. No; one thing the elder brother insisted upon. The tools, the lathe, and even the stains and varnishes were kept always ready for use, so that a pleasant smell of rosin always faintly perfumed the place.

THE BROTHERS

Now, curiously, the smith became well enamoured of this happiness of the brothers, and more and more frequently took part in their evenings. Indeed, their duets were turned into trios, terrible, indeed, until several warnings from the patrolman on the beat mitigated their fury.

But there were other things, and, lo! the Christmas after the police had interfered with their innocent, but aggressive, melody the delivery-wagon of a great store stopped at the place and left a wonderful thing called a talking-machine, together with precisely one hundred records selected by the blacksmith and the saleswoman, after three days of the hardest work the smith had ever done.

Well, it is not difficult to imagine what the loft was like at night after that. Weber and Wagner rubbed elbows with Puccini, Strauss, and Debussy, and they with the most recent inventors of tango and rag, and were none the worse for it, thanks to the saleswoman.

But one thing you are to know unequivocally: mad as the Raybuns were to get back to their splendid garret, not one foot of their beat did they remit, nor once did they cheat the company out of one minute of its time. It is true that Dan was minded once or twice to be a bit "easy," but Abraham held him to his work even when he would pretend illness. Abraham would literally woo Dan from his bed with the seductive smell of hot coffee, and thence to the street.

So never a day or a foot was missed in all the years and all the weather. And, best of all, Dan was "saved."

"He use' to be a regler scalawag, you know," said Abraham to the blacksmith, confidentially. "Well, you know how it is. When you git to be that, you keep on being it, and it gits worse all the time—"

The old man stopped to smile, and the blacksmith carried on his thought.

"Until you git reckless and think there ain't no law, and git pinched and hung up fer thirty or forty years."

"That 's all that saves 'em," nodded the sandwich-man. "Then they 're willing to be—" He paused again.

"Sandwich-men," said the blacksmith.

"You notice how happy Dan is now?

And peaceful? Reads old Marcus? How he sleeps? He would n't be anything else. He lays and reads, like me. And up there 's home to him—home. Very peaceful—very, very peaceful." Abraham bowed his head.

"Good old Moses!" laughingly said the smith.

"Why, suh," said Raybun, "I reckon I 'm 'bout the luckiest man on earth. The greats has come, Dan 's saved, and great, too, and it 's all peaceful—very peaceful. If I 'd been offered one of them there things a little while ago, I 'd 'a' give' my head for it. An' now I got all three, an' jus' kind o' ladled into my lap!"

XIII. PEACE

THEN one night just as the morning was breaking, Dan woke with the sense of being wanted; but the other sandwich-man lay quiet at his side. Dan passed his hands over his brother's face.

"Very peaceful," he murmured—"very, very peaceful."

Dan slept again, and did not wake until the sun was far up, for it was the Sabbath, when no sandwich-men were allowed on the streets.

And it was indeed very peaceful now, though his brother's face was cold.

"But what am I going to do?" asked Dan of the blacksmith, standing dumbly over the smiling sandwich-man, and looking now through thick-lensed spectacles.

"Do?" questioned the blacksmith, dully.

"I 'm no good now, even as a sandwich-man. No one will want to exhibit the man who *did n't* use his tonic."

"Why not?" asked the blacksmith. "What 's the matter with 'I Did n't Use Protoplasmic Hair Tonic'?"

"Yes," said Dan.

"His idea 's good yet."

"And may I live here?"

"What I done for him I 'll do for you."

"But this place is worth a thousand dollars now where it was worth one then."

"It 's a dollar a week to you, because you 're the brother of him. But you got to take me in and do fer me. I was young when he come. I 'm old now. It 's thirty years. He knowed what was best—peace. I want that there."

For a moment the promoter sprang to life.

"Why, look here, Rank, do you know that this shack and the ground under it is worth at least a quarter of a million dollars?"

"That so?" asked Rank, without interest.

"Why, we could put up a big office building fifty stories high or a hotel, to cost, say, three or four millions of dollars, and on top of that we 'd float bonds and stock for ten millions more and get out. Five millions apiece! My Lord, Rank! And honest! All the big corporations do it. It 's legal."

"Ain't you got enough to eat an' to wear an' a bed to sleep on, a talking-machine, an' nothin' much to do? An' famous as Rock'feller?"

"Yes, yes; but—"

"Morgan got any more?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Kin he use it?"

"Well, no."

"I got the same as you. It 's enough. The rest 'u'd be a bother. What the devil! Say, I bet we got more peace an' sleep to the inch than Carnegie an' Rock'feller together. They could n't be no such great sandwich-men as you and Abe was. Greatest sandwich-men on earth. Who kin beat it? You can't go ahead of the greatest thing on earth, kin you? And, say, I 'll just let you know I 'm at the top of my class in hoss-shoein'. Well, then, you 're the greatest sandwich-man in the world sence Abe 's gone; I 'm the greatest hoss-shoer, or near it. Let 's not turn round an' be the greatest skunks. We both got all we want to eat, an' 'nough clothes to wear, an' we work when we like, an' have money in bank. Say, can you beat that? Can any one on earth?"

The promoter was gone.

"No."

"Then let us have peace, like old Grant said to you at Appomattox."

"All right."

"And we 'll live here together, like me and Abe did."

"All right."

"An' no one sha'n't pay no rent."

"All right. You know, old man," the blacksmith went on, "that 's what he wanted fer you. He had a' idea that it was either this or jail fer you. Well, had n't you better keep this than jail? Mebby

he 's a-lookin' at you. Mebby he 's a-grievin' at us both a-monkeyin' with that there peace idea of hisn."

"Yes," said Dan, touching the cold, smiling face of his brother, "yes."

"Sure," Rank went on, also touching the face, while tears ran down his own. "When you git to workin' them millionaire notions about in yer nut, you git rotten. Can't help it. Money an' rot goes together. Then you git pinched, if you got no intimate friends among the cops; and you git hung up to dry, if yer acquaintance 'mong the juditchery is slim; an' you git to be—what you was 'fore he saved yer."

"Yes," said Dan. It seemed all he could say.

"What 's the use?"

"Yes," agreed Dan, "what 's the use?"

"Let 's keep what we got an' not git no more to bother with—an' be peaceful. We 're old now."

"Yes," said Dan. "We 'll keep on living peaceful—very peaceful. We 're old."

"That 's what you want when you 're old," said the blacksmith.

And they said together, each with a hand on the smiling face of Abe, their own wet, "Peace!"

XIV. FOR IT 'S TRUE

BUT even yet my story will not be told until you know about the will which was in the mysterious envelop intrusted to the blacksmith, to be opened only after what had happened, and from time to time taken away from him and returned again.

It said, among other things:

Tell Dan that he can go on with our profession if he will just put on his signs, "I Did n't Use Protoplasmic Hair Tonic," another of my ideas. He might not think of it. I will him all my right, title, and interest in the sandwich business. And he 's got to keep at it for the honor and glory of us both—and to keep out of jail.

And, Dan, you 're young enough to get married again, and have children, and keep the profession a-goin' from father to son. Dan, I wisht you 'd do it. Mebby you can get Annie back. And let 'em always remember who begun it. That 's why I want the monument. They 'll see it there, and it won't wear off.

And always keep them little chairs for the kiddies. Their names is pasted on the bottoms, them they belong to.

And when I 'm buried, on that day, they 's seven dollars in the old shaving-cup I never used to buy gum-drops for the kiddies—all they can eat—and then some. Not the cheap kind, not the eight-cent.

I 'd like to have some kind of a tombstone, or monument of marble, with that picture of me and the children taken in front of the store, in the crowd of pretty matinée girls, carved on it. But make the sandwich to show and what 's on it:

I USED PROTOPLASMIC HAIR TONIC

And, at the bottom put,

THE GREATEST SANDWICH-MAN IN THE WORLD.

For it 's true.

PEACE

THE GAOLER

BY HELEN GRAY CONE

TO be free, to be alone,
Is a joy that I have not known.

To a keeper who never sleeps
I was given at the hour of birth
By the governors of earth;
And so well his watch he keeps,
Though I leave no sleight untried,
That he will not quit my side.

How often, in bygone years,
I have passioned, and sworn with tears
That I loathed him and all his ways!
He is silent; he smiles; he stays.

When I close my eyes at night,
His face is my latest sight.
That dark face is mine own!
He walks in my dreams at will;
When I wake, he is with me still.
To be free, to be alone,
Is a joy that I have not known.

I have cried to the winds, the sea,
"Oh, help me, for ye are free!"
I have thought to escape away,
But his hand on my shoulder lay.
From the hills and the lifting stars
He has borne me back to bars;
With the spell of my murmured name
He has captived and kept me tame.

It is whispered that he and I
In a single hour shall die,
As we were born, 't is said.
I shall lie in selfless peace;
For him, too, is surcease,
Rest, and a quiet bed.
Self bindeth not the dead.

Somewhat otherwise I believe;
For a hope is astir in me
That when consciousness one day fills
With a splendor I scarce conceive,—
More than the winds and sea,
More than the stars and hills,—
I indeed shall escape away
Forever in that great day;
I shall have no heed to give
Unto aught that would call me back:
He shall pass like the sunrise rack,
He shall vanish; but I shall live!

THE NATION WITHOUT A SHIP

PAYING TRIBUTE TO ROME, AND TAKING TOLL OF THE SEA

BY A. C. LAUT

Author of "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," etc.

IF a representative of the American people stood up in his place in the House and seriously proposed that the United States should make a free-for-all gift of four hundred million dollars to the nations of Europe, and pay an annual tribute of three hundred millions for the privilege of access to European markets, the question of his sanity would be examined in about one jiffy. The proposal would be hooted, ridiculed, set to rag-time, sung in vaudeville, foot-balled in jocose sarcasm from one end of the country to the other, till the man's very name became incorporated as a term of opprobrium, as the word "lynch" commemorates a citizen of the South.

Yet that is precisely what a representative of the people is doing, and has been doing since the days of the Civil War. It is precisely what the marine policy, or, rather, lack of a marine policy, on the part of the United States has brought about since 1867. The young colonies fought over a tea-tax and dumped King George's emblems into Boston Bay, then by a shuffle of diplomacy consented to the heavy drain of a bigger tribute-tax than all the subject nations of Rome poured into the conqueror's coffers in all the long history of that imperial tribute-gatherer.

Is n't this overstating it? Is n't it allegory, hyperbole? If it 's true, why do not the American people know it 's true? And if they know it 's true, why do they not resent the fact? Why did a tea-tax of a few pence fan independence to revolution when a tribute-tax of three hundred million dollars a year drugs complacency with the anodyne of a densest, deadest indifference? If arguments could have built an American merchant marine, there would be no part of the seven seas where the windy oratory of a century had not wafted the American flag; but despite a century of argument, there is scarcely an area of the seven seas where you can find the American flag. Barring eight lone liners of the Atlantic, and nine liners of the Pacific, which have given notice they are going to haul down the American flag and go out of commission if certain laws are enforced, you can go from Greenland to Cape Horn, or from Spitzbergen to Cape Town, from San Francisco to Hong-Kong, and from Hong-Kong to Suez, and from Suez to New York, as Taft did when he went round the world, and not see one lone flutter of stars and stripes above mast and spar. A century's windy arguments, a century's game of blind-man's-buff among the lobbyists of Washington, reams and tons of commissioners' reports, law piled on law, and regulation regulating regulations till the marine code of the United States is the foolish thing of all nations—all these things have not built one ship. Other nations have built their marine up from a keel foundation of facts. Uncle Sam has never got down below political hot air as to facts; but for half a century he has loyally, and with a generosity that has been fatuous, paid tribute enough to other nations to buy all the merchant marines and navies of the world combined.

What are the facts? Of the four billion dollars of water-borne commerce passing through American ports yearly, only nine per cent. is carried in American ships; ninety-one per cent. is carried in foreign ships. In freight and insurance the American shipper annually pays the foreign carrier three hundred and twenty-five million dollars. This cannot be paid in bills of exchange. It must ultimately be paid in gold; so that the foreign carriers yearly exact from United States commerce what represents twice the entire gold production of the United States and Canada, or three quarters of the entire gold production of the world. It

should be noticed here that the annual "tight money" period in the United States always follows the shipment of gold to foreign ports to pay for the annual movement of the crop.

THE POWER OF THE FOREIGN POOLS

ALL rates of United States foreign commerce are determined in London and Berlin by foreign pools outside the jurisdiction of American law. These foreign pools maintain what is called "a fighting fleet" to undercut rivals and drive independents off the sea. Secret rebates woo away shippers from independents. Virtually every independent has been driven off the sea in the last ten years, and the increase in cargo rates on American commerce has been described as extortionate. Since the independents have been driven off the sea, rates have gone up two and three hundred per cent. For instance, when the big wheat and cotton crops of 1912–13 came, rates were readjusted thus:

	1910	1912	1913
New York to Liverpool:			
Grain	.03	.07	.10
Cotton	.12	.30	.45

Instead of the grower reaping the profit of larger crops, the foreign carrier exacted it in trebled tribute. It may be said that a sudden slump came temporarily in freights in the winter of 1914. That is true and but proves the argument. The foreign pools fell out among themselves for a little while. During that interval, freights dropped. The drop was carefully timed after the bulk of the year's crop had gone out.

"We get all our orders from London," testified the manager of an English line before a house committee on marine, "and the rule [among the pools] is, Don't step on my corns, and I won't step on yours."

"The American carrying trade," declared the head of one of the largest exporting houses in New York, "is monopolized by the foreign steamship-owners. The idea that the ocean is free is one of the fallacies of the American nation. The control of the ocean is a stronger and more determined monopoly than any trade in the States. The rates are extremely high and prejudicial [to American commerce]. There has been a very heavy advance in the last two years. The conditions for this country are so bad that you lose from twenty-five to thirty per cent. of the export trade of the world. We are simply paying tribute to Europe."

"On some articles," testified another exporter, "rates have been raised three hundred per cent. in seven months."

"This advance from one hundred to two hundred per cent.," testified the manager of a big foreign line, "has been very gradual for two years. We did not immediately jump two hundred per cent. It was gradual. We hold our rates to the highest level we possibly can."

"Is there not another element to keep out competition—a fighting fleet to be used against companies that threaten competition?" asked the chairman of the marine committee.

"That is the purpose of the organization," answered the traffic manager of the strongest foreign line.

"Within thirty days after they [the foreign pools] had formed their combination," declared Congressman Humphrey, before the same committee, "they raised freight rates on wheat from the west coast of the United States to Europe over four hundred per cent."

There is yet another effect of Uncle Sam's neglect of a marine. When the Boer War broke out, thousands, hundreds of thousands, of bushels of wheat lay and rotted on the farms of the West because the railroads did not dare to ship it. Why? Because the United States had no ships, and the foreign carriers had been chartered for the war. Speaking of wheat, it should be noted here that if Uncle Sam had to pay his ocean-freight bill to the foreign pools in wheat, as the subjugated nations of the East used to pay tribute to their conqueror, it would require more than half the biggest wheat-crop that the nation has ever raised. The most rapacious conqueror of antiquity never exacted such tribute as this yearly toll of the sea paid fatuously, gleefully, unheedingly by the most astute commercial nation of modern times.

THE PAUCITY OF AMERICAN SHIPS DISASTROUS

A FEW years ago, before the Great Northern had put its gigantic *Minnesota* in

transpacific trade, or the Southern Pacific its fine steamers, it was computed that while England had 12,000 vessels of first rank engaged in overseas international trade, Germany 2000, and Japan 1000, the United States had only 9. To-day, if figures were available to latest date, the discrepancy would be still more startling; for while the United Fruit Company, the American-Hawaii Line, and two or three lines between New York, San Francisco, and the west coast of South America, have built up magnificent fleets, the biggest of these lines has not yet been admitted to American registration. Another is doing a purely coastal trade between American harbors. The others have definitely put on record that if certain laws are passed, they must either go out of business or do business under a foreign flag and foreign regulations; in other words, subject to the requisition and the rules of a foreign government and foreign pools. "I want to say," the manager of the largest line on the Pacific said, before the marine committee of 1913, "that I am done with the American flag forever. The evil is there is a tremendous lot of windy enthusiasm about the American flag, but not one single practical spark to merit the conflagration. Your bills"—he referred to the navigation laws—"will wind up the American flag on the Pacific Ocean forever."

In 1912, of new merchant vessels, Great Britain was credited with 1,738,514 tons; Germany with 375,317 tons; the United States with only 284,223 tons, three quarters of which were destined solely for coastal trade. Says Dun's "International Review," "This has been the record ship-building year in practically every country in the world except the United States." In China, in Japan, even in little Denmark, such a spurt of activity has taken place in ship-building as these countries have never before known. Hong-Kong shipyards have witnessed a revival that has come almost too swiftly for capital to finance. At one period in 1913, Hong-Kong had twenty-one ship-building establishments going full blast. In England and Ireland such shipping prosperity has been witnessed as the United Kingdom has never before known. Earnings were doubled and trebled. Dividends of ten, fourteen, and twenty per cent. were paid on the big lines, and shares were doubled and quadrupled. One company's shares went from £2 to £10 in a single year; another, from £200 to £422. "We do not deny," said the manager of one of the largest foreign pools, "that the great prize for which foreign lines strive is the United States yearly four-billion-dollar volume of foreign trade." And for half a century the United States has made a present of the profits from this carrying trade to its trade rivals of the world. If a man did that in private business, he would be put under confinement. If a representative of the people proposed it as a policy for the nation, he would be hooted to his grave. Yet that is Uncle Sam's policy, and has been his policy for a century. He fought over a tax on tea. Then the diplomats reshuffled the cards, and chucked him under the chin, and he smilingly pays down a yearly tribute of three hundred and twenty-five million dollars for toll to cross the sea.

Is there any way of wriggling round it? Is it wrongly stated? Is Uncle Sam so easily buncoed? Did gold lace and diplomacy and foresight do what swords and cannon-shot could not? Why not let the cheapest carriers take the freight? Why not let these other nations act for all time as our burden-bearers? Don't we hire a delivery-man or express-cart to carry our trunk from the station? Why not let the other nations act as our delivery-cart?

As Mr. Schwerin of the Pacific Mail put on record in his testimony, "There is a tremendous lot of windy enthusiasm," but wind does n't build a ship. What as to facts in the case? Why not let the cheapest carriers take the freight? Because since the foreign pools with rebates and fighting fleets ran independents off the sea, there are no more cheap carriers. As steamship managers and exporters both testified, rates have been shoved up from two hundred to four hundred per cent. in two years, which the managers described as "gradual" and the exporters as "extortionate." Why not let these other nations act as our burden-bearers? Because when the burden-bearer, like a taxicab meter gone wrong, exacts tribute equal to half a year's grain-crop, or three times a year's gold-crop, that burden-bearer costs too much. It would cost less and save

the nation colossal tribute to use our own locomotors; in a word, build ships and use our own sea-legs. The ocean-freight bill of the United States for a single year would build and equip three hundred ocean-liners.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PANAMA TOLLS

THE entire dispute over Panama tolls is one of the best examples of the sardonic little joker tucked in the kernel of every marine policy attempted by the United States for a century.

American vessels engaged in foreign trade are to pay a toll. Yes; but how many American vessels engaged in foreign trade want to use the canal? The five subsidiary to the Southern Pacific and the one subsidiary to the Great Northern are railroad ships, and are excluded from the canal by law. The managers of both lines have declared before a congressional committee that they could not run a day without loss except as subsidiaries to and feeders of transcontinental railroads. The other four vessels under the American flag engaged in transpacific trade do not wish to use the canal. Their beat is from the Pacific to the Orient. The six or eight vessels under the American flag engaged in foreign trade across the Atlantic do not wish to use the canal. Their beat is from New York to Southampton. Of some four other lines engaged in foreign trade from Atlantic ports to South America and the Orient, not one has definitely declared that it will fly the American flag under the present code of marine laws. In fact, the big fleet of the United Fruit Company has been refused American registry because most of the ships have been bought or built abroad. One of the biggest lines operating from San Francisco has declared that it cannot afford to fly the American flag under present laws; so that at the time of writing it looks as if the canal would open without a dozen merchant ships under the American flag to use it. Two of the big trust companies operating exclusively for their own traffic will use the canal; but they have not yet declared whether they will operate under foreign or United States registry.

But surely of the enormous coastal fleet of almost six million tons, from which foreign vessels are excluded by law, many of the ships will want to use the canal in an Atlantic to Pacific traffic, which should reduce rates in the proportion of rail to water, or seven to one. Wait a minute. How many of those United States coastal ships can use the canal even if they do want to? How many will enjoy this exemption from tolls? When the Bureau of Corporations investigated the subject in 1912, the report of 1913 had this to say:

"Every important water-carrier [on the Atlantic and gulf], whether passenger or freight, is either under the control of railroads, or has been acquired by shipping consolidations under control of railroads."

In other words, every Atlantic and gulf coaster is either owned by a railroad or governed by a pool that is controlled by a railroad. On the Pacific one big line was independent of both pools and railroads. By freight blockades and terminal jockeying it was forced into the hands of receivers. Where does this put Uncle Sam? Railroad-owned ships are excluded from the canal. If the law is interpreted as it stands on the statute-books, how many of Uncle Sam's big coastal fleet can use the canal? At date of writing, it is impossible to say how the railroads anxious to comply with the law and the administration anxious not to exclude the American flag from the canal will handle the dilemma; but it is hardly probable that there will be a dozen American coastal vessels eligible to use the canal. One line of twenty or twenty-five ships under the American flag had proudly boasted that it was not owned by any American railroad. It is not; but sixty per cent. of it is owned by an English railroad. How is Uncle Sam going to interpret that railroad clause of his canal bill?

Surely, then, having bitten our nose off to spite our face in excluding railroad ships, having knocked the bottom out of the possibility of any great benefit from exemption, we have at least guaranteed the canal freedom from railroad control and opened the door for competition to come in. What do the railroads say about it? To be perfectly frank, they laugh. Says Mr. Schwerin of the Pacific Mail:

"There has not been a railroad man to whom I have spoken who has not laughed. The railroad men have taken no interest

whatever as to whether the railroad-owned ships should go through the canal or not, whether tolls should be charged or not."

The glee of the railroads needs no explanation. If coastal lines are under their control and independent ships will not come in under present laws, what competition from the canal have they to fear?

"It is n't a question of tolls," declared the president of a shipyard company. "It 's a question of a ship to go through the canal. It 's a question of keeping our marine from being totally extinguished. We have built a four-hundred-million-dollar canal; and except for the navy, it looks as if in another ten years we would not have a ship to go through it."

The question was being discussed how to stab the American public into a realization of what it meant not to have a marine. It had been suggested that a small miniature of the Panama Canal should be devised for the world's fair, and that on this should be placed miniature fleets of the world's merchant marines.

"Great Jupiter!" exclaimed the foremost authority on ship-building in America, "it is a joke. It is the howling joke of the whole world. We 've built a canal that 's a world-wonder; but as a nation we can't build a ship. Do you realize," he demanded, "that if we put miniatures on to represent the merchant fleets of other nations, the miniature we 'd have to put on to represent the American merchant marine would not be visible to the naked eye?"

Panama represents an expenditure of four dollars a head for every man, woman, and child in the United States. Until the United States has a merchant fleet to use it, what benefit will there be to each taxpayer for this expenditure?

As Disraeli once said apropos of Suez, a little ditch through sand may change the direction of world traffic. As his own life exemplified, it may set the diplomacy of a continent by the ears. Within a year now the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific will be sluiced into one great round-the-world ocean highway, that open passage to the Orient for which Columbus and the Cabots and Cartier and every north-pole explorer from Henry Hudson to Nansen have sought. Within a year now the fleets of the nations of the world will be drawn to the very doors of the United States. What have hitherto been *back* doors to the country will become *front* doors to new commerce, to new opportunity, it may be to a new welding of world commerce. The Pacific henceforth becomes the scene of the next world contest for expansion of oversea empire. Three of the greatest wars of the last half-century have been fought by the nations on its shores.

THE COMING CONTEST FOR THE CARRYING TRADE OF THE WORLD

THERE is not a nation in the world that does not feel the stirring of the waters, the coming change in the world conduits of trade, the transfer of world contest for power from the North Sea and the Mediterranean to the Pacific. England, Germany, France, and Denmark are looking for bases for naval stations to guard the commerce that will pass through Panama. Are they to be permitted to fortify naval bases in New World waters? What, then, becomes of the Monroe Doctrine? Who could foretell that a little ditch through sand would reverse the diplomacy of a century? Japan sees what is coming, and has more merchant ships ready for the Panama Canal than the United States. When the United States would have leased Magdalena Bay in Lower California for target-practice for the navy, an unseen hand blocked negotiations, and Uncle Sam awakened only in time to stop that unseen hand securing Magdalena Bay for Japan. The United States excludes Japanese colonists. Chile, Peru, Brazil, and Argentina receive them with open arms by the tens of thousands a year. There are more Japanese merchants, more Japanese colonists, more Japanese ships in South America to-day than there are citizens from the United States. Japan to-day controls over seventy per cent. of the carrying trade of the Pacific, taking the same toll of the sea there that England and Germany take on the Atlantic. There are in Hawaii more veteran soldiers of the Japanese army than there are soldiers in the American army. Nor is all this mere chance. Japan prepays the fare of her colonists to South America, gives them special rates for home trips, and directs their foreign colonizing with the same care that the United States repels it.

There is not an American consul in South America who does not know all this, and who does not forewarn the State Department what it means. What does it mean? It means that Japan foresees the transfer of the contest for world power to the Pacific.

The stirring of the waters, the coming change, the greatest marine revival that has been known since England's conquest of the Armada established her undisputed mistress of the seas, has not left a river harbor or coastal city of America untouched. Halifax, Montreal, Quebec, Boston, New York, Baltimore, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, Houston, St. Louis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver, and Victoria are all spending millions in anticipation of the quickening of coastal traffic from the opening of Panama. Pacific coast expenditure in preparation for Panama traffic will not fall short of one hundred million dollars. What with twelve-million-dollar drydocks on the Atlantic side, double tracking on the Pacific side to bring traffic down to the Pacific instead of shipping across the continent to the Atlantic, and opening two new ocean harbors, Canada's expenditure on the great marine revival will not fall far short of fifty million dollars. On the Atlantic and the gulf it is hard to estimate how much of the expenditure is the result of the great marine revival, and how much is in preparation for the great change in world conduits of trade; but by the time traffic through Panama will be in full swing, the total local spendings of American and Canadian cities on harbor improvements will easily have exceeded two hundred million dollars. Why all this? To bring American commerce down to the sea; and when it reaches the sea, Uncle Sam has no ships to forward it to world markets. The cream of the profit of this ocean traffic, where rates are highest and expenses lowest, goes to the foreign carrier.

And note that these are only local spendings, civic and state projects. Over and above these spendings, the United States Government had up to June, 1911, expended six hundred million dollars on rivers and harbors. Why? To bring traffic down to the seas, and when it reaches the sea, Uncle Sam has less than a dozen ships to forward it to world markets.

Add up your spendings—four hundred million dollars for Panama, six hundred million dollars for other rivers and harbors, two hundred million dollars for local state and civic projects, and an annual ocean toll of three hundred million dollars! The wildest dream of the most rapacious conqueror of old never glimpsed such a toll as Uncle Sam pays unheeding, almost with a fatuous bravado of throwing his gold at the nations of the world.

One hundred years ago American vessels carried ninety per cent. of our commerce. To-day they carry less than ten per cent. The year 1815 witnessed the beginning of the failure. Will 1915 witness the beginning of the revival? What swept the American flag from the sea is a long story. It began almost with the birth of the nation. One cause of irritation among the colonies, far more than stamp- and tea-tax, was the shipping regulation of the Home Government, compelling the colonists to ship exclusively in English ships. Colonial ships, say, from the Virginia Plantations had to have English registry and had to pay excess tonnage dues that put them at a disadvantage in obtaining return cargoes.

One of the first things the colonies did on declaring independence was to grant special favors to their own ships. This at first took the form of lower tonnage taxes. Later drawback duties, or differentials, were allowed on all cargoes in American bottoms. This obtained return cargoes, the great difficulty in Atlantic traffic for American ships.

Under this system within twenty-five years the new States were carrying ninety per cent. of their commerce. From Maine to Virginia the harbor fronts rang to the shipwright's hammer. Ship-building became the very backbone industry in every harbor on the Atlantic. Shippers became ship-owners, ship-outfitters, ship-builders. America had the timber at her back door, the lure of the sea at her front door, and the skilled workman became the man of honor. Longfellow celebrates this spirit in his famous poem. What with Napoleonic wars, Europe had her hands full of other things, and American clippers became famous the world over for their speed, their stanchness, their daring crews,

and their more daring traders. Before Europe had awakened to the fact, the shipyards of Bath, of Salem, of Boston, of New York, of New Jersey, and of Hampton Roads were supplying fifty-four per cent. of England's merchant fleet.

THE BEGINNING OF AMERICA'S DECLINE AS A SEA-CARRIER

It was the War of 1812 that marked the beginning of the end. The war, it will be recalled, began without a cause, and ended without a settlement, a phenomenon that the histories have had great ado explaining. The right of search had been revoked by England before the war began, and was not even mentioned in the settlement; but there was not a nation of Europe that did not watch and hope for the crushing of the merchant marine of the new colonies. When the war was settled, while England was indifferent enough about Western boundaries, there was one thing she was not indifferent about—that her ships should receive the same treatment as American ships. Special favors to American ships went by the board, and by 1828 the United States not only gave equality of treatment to foreign vessels in direct trade,—that is, bringing home cargoes to American ports and carrying American cargoes to home ports,—but began extending equality of treatment to indirect trade—that is, to foreign vessels carrying foreign cargoes to and from the United States; say, English vessels bringing a Russian cargo and departing with a cargo for Italy.

From 1828 there began a system of marine treaties with foreign nations for absolutely reciprocal and equal treatment of ships. These treaties have numbered at times as many as sixty-five, and at the present time run over twenty. They were not signed for eternity. They were open to abrogation by either side on due notice, and forty such have been abrogated by foreign nations without offense to either side. In fact, they were not treaties. They were conventions. But the point is that reciprocal and equal treatment was an absolute impossibility. Except to fishing-craft, the American spirit would never tolerate subsidies, subventions, bonuses out of public funds to ships. These treaties were no sooner signed than the European powers plied their own merchant ships with subsidies, admiralty subventions, bonuses, in some years rising for certain nations as high as seven million dollars; in fifty years running into hundreds of millions. Vessels with government subsidies of millions behind them could underbid the rates of American vessels with no subsidies. This actually happened soon after the advent of steam. A huge English liner came in and lay alongside an American liner in New York. She cut rates fifty per cent., captured the cargoes offering, and in a few runs put the American ship out of business; then rates were jumped back to the old figure. This happened so many times that the trick became the death-knell of many an American line.

There was another way in which these marine conventions became a joke of diplomacy. When you are sending a thousand vessels a year to a foreign port, and the foreign port is sending a thousand vessels a year to you, there may be equality of treatment; but when for fourteen years one group of countries sends you thousands of vessels and you send not one vessel to those countries, concessions to those countries are a free gift of America's marine interests to foreign nations. This has been the case at frequent intervals with Norway, with Sweden, with Denmark, with Holland, with Italy, and with other powers. The joke inside the kernel here is, when it has suited foreign nations to abrogate treaties, they have done so. When Uncle Sam has indicated any intention of abrogating marine conventions, he has been threatened with dire penalties. Why? Because having next to no ships of his own engaged in foreign trade, he is at the mercy of the foreign carrier. When asked, "Can you correct abuses in foreign carriers?" Mr. Schwerin answered:

"If you shut out the foreign carrier, you would ruin your own commerce. If you had your own ships to put in, I say yes, shut out abuses; but if you shut out the foreign ships now, what of the export and import business of this country? You are absolutely dependent on the foreign ships. Why, you have no American ships. If you should debar the foreign ships from the ports of America for one month, you would have the worst financial panic this country has ever seen."

To this dependence have the marine

treaties following after the War of 1812 reduced American commerce.

Contemporaneous with these marine treaties, other developments were diverting the attention of the United States from the sea. Western development and Western railroading offered Eastern capital bigger returns than the clipper trade. Eastern cities began financing railroads instead of ships. At this very period, 1854, England took marine matters out of the hands of blundering politicians and placed them under a permanent body of experts. Subsidies, admiralty subventions, mail contracts, diplomacy—all were bent on fostering a merchant fleet to command the seas of the world. When the Civil War broke out in the United States, the American flag was literally swept from the sea by filibusters fitted out from the harbors of marine rivals.

Other factors here gave the death-blow to United States marine interests. The railroads were jealous of the competition of water rates. When the country came to itself after the Civil War, railroads had possession of the most valuable waterfronts; and as railroads merged under trust control, it was only a step for the pooled railroads to conspire with the pooled foreign liners to crush independent American ships. Hundreds of examples of this could be given if necessary, but perhaps the best examples are of Eastern canal systems bought up and smothered, or of a Southern railroad that paid a million a year to a Central American country to prevent an isthmian steamship line getting rail connection from Atlantic to Pacific. New ports like Los Angeles had literally to fight for their lives. A new port of Texas at Aransas Pass is in the thick of such a fight now. All these things worked against an American marine. American ships were hard to finance, and harder still to float to success. The ocean may be free, but its freedom is of no use to a merchant fleet that cannot have access to terminals.

THE COST OF LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES ONLY ONE DISADVANTAGE

MEANTIME the cost of labor in the United States had increased over the cost of labor in foreign lands from two hundred to three hundred per cent. Where it cost a German line from $60 to $75 for a captain, and an English line from $75 to $100, it cost an American line from $150 to $200; and the same scale of proportionate increase existed from first mate down the crew to deck-boy. This made the cost of operating an American ship from forty to sixty per cent. higher than the cost of operating a foreign ship. Likewise it made the cost of building an American ship from sixty to eighty per cent. higher than the cost of building a foreign ship. When Robert Dollar of San Francisco called for bids for a 10,000-ton-cargo steamer, the British offer was at $350,000, the American at $767,800. The high cost of labor would no more have sunk the American merchant marine than the high cost of labor prevents American steel and oil competing against foreign products on foreign markets; but added to the other factors working against the marine interests of the United States, the high cost of labor helped to sink a sinking ship.

There is another loss which national indifference to marine matters ignores. Great Britain's ship-building industry employs 140,000 people; the United States in the busiest seasons only 50,000, and in average and poor seasons like the present only 30,000. No class of industrial workers in either country are paid higher. Platers and riveters are skilled workers at highest pay. It is a class of work in which boys and girls can never supplant adult workers by undercutting wages. Averaging each worker as a representative of a household of five, including himself, the ship-building industry of the United States supports only what would be the suburb of a large city. The ship-building of Great Britain supports what would be a second St. Louis or Boston or San Francisco.

It is when one considers land freights *versus* water freights that one realizes what the lack of a merchant marine means to any nation. It is easy to say that water rates are cheaper than rail rates as one to seven, or that a canal does the work of fifteen railroads at the expense of one. These statements do not mean much till one examines them in specific cases. While a canal will do the work of fifteen railroads at the expense of one, a canal is the most expensive form of water transportation in the world; for in the first place it entails enormous outlay on construction

expenses, which are not, like railroad expenses, charged up against traffic; but on the ocean the sole expense is the cost of the ship, the cost of operation, depreciation, and terminals. There is free trackage that never needs repairs across the highway of the sea, though Uncle Sam has permitted the hoisting of terminal charges to a figure prohibitive for any line but a big concern. For instance, one line of foreign ships pays yearly rental in New York and Brooklyn of $100,000 a year.

Take specific rates to show the saving of water over rail. A wholesale firm of Los Angeles told me they could ship a ton of groceries from Antwerp to Los Angeles at the same cost as the rail rate on that same ton of groceries from Los Angeles to San Francisco. A few years ago, when the lake rates were at their lowest, a ton of wheat from Chicago to Buffalo cost forty-one cents. For the same distance by rail from South Dakota to Chicago the charge was $4.70 a ton. Before the foreign pools jumped the rates on wheat from New York to Liverpool, you could ship wheat 3000 miles across the sea for from one and a half to three cents. For 2500 miles—say, from the mountain States to seaboard—the rail rates fluctuated from twenty-eight to thirty-two cents during the open season of navigation on the lakes, and from thirty-eight to forty-four when lake navigation closes. Here is where some of the jockeying of the railroads against marine interests comes in. For the intermountain area it is shorter to ship to the Pacific than across the continent by from twelve hundred to two thousand miles. Yet the rate charged is virtually higher. That is, it is twenty-two and a half to twenty-five cents to the Pacific, thirty to forty-eight cents to the Atlantic; but the difference in favor of the Pacific vanishes when one remembers that at some of the ports, like Vancouver, grain must be sacked at an extra cost of from five to eight cents a sack, and at other of the ports the foreign pools controlling the Pacific have advanced insurance and freights four hundred per cent. The same railroad differentials exist against shipments to the gulf ports. Houston is 720 miles from the grain of Kansas. New York is 1335 miles. The Houston rate is thirty cents, whereas the Chicago-New York rate is ten cents. Fruit-growers of California can ship oranges to the Atlantic seaboard at fifty cents a box cheaper by water than by rail; that is, at a cut of just half. The president of a Southern lumber association told me that while it cost him only from twelve to fifteen cents, including loading charges, to ship lumber 3500 miles across the Atlantic to Europe, it cost him eighty-five cents, without loading charges, to bring lumber the same distance across the continent from Seattle to Norfolk. By water he could bring lumber down the Pacific from Seattle through Panama and up the coast to Baltimore or Norfolk, then ship that same lumber inland by rail to the Mississippi and save fifty cents over the rail rate to the Mississippi.

THE LACK OF SAILORS AND SHIPS A MENACE TO THE NAVY

While Uncle Sam's lack of a marine policy entails extortionate rates to the shipper, and colossal spendings for returns of absolutely nothing to the tax-payer, to the navy the lack of a fleet of American merchantmen is fraught with dangers so poignant that naval commanders dare not voice them above a whisper. When the American fleet went round the world, the United States whooped its gratulations till the welkin rang, and the little Brown Brother smiled, and the diplomats smiled. Why? Because the United States had not enough colliers to supply the fleet with coal. The United States had to hire foreign colliers to chase the fleet round the world with coal.

When the United States wished to send the Pacific squadron from San Diego to Magdalena Bay a couple of years ago to investigate just what Japan's designs as to a fishing-station were there, the admiral sat heavy of heart in his cabin. He had not coal enough to proceed more than half-way to Magdalena Bay.

If all these facts do not convince a heedless public of the nation's loss and danger for lack of a merchant fleet, then it is because the public refuses to consider facts.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

It might be said at once, as many remedies as there are doctors; but he is a rash doc-

tor who promises instantaneous relief to a sick man. The difficulties of the situation may be summed up in the pros and cons of both sides thus:

A large portion of the public demands abrogation of the marine treaties or conventions that have given the advantages away to foreign nations without return to the United States. As Mr. Schwerin points out, to bar foreign pools when we have no ships of our own would be to invite swift calamity.

Another part of the public sees salvation only in restoration of the old differentials. That is the meaning of the five per cent. clause in the tariff bill—allow a drawback, or reduction of duties, on imports in American bottoms. Mr. Dollar of San Francisco points out when there is a difference in cost of building and operation here and abroad of fifty per cent., a five-per-cent. differential will not induce a ship-owner on the sea to hoist the American flag.

The trusts, which would be large sellers of raw and manufactured supplies for ship-building, are credited with being the advocates of subsidies. The American Constitution can hardly be construed as favoring subsidies. The American spirit is against it, and the small ship-owners fear that if there were subsidies, they would go only to the large concerns and so not increase the general merchant fleet.

Some shippers suffering from increased ocean rates advocate putting water rates under a commission. Others declare this the extreme of absurdity. When the Japanese Government orders rates made and unmade at a moment's notice, when the foreign pools of Europe put on a fighting fleet to break independents, how, ask the steamship men, are we to meet the fluctuating rates of foreign rivals if we have to wait an Interstate Commerce decision that may hang fire for six months? Here are the Japanese shifting Pacific rates on silk at every trip. Here are Liverpool lines shifting the rates on wheat. How are we to meet those shifts if we have to wait for a long-argued decision?

A large number of shippers, especially on the Pacific coast, where ship-building has not yet played an important part, demand the abolition of United States navigation laws—those laws, for instance, which confine American registry for foreign trade to American-built ships, and exclude foreign ships from coastal trade, and direct the hours, nationality, and status of American crews. This is what is called "the free-ship party." In answer, the American ship-builders say that the abolition of these laws would throw every American ship-building plant—there are about eight on the two coasts—into the hands of receivers within twenty-four hours. If the cheaply built, cheaply operated foreign ships, they say, have run the American flag off the seas, how long do you suppose it would take those same cheap ships to ruin our large coastal trade, the second largest in the world? The American flag has been run off the high seas, but it still floats proudly on coastal waters. Abolish the laws, and you may attain cheaper rates for shippers, they acknowledge; but you will not have left a single ship in coastal trade flying the American flag. You will invite the enemy into your coastal trade, where the traffic will be fed into foreign pools.

Why, asks the inland territory, should we do anything for ships? What are ships to us? Pause a minute, says the coast. We subsidized the railroads that opened the West with huge land grants. Our capital built your railroads. What are you going to do for us? Of all the United States commerce borne upon the seas, sixty per cent. comes from the inland West, only forty per cent. from the coast. It is to your interest as much as ours to build up a merchant marine. What will you do to help us?

What can the United States do? The cul-de-sac seems hopeless; but is it? Within half a century three great nations have built up magnificent merchant fleets, England the greatest, Germany next, Japan next. They had to contend with these same difficulties. How did they overcome them? Each in the same way: by taking marine affairs out of politics and placing them in the hands of a permanent board of trained experts who can act on the instant with authority to the limit of congressional power. That marine matters in the United States will never mend till taken out of politics and placed under such experts, ship-builders, ship-owners, and shippers agree.

ALFRED NOYES

BY BRIAN HOOKER

Author of "Mona," etc.

THERE is no present reason for attempting a critical appraisal of Mr. Alfred Noyes, estimating the merit of his work or its degree of promise. For with the publication of "Drake" a few years ago, that promise passed into performance; he took thenceforward a certain place in the history of English literature; and another generation must have come and gone before he can truly be measured beside the stature of his contemporaries and against the background of his age. How good his poetry may be is no longer our concern: that question abides the testimony of time. But we may very well consider what kind of poetry it is, the form and substance of it, the tenor of its message, and the tendency of its appeal. Mr. Noyes is still what we call a young man, with his greatest possibilities before him; yet he has fared midway along the pathway of our life, beyond the mortal term of not a few immortals, and achieved already a bulk and variety of work no less considerable. He typifies a revival of poetry in England which will in time induce a corresponding movement here. More clearly also than any modern poet he represents the present spirit of our race, and holds up the mirror to contemporary human nature. Whatever we think of him, he is the dawn of the new century singing; and in his words and tones we understand ourselves.

We say commonly that a great artist is the mouthpiece of his environment, that the age makes the man. And again, that greatness is always in advance of its time, which it modifies and controls; so that the man makes the age. This is really rather a paradox than a contradiction; for the truth of the matter moves in a circle, and both sides are true. The age does make the man in that it furnishes the point of view for his outlook upon life, the fulcrum by which, if at all, he is to move the world; it determines how he shall be great. Then, according to how great he is, the man will stamp his environment with the impress of his own personality; or, failing that, will set his dead hand upon the helm of history, governing later ages than his own. Circumstance may make the same soldier Alexander or Leonidas, and popular choice decide whether a prophet shall be Moses or Jeremiah. But in either case they will be representative of their times.

With contemporary opinion Mr. Noyes is by no means perfectly in agreement; in this age of more than ordinary conflict of thought and confusion of tongues, one may doubt if there be any such thing. But he is profoundly at one with common humanity and the eternal truths of life in their most intensely modern phases. He is not, like Mr. Kipling, the mouthpiece of his age in the sense of expressing with power what we in general potently believe. By throwing modern changes into relief against a background of changeless tradition, he shows vividly what manner of men we are. He does not, like the reactionaries, lament the death of the old gods, nor proclaim with the progressives that new gods have been born; he declares, with the full force of a very strong pair of lungs, that all the immortals are alive to-day. He can chart our present world quite clearly, because his face is set undoubting toward the sunrise; and it matters little whether we assent to his orientation, so long as it be fixed and plain. He holds by the sane and central tradition of English poetry in terms of contemporary fact. His Christ is crucified in Hyde Park, his Aphrodite born of momentary foam.

The first and simplest illustration of this is in the matter of sheer technical craftsmanship. The tradition of English poetry from the beginning has been a musical and sounding verse clearly regular in form, the rhythmic subtleties of which are balanced by prevailing simplicity of meter. From time to time have

arisen eccentric giants, like Browning and Whitman, whose form peculiarly suited their own genius; and the proof of whose eccentricity is that, great as they are, they have no following. But the main trend of the art may be traced straight down through Shakspere and Milton and Tennyson to Swinburne and Mr. Kipling. And Alfred Noyes is squarely in the middle of the stream. One will not find a grotesque rime in his work, except for intentional comedy; nor a harsh line, nor an experiment in *vers libre:* his verse will have no coquetry with prose. And everywhere one will find swing and melody, as studied as a fugue and as simple as a street song, governed with careful wildness. In all this he is wholly orthodox and traditional; but his orthodoxy is of the very latest kind, and his tradition up to the minute. Not only the orchestration of the great Victorians, but the drums and dances of Mr. Kipling, the elfin horns of the Celts, and whatever Swinburne could tell him of the lascivious pleasing of lines at once languid and delirious, he has made his own and carried one last step beyond.

White as a shining marble Dryad, supple
and sweet as a rose in blossom,
Fair and fleet as a fawn that shakes the
dew from the fern at break of day,
Wreathed with the clouds of her dusky hair
that kissed and clung to her sun-bright
bosom,
Down to the valley she came, and the
sound of her feet was the bursting of
flowers in May.

Down to the valley she came, for far and
far below in the dreaming meadows
Pleaded ever the Voice of voices, calling
his love by her golden name;
So she arose from her home in the hills,
and down through the blossoms that
danced with their shadows,
Out of the blue of the dreaming distance,
down to the heart of her lover she came.

The Swinburne influence is evident; but to any one with a retentive ear for verse this could not be Swinburne. The difference is as subtle and as definite as the difference between patchouli and lavender. Moreover, the form is not Swinburne; it is Alfred Noyes. There is the familiar old four-line alternating stanza, applied to a rhythm technically complex and simple in effect; one of the long, rapid movements developed in English during the last half-century, and of these a new one, virtually unknown before, and handled in the latest way. We recognize the traditional canorous march in modern numbers, the old Muse in a new spring gown.

The same traditional modernism appears even more strongly in Mr. Noyes's choice and treatment of subjects. When a man makes high and serious poetry of a hand-organ, a newsboy, a trolley-ride, and the day-dream of a lounging hobo, it is not difficult to feel that he is modern. But the poetry which he sees in each is not modern and peculiar to the subject, but traditional and common to humanity. His barrel-organ remembers the land where the dead dreams go and the ancient freshness of the spring; his newsboy flashes out of the roaring gloom of a London night to wave under a lamp the one word "mystery"; his car is drawn by the lightning through hells and heavens; his tramp envisages a vision of Psyche. They are poetic to him precisely because for him each momently embodies an eternity. When the same man writes of Orpheus or of Robin Hood, or in "Drake" and the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" shows himself saturated with Elizabethan tradition, his modernism is less obvious; but it pervades the more deeply for not being merely upon the surface.

Never until now has the Elizabethan age meant what it means to Mr. Noyes and to ourselves. Drake is become a name to conjure with by starting the spirit not only of our time, but of our place; not unmeaningly is the poem dedicated to America. "Orpheus and Eurydice" incarnates in Greek fable the very present struggle between work and love; and the newest kind of fairies, who support the universal peace movement, walk with Robin and Prince John through Sherwood Forest. It is just the converse of Mr. Noyes's treatment of his modern subjects. Those he refers always to tradition; these traditional subjects he takes invariably from a point of view intensely modern, poetizing in them what meanings they take on to-day. The purely literary suggestiveness of names and settings, for example, is an affair of over night, of the

cheap print and universal reading which have but just begun. And of this new connotation Mr. Noyes makes continual use. "Bacchus and the Pirates" depends not merely upon our present idea of Bacchus as a Greek god of intemperance, of the bucaneers as children's bogies, like Blunderbore and Cormoran; it depends upon "Peter Pan" and "Treasure Island," upon Kipling and Kenneth Grahame and Howard Pyle.

Of course there is more in the poem than this. It goes as deep into mythology as the meaning of Dionysian revels, as deep into Christianity as the paradox of pleasure, the taking of the kingdom of heaven by force. But I am concerned for the moment only with that in it which meets the eye, an allusiveness thoroughly popular, which yesterday would have been pedantry. The mushroom growth of science, the sudden universality of education, have given our age a rich sense of historical inheritance, as an heir to all the ages having just looked up its genealogy. This Mr. Noyes feels with us, and voices for us. But the same causes develop also in us somewhat of the detachment of the parvenu, the vanity of difference without indebtedness: wisdom was born with us, and alteration is improvement. We have made many inventions; why not all? And we talk of changing our souls as blithely as we talk of changing our minds.

But here Mr. Noyes emphatically disagrees. He remembers that change implies the unchanging, and invention means only to find; and to the cry of "New lamps for old" he answers that light is older than the world. In this he is more truly modern than we ourselves, for only memory can call this day our own. By itself the present is a figment; while you read this word, the future has become the past. And in so far as we imagine our own age really distinct and separable, we simply weaken our admiration and limit our imagining. We admire the red sun at evening; but if the sun burned blue tomorrow morning, nobody would think it beautiful. We should all be sick with fear.

All that wonder and romance and poetry of modern life upon which we insist so eagerly depends upon tradition. Things are new; but their beauty is beholden only by the illumination of old dreams. The romance of the motor-car must be felt in terms of dragons, the poetry of the aëroplane by comparison with birds. Their names are more prosaic than themselves, because their names are new, as a word seen for the first time is meaningless to one until defined in familiar terms, and all really emotional and meaningful words are heavy with the aroma of innumerable associations. So any means of expression grows artistic only as it grows traditional; else it remains, like Cubism, a mere cipher, a code without a key, a representation which does not represent. And as with the names, so with the things themselves. They become poetic only by relation through age with eternity. The telephone will some day be like the letter, seeming always to have been. The idea of it, of a friend's very voice across the void, is so now; but one cannot yet say "telephone" in a poem, or carve one in marble. Chanticleer heralds the dawn; but an alarm-clock makes the dawn a mockery. Now, this is precisely what Mr. Noyes feels and interprets, insisting upon the timeliness of traditional subjects and the immemorial meaning of modern ones; upon the new bodies of the old, the old souls of the new. Whereby he achieves a truly modern poetry, while others merely cry aloud that modern life is poetical. He is more modernist than we, because he remembers our humanity. For we in all things are too superstitious, desiring either to hear or to tell some new matter, deifying gods unknown. Whom therefore we ignorantly worship, he declares to us.

The coincidence is suggestive; for of all that tradition in the light of which Mr. Noyes beholds our modern life, and by which he relates us to the world, the central tradition, the organism and inspiration of his entire work, is the tradition of Christianity. He has written very little religious poetry in the technical sense of poetry upon religious subjects, but for him all subjects are religious. The Christian philosophy is his chart of the universe, the Christian ethic his compass of human action. This seems rather strange to us only because we cling to the exploded idea that ours is a Christian civilization. We see that Christianity is still the religion of our temples, and observe that it is obviously not the religion of the

tavern and the street; so we wonder that a man's nominal religion should be real, and say that his creed does not matter. Of course it is the one thing that does matter, or else it is not his creed. Every person is religious, especially, in a sense, the heretic; there is no dogmatist like your dissenter from dogma. For a man's religion, whether he calls it a creed or a code or a conscience, is that view of life upon which he tries to form his own. We talk loosely of unbelief, as Cross and Crescent called each other unbelievers; actually there is no such thing, because you cannot deny without affirming a contrary, and a man's faith is whatever he means to live by.

Mr. Noyes's religion is no more to him than ours to us; only it happens to coincide with the traditional and official religion of the race, which in our time is unusual. We are no more Christian than the civilization of St. Paul's time was Olympian; we are, indeed, in much the same case, a philosophy at war within itself, a priesthood too tentative to be at war with anything, and a general reliance upon progress and an ethical rule of thumb. Such a condition may produce great art by concentrating the functions of philosopher and prophet upon the artist, who is the only articulate man with any real faith to declare. Certainly we are paying more and more attention to what we call the "message" of the artist; and he who has a message is a messenger, which is English for an apostle.

Now, the truth of Mr. Noyes's belief is no question of literary criticism; the critical point is that he does powerfully and potently believe it. It colors and conditions all his poetry; and being familiar and traditional, it makes that poetry very popular and expressive, a language common to our understanding. He may be mistaken, but we feel precisely what he means. By this tradition in especial he interprets modernity. For the keynote of our time is transition; we are groping for a new vision of things, and the faith of two thousand years has its back against the wall. Christianity is withered at the top, where religions are always weakest, and still pulsing blindly in the humbler heart. Here Mr. Noyes again agrees with us, and expresses what we feel ourselves to be. But he disagrees with us again; for we think that Christianity is dying, and he thinks that it is rising from the dead.

Because a man's force and failure spring alike from what is most characteristic of him, you will always find his weak point at the root of his greatest strength: Achilles, the swift-footed, is vulnerable in the heel. It is not strange that Mr. Noyes's religion should be the spring of his artistic power. It always is; it was so with Zola and Whistler and Oscar Wilde. His faith has moved the mountain of popular indifference. But it has also led him now and then to lose the poet in the preacher, which is to fall from creation to criticism. Of course all art is moral, in the same sense that all art is religious; that is merely to say that all emotion is motive. But it does not follow that all art, or any art, should point a moral. The artist's faith colors his view of earth and heaven, and in what color he sees must he work also. But he need not offer us a palette for a picture, or splash paint upon the frame; for then it ceases to be color, and becomes pigment. Morality is the wine within the cup of art; you cannot hang it on the outside. And when Mr. Noyes works for the good of things as they are instead of for the God of things as they are, the mental misquotation not only weakens his poetry, but weakens his preaching. He has not done so often; and the one reason for noticing it in this place is that the tendency somewhat appears to grow upon him, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand across the sane and normal clarity of his vision. Rodin and Keats are right: it is enough that art be beautiful; for there is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion, whereby it wisely tells the truth.

And this is indeed the sure and simple test for distinguishing in any art that work which is normal and progressive from ephemeral eccentricity and affectation. No matter what it achieves; as it means beauty, so shall it endure. And you cannot mistake the intention. A silly woman may prattle like a child; but the child is trying to talk well, where she is trying to talk innocently. So a true and vital art may be as erotic as the "Arabian Nights," as quaint as a Chinese dragon, as conventional as an Egyptian fresco, as rude as a medieval ballad, or as ugly as a

Fijo idol. One cannot confuse it with the decadence which affects as an aim what in the real work is a limitation. This holds even in the comic and the grotesque; for the real humorist is not showing off, and the gargoyle is made for the cathedral. And this is the whole depth of difference between the modern art which represents beautifully the features of to-day and the modern art which features itself as original. Mr. Noyes may prove as great as Chaucer or as small as Campion; we shall not live to know. We do know that his name is imprinted somewhere upon the roll of English poets, not merely pencil-marked upon its margin. He is at once contemporary and traditional, one who sees and shows this generation in terms of humanity, this moment as a phase of time.

Kingdoms melt away like snow,
  Gods are spent like wasting flames;
Hardly the new peoples know
  Their divine, thrice-worshipped names:
At the last great hour of all,
  When Thou makest all things new,
Father, hear Thy children call—
  Let not love go, too.

That is in spirit and substance essentially modern poetry; and it is the essence of Alfred Noyes.

PEOPLE OF THE NIGHT

BY IRMA KRAFT

FIVE boys—five blind boys at a concert in Italy; rows on rows of empty seats; the music of Verdi lilting through the still air; and two foreign young girls listening.

The five boys clasped hands in utter happiness; their sightless faces glowed, as the strains of Verdi crept into their brains, firing them with strange harmonies.

The two girls watched the blind boys. One saw only five happy young faces at a concert of beautiful music; the other saw five blind boys, their utter appreciation, and rows on rows of empty seats. She asked herself, "Why can't all the blind people in the world have all the empty seats at all the concerts in the world?" What pleasure and inspiration, she thought, music might bring into such lives, cut off from much which makes life worth living for those who have their sight!

So, from the pathetic brightness of those sightless faces and the suggestion of the empty chairs, in the mind of Winifred Holt, who was later to be lovingly known as "the Lady of the Lighthouse," was born the project which to-day is bringing light and cheer and the inestimable gifts of work and brotherhood to thousands of the blind.

Miss Holt had gone to Italy to study the fine arts when the inspiration for her great work for humanity came to her. When she returned to New York the thought was uppermost in her mind. In her studio, as she molded clay or designed bronzes, she saw again the glowing faces of the blind boys at the concert and the rows of empty chairs. Again and again she repeated to herself the question, "Why can't blind people have music, why can't they have life like the rest of us?" There were many things, she believed, that the blind could be taught to do, trades that would make them self-supporting. But most of all, she felt, these stricken ones needed human pleasures and companionships.

So she began to formulate the plan for the work which has since developed into one of the most far-reaching movements of this generation in the service of humanity. Indeed, it is almost impossible to estimate just what Winifred Holt and her army of untiring workers have done for the sightless; but it may be truly said that to-day for perhaps the first time in their history the blind are touching life.

From its small beginning in 1903, with a ticket-bureau for the blind, to which managers gave unsold seats at theaters,

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BETWEEN THE BLIND GIRLS' DANCES AT THE LIGHTHOUSE

concerts, and operas, and wealthy philanthropists loaned yachts, carriages, and country estates, the work has branched out until now Miss Holt has succeeded in bringing within reach of the sightless the opportunities and the training necessary for useful and happy lives. She believes it to be necessary first to teach the blind man that he must live, and, second, that he must live happily.

On her first visit to the New York Institution for the Blind, Miss Holt was courteously greeted with the sentiment, "It is admirable to give the blind man pleasure; but labor? Oh, no; you would not expect a crippled horse to earn his oats?"

What was the actual state of the case? Hundreds of intelligent and capable human beings scattered throughout the city were worse than slaves because they had lost their sight, and were forced into inactivity through poverty, or into that inactivity which brought poverty and despair. What effort had been made to help them had failed. The law did not permit a blind man to beg, neither could he steal. Unless he happened to be a capitalist or was willing to be dependent on his friends, beggary or the almshouse was his only future. The thought that he could be self-supporting was generally accepted as impossible.

Yet Winifred Holt perceived that it was not impossible, but absolutely true. No power had ever decreed that, in addition to being deprived of sight, the blind man should also be deprived of the glorious privilege of labor, and she believed that there were many crafts that blind men could be taught that would save them from becoming public charges.

Primarily, she realized that the blind man must come to know his blind brother; that out from the honeycombed cañons of the city he must be lured into the magic circle of a wholesome companionship.

Because she had small funds at her command, and as yet few people interested, she opened her home in East Seventy-eighth Street. In her parlor blind women were soon being taught type-writing, basketry, or rug-weaving, while in her studio blind men were learning broom-making. The evening hours were given over to amusements and diversions, for the blind

are lonely people and need to mingle with their fellows. Bringing to them the glad news that part of life is laughing is one of the most important phases of Miss Holt's mission.

With the house filled with blind applicants and the daily mail swamped with heart-stirring appeals, both Miss Holt and her sister Edith realized that, in order definitely to establish an organization for the blind, the first step was to compile a reliable census. The city furnished a scant list of a thousand, with few details as to their method or manner of existence. So in the summer of 1906, while Winifred Holt went to Norwood, England, to study the better methods of teaching the blind at the Normal College, her sister Edith took up the census problem in New York City. The outcome of that summer's labor, performed entirely by Edith Holt and a band of volunteer census-takers, was a list of twenty-three hundred blind in Greater New York alone which accurately stated their methods and conditions of existence.

Upon Miss Holt's return from England, she called the first meeting of the New York Association of the Blind. Dr. Lyman Abbott was elected president, Miss Winifred Holt, treasurer, and Miss Edith Holt, temporary secretary, the two sisters dividing all the onerous first duties of the organization. So the movement was launched with a capital of four hundred dollars, derived from the sale of tickets generously given by Walter Damrosch, then president of the Musical Art Society.

No expenses for lighting, heating, or housing were involved, as the Misses Holt gradually converted their entire home into a meeting-place for the blind. The blind women's first social club had its origin in their parlor, the blind men's club in their basement, and at every meeting refreshments were served and music was provided.

The next step was a bill, to be signed by Governor Higgins, appointing a Commission for Investigating the Condition of the Blind. This signature, the commission, and the entire census statistics were obtained through the unremitting efforts of Edith Holt.

The Holt homestead soon became so crowded that it was necessary to hire additional quarters. Several rooms were rented near by, and here the blind man received his first instruction in telephone switchboard operating, in type-writing from the phonograph, in piano-tuning, and even in toy-making with scroll-saws.

Again Miss Holt became anxious for larger quarters, a permanent meeting-place for her unseeing children. She had interested, among others, Messrs. Jacob A. Riis, Joseph H. Choate, Carl Schurz, Mark Twain, Felix M. Warburg, and Henry Phipps. Unfailing in her vigilance, unfaltering in her purpose, she finally persuaded these men, together with Bishop Greer and Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, second president of the association, to obtain a permanent building, a home for her charges in which the work might be continued even if she should be taken away.

On December 20, 1911, after six years of unflagging effort, Winifred Holt experienced the joy of turning perhaps the

Photograph by Arnold Genthe

MISS WINIFRED HOLT

Photograph by Arnold Genthe

A PIANO LESSON

A blind teacher reading the notes with her left-hand, and finding the blind pupil's fingers with her right.

greatest page in the history of her efforts for the helpless, and on that day William Howard Taft, President of the United States, placed the corner-stone of a tall, white building on East Fifty-ninth Street, henceforward to be known as the "Light-house," and clasped the hand of Winifred Holt, henceforward to be known as the "Light-keeper."

At the memorable exercises which followed, after addresses by Bishop Greer, Monsignor Lavelle, Dr. John Finley, and the Rev. Judah Magnes, a letter was read which had formerly been sent to Miss Holt by ex-President Grover Cleveland, in which he said:

The feature of this work which appeals to me strongest is that which contemplates the fitting of the blind by instruction and encouragement for self-support. I know from observation how much can be done in this direction, and how easy it is, in the absence of such effort, for the blind man to fall into the way of dwelling upon his deprivation and entitling him to bald and irredeemable charity.

The spirit behind this larger movement, indeed, was to take the sightless man out from his home, only in order to return him to it self-supporting. It was a movement to teach the members of his family that, because of his affliction, he need neither leave them to become a charge of the State, nor stay among them a saddened derelict; that he might go out, with head erect, to his labor in the morning, and return in the evening, with shoulders squared, undaunted.

The Lighthouse was the first and only institution in the world which definitely aimed to teach the blind man labor—in reality, to teach him life.

Richard Watson Gilder became so enthusiastic over this new point of view that he wrote in his exquisite Lighthouse poem—

"Pity the blind!" Yes, pity those
Whom day and night inclose
In equal dark; to whom the sun's keen
flame
And pitchy night-time are the same.

But pity most the blind
Who cannot see
That to be kind
Is life's felicity.

Helen Keller wrote in a priceless letter to Mark Twain:

Remember that to be blind is to live long, long days, and life is made up of days. It is to live immured, baffled, impotent, all of God's world shut out. It is to sit helpless, defrauded while your spirit strains and tugs at its fetters, and your shoulders ache for the burden they are denied—the rightful burden of labor.

Labor—that is what the Lighthouse gives first, the heritage of man, and equally the heritage of the blind man. In their circulars, in all their advertisements, the light-keepers crave only a chance to sell the products of their pupils' hands. "Give us a chance," they say, "to show you that our blind masseurs, cooks, telephone- and telegraph-operators, our broom-

Photograph by Arnold Genthe

IN THE MUSEUM OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

Blind children looking at a lion made by the blind sculptor Vidal.

A HEART TO HEART TALK WITH THE SCOUT-MASTER

makers, basket- and rug-weavers, our electricians, and, above all, our home-teachers are capable and efficient men and women."

And from the Greater New York movement has sprung a movement for the blind in smaller cities. Winifred Holt and Helen Keller have been indomitable in their efforts to found sister organizations. In Buffalo, in Albany, and in many Middle Western cities smaller lighthouses begin to twinkle their fainter, but none the less sturdy, candle-lights. One of these is the "River Lighthouse" at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, the generous gift of Mrs. Rebecca Hardy to the association. Here through the long summer blind women alternate with blind men and children in enjoying country sunshine, in turning their faces, some of them for the first time, to greet the country dawn and the country twilight. Into their lives come the magic, the mystery, the subtle, nameless whisperings of God's own out of doors as a new influence.

A blind as well as deaf visitor, on her first visit to Cornwall, was spurred to the following:

We rise up in the morning and walk out
with the sun,
Right over on the hillside is a place for
every one;
We hear the boats a-whistle as they glide in
o'er the foam,
And the robin sweetly singing around our
country home.

For these Lighthouse children Winifred Holt has collected nearly three quarters of a million dollars in the last eleven years. Much more is to be done. Only a few years ago Joseph H. Choate, in an address to the association, said, "Whatever is to be done must be done quickly," and Mark Twain spoke from the depth of his feeling when he said, "It is a dreary, dreary life at best. What we do we must do quickly." Yet the wheels of the gods grind slowly, and it is only to-day that Miss Holt feels that she is accomplishing one of the greatest aims of her mission, the settlement feature of the Lighthouse, —its work for human fellowship,—where the blind have come to know one another in a laughing, social way.

The Lighthouse has been battling with

the problem of a vast army of the sightless. Derelicts from the alleys have poured into it. The life-stories of some of these are tragic. One twilight a young foreigner sat trembling in the Lamp-Room of the Lighthouse. His coat-collar was turned up to hide his collarless, frayed shirt. He was an Englishman and a man of education. An emissary of the Lighthouse had found him in a back tenement, in his last struggle, preparing for the unknown.

"You can't keep me from it," he said. "You might this time or next or next, but you can't keep me from it. I 'm useless, and I don't want to live."

He was fingering a small velvet elephant which Miss Holt keeps as a memento upon her desk. She had casually handed it to him. She is fond of elephants.

"What 's that you have in your hand?" She spoke carelessly, as if absorbed by the other's problem. "What 's that little thing I 've just handed you?"

"Why, it 's got four legs and a trunk—why, it 's an elephant, of course." The man smiled. Comedy thrust her face through the black mask of Tragedy.

"And you want to tell me you 're blind when you can tell an elephant as quickly as all that?" Miss Holt spoke slowly: "Why, man, you 've got ten eyes in place of two. Come, give us a chance to show you how to use them."

To-day that man is earning a happy, comfortable living as an efficient switchboard-operator in a telephone exchange.

In seven years the Life-saving Corps of the Lighthouse has prevented fourteen people from immediate self-destruction, and has remade these fourteen into efficient men and women, healthy, happy members of the community.

"Seven years since," one woman told me, "my husband was brought home dead. When I saw him, I lost my senses and fell, striking the kitchen table, knocking my eyes, and hurting my optic nerve forever. In the months that followed I lay full of horror; I was afraid to live, afraid to die. The people around me took on awful shapes. I was afraid, afraid, afraid. But the worst thing of all was to come. I 'd always been so active, I 'd always been a wage-earner myself, and now I had to sit with my hands folded, and, since my poor husband was dead, I had to listen to the feet of my little children tramping out in the morning, dragging home at night. I was done for; I wanted to die."

"And then?" I queried into her sunshiny face.

"And then some lady from the Lighthouse found me. First she brought me work to do at home, and showed me how to do it. She was blind herself, and we got real chummy, and I got to thinking of her coming like an angel. And after she 'd showed me how to cook and sew and knit, she asked me if I wanted to come to the Lighthouse and learn some other things—come to a class, maybe, every day. Did I want to come? Why, the morning I put on my bonnet and went with that woman—well, that morning I can't ever just forget."

"And now?" I was eager, interested.

"And now," she said proudly, "I 'm earning money right along and keeping a fine house, too. Won't you come and see for yourself? I 'd be so pleased."

One day Dr. Erdman of the Lighthouse staff tried long to secure entrance to a room up many flights in a frightfully poor tenement. The door was opened only a crack by a haggard blind man, and the doctor was refused admittance until he produced proof that he was not the landlord bent on evicting his tenant. After

Photograph by Arnold Genthe

BLIND YOUNG CARPENTERS

much argument he was finally permitted to enter the pathetic and shockingly dirty room, where, in a bed covered with rags, he found the blind man's aged, paralytic mother unable to move.

"It 's dirty, I know, sir," apologized the blind man, "so dirty I 'm ashamed to have you come in; but, you see, mother can't do anything, and I can't take care of her quite as I should."

Dr. Erdman soon learned the story of how his news-stand, his only source of income, and heretofore sufficient for a bare living, had one day been taken from him by a rival whose political pull had succeeded in supplanting the blind man on his popular corner. Thus defrauded of occupation, what was there left for these poor creatures but to die?

The case proved at once a target for all the gallant servitors of the staff. Cleanliness, food, clothing, the inevitable and heart-warming window-boxes, and a permanent occupation for the blind man in the home soon transformed the wayfarers.

Mr. Scandlin, whose unseeing eyes brought him to Miss Holt's office not three years ago, guides the visitor to the Lighthouse through the men's workshops and the women's classes in sewing, typing, basket-weaving, and stenography. His case is an example of what the individual will, shorn of its most precious servant, can do in overcoming the frightful powers of the dark.

One of the most active servants of the blind at the Lighthouse is Mrs. Woodruff, whose beautiful, seeing eyes were once sightless. This young woman, with sight restored, now dedicates her pen and life to filling the coffers of the blind.

BLIND GIRLS' SUMMER CLASS MEETING ON THE ROOF

After the day's work is over, the blind go back to their homes with their quota of knowledge acquired or wages earned, and having eaten their suppers and freshened themselves up for the evening's diversion, return to the Lighthouse.

If they are men, they come back to bowling-parties, current-topics clubs, or study classes, or in time, when the money

is forthcoming, to enjoy the swimming-pool. For the women there are dancing-classes and social gatherings, as well as seats at theaters, operas, and concerts. Or perhaps their own current-events club transmits through the medium of a "seeing" leader the vital interests of the outside world. There are also Thanksgiving dinners and Christmas trees and Washington's Birthday parties.

For the children, the blind little boys and girls whose blind ancestors sat with faces to the wall waiting for death, there is to-day roller-skating or basket-ball. They are Boy Scouts or Camp-Fire girls, and laugh and shout and run and play for all the world like seeing children.

Up-stairs in a quiet room of the Lighthouse sits an unselfish doctor, who steals the time from his busy day to peer into the eyes of the children of the tenements, children whose underfed bodies and overstrained nerves sound the warnings which, if the physician does not heed, would soon make them forever blind. And after the doctor is finished with his tenement children, he comes to take tea with Miss Holt in the Lamp-Room, where she sits and figures how she can get money to finance a world-campaign against blindness, and together they plan how best they can prevent the seeing from becoming sightless.

Some "mute inglorious Milton" may still be struggling in the black byways of the city, some Huber may still battle with unexpressed nature longings, some Valentin Haüy may still hunger for knowledge and for science; but the Lighthouse is trying to find them, to bring them back to their heritage, to a life of work and pleasure. It is aiming to give them light—"light through work," to bring them out in the morning to labor, to tempt them out in the evening again to diversion, to capture some of the pleasure of the world for these souls who need it so much.

Above all things the workers at the Lighthouse desire to give the blind the "people" sense, the human sense, to whisper to them while they are dancing or bowling or arguing or listening, that they are one of "us," part of the huge, toiling welter of humanity, subject to the same laws, perhaps intended for the same or greater destinies. They put the blind man's hand in the hand of his brother, and teach him to say: "I am here, ready for service, ready for happiness. I have come from loneliness and misery, I have come to laugh and think and work. I have come back to the world to be one of *you*. I want to take my place, and I want to do it cheerfully."

But the Lighthouse is fighting not only the battle of yesterday and to-day, but, most important of all, the battle of to-morrow—the battle for the unknowing, uncared-for children of the poor and outcast who may be prevented from becoming blind.

APPROACH

BY GLADYS CROMWELL

APPARELED in a mask of joy till now,
I knew thee not. Asleep, I see thy face
More simply. Sorrow's leisure lets me trace
The nicer lines. Thy sealèd lids, thy brow,
Thy lasting posture, purposes avow.
In thy spent form resides a moveless grace.
A pageant was thy life, and in its place
I find a truth to feed and to endow
My heart. Thy wonted mask of joy belied
The meaning death's bare attitude makes clear.
From living gesture thought went often wide,
And I was poor interpreter; but here,
Where it would seem our thoughts anew divide,
The steady silence draws thy spirit near.

THE DARK NIGHT

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Under Rocking Skies," "The Shanty-man," etc.

CONANICUT ISLAND lies over against Newport, and Dutch Island over against Conanicut, and between the two there is a wide stretch of quiet water where storm-bound coasters run in to wait for clearing weather. For three days there had been fog outside and a nasty sea rolling in from the southeast, and the fairway was crowded when, at four o'clock on the third day, Captain Amos Cosgrove rounded the west end of Dutch Island, coming down from Providence under jib and reefed mainsail. He picked his way skilfully to an anchorage through the very heart of the fleet, and coming up into the wind close under Conanicut, let his anchor go. Then he went below.

Dank Miller, who knew the captain's ways, was out on the bowsprit stowing the jib, and he called to the steward as the captain's head disappeared down the companionway:

"Sim, put the rice on; the old man's goin' ashore for the milk."

A moment later the captain appeared, dressed to go ashore. He walked straight to the galley.

"Steward," they heard him say, "hand me that six-quart pail, will ye? An' boil some rice—plenty of it. We 'll have rice and milk for supper."

He sculled ashore, and struck out heavily along the treeless road that ran up toward the interior of the island. There were wide, houseless fields on each side of him, but half a mile away a red roof showed mistily above the ridge of the slope. He hoped it might belong to a farm-house.

The fog thickened fast, and before he reached the ridge he looked back over his track, only to see that the anchorage was blotted out. The mist hung in great drops on every blade of grass and bush when he at last knocked at the door, and as it opened creakingly to his summons, he saw the wreath of fog swirl inward against the dark interior, veiling the face of the woman who confronted him.

She shook her head at his question.

"No," she said; "we ain't got but one cow, an' she 's gone dry." She hesitated an instant, and then, coming forth, walked gingerly, with high steps, through the tall, wet grass. At the corner of the house she stopped, making with her tongue a little clucking sound of disappointment. "There, ye can't see it, after all," she exclaimed. "But there 's a house right back there on the other road where you can get milk. It 's two mile around by the road, but you can cut across lots. It 's the only house near there, an' right back of our barn. There 's a path. You 're a sailor, ain't ye? I guess you 're some accustomed to fog. It 's right straight across from our barn."

The barn, twenty yards away, loomed a dark blotch of gray through the lighter gray of the mist. The rest of the world had vanished.

"I ruther like to have a lead-line in a

fog," replied the captain, with a chuckle, "but I guess it would n't be no great help ashore. I 've kind o' set my heart on that milk, though, so I 'll resk it. Where 'd ye say I 'd strike that there path? Like to have my bearin's before I git under way, as a gen'ral thing."

"Right by this end of the barn," answered the woman. "There 's a stile."

"All right," said the captain; "an' thank ye, ma'am."

He mounted the stile and struck into the path, a faintly trodden line of sod through the close-cut field. Drops like rain clung to the rim of his hat and to his eyelashes, obscuring his sight. He stopped to brush them away, and then looked back. Already the barn had disappeared; the world lay a spectral void about him, soundless and without life.

"I swan!" he muttered. "Could cut it with a knife!"

Fascinated, he gazed about at the opaque mystery as he went slowly forward again; then suddenly he stumbled over a stone, and looked down. The path was blotted out; even his feet were no longer visible. He stopped short, and held his hand before him. It was merely a blur on the gray envelop of the mist.

"I thought I knew fog," he muttered, "but blame if this don't beat the very deuce! Seems kind o' 's if I 'd lost my members, an' was meltin' away. Makes me feel queer." He moved forward again cautiously, groping ahead with his hands. "Guess I 'd better keep a-goin', though. I 'm bound to fetch up ag'in' something."

He stumbled against a tree, felt his way around it, and went on, when suddenly out of the intense silence a rasping sound like a file drawn softly over wood in short, swift strokes smote his ears: it was the sound of feeding sheep. He came upon them then, and jumped back, startled, as they scurried away with a soft thud of hoofs upon the turf.

"Sheep!" he exclaimed. "Did n't know what in land that noise was." They left him with a strange sense of loneliness.

It was already growing dark, though it was yet long to sunset, and the strange sensation of being lost, without landmarks, without the power of self-guidance even, in a country wholly unknown, disturbed him. In a nervous accession of speed he stumbled sharply against a stone wall. It was an inexpressible relief to feel its man-made solidity in that uncanny melting away of all the physical aspects that mark locality.

"Well, a stone wall 's bound to lead somewhere," he muttered, "or mark something." He clambered over it, thinking he had come to the road he sought, and struck out at right angles to the wall.

His feet met only the sod still, and, turning back, he followed the wall till he came to a corner where four walls met. Then turning along the one to the left, he came to a barred gate, and crept through, finding himself in a road at last.

"Good enough!" he exclaimed, "now I 've got steerageway. Talk about fog at sea! Why, anywhere from Hatteras to Cape Cod I could find my way with a lead-line same 's if I was in my own kitchen; but out here, on dry land, I 'm worse 'n a blind cow in a treadmill—goin' all the time an' gittin' nowhere."

He became aware at length of a faintly luminous orange glow ahead of him, close down to the ground, and almost stumbled over a small boy of six standing in the road with a lantern and softly crying. He leaned over, peering into the child's anxious face.

"Well, son," he said, laughing cheerfully, "I guess I ain't fur from a harbor, when I run afoul of such a small craft as you be. I tell ye, I 'm mighty glad."

"Have ye seen my father an' mother or Thomas?" There was a quaver in the childish treble.

"Why, buddy, I could n't jest say I *saw* 'em," replied the captain, with a vague notion of softening the child's disappointment; "but it stands to reason they ain't fur off. Was ye thinkin' of waitin' fer 'em here?"

"I came out—the clock ticked so loud," said the child.

The captain nodded.

"Yes, I know," he answered; "I know jest how that is. But suppose you an' me go inside an' wait fer 'em. I guess, between us, we can talk that there clock down." As they groped their way in past a sagging gate, the captain went on cheerfully: "Lucky I run afoul of ye. I 'm a leetle off my course, I guess. I ain't no great pilot across lots in a fog as a rule. Queer weather we 're havin' fer this time o' year, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the child, pleased to be talked to as an equal. He set the lantern on the floor when they had reached the house and had passed through to the wide kitchen, and, climbing into a high, straight-backed chair, folded his hands, and gazed at the captain. Once he jerked his head toward a clock on the chimney-piece.

"There 's that clock," he said.

Captain Cosgrove looked at it and nodded gravely.

"Does seem to kind o' monopolize things, don't it?" he said. "A clock ain't no great shakes as comp'ny when you 're all alone an'—kind o' waitin' round. How 'd you come to be keepin' ship?"

"My father and mother went away because my grandmother was sick," replied the child. "I don't know where Thomas is." He looked toward the window, which showed the day gone. The lantern made only a dim light in the room. The child sighed audibly. "I guess he runned away," he added.

"Work fer your folk, does he?" asked the captain. The child nodded.

"Shiftless lot we git nowadays," the captain declared. "Ashore or afloat, they 're all cut off the same piece. Don't know what we 're comin' to."

The child was gazing at him gravely.

"Are you afloat?" he asked, caught by the new word.

"Yes, sir," replied the captain. He arose and, taking a lamp from the chimney-piece, carried it to the table.

"Suppose we strike a glim, an' then go out an' call Thomas," he suggested. "Mebbe he 's like me—kind of a poor navigator ashore in the fog."

"I called him," said the boy; but nevertheless he slipped to the floor with an eager look on his face. He stood patiently waiting while the captain lighted the lamp and took up the lantern.

"Now, buddy," said the captain, "if you 're ready to go call Thomas, I be."

"I thought you was going to 'strike a glim,'" said the child, disappointedly. The captain laughed.

"Why, that 's what I did," he replied —"lit the lamp. That 's jest a sailor's way of callin' it."

"Are you a sailor?" asked the child.

"Yes, sir; an' this is what I git fer stirrin' out of my elements—git cast away in an open lot."

They stepped outside into the dense obscurity of the foggy night, clasping hands.

"Where away is that there barn?" asked the captain.

"Back there," said the child, and the captain lifted his voice in a strong hail.

"Thomas, ahoy!" he roared. "Thomas ahoy!"

They stood listening. From the barnyard sounded an uneasy lowing of cows, and near-by, the soft whir of a halter drawn across the edge of a manger and the thud of horses' feet; but there was no answer to their call.

"His name is n't Ahoy," suggested the child, politely; "it 's Riley."

The captain chuckled.

"That 's so?" he exclaimed. "Well, we 'll have to set that right," and he called again in a manner that the lingering Thomas could not mistake; but only the lowing of the cattle answered.

"Seems to me them cows is mighty restless," said the captain.

"I guess they want to be milked," suggested the child. "If cows ain't milked, they swell an' swell an' swell, an' then they bust, an' that kills 'em dead."

"Well, we can't allow that," said the captain, warmly, "if I have to tackle the job myself. I ain't over-familiar with the evolution, but I guess I can manage."

They brought pails, and hand in hand groped their way to the barnyard. A reddish flank, shading away into the opaque gray of the fog, pressed against the bars as they drew near.

"First come, first served," remarked the captain as he squeezed through. "I always thought I 'd like a little farm when I got too old to go to sea," he continued as he seated himself. "I guess this is a first-rate chance to begin."

It began inauspiciously, for a red hind leg flew inward spitefully, and his pail rolled rattling away.

"My land! that 's a vicious critter!" he exclaimed, and looked up at the child.

"I *think* it 's because you 're on the wrong side," said the child, politely. "My father never milks on that side."

"Come to think, seems to me I 've heard something like that, too," declared the captain, rising. With some difficulty he turned the cow away from the bars, and seated himself again. "Kind o' curious, though, ain't it?" he went on.

"You 'd think they be'n to sea an' had notions of havin' ev'rything shipshape. I don't know 's I sense the reason, though. Seems funny that a cow insists on bein' milked like her gran'mother—hereditarily. How 's that strike you, son?"

"It don't strike me at all," the child replied earnestly.

"Same here," said the captain. Then he bent to his task.

He had a pleasant memory of the cheerful sound of milk ringing on the bottom of the pail and the soft purr of its fall as the pail gradually filled; but this spasmodic dribble, scarcely heard, first surprised him, then impressed him. He paused and looked up at the gravely attentive child.

"Sure these cows ain't be'n milked?" he asked.

"No," said the child; "they ain't. Thomas put them in the yard an' then went in the barn; then I came out, an' he was gone."

The captain tipped the pail toward the lantern; it held scarcely a gill.

"Then they 've dried up," he declared.

"Mebbe they 're not used to you," suggested the child.

"Well, do they want an introduction?" demanded the captain. He lowered his head resolutely and began anew, but only for a moment. "'T ain't no use," he declared. "I 'll try the other; mebbe she 's got more sense, or ain't so femi-nine, an' don't put manners above good intentions, like the rest of women-folks."

He picked up his pail and stood listening. A crunching of cornstalks guided him, and he walked cautiously to the left. His hand, held before him, touched a cool muzzle, which jerked away nervously.

"So, boss!" he said soothingly. The head retreated, and he caught at it angrily.

He was never afterward able to follow accurately the details of what then happened. He had a confused impression of resistance suddenly withdrawn, and then of a shock, and of being borne swiftly through darkness. He realized that in some inexplicable way he was on the creature's back, in imminent danger of falling. Clasping his legs tightly about her neck and grasping her back with his hands, he crashed through the night in endless, dizzying circles.

Once as he passed the faint orange light of the lantern, he heard the child's concerned treble.

"Can't you catch her?" he was calling.

"Oh, I 've caught her, but she—don't seem to—realize it—no great," the captain muttered in staccato gasps. "So, boss! so!" he called soothingly. "Whoa, Molly! that 's a good critter! Oh, dang ye!" he snapped as his elbows scraped the inclosing fence, "why can't ye act like a lady! Whoa, can't ye! Whoa!"

He heard a voice, and then the child's, with a gasp of relief, cry, "I 'm here, Thomas—by the cow-yard."

Thomas slouched out of the gloom and leaned against the bars.

"Who 's that chasin' thim cows?" he demanded.

"It 's the sailor," answered the child; "he 's milkin' them."

"'T is a new way," said Thomas. Then he roared: "Stop that, ye! Do ye want to founder thim?"

"Stop it?" yelped the captain. "Think I 'm doin' this, you Irish image? Head her off! Head her off, I tell ye!"

"Head her off!" scoffed Thomas. "She 'll head hersilf off, if ye stop, ye lunatic!"

"I can't stop," yelled the captain.

"Is it an eight-day clock ye are, thin?" asked Thomas, sarcastically; but the captain was despairing.

"Don't stand there!" he yelled. "Can't ye stop me?"

"I can that—you or anny other sailormon," Thomas called cheerfully, and, taking the lantern, flung a leg over the bars, and began cautiously to descend as the captain circled near. In the glow of the lantern he caught a glimpse of a black-and-white creature lumbering past, with the captain's figure sprawling above it.

"Holy Mither!" he roared, "but it 's Billy, wid the sailormon hind ind foremost, tied about his neck like a cravat! 'T is a new kind of circus, an' it 's free! Praise be that I lived to this day!" He hiccoughed with joy.

Billy was evidently tiring, for suddenly he came to a full stop, his head lowered and swinging. "What 's the baste doin' now?" demanded Thomas, curiously.

"She seems to be thinkin'," snapped the captain. "Help me off before she makes up her mind what to do next."

"Is it tied on ye are, thin, like a rale cravat, that ye can't descind from yer char'ot?" demanded Thomas, grinning. "Drop yer feet to the ground, mon! I 'm thinkin' ye 're not sober."

"She 's swinging her head; I 'm afraid of catchin' them on her horns," answered the captain. "Hurry up before she starts ag'in!"

"Horns!" roared Thomas. "He has n't anny horns, an' it 's no she. He 's a yearlin' steer."

There was a crunching in the cornstalks, and the captain came stiffly through the fog, breathing heavily.

"Lord!" he gasped, and leaned against the fence. Mopping his face, he looked up at Thomas. "Don't ye feed them critters a leetle too high?" he asked. "Seems to me they 've got more sperit than the law allows to cows."

"Which he happens to be a steer, an' proud of it," amended Thomas.

"There *was* a cow," replied the captain. He peered about the yard. "I 'd had to milk her if ye had n't come jest as ye did," he added with dignity. "An' ye left the boy alone, too. I found him in the road with a lantern—an' him no bigger 'n a pint of cider, poor little tad!"

"An' has n't his folks come home?" demanded Thomas, uneasily. The child began to cry.

"I don't know where they are," he sobbed.

" 'T is the black fog," said Thomas; "a cat could not find her own whiskers in it." He turned to the captain. " 'T is this way," he explained. "I was settin' down to me milkin' whin up runned me girl. 'Come home! Me mither is sick,' says she; an' home I wint, thinkin' of naught ilse. 'T is a b'y."

The captain held out his hand.

"Luck to him an' you," he said. "I never had one, nor a girl. You 're twice blessed."

"Thank ye kindly, sor," Thomas replied warmly. "I 'm sivin times blissed, thin, for 't is the sivinth. God knows I 'm poor, an' wan might seem too manny; but wance come, twice welcome; an' that 's po'try, an' God's truth likewise."

"Well, you finish my job," said the captain, going through the bars, "an' I 'll stay with sonny here till his folks come. So you can go home when you 're through. I guess the fog 'll lift soon."

He walked away with the child, but soon stopped, and called to Thomas. Holding the lantern up, he took some bills from his leather wallet.

"That 's for the youngsters—the seven," he said.

"God bliss ye, sor!" said Thomas, with feeling. "If it 's not too late for ye, I wish ye the same j'y in a son; an' barrin' that, in a gran'son at laste, sor."

"How about sonny's folks here?" the captain asked in a low tone. "Are they like you—feel themselves blessed in havin' him?"

Thomas hesitated.

"They 're quiet folks, sor," he replied, "an' it 's a lonely lad he is, the poor little gomerel! An' a fine lad, too. But it 's lonesome for the lad, with no childer about."

As the captain reached the kitchen door with the child, he paused.

"Suppose we hang the lantern on the gate for your folks, son," he suggested. "Would n't want 'em to go right by their own gate without speakin'. Then you an' me 'll set down an' have a little talk while we wait for 'em. I guess you 're pret' good comp'ny."

But the child was very quiet. He sat up stiffly in a straight chair and smiled at the captain's stories, but his anxious little face turned at every sound outside—the thud of a horse's hoof in the stable, the slam of the milk-house door as Thomas went away. Now and then his head nodded.

"Ain't afraid ye 'll tumble out of that there chair when the old sandman comes along, are ye?" asked the captain, anxiously. "Suppose ye set on my lap in this rocker awhile. Guess 't would be more sociable."

As the captain lifted the child to his knee and the little head drooped against his shoulder, a strange rush of tenderness brought the tears to his eyes. He put his arms awkwardly about the child, and began to rock softly.

"My land!" he said to himself. "Guess it 's fifty years or more sence I was on this tack. Guess I 've missed something." Half-unconsciously he began to sing an old song with which he used to rock his younger brothers to sleep.

"Two gallant ships from old England
came—
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
The one was *Prince of Luther,* and the
other *Prince of Wales,*
Cruising down on the coast of
Bar-ba-rie."

He stopped, and the child stirred uneasily.

"Sing!" he said sleepily.

The captain laughed.

"Well, I guess I 'll have to overhaul that song a bit if I 'm goin' to sail straight through it," he declared. "It 's be'n stowed away in my old head long enough to git pretty rusty. Le' 's see how it goes."

He thought a moment, and then, clearing his throat diffidently, sang it through to the end.

"Sing it again!" insisted the child, without looking up.

"Like it, do ye?" said the captain. "Well, I guess the boys used to, too. Guess boys are boys the world over—never git enough of what they like." Then he sang it again, and, ending it, in an odd, singsong voice droned out the old ballad of "Lord Bateman."

Songs that he had not thought of for years came trooping back to his memory—old ballads and sentimental ditties, and stirring chanties droned about capstans and on halyards and braces under every star of the belted seas; and he sang them all.

As he sang, he looked about the bare room in which they sat. Unmistakably it was the abode of poverty. It hurt him for the child's sake, and Thomas's reply to his question hurt him more. So gradually there awoke in his mind a desire that had long lain dormant. Into his lonely, self-centered life the coming of a son would be a perfect happiness. Alone in the world, he saw his future enriched by the prattle of a child. His dormant instinct of paternity stirred anew, and he began to live life over again in his plans for the boy.

In his arms the little figure lay limp at last. Awkwardly the captain shifted the little head to his other shoulder, for his arm had become numb from its constrained position. The boy stirred uneasily.

"Sing!" he murmured.

"All right, buddy," the captain replied gently. "How 'd ye like to have me sing ev'ry night, heh?"

The child smiled.

"Would ye like it?" persisted the captain.

"Yes," said the child, and closed his eyes.

"You could come to live with me, an' have a boat, an' a dog, an' a sled with your name painted on it—an' ev'rything. How 'd ye like that, son?"

"I 'd like that," answered the child. He looked up into the captain's face. "Goats are nice," he said eagerly.

"Yes; a goat, too, an' bimeby a pony." The captain's brows wrinkled in uncertainty. "Would ye have the pony black or white?" he asked. "Blame if I can decide."

"Black," replied the child, promptly.

"Good enough!" exclaimed the captain, and then began to sing again.

The night dragged on, but they were not disturbed. Not daring to stir, for fear of waking the child, the captain sat stiffly while the clock ticked off the slow hours. It grew chilly toward morning, and slipping off his coat with great difficulty, he wrapped it about the little form.

Accustomed to uncertain hours, as he was, he was not disturbed by his prolonged vigil. His thoughts were busy.

"They 'll give him up!" once he muttered. "Have to, when they see what I 'll do for him." He looked down at the little face against his shoulder, slightly flushed. The lips were parted; his little hand grasped tightly the captain's stubby forefinger. "Little tad!" the captain exclaimed, grinning. "He 's got a grip, though! Could pull on the halyards now. But he won't," he went on. "I 'll make a man of him—a man. He won't grow up to be no waddlin' old duck like me, that don't know nothin' but wind an' tide an' weather. No, sir! He 'll hold up his head with the best on 'em. I 'll educate him, an' start him square, an' he ain't the boy I take him for if he don't take to it like a duck to water."

Once his face fell: he was thinking of his own age. But he put the thought aside with a characteristic refusal to contemplate old age or death.

"I 'm good fer twenty year' yit," he told himself, "or more. I ain't got an

ache or a pain, an' we 're long-lived, we Cosgroves." He chuckled. "That makes me think—I don't even know his name. But he 'll be Cosgrove. I 'll keep his first name if I like it; but not if it 's some common name. No, *sir!*"

He heard the cocks crowing outside at last, and, turning to the window, saw that the day was coming. It manifested itself in a wan suggestion of light rather than in any tangible reappearance of physical aspects; for the fog still wrapped the world.

"I guess they 'll be gittin' here pretty soon, if they 're ever goin' to," he told himself as he watched the light slowly increase. He had no concern for them, only a restless desire to have the matter settled. Rather grimly he told himself that if anything had happened, it would be easier for him and the boy. Then he heard the barn door shut and Thomas's voice calling to the cows. A moment later the front door opened, and a quick, uncertain step sounded in the hall.

The captain looked up as the door opened and mentally braced himself for the meeting. He saw a wan-faced woman of thirty slip in. She paused an instant as her eyes caught sight of him, and then her glance fell to the huddled figure in his arms; the next moment she was on her knees at his feet. There was no surprise at sight of him there, no questioning look or word; but the captain knew that his dream was over: he had seen the mother eyes.

He gave up the child and awkwardly got to his feet, stumbling a little. All at once he knew that he was very tired. He hardly noticed the man who later hurried in, and he roused himself only when he heard them thanking him for his care of their boy.

"Thomas told me," exclaimed the father. "Ye see, we broke down; an' then it come on thick, an' we lost our way. Never saw such a night. Lizzie here was well-nigh crazy. Well, sir, I guess ye know how much obliged we are to you, sir."

"Oh, it wa' n't nothin'," said the captain. He looked at them, smiling vaguely, then turned to the window. The faint outlines of apple-trees showed through the fog, which was lifting at last. "Guess 't was 'bout as broad 's 't was long," he went on. "Ye see, I kind o' got off my course, myself, an' if I kept him comp'ny, why, I got my lodgin'. So I guess nobody 's out."

He would not stay to breakfast, but set out at once, not even glancing toward the child.

The sun was breaking red through the drifting veil of fog as he went stumbling down the road, where his footsteps stirred the dark covering of dampened earth, showing the powdery white beneath. Two crows rose cawing from behind a hedge and flapped leisurely away; somewhere in the distance a kingfisher screamed and scolded with spiteful ribaldry at some invisible annoyance; a cow gazed placidly at the captain as he passed, her jaws moving steadily in their sidelong rhythm. The captain stopped short.

"Blame if I did n't forgit my pail even!" he exclaimed. "Guess I 'm gittin' old—too old to bring up—" He broke off, and went resolutely down the road, with his head lowered on his breast.

THE HAND OF NATURE

BY ARTHUR F. McFARLANE

PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE Mazers came to Pelham Heights from Wastigon, Michigan. They were persuaded to build in "the Heights" only when it was made plain to them that on Fifth Avenue their three millions would be little better than an exasperation. But having once been diverted northward, they took the big "round corner" opposite Talbot Smith's, built a classical colonial mansion twice the size of anything existing in 1776, and gathered to themselves six servants, two carriages, and an automobile. Then, since Pelham Heights was altogether too new a suburban colony to possess anything corresponding to a society, the Mazers proceeded to organize that society themselves.

I say "the Mazers"; but these things were really done by that masterful woman, Mrs. Mazer, assisted by her thin and much too educated eldest daughter, Edytha, and in a lesser degree by the two younger girls, Maida and Verdie. "Charley G.," the husband and father, who had earned the three millions, came to New York perhaps once a month to see the architect and contractor, and he came again to buy the horses and carriages and the automobile; but it was not by any desire of *his* that he was selling out at fifty-five, and selling out to move "East." He himself would come on for good only when he had exhausted his last weak, undeceiving pretext for remaining in Wastigon.

And Mrs. Mazer, though in her own way a worthy woman, had early confessed to Edytha that in the first part of their "getting on" Mr. Mazer would only be in their way. To tell the truth, she would have been almost ready to admit the same concerning herself. What she did do was in all things to defer to Edytha, "who had spent her winters in the highest New York art circles" for the last three years. A month after they moved in, under Edytha's invaluable teaching, Mrs. Mazer began her campaign upon the yet unorganized society of Pelham Heights by bringing into being the Poetical Culture Club.

The Poetical Culture Club consisted essentially of Mrs. Smythe-Clythering, the eminent Browning reader and interpreter, and Velvyn d'Auvergnay, the poet. By the potency of the Mazer purse they were induced to adventure themselves north of the Harlem for the purpose of assisting in "Friday evenings." And lured by *their* names, the Heights came in at once. At least the ladies of the Heights came in at once; they said it would be a *privilege* to give their drawing-rooms. The gentlemen came more reservedly. Some of them came with forebodings, having had poetical culture before. And at that first "Friday evening" at the Mazers' those forebodings received the most deadly confirmation.

Mrs. Smythe-Clythering was a woman of middle age who dressed and comported herself like a sweetly fluttered débutante. When she read love passages, she was kittenish. To put it with all brevity, she dulled the edge of chivalry. As for Velvyn d'Auvergnay, he was a young man who carried himself with an air of wan and drooping world-weariness. He had eyes, to use one of his own phrases, "of tristful dusk." When, at that first evening, he began to read his manuscript epic, "Cadme in Celadon," he "spoke to the inward soul" in a deep, soughing wind-harp voice, which made Messrs. Joseph Jones, Mossop Wallingham, Talbot Smith, Major Deming, and old Colonel Culverhouse from the South, long to rush forward and beat him to death with clubs.

The second and third evenings were even more harrowing than the first. The ladies of the Heights, with perhaps the exception of a Mrs. Beetson and a Miss Treffle, no longer even feebly argued that they *ought* to enjoy it. More and more palpably were they of the opinion of their husbands and brothers. Admittedly it was

"MR. MAZER WOULD ONLY BE IN THEIR WAY"

quite time that the Heights possessed some social organization, and possibly the plutocratic, but not lovable, Mrs. Mazer had meant well,—she, also, looked vaguely unhappy,—but decidedly the Poetical Culture Club was a false start.

It was about this time that Charley G. Mazer himself said his last good-by to Wastigon. He was a large, clumsy, freckle-handed man. He had jacked logs with a pike-pole before he had sent them through his mills by the million feet. For thirty years he had been the best-known man in Wastigon, the "biggest" man in town. He had been "Charley G." to every one, from kindergarten children to mayor. He was the kind of man who has family affection enough, but whose soul really calls out for the grasp and intercourse of numbers. Within ten days after his arrival in Greater New York he felt so uprootedly, so benumbingly lost and friendless that he could not eat his meals. Lonesomeness engulfed him.

What hurt him most was that the bars appeared to be up against all natural methods of getting acquainted. The second time he saw Mrs. Simpson and her small son entering "Hill Crest," next door, he smiled at them. Both smiled back at him; but five minutes later Mrs. Mazer and Edytha were giving the big man a lesson in the way people do things in New York which drove him in upon himself for the rest of the week.

By the following Monday night, however, the loneliness had again become too much for him. He stopped his march up and down the "small drawing-room," and said he guessed he 'd go out for a while and see if he could n't "get next to some of the man bunch over the back fences."

When he said that for the fifth time that week, Edytha gave up. "Fawther!" she said.

"Yes," echoed her mother, but more from nerves than ill nature, "a speech like that, 'Dithy, shows just exactly how much your father's learned, even after all we 've told him."

It was three days before he made another attempt. This time he opened his soul with a project to fix up one of the empty rooms in the attic,—any old room at all,—and get in that whole "man bunch" together—get them by the proper society form of invitation, of course; only when they *had* got them, let them be free to smoke up, and swap the kind of yarns

worth swappin', and have some kind of a *time.*"

"Fawther!" said Edytha once more.

As for Mrs. Mazer, she merely set her lips tight, and said now that his dress-suit had come home, he 'd have a chance to have some kind of time at their club evening next Friday.

THAT "evening" was at Talbot Smith's, and the big man drew the eyes of the room from the first. He had been seated among the ladies, between Mrs. Mazer and Edytha. He held his daughter's center-table Browning much like a condemned criminal reading the Scriptures at a penitentiary service. His evening clothes were the first he had worn in his life, and he was certain that every one there knew it, and was thinking about it. When he sat down, he had lifted his "scissor-tails" as if they were in some way sacred, and whenever he dared to move, his shirt-bosom crackled threateningly like white sheet-iron. It pinched him in the girth, it oppressed the folds of the back of his neck, and it tightened on his throat till he felt himself slowly choking. He was sweating at every pore, and could not remember into which pocket—if he *had* any pockets—the women had put his handkerchief.

But, more than all, that "evening," and the next, and the next, seemed to put him a thousand miles farther from being able to "get next to that man bunch" than he had been in the beginning. He now began to spend his days sitting out in the stable with the English coachman and the French chauffeur; but in time he came to see that for some reason they considered this bad form on his part, and after that he had no one at all. As far as he could see, this was to be his portion for the rest of his life.

Meanwhile the men, though still loyally accompanying their respective womankind, were raising such outcry against poetical culture as could have been adequately echoed only from Blackwell's Island.

"Lord help us!" they cried; "they won't even give us anything to eat! Break away! For heaven's sake, break away!"

But how *were* they to break away?

As Alicia Deming said to her uncle, the major, "To drop out of it now, when we have n't given our own evening, would be simply impossible; and to do so as soon as we have would be only less glaring.

"In that case," said the Falstaffian and once jovial major, "I can only say that I see no hope whatever in the future."

WHEN, on the night of Major Deming's "evening," Charley G. helped Mrs. Mazer and his daughters out of the big red car at the major's gate, the air was one blur of fog and rain. He had his own shadowed and inward meditations, and he had been spoken to twice before he comprehended that the dripping figure that had cowered in out of the darkness was trying to speak to him at all.

"Beggin' your parding, sir—beggin' your parding—"

The big ex-lumberman came to a halt.

"Now, can't you *see* what he is?" asked Mrs. Mazer, and tried to start him on again.

"Yes," said Mazer, heavily; "and I ain't got so much to do these times but what I can pull up for long enough to *hear* what he has to say."

"Why, thankin' you kindly, and if you will permit the libe'ty—honly this, friend, I 've seen a mort o' people goin' in there," —he pointed to the Deming gate,—"and takin' it as it 's some kind of entert'inement, I thinks as maybe I might have a chance, at the hend of it, to give a little hexibition I 'ave of my own—a bit of an invention, so to speak, and 'ighly respectable. And after I shows it, sometimes I

"VELVYN D'AUVERGNAY, THE POET"

takes up a bit of a collection." The falter and fall-away in his voice as he made the crazy request showed how certain he was of refusal. "I would n't ventur' for to ask it, friend, but I 've been sheer down on my huppers for two d'ys now, and if—"

Mazer looked at him through the rain. His own unhappiness reached out to help him. "I don't know," he said worriedly, "as you 'd just fit in."

"Fawther!" cried Edytha. "I should say he would n't!"

"Well, you better come round later on, and ask for Major Deming or somebody." Again he braced himself doggedly against the angry forward pull of the women, and thrust his hand into his pocket. "Maybe it 'u'd help you some if you had a chance to get in out of the wet and get a meal and a clean-up first. Anyhow, here 's a little somethin' to get it on."

Another hour and the man had gone out of his thoughts again, for Pelham Heights appeared to be more deeply in the coils of poetical culture than ever.

Mrs. Smythe-Clythering, abbetted by Miss Treffle, had announced that as the club was becoming so sweetly intimate with its great poet of England and Florence, thereafter she would first read an extract, and then ask her fellow-students for short appreciations of it.

It was true that when she had made that announcement the six or eight halting-minded gentlemen who stood half within the curtained doors halted no longer, but made one silent stampede for the major's den; and when, at Mrs. Smythe-Clythering's further suggestion, the club had risen "to gather its chairs into a circle which would be more truly heart-to-heart," a second group of men had likewise seized the opportunity to disappear. It would be only a matter of time before common politeness would compel them to come back again; but, meanwhile, for the majority of their fellows there was no escape.

Mrs. Smythe-Clythering once more yielded place to D'Auvergnay; and he, leaning sadly upon the reading-desk, with one palm delicately shading the fine hollowness of his eyes, had begun his second canto:

> And she to him: "Ah, Love, if time and space,
> And all the riches which wide worlds embrace,
> And all—"

From the library there came a sudden, loud, astonished, and manifold cackle!

D'Auvergnay came slowly to a stop, and looked about him with a kind of pain; but the cackle had quickly muffled itself again.

"SHE WAS KITTENISH"

> "And all the sweets of thy love-languorous tongue,
> And all that cloying nightingales have sung;
> Oh, say, if these be naught—"

A second time came the cackle, and with mounting unroariousness. "Done! Done again!"

"Really," said Major Deming, "I must look into the meaning of this." His niece Alicia somewhat needlessly followed him.

"Pray, proceed, Mr. D'Auvergnay," begged Mrs. Beetson; "I 'm sure the major will be able to make the fullest apologies when he returns." But the major did not return.

"*Pray,* Mr. D'Auvergnay!" entreated Miss Treffle.

"If you *command* me to," complied the poet, at length, with a dying fall.

> "Oh, say, if these be naught, upon this breast,
> Which yearning aches and vainly sighs for—"

"Wow! Wow!" This time the cackle prolonged itself into an exuberant shout of laughter! "Another sucker hooked! Oh, you people are *too* dead easy!" And then

"HE NOW BEGAN TO SPEND HIS DAYS SITTING OUT IN THE STABLE"

there was a wheezing, throaty "Hoo! hoo! hoo!" which could come only from the major himself.

From the rear chairs four young ladies disappeared together.

"I think, Mr. D'Auvergnay," said Mrs. Beetson, "that you owe it to yourself, for the time at least, to suspend the reading of your poem."

"And I think some of us ought to go in there and see about it," said Mrs. Mazer.

She did not specify who was to go. It was doubtless for this reason that two thirds of those remaining rose with one overwhelming impulse; and in the end the other third, even to the poet and Mrs. Smythe-Clythering, had to follow.

Standing at the end of the library, and holding a battered, green-brown derby in his hand, was a man whom the Mazers recognized at once, though he had gained in beaming self-confidence.

As soon as he caught sight of the throng of new-comers, he began once more to shove back a shiny right sleeve. First there showed a stark, parallel-fingered horror encased in a black kid glove, then a band of red flannel, and then the flat glint of tin. "Begging your parding, ladies an' gents," he began, "if I seem somewhat to 'ave intruded to-night; but my name is Juppy, and I 'm over 'ere in America seekin' some one with a little of the needful who 'll interest themselves in somethink new and original in the way of hartificial 'ands."

Mrs. Smythe-Clythering let herself drop slowly back into a chair. Throughout the few really devout members of the Poetical Culture Club there ran a speechless gasp. The poet gazed upon his interrupter in a way which spoke of something akin to physical hurt.

It did not, however, appear to hurt Mr. Juppy. "I 'ave 'ere before you," he continued engagingly, "a 'and which is simple, hinexpensive to manufactur', and as 'andy a 'and as my left, which, *as* you see, is natural. It being, in fact, so far superior to all other manufactured 'ands, I 've named *my* 'and 'The 'And of Nature.' "

Mrs. Beetson managed to penetrate to Major Deming. "Major," she gasped—"Major, how can you allow it!"

The major shuffled, and he could not meet her eye. "Really," he said, "he 'll probably be only a minute or two. And of course if I 'd known that he could be heard in there—"

"My first demonstrition," proceeded Mr. Juppy, "will be the lifting, moving, and 'andling of 'eavy weights."

He turned to the heavy chair behind him, and, closing those clicking and sepulchral fingers about the oak back, raised the chair a foot or more.

The gentlemen who had been there from the beginning cheered tremendously.

Unfortunately, though, Mr. Juppy was seen to be compelled to brace his knee against the chair to make the " 'and" let go again; and when it did, with a jump and a sudden loud, whizzing sound, as of an accidentally released roller-shade, its fingers spun with a speed that could hardly be followed by the eye of man.

The inventor sadly watched it run down.

"Of course," he said, "with *anythink* mechanical, somethink like that may 'appen at any time; but if only you 'ave your key with you—" Mr. Juppy had *his* key with him. He turned away from his audience for a moment, and then came back smiling again.—"Sometimes, too," he continued, as he once more waved the hand to and fro reassuringly, "I can't but s'y to myself that she 's better than nature; for if I fag out my left 'and, can I wind *'er* up again? Some people are content with nature as she is, but others prefer nature *himproved.*"

Again the cluster of gentlemen applauded deliriously.

"I sha'n't look at it any more!" exclaimed Mrs. Smythe-Clythering; "and I 'm sure it will be quite impossible for Mr. D'Auvergnay to continue after this. It will be *days* before he recovers from it."

"'IF YOU WILL PERMIT THE LIBE'TY'"

"I next show you the 'and," went on the inventor, "in the gryceful and gentlemanly act of tippin' the 'at."

Evidently it was for this part of the demonstration that he had brought the battered derby in with him; and the 'and grasped it with a fine, firm gentlemanliness. It began gracefully to raise it, too, and then, with a galvanic *rek-a-tek-kek,* it shot it terrifyingly to the other end of the library. Any friend of Mr. Juppy's who had been the recipient of that bow must undoubtedly have suffered an alteration in her countenance.

"Ow, blow me, now! blow me!" he exclaimed unhappily. "I don't know as I 've hever 'ad 'er do that *before*—anyways, not *hoften.* But I 'll say this, if she 's a bit huncerting on the bow, she 's a winner to shike 'ands."

For some time he had had his eye upon D'Auvergnay.

"Beggin' your parding, sir, but you 'ave much the hexpression of a dear departed friend of mine in Lunnon. And, *if* you will permit the libe'ty, I should like to show you the 'and in the 'ighest act of all—that of bestowing the warm and feeling grasp of friendship."

Agitating his fingers as if they were already infected, the poet started to plunge through the crowd. "Oh!" cried Miss Treffle, convulsively rushing to the rescue; and, "Oh!" cried Mrs. Beetson.

But in the midst of the panic there was a flanking movement. It came from big Charley Mazer. With a peculiar keenness of the eye, he reached forward and took a mighty hold of that " 'and" himself.

Mr. Juppy's shoulders shot upward a good six inches. "Yeow-w!" he roared. Then with professional delight he stripped away the black kid glove. Beneath it was the hand of flesh-and-blood nature herself, assisted by certain bits of watch-spring and

a beeswax "squeaker." Obviously this confession of his duplicity was the regular *dénouement* of his entertainment.

"Wow!" shouted those unprincipled Philistines whom he had first deceived. "Wow! Fooled 'em all but Mazer! Fooled the whole giddy outfit!"

With a new and most businesslike intent, Mr. Juppy made ready to conclude with a collection.

It might be the conclusion as far as he was concerned, but not so with the "man bunch" of the Poetical Culture Club. Talbot Smith and Joseph Jones observed that Mrs. Beetson was again attempting to lead her sisters back into the drawing-room. They blocked that retrogression by the discovery that Mr. Sterry Simpson of Hill Crest was justly famous for a cork-leg two-step. Not only that, but they discovered that Mrs. Simpson was willing to stand up with him.

Following that, Alicia Deming allowed herself to be escorted to the piano, and rendered a "slumber song" as played for the first time on a mechanical piano by a gentleman who could not remember which was his hard pedal and which was his soft.

Mrs. Mazer, meanwhile, looked on and felt things going from under her. For people who really appeared to know what was correct in society, these people of Pelham Heights were forgetting themselves, indeed.

By this time, among all the younger of the company, another movement even more iconoclastic was making headway. In the big, polished hall and reception-room, rugs were being lifted, chairs and lounges pushed back against the wall, and all things were shamelessly shaping themselves for a dance. Nay, Maida and Verdie Mazer were among the first to find partners! Down-stairs the admirable Juppy was regaling himself upon sirloin roast and ale; and to the comprehension even of Miss Treffle and Mrs. Beetson poetical culture, as far as Pelham Heights was concerned, was cold in death.

About eleven, Charley G. Mazer got himself away from the arms of Messrs. Simpson, Jones, and Wallingham, and with a look upon his face which was altogether new inveigled Mrs. Smythe-Clythering and the D'Auvergnay into the major's now deserted den.

There an interview took place which was brief, but brief only because it was of a business nature and wholly to the point; and—a thing almost impossible to credit—the pair took leave of the said Charley G. with expressions of profound regard.

Then the big man went in quest of Mr. Juppy. This time he did not go to the point by check. He brought out a roll of bills and, digging down to the sort with yellow backs, pulled away an entire fistful.

"Oh, blow me!" murmured Mr. Juppy. "Blow me! But what 's it *for?*"

"It 's for value received, that 's what it 's for. And, English, if you get stuck over here again, you just come back to me." With a sudden emotion which knew naught of caste or nationality, he reached out and again closed his huge hand about that erstwhile " 'and of nature."

Then without further explanation Mr. Juppy understood.

"Ow, I s'y, friend," he said, "if you don't mind my s'yin' it, I reckon as 'ow you 've 'ad your own 'ard times yourself."

It was after midnight, and for a long hour Mrs. Mazer had been inarticulately looking for her spouse. Indeed, she had fairly come to the point where she was ready to give up the search when she observed Major Deming making for the rear hall with a large tray of club sandwiches. They were not Poetical Culture Club sandwiches, however.

She stopped him, clutched by a new suspicion: "Could Mr. M. be any place down in the basement?"

And now that the major really came to think of it, there was a sort of little cubby-hole carpenter-shop down by the furnace. Should he go and call him?

"I think," said Mrs. Mazer, majestically, "if you will allow us, Edytha and I will go fetch him ourselves."

Behind the closed door of that "cubby-hole" there were eight men, and in the thickest of the cigar smoke sat Mazer. His face was the face of a man who has at last found friends. He was sitting quite regardlessly upon the once sacred coat-tails; he had dented and crackled the sheet-iron shirt-front until the soul-clamping awe had gone forever; and with great gusto he was telling the profane story of "Wisconsin Smith, who bought the horse that had been bred in Michigan."

"'I 'VE NAMED *MY* 'AND 'THE 'AND OF NATURE'"

"Charley!"

He did not answer.

"Charles!"

Still no answer.

"Now, I know you 're in there, for we 've been listenin' to you for the last five minutes. And after all Edytha 's told you, I should think you 'd be *ashamed—*"

Taking the end of his mustache between his teeth, the big man looked at the other men. His look, too, was that of one who asks a question. And the answer that their eyes made him, with an all-supporting masculine unanimity, was that if he followed his feelings as a man and a brother he could not err therein.

"Martha," he said, "you go up-stairs, and look on at the dancin', and begin to act like a sensible woman again. I want you to have a good time—all you can get out of our money; I want the girls to have a good time, too; Maid' and Verdie are havin' one now. But I 've made up my mind to-night that it is n't goin' to hurt anybody if I have *my* kind of time now and again as well. This here 's the first I 've had since I made my pile. And I 'm goin' to stay right with it till I 've had my fill!"

"Fawther!"

"And you, too, Edytha. Don't you go givin' me or your mother any more advice about things at all. You can't change us none. We can't be anybody but ourselves. We 're not goin' to *fool* people by makin' out to be anybody else. And as far as I can see, people East or West are content to take us just the way we are."

"Away down South, wheh *I* come from," began old Colonel Culverhouse, after a decent but not too protracted interval, "theh used to be a fat old—"

"And you come over again soon," commanded the major, some time after one, with his final squeeze; "for I can listen to a lot more out of the North bush like that."

"Me, too," seconded Talbot Smith.

"My place for another." "And mine likewise," vociferated Messrs. Sterry Simpson and Mossop Wallingham. "And, say, we 'll have to call you 'Charley G.'"

The big Michigander breathed long. There was a great deal in his throat; but on that occasion at least nothing came out of it. He only knew that in New York, too, there was a "man bunch," and he had come into his own.

THE DAGGER

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," "Finerty of the Sand-house," etc.

HARRIED by a stiff January gale, and lighted only by an occasional street-lamp, which emitted a sort of frosty glow upon the swift-passing particles of white, the village of Jonesboro' lay in a snowy mist, faintly illumined by the moon. It was not snowing; the sky was clear; but the wind was making new work of the dry snow which had been falling quietly for days. To the west, where the town ended in a graveyard, the blizzard was doing rare things amid the monuments which obstructed its course; new mounds were gradually rising, and every flat headstone was being backed up with a long, soft bolster of white. To the east, human habitation ended in the cottage of Amos Stone, who lived at the very edge of town—just over the line, in fact, where he had most of the advantages of the small town without having to contribute his share in taxes. Everybody had evidently put out his light and gone to bed, except in the doctor's house. In that house a light was always burning.

Just as the church clock was striking midnight, its iron notes perishing suddenly on the winter blast, the green shutters of a window in the little cottage on the side away from town opened cautiously, and a high-laced hunting-boot came forth. The booted leg was followed by its fellow; then the man, dagger in hand, let himself carefully down into two feet of snow. He stood a moment, peering at the country road, visible only a short distance as the endless wraith of drifting snow scurried across it. Then he advanced to the corner of the house and again stood listening. Again, again, again the clock struck, its cold-deadened note, strangely altered, ringing out the death-knell of Amos Stone. The moment seemed to belong to the bell; the man waited till the church should be through speaking.

When the sound ceased, and night was his own again, the man leaped the low fence, almost buried in the drift, hurried across the road, and then, as he had planned, took to the field, and struck out in the direction of the woods. It was a night when no man would willingly be out; yet he would not trust to the road. Country doctors battle with the weather at all hours of night; and on the worst nights of all, it seems, farmers most frequently call for their help. The woods, and then the lake, would be best for him.

Once he was in the field and screened from all possible observation by the flying drift, he settled down to the really arduous task of lifting his feet high and planting his legs knee-deep at every step in the snow. It was just such a night as he had been waiting for. Before coming, he had tested the footprints carefully, and found that it took hardly a minute for the deep holes to fill up and be completely erased from the swift-moving white surface.

It had been snowing for days. Then, as the skies became clear, a high wind came down from the north and began to pick up the snow and hurry it along, as the man had hoped. The lighter particles, flying as high as his head, enveloped him as

in a thin fog; lower, the heavier burden of the wind made one continuous stream at his feet. The white surface smoldered snow like smoke, and swept onward in a very conflagration of cold.

It was a night when little speed could be made; but there was no occasion for that. Everything had gone as he had planned, and all was well. He paused a while, and by the moonlight that came down from the clear spaces above he saw his track fill in and smooth over. Thus reassured, he kept on again toward the dark line of woods that showed its head over the white turmoil at the far edge of the field. He had dropped the dagger into the wide side-pocket of his canvas coat; it was still there. The big roll of bank-notes made a lump over his heart and seemed to him to keep that part of his body noticeably warmer.

Before long he had reached the edge of the woods and entered the region of roaring, groaning trees. Here, in this double security, the walking was somewhat easier, though the snow was deep. He kept on by a familiar direction, and presently came to the lake, a place where, for spaces at least, there would be no tracks at all, or so he hoped. The ice had frozen two feet thick in still weather, and there were likely to be places where its smooth surface had been swept almost bare. He headed for such a wind-swept opening, and swung into a freer stride as he stepped on the solid surface.

Now, as he walked along more freely, his mind returned to the dagger. Something would have to be done with that. He had been thinking it over. It was a heavy weapon that he had made that autumn from an old brass-hilted sword-bayonet; he had broken it off to a convenient length, and surreptitiously shaped it on a grindstone. The piece that had to be broken off he had buried deep in the loam at a corner of the field. The sword-bayonet had evidently been around the place for a long time. It had probably been used by some former tenant to cut corn, and many persons no doubt remembered it; therefore it would not do to have it ever come to light in this strangely altered form. It should be buried, too. But how? The frost had gone four or five feet into the ground. A deep hole, beyond the reach of a plow, could not be dug except with pick and crowbar; and, besides, the marks of his labor could not be disguised at once, as in the plowed field of summer.

He did not purpose to leave any marks behind him. He thought of hiding the dagger in the barn or in the house, but this plan also was unsatisfactory. Barns are struck by lightning and burn down; houses, too, catch fire, and then the metal-handled instrument, unless he recovered it first, and unobserved, would surely come to light. It was strange how hard it seemed to dispose finally of so small a thing.

The ice under him was two feet thick, and the earth was as hard as iron. To drop it into the lake, the only safe way, would require much work with ice-bar and hatchet.

Even as he thought of the impossibility, his heart jumped with the solution. That afternoon two men had been fishing through the ice. He had seen them persevering till sunset; then they took their ice-bar and tackle and went away. In that hole the ice would not have gained much thickness.

He cast about him in the middle of the lake, and it was not long before he found the location; he was helped in finding it by a small branch which had been set up slanting to hold the tackle and give notice when a fish pulled on the line. He turned his steps toward it at once; but before he arrived, he found another hole a short distance from it. It was a large hole, about two feet in diameter; he might have stepped right into it had it not been for the little pile of chipped ice which had been thrown up in making it, and which made itself more prominent by causing a drift on its lee side. The little circle of water, not having risen in the hole to the general level of the ice, and being thus protected from the wind as by a small rampart, was frozen over as smooth as a pane of glass. Tapping it with the hilt of the dagger, he judged it was not yet very thick. With the point of the blade he pecked a hole in the middle. Soon he had the blade through. He enlarged the hole quickly now, using the heavy brass hilt as a hammer; and then, having thrown out the broken pieces, he let the dagger drop into the water.

A feeling of triumph, of secret power,

came over him as he resumed his way homeward. The last clue was gone. Seventy feet down it was sunk, to lie forever in the ooze at the bottom amid the tangle of water-weeds and the spongy, thick moss. It was shrewd work well done.

As he stepped along now toward the bare, rolling hills on the opposite shore, he reviewed his work carefully from the moment he stepped out of his own bedroom window. His sister could not possibly have heard any noise that night, even though he had not been cautious. Old farm-houses are noisy on windy nights. There is a rattling of slatted shutters, a clatter of loosened tin gutters, a strumming of warped clapboards, a general clamor of windows and doors, and the gusts whistling round corners and soughing under the eaves; it is anything but quiet. He might have left the house with any amount of noise, and his sister would not have noticed, even though she had not been sleeping. As little would she hear him when he raised the window and came in again. In the meantime his door had been locked, on the inside.

He was safe. Every step of the trail was obliterated. With his own eyes he had seen it wiped out by the wind. He had gone and returned by the most unfrequented ways, across fields and through lonesome woods; and on such a night it was impossible to see a man at any great distance. It only remained for him to rise in the morning and pursue his usual round of duties about the barn. No one would ever think of suspecting him; there was not the least reason. Certainly no mortal was aware of it except himself; none knew the plans and processes that had been taking form in his secret mind. And even if there should be suspicion, there was not the least clue to connect him. Later—possibly in the middle of summer—he would sell his crop and move; tenant farmers are always moving. But this he could plan at his leisure.

Thus meditating, and mightily relieved by the extinction of that accusing dagger, he reached the shore again and climbed over the rise; then as he neared his house he skirted round to the rear side. Once more in sight of the window from which the trail had begun, he stopped and looked close. Not a vestige remained of the deep holes his boots had made in the snow. The virgin page of nature bore not a record of his passing. He turned, and looked back on the more recent footsteps. The snow was steadily sifting into these tracks, too. He raised the window, climbed in, and shut it after him.

For a few days the murder made the sensation that might have been expected in the town of Jonesboro'. It was featured in metropolitan style by the semi-weekly "Item," and it concluded in proper moral style with advice to "our town authorities" respecting suspicious characters, and reflections upon the inadvisability of keeping large sums of money in the house. The verdict of the coroner's jury, which found that the deceased met his death at the hands of parties unknown, gave some material for the next issue, after which there was little to record—only an occasional report that no clue had yet been discovered. As a subject of gossip, the topic was worn out in a few days, after which it was referred to only incidentally. Amos Stone, whose life was somewhat solitary and peculiar, had been killed by a "burglar," possibly a tramp. Suspicion did not naturally direct itself to a farm; and Joe Dill, feeding his stock, milking his cows, and felling trees on the wood-lot, was as little thought of in that connection as was the average citizen.

The murderer, living a mile and a half out in the country, and having to go to town only once a week in winter, when he could get his supplies and return as promptly as he chose, found that it had not even been necessary for him to dissemble. Except on one morning, when he leaned over a line-fence and indulged in vague speculation with a neighbor, he hardly needed to mention the matter at all. His shrewd policy was to say nothing, a course which, in his vocation, was easy enough to follow, until finally the thing had "blown over" and had become long-past history. After that there was nothing for him to do except at times tell himself again that Stone was "a despisable mortal, anyway," with no real use for life or money, now simply dead, and little loss. That summer he would get the crops started, and maybe sell out the future harvest and his implements. Maybe, if he had an advantageous offer for his implements, he would go before that time.

January passed, February passed, and March brought thoughts of spring plowing. It had been a winter of steady cold, and there had not been even the usual January thaw; but with the first days of spring a decided warmth came from the sun. The afternoon rays ate slantingly under one side of deep ruts, and began to honeycomb the clay-stained, yellowish drifts along the road. Then one afternoon came a warm wind, followed by a more decided thaw.

On that day, toward evening, he had occasion to go round to the south side of the house to use the grindstone, which was kept under a tree so that it would not dry out and harden in the summer sun. As he turned the corner of the house, he came to a sudden stop. What he saw caused the chisel to drop from his hand, as if all the forces of his body were concentrated in the one act of looking. Beginning at his bedroom window, and leading off to the thin line of trees that bordered the lake, was a line of raised footsteps; they stood up about four or five inches in height, as if they had been embossed upon the face of nature—a double row of them, going and coming.

Fool that he had been! He now remembered having seen such footsteps in other spring thaws. If he had only thought! He remembered now what the farmers do in Illinois and Iowa, and in other places where there are no rivers or lakes. They harvest the deep snow in winter, put it into their hay-presses, and squeeze it down till all the air is out of it; and in the summer it does not thaw. So he had done with his weight in the hunting-boots. It was all because the snow had been deep. And there his footsteps stood as the lighter snow subsided, and on their tops was the firm impress of his foot, heel and sole!

His first impulse was to hurry for the shovel. But that would not destroy the trail; it would only make it more noticeable. And there was a mile and a half of it, too. It ran from his place to the shore, across the lake, and thence through the woods and across untrodden fields. Oh, that he had gone by the road, at least part of the way by the road!

Suddenly recollecting himself, and realizing that he must not do his thinking in public, he cast a glance about him, picked up the chisel, and went back to the barn. The carpentry had ceased to be of interest; he sat down now to figure out his chances.

How long had these footsteps been prominent? It had begun to thaw about noon, since when the snow had been gradually going down. Possibly it had not been long since it reached the level of his boot-marks. Evidently no one had discovered them yet at the other end, at the dead man's window, unless, perhaps, the officers were on their way now. If so, they would be here before long, in a little while.

The barn-doors were open to the west; the sun was already turning red as it verged toward the horizon. The weather was still holding off mild, and here was hope. Here was a big chance in his favor. Twelve hours of darkness, twelve hours of further thawing. If the men were not here before long, he could see his way clear till the sun came up again, possibly forever. It all depended upon the weather. The tall footsteps had already shown signs of being conquered about the edges.

Sometime after dusk he arose and went soberly about his chores. The cows that night were not well milked. After supper he hunted up a book and began to read. At nine his sister took her lamp and went to bed. He still sat in the kitchen; he was interested in reading. But when she was gone, he did not turn the pages. Periodically he took a match and went to read the thermometer, which hung outside the kitchen door. Fate rested on the point marked freezing. When he had looked at it just after supper it registered fifty degrees, and that was eighteen degrees above the interesting mark. At nine it was down ten degrees; there were only six degrees to spare. Shortly after twelve —he was making his trips more frequently now—the mercury was at freezing. For a while he stood gazing at that shining thread of life, then he put the dead match in his pocket, and went in and stood in the middle of the kitchen floor. He had already put down the shades and turned the lamp lower. He stood as in a trance, thinking it over, trying to arrive at some advisable course of action. What was the best move to make? Every plan was halted against some unconquerable if.

Now would be the time to make his escape, *if* he only knew that it would become necessary. To run away, though, might be the very worst move he could make. That might prove his undoing; it would fasten the guilt upon him, and then he would have only the chances of a fugitive. It was not advisable to do that, while there was still doubt as to whether they would suspect him. There was still a chance.

And yet another day, he reasoned, could hardly pass without somebody's attention being attracted by the other end of that trail. The house, now tenantless and deserted, was still sufficiently in the public mind to draw reminiscent glances from those who went to town by that much-frequented road. And there in the yard were those strange footsteps leading up to the dead man's window!

But to-morrow might bring a more decided thaw. The footprints might not be noticed for several hours, even as they had not been this afternoon. Then the sun might have time to obliterate the trail, and he would be safe for all time. There was the chance. To run would only call attention to himself. It was better to wait a while longer and see what became of the chance.

When he again turned up the light for a moment it was three o'clock. Time had flown. Suddenly he put on his cap and stepped out. He went to the rear of the house and scraped about with his foot until it struck against one of the upstanding prints. He kicked it with his toe. It was as hard as iron. He got down on his knees and put his hand on it. The four or five inches were a tremendous height to contemplate. It was glazed and slippery, having thawed slightly on the surface before freezing. He could feel the record on top of it, heel and sole. In desperation now, he gave a harder kick with his heel, which broke off the top of it; then he went along kicking right and left. When one broke off bodily he picked it up and threw it as far as he could. It was a useless thing to do; but this was all the conclusion at which he had arrived.

The mood did not last long; he went inside again, for it was necessary for him to go to bed. In the morning, if his sister should ask questions, he could say that he had fallen asleep in the kitchen. In bed, however, he did not sleep. Now he was making hope out of shreds and patches. Possibly that trail was not continuous. In the thinner snow it might have failed to make record for considerable stretches, and this, *if* they tried to follow it, might delay them till the thaw had done its work. In the morning, if nothing happened by nine or ten o'clock, he intended to set his mind at rest upon this point.

The sun came up in a sky that was almost clear, though the air was still cold. While he milked and curried and fed, he was watching and waiting; the sudden movement of a horse or a cow startled him. It was absolutely necessary, however, to do his chores as usual. When the morning's work was done, he released the cows' heads from the stanchions and turned them out to drink; then he sat down in sight of the door and waited a while longer. Suddenly he rose, pulled his cap on tighter, and set out.

He walked along as far from the trail as possible, with no evident relation to it, but keeping it in sight. Only when it seemed to grow fainter did he go closer to investigate. In White's wood-lot, a small stronghold of nature made up of unarable hummock and hollow, he stopped suddenly and dodged behind a tree. White's little girl and some children from the neighboring farm were having rare fun. Attracted by the bright, invigorating weather and the call of spring in the air, they had gone forth in search of adventure, and they had found it in a blind hollow which was now floored with ice.

The game was to cross on the top of his raised footsteps! The novelty of this new-found altitude in walking seemed to hold a charm for the children; and as the tops were somewhat slippery, it was just such a test of skill as afforded them an exciting game. He watched them as they stretched their little legs to take the grown-up steps. One little girl in a red coat was particularly obnoxious; whenever she missed her footing and fell, the woods rang with her laughter. As he skulked behind the tree, Joe Dill's teeth clenched at these sudden outbursts; they were advertising him all too loudly. Could they find nothing to do but meddle with his trail? He was strongly impelled to rush in and disperse them, but he dared not. Their little tongues were danger-

ous. Even as it was, they might carry the news home. While he was thinking this, the little girl gave him an anxious spell. She was thinking of going home at once with her little brother, who had fallen and hurt his lip; but finally she decided it was not necessary. With a sigh of relief, he again went on, keeping the tree between himself and the children till he was safe from observation; then he skirted round to the trail again. It was as plain as ever all the way to the lake.

At the lake's edge it stopped, for a short distance, anyway. Thanks to the wind, there were stretches that had been swept bare that night. Or else the light covering that remained had melted, and then frozen over clear and clean. Welcome sight! As he looked down into the ice of the shallow margin he was aware for a moment of the beauty of the pebbled bottom. Imbedded in the crystal beneath his feet were inaccessible stones of pink and green and yellow, their beauties set out in a sort of magnified clearness of color and detail; it made him think of the glass marbles he played with when he was a boy. Yes,—for a distance, at least,—the chain of guilt was broken. But how far? About two hundred feet farther on the traces appeared again. But still farther there was another clear stretch; and then the steps were rather faint. Hope mounted higher as he thought over this state of affairs. He reasoned it out. Others had come down to the lake in the course of the winter; hence, there must be other trails leading to and from the edge. Naturally. If his own trail were lost, many would have to be tried before the right one was taken up again. It might take some time for the right one to be followed to its telltale conclusion, his window, and this even though it remained frozen. But—and he now raised his gaze to heaven—the sun was growing warmer as it rose higher. It promised a more decided thaw. His hopes grew brighter as it rose. It all depended, however, upon a considerable break in the trail. At intervals the tracks reappeared vividly where the snow had formed a ridge; again they were so inconspicuous that he tried to think they would be discernible to no one but himself.

He kept on, in hope that it would be completely lost. Thus, finally, he came to the hole in the middle. And then Fate stared him in the face as he looked down into that little frozen pool.

At first he was paralyzed and enchained with superstitious fear. For *how* could that dagger, which he himself had dropped into clear water, be there suspended, as it were, in the new-formed crystal ice? But there it was, every detail of its brass handle and the very blood upon it standing out in glazed brightness like a picture newly made. He put his hand down as if to convince himself; the solid ice stopped his fingers a foot away. Thus far and no farther! It was the dagger itself. His nails slid vainly over the slippery surface. He could only sit and look at it. It seemed suddenly to be as a crucifix, a bloody crucifix, held up before his guilty gaze. The very sun seemed to direct its attention here, and shed dazzling light upon this show-case of his crime.

This first thrall of superstitious awe was hardly dispelled by his gradual perception of the means by which this had been brought about. The two fishermen he had seen catching small perch had used only one hole. A short distance away, in order to keep their fish alive and fresh, they had chopped a deep basin in the two feet of ice, and then punctured a hole in the bottom, through which the water could rise. Here they had thrown the fish as they were caught. It was into this ice-bowl that he had broken and dropped the evidence of his guilt; and then it had frozen solid.

Nothing less than an ax could remove it in any reasonable time; that would mean a trip back to the house. And it would not do, anyway, to be seen working here, for fishing was now illegal. If it were only night! But even as he thought this he heard the voices of men in the distance and the baying of foxhounds.

As he looked up, a group was just emerging from the woods which edged the shore—men with guns. Rifles! Now they were following the trail; it was leading them straight out to the hole! His prompting was to fly; but a sudden and hurried disappearance would not do, for he had already attracted their attention. Besides, how could he go and leave that dagger there?

They were keeping on in his direction! Soon they would be out to the middle, and

then they would cast a glance at the hole, as hunters and fishermen always do. Desperately his fingers clawed at the ice again. They slid back and forth. It enchained him. It held him irresolute. Visions of picks and axes and crowbars trooped before his distracted fancy. He had no means of defense except the dagger. There it was, a foot from his hand, and yet beyond his grasp, the glassy exhibition of his crime!

Nearer they came, straight on, the men talking low, and the hounds eager for a hunt. Then he summoned his self-control. Slowly he slouched away as carelessly as possible. But the dagger had held him too long. He had not half reached the shore, going faster now, when he heard the dread word of law, "Halt!" Turning about, he saw the four guns holding him. Cowering, he stood and waited while the guns advanced.

TWO-STORY FARMING

BY J. RUSSELL SMITH

A MIGHTY frost swept the Mediterranean last spring about the time the almonds were in bloom. It wiped away the possibilities of many a crop as clean as a sponge wipes a chalk problem from a blackboard. Two months later I found the almond-farmers of Majorca in a cheerful mood, very cheerful, indeed, when it is remembered that the almond covers a much larger proportion of their territory than the apple does in any county of New York, Virginia, or Oregon. These island farmers had cyclone-cellars, so to speak, and into this refuge they had dodged when the whirlwinds of frost struck them. They were two-story farmers, and when the frost destroyed one crop, they fell back on the second. They had losses, but not disaster. Their profits were gone, but not their living. Thus they could afford to be cheerful. A similar frost in the orange districts of Florida or California has literally thrown whole communities into mourning, because the people were one-story farmers. They had all their eggs in one basket, so that one blow smashed their hopes for a harvest that year, and actually threw many into bankruptcy.

Approximately nine tenths of the arable area of Majorca, one of the Spanish islands in the Mediterranean, is planted out to crop-yielding trees. That makes one story agriculture. Then beneath the trees grain is grown. That makes the second story, which may properly be likened to the cyclone-cellar. For miles and miles in every direction that beautiful island is covered with continuous orchards of almonds, olives, figs, and carobs, with occasional grafted oak-trees, the sweet acorns of which are prized as highly as the chestnut. This tree agriculture is nothing new, for many of these orchards are of unknown age, and some of them give evidence of having seen generations of men rise, dig awhile, and die before Columbus sailed past on his way from Genoa to Gibraltar; and throughout all the years that the white man has striven in America, these same old olive- and carob-trees have been standing there, handing down their harvests of fruit and beans to the men who raised other crops at their feet—crops of wheat, oats, barley, beans, and peas.

In the average cases it works out that the grain crops pay the cost of the operation, and the tree crops come along and make the profits. The failure of the almonds, or the off years with the carobs or olives, therefore leaves no deficits, and the years of good tree harvests are the years of profit. If, as is at times the case in the best-regulated lands, there is a shortage in the grain crop, it has more than an even chance of being equalized that same season by the tree harvest.

No one should be deceived into thinking that they get a hundred per cent. grain crop and also a hundred per cent. tree crop. That would be too good to be true, too much like eating your cake and

having it. The situation is much more like that of the ship that is loaded with pig-iron, and the ship that is loaded with chairs. The iron cargo is so heavy that the ship still has most of her space empty. The chair cargo is so light that the ship still has most of her buoyancy unemployed, and her owners must scurry around and get iron or other heavy stuff to ballast her down so that she will ride safely. By properly mixing iron to take care of the weight and chairs to take care of the space, the ship can actually stow away three fourths of the iron and three fourths of the chairs, and thus take one hundred and fifty per cent. of cargo.

That is the way it is with the trees and the grain. The trees send their roots down into the subsoil, and their tops into the upper air. The small grain attends to the surface, and does most of its growing in the winter, when the rains come and the trees are resting. Between them the two stories of this agriculture make more income than either story could have done by itself. Then, too, the cultivation and fertilization of the grain is an unquestioned benefit to the trees, which thus become in a sense a by-product of the grain-growing.

The Spaniard and the Portuguese apply the same philosophy by letting oaks grow in their grain-fields and then, when the crop of acorns gathers itself upon the ground, bring their porkers along for a picnic, fattening them upon the harvest that is spread beneath the trees. If I were a pig, I 'm sure I should elect to spend that orgy of my last fattening beneath an Iberian oak-tree rather than in an American pig-pen. And if I owned the pig, I would find it more agreeable to my inherent laziness to have the pig pick up his food than to gather it and wait upon him after the style of America.

The farmers of southwestern France annually send to this country millions of pounds of choice Persian (so-called English) walnuts, and yet there are not ten orchards in the whole region. A French farmer gave me this explanation:

"If we planted the trees in regular rows, close together, we could grow nothing beneath them, for they cast a dense shade; but if we scatter them about the fields, there is plenty of light, and wheat will grow close to the trees."

One exceedingly intelligent French proprietor whose place I visited had applied this theory by planting all his fields with trees ninety feet apart. Thirty years hence it will look like a great park that has been planted to grain, and as they approach maturity, every one of his walnut-trees will be making more human food than will be furnished by the meat from an acre of pasture. For the present the sale value of this French walnut-tree's harvest is also ahead of that from the meat produced by the acre of pasture, but no one can predict what prices will be during the one or two centuries that elapse while those walnut-trees continue to shed their autumn nuggets of nutrition.

The Italian farmers long ago adopted the two-story agriculture by planting rows of mulberry-trees across their wheat-fields, and then having grape-vines climb up the mulberry-trees. Thus the same field yields bread, wine, and silk from the worms that feed on the mulberry-leaves.

AMERICAN APPLICATIONS

America needs a two-story agriculture. Instantly I hear some American agriculturist who is familiar with the European regions I have mentioned say that their agriculture may be interesting and picturesque, but it is old-fashioned, laborious, and un-American because of the hand labor. He says that the olives and carobs of Majorca grow helter-skelter wherever the trees chance to spring up, and are tilled by the down-trodden peasant with a hoe; that systematic American agriculture is impossible there; that the French walnut-trees scattered in a wheat-field may be all right for France, where they still cut wheat by hand, but that it would not go here, where we are in the reaper stage.

All those things are correct. I admit them at once, but I do not admit that these facts keep us from developing a two-story agriculture. The principle is a mighty good principle, and we must adapt it to American conditions. That we can do so I have no doubt. It is merely a problem of hooking together some already effective units. It is far simpler than the job of hitching together the steam-engine and the wagon, and making of them first the locomotive, and second the automobile. It took us a good while to make these combinations of known elements, but we did it, and we can much more

quickly hitch the second-story tree to American machine-made agriculture.

A few decades hence we shall have millions of acres set to fruit-trees that we do not now regard as crops, and at their feet will be rich harvests of crops economically produced by machinery, and the combination will be far ahead of what the same lands are now producing. I feel confident in this prediction, because every element involved has been tried and found good, and the process of combining them has already begun.

The combination that leads the way in

TYPICAL TWO-STORY FARM IN MAJORCA. WHEAT BENEATH, ALMONDS ABOVE

the two-story-agriculture combinations in America is the pecan and the pastured pig. The efficiency movement of which we have been hearing much of late belongs on the farm quite as much as in the factory. In the factory it has been discovered that a lot of the work is only half effective, and that, owing to lack of system, much time is spent in loafing rather than in work. On the farm the very same conditions exist, and one of the important discoveries of farm-efficiency experts is the fact that a pig is good for something besides eating and being eaten. He can work. For the last hundred years we have been regarding the pig as a kind of star boarder when we should have been regarding him as a harvest-hand. The days of porcine luxury are passing, and on a steadily increasing number of farms the pig may be classified among those having gainful occupation. The point is this: instead of laboriously feeding the pig in small inclosures, where he eats what we with human labor bring him, we turn him into the fields to gather for himself.

The really new part lies in the fact that we have worked out successions of quick-growing crops like oats and vetch, barley and vetch, cow-peas, soy-beans, sorghum, sweet potatoes, peanuts, Japanese cane, crimson clover, red clover, and the old stand-by of corn, so that the farmer does little more than plow and plant, and drive his pigs from field to field to harvest the crops as they ripen. As soon as the pigs leave the first field, the farmer plows it up and plants the next crop, and so on. When the pig goes from the fourth or fifth, it is to market, and the farmer puts a big deposit in the bank, for his labor bill has been small. He has used no reaper. He has not had the pains of making hay, no harvest rush. The pigs walked round and harvested for him, and thought it quite a lark at that.

ITS RELATION TO THE SECOND STORY

From Missouri to the Delaware and from Kansas to the gulf, this system of pork

A WHEAT-FIELD IN A GROVE OF OLIVE- AND CAROB-TREES, WITH WHEAT BENEATH, IN MAJORCA

production has been tried and found good. It is all a matter of record in certain publications of the Department of Agriculture and the experiment stations. The thing is so good that the Government is pushing it hard, but it is not generally understood what a capital arrangement it is as a part of a two-story agriculture. Add to it some kind of large, hardy, crop-yielding trees such as pecans, walnuts, honey-locusts, or persimmons, and the trick is done. There is nothing un-American about it, because the best kind of American machinery can be used without interference wherever it is wanted. Will the tree interfere with the harvest? The cumbersome reaping-machinery does not enter, because the pig does the work. Plows and cultivators that do orchard-tillage work have been brought to a high degree of perfection, so there is no experiment there. Indeed, there is no untried experiment anywhere about it, for it has been going on with smooth-running success on Georgia pecan plantations that I have visited.

The pig-harvested crops are interfered with but slightly while the pecan-trees are small, and the advantages of the pig system with wide-spaced trees are so great that new orchards now being set out by men of greatest experience have the trees a little over one hundred feet apart, or four to the acre. That is a little better than the Frenchman who had his walnut-trees ninety feet apart. This distance is necessary, because a well-fed pecan-tree increases its spread from two to four feet in a year, and will eventually cover a circle nearly one hundred feet in diameter. These far-spaced pecan-trees will be bathed all round in sunshine, which is a great factor in producing fruit, and there will be space between for the sun to strike the ground and develop the crops for the pigs to harvest. If the pecan-trees seem far apart in youth, the pig business makes amends; and if in age they crowd the pig business, they pay their way with nuts.

American conditions offer great advantages for this two-story combination of nuts and pork. All of the likely nut-trees for the East and the South, like the pecan, the Persian walnut, the black walnut, the shagbark, and the chestnut, are late starters in spring. This lets the sunshine in on the first floor for a relatively long time, and offers a premium on cold-weather plants. Fortunately we have such plants. The clover of our fathers blooms in early June at Philadelphia, but the crimson clover, a recent importation from cool Germany, works so busily in late autumn and early spring that it blooms in April,

and has virtually done its work before any nut-tree begins to cast the shadow of its leaves. The vetches are good companions for the crimson clover in this trick of working while the nut-trees sleep.

This becomes a factor of great and increasing importance as we go into the southern Atlantic and gulf regions, where the deciduous trees are bare a long time, but the hardier herbaceous plants grow virtually all winter. It is in that region that the two-story agriculture of the pig and the pecan has already been worked out, and from this region it should work northward far into the land of frost and snow. We can now grow certain strains of pecans and Persian walnuts to the north of the Ohio and Mason and Dixon's Line, and there are many other trees that may be utilized as crops. For the guidance of experimenters, I must state that the walnut must be grafted on native black-walnut roots.

THE NEED

ONCE we appreciate the point that there is a vast field for a two-story agriculture with trees for the second story, we shall discover that the woods are literally full of promising candidates for crops. We now know how to breed trees, and the sturdy qualities of wild nature can be rapidly improved upon. Meanwhile surprising results are to be obtained by taking the best wild trees and propagating them. That is the way we got our pecans and our walnuts and even most of our apples. There is good reason to believe that an orchard of trees as good as the best wild specimens would prove to be a valuable investment in the case of the following: black walnut, shagbark, chestnut, persimmon, mulberry, paw-paw, honey-locust, sugar-maple, and from six to twelve species of oak.

I make no pretense that the list is complete. In fact, I know it is very incomplete, but those trees I have seen in a rather hasty survey of a part of the field. I do not for a moment expect the American people to busy themselves eating mulberries, persimmons, paw-paws, honey-locust beans, or acorns. We may nibble some of these things, but the pig will eat them by the millions of bushels, and they have all been tasted by him and pronounced good and acceptable, and they have all been analyzed in the laboratories and found nutritious.

We have a great machine for the promotion of agriculture: a United States department, thirty or forty state departments, forty-six agricultural colleges, over fifty agricultural experiment stations, and two hundred substations. Most of these seem never to have heard of a two-story

A BEAN-FIELD IN THE BALEARIC ISLANDS, WITH OLIVE-TREES SUPPOSED TO BE SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS OLD

GEORGIA HOGS ROOTING UP THE REMNANTS OF A SWEET-POTATO CROP IN A YOUNG PECAN ORCHARD

The big tree in the background is a wild seedling that has averaged eighty-four pounds of nuts each year for the last three years. They bring twenty-five cents a pound.

agriculture, and too often have the idea that we have reached the millennium so far as tree crops are concerned. They need to employ themselves with the idea. They should go into the woods and byways and get all these promising wild things, form of them an awkward squad, shape them up, and give us a score new tree crops to make the upper part of a two-story agriculture that will feed both man and beast.

After all, we should not think harshly of the colleges and departments and stations about this. They cannot do these things without money; they get that only by appropriations—appropriations come from legislatures, and we send up the legislators. The promotion of scientific agriculture has this in common with most other public activities, that it cannot rise much above the effective intelligence back of it.

UNDER MAUNA LOA

BY DOUGLAS DUER

SO rich the rose, so fair the sky,
I win no sleep, howe'er I lie;
While through the open window floats
From musical and many throats
An island melody.
"Aloha oe," they softly sing,
In chorus to the throbbing string.

The burning stars, the garden white,
They beckon in the balmy light.
I know not where my want is found,
But there 's a longing in the sound,
A fever in the night;
Aloha oe, the rich guitar,
The fainting rose, the fevered star.

HIS BIGGEST VENTURE

BY EUGENE P. LYLE, JR.

Author of "The Shark," etc.

PICTURES BY P. V. E. IVORY

IN the Great American Desert water was worth four bits a keg, delivered at one's cache alongside the stage-road. The consumer furnished the keg, and its contents protracted existence.

Back from the flat, yellow waste, up among the bone-dry mountains, the girl alone in the miner's cabin sighed, half laughing, indeed, and wholly indulgent. Her eyes were brave and steady, and good to look into; rather like a boy's when he craves danger, as belonging to the estate of his manhood. But one shapely, sunburned hand went involuntarily to her breast, with two of the finger-tips pressing her throat. That sensation of sinking always came when she found their water-supply getting low. She could not get used to this ever-impending lack of water, this unvarying state of siege, this pitilessly patient menace, watching, waiting, always watching, waiting. She pressed her throat with her finger-tips, anticipating.

"Absent-minded!" she sighed, and shook her head in affectionate resignation. "Poor Jim!" Jim was the girl's brother, and Jim's absent-mindedness, being a part of him, got itself cherished along with himself by the wholesome young person in her sweet, grave responsibility of sisterhood. "So," she announced to herself, "here we are out of water again."

She went to the door of their solitary cabin and paused for a moment, looking out on the volcanic jumble of mountain slope that was their back yard. She knew how Jim begrudged every minute, even for meals, lost from his digging. At last she reluctantly called him.

A quarter of a mile up the bleak, weather-corroded lava-flow, a deep hole marked his assessment work, and out of it he climbed, a rock-bruised figure of hard, young enthusiasm.

"Well, Ruth?" he questioned with creditable patience as he drew near. But even a brother could not be insensible to the charm and cheer and comfort of that mothering, girlish, brightly aproned outline in his cabin doorway. He had a vague, dense, brotherly consciousness that the clear, vibrant tones, as she called him, neutralized the loneliness of cosmic silence; that the big Scotch checks of her trim little apron glorified the desolation of the Nevada sierra; that her just being there, brisk little body that she was, somehow brought under the low dirt roof a feeling of home that could not be imported in a case of canned goods, or in a bundle of the latest magazines, or even in a pound sack of smoking-tobacco.

Another man than a brother would have been vividly aware of other items: tanned dimples in the elbows, for instance; or russeted roses in the cheeks, which the dry winds had left there in recompense for the soft skin they had parched; or the breeze-blown hair, waving and curling back from forehead and temples in fetching, boyish abandon, leaving the oval of her face,—again with that frank, happy quality of a boy's,—fresh and comely and honest, broad at the top, the chin firm and plump. Nor would another man than a brother have overlooked those brave, true eyes, or the sweetly serious mouth, or could he have escaped a general feeling of disturbance within his own self in considering that she 'd be a heap more appreciated in somebody else's cabin.

For all that, Jim Carrol occasionally told his sister Ruth that she was the best partner in the world; and he meant it. She questioned anxiously at times whether it might not be better for him and his work on his prospect if she should go back to the old home, so as to let him go into partnership with a man. But he would hear none of that. Of course two men could get along faster, and while one fetched water, the other could keep on with the digging; but, then—oh, well, who 'd wash dishes, or make biscuits, or

Drawn by P. V. E. Ivory. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"ALL THAT AFTERNOON THE SUN WAS A SPHERE OF BOILING FLAME"

eat 'em, if they did get made? Jim knew he was lucky, just as things were. But when he now saw her in the doorway, and saw that she had his old prospector's canteen in her hand, his eyes darkened sullenly.

"What," he said, "you don't mean—not already—"

"Jim—"

The regret in her voice was enough. He would have to stop digging, and it was gold he was digging for, too. He would have to take the trail, eighteen miles down to his cache by the desert stage-road, and bring back water.

"But, Ruth," he protested, "we can't have more 'n dipped into the second keg yet."

"Jim, Jim," she reproached him softly, "it might have exploded. It might have blown us through the roof."

His jaw fell in misgiving. Here must be some more of his absent-minded blundering. He waited anxiously to learn what it was this time.

"A keg of water explode?" he hazarded.

"Jim Carrol," she cried, "do you mean to tell me that you never noticed, when you brought water the last time, that one of the kegs was smaller than the other, that it was n't even a water-keg at all?"

No, he had n't noticed. But it was night when he reached his cache the last time; maybe that would account for it.

"Account for its being a keg of powder, Jim?"

"Powder? Powder?" Suddenly he brightened. "Well, gee whiz! Now, ain't that fine?" he laughed. "I was n't expecting it as soon as this. But the stage left it, and I just went and brought it along for water; and I might have been blasting all this time. But you wait, Sis. How 'd you like to be rich by sundown? One shot into the porphyry contact and—who knows—maybe—"

Ruth shook her head chidingly.

"If you have n't forgotten already! Yes, of course, Jim—the water." She handed him the battered canteen, which she always carefully filled with water for him when he had to make that trip down to the desert.

He unscrewed the top and put the flask to his lips. He was hot from swinging a pick. But the desert, out of sight down there beyond the foot-hills, grew vast on his abstraction. He would just postpone this sip. Economy, the same meaning self-torture, was the one strategy against the Great American Desert. Flinging the canteen-strap over his head, he went to a little dugout behind the cabin, where his mule was stabled.

But while he padded the mule's back, and while he lashed on the empty kegs, something kept hammering little microscopic knocks on a closed door of his mind. Once or twice he paused, almost as if to listen. He did not like to set off for the desert with a seeming premonition like this nagging him, and not know what it was. He purposely delayed his going by stepping into the kitchen to light his pipe. He drew a fistful of paper from his hip-pocket and lifted the stove-lid; but Ruth rescued the paper, as often happened. Jim was forever treasuring scraps with which to make spills, and Ruth usually rescued them just in the nick of time. Seeing that the paper was only an old envelop, and no letter or other memento that she wished to keep, she let him go on with his pipe-lighting. This little by-play made Jim forget the premonition entirely. Leading the mule, and puffing away on the pipe, he started down the trail; then he stopped short. The premonition had suddenly opened the door. He turned back, and handed Ruth the canteen.

"I knew something was pestering me," he said, "and this is it. The canteen 's not full."

"But, Jim—"

"No, Ruth, it was n't square. You ought to have told me. Don't I know you did n't fill it because you did n't have water enough? And here I 'd left you without a drop. Don't ever do anything like that again, Ruth."

"But I shall not need any."

"Maybe not—much," he admitted; "but on a trip like this, if I *am* delayed, I don't want to have anything back here to worry about."

Curiously, he thought, she did not argue. She was stroking the mule's long ears, and looking up at him.

"Darn!" he exclaimed, remembering. "I might have been miles on my way. Gid-ap, Lucrece!" he added to the mule.

All that afternoon the sun was a sphere of boiling flame that seemed to hang just

Drawn by P. V. E. Ivory. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'IS IT ALL SETTLED, THEN—JUST—JUST SO?'"

over the back of his neck, and when he and the mule trudged around the last foothill out upon the desert flat, it was already sinking in the west, looking like a bloated, red, and poisonous thing. A thermometer would probably have registered a hundred and forty degrees. Over in Death Alley he had actually seen a thermometer touch a hundred and sixty. A queer formation seemed to have grown in his throat, replacing his gullet. He would have described it as a short length of hot metal pipe, and each intake of the dry air parched it hotter. He knew certainly that a drop of water would splutter and sizzle on it. Yet he wanted to see whether it would. Just a drop! If he had only taken the canteen, with a drop in it! Ruth would not miss one drop. But he made himself remember that, even if he drank till he could hold no more, he would yet crave more. He tried to squeeze some moisture of philosophy out of this truth. Thirst was an illusion. Anyhow, water would not stop *this* thirst. Wanting water, then, was, yes, plumb childish.

A something besides the queer, hot pipe grew in him. Will power? He did not know before that will power was a great screw that turned and turned, clamping fast another and a very slippery thing—purpose. This was the reason why he did not lie down to rest. The cache was only five miles distant across the ashen, purple waste. There would be water at the cache. The water-wagon from Alunite would have filled his empty kegs.

But what if the kegs *should* be empty? A thirst-tortured man dreads the silliest of improbable things. Jim Carrol laughed unpleasantly at himself, and with reason. Desert justice had ever been as deadly as rattlesnakes to the cache-thief. There were no cache-thieves now.

The sun was down, the stars were out in their dazzling desert brilliance, and the desert was a gray, silent sea, when he reached the stage-road.

His cache was one of a number, the others belonging to the men of the Bullthong camp, which was on the other side of his mountain. The caches were dug out of a storm-blown windrow, which was changing back to rock. There was a row of them, like little caves or the cells of a honeycomb; and they served fairly well as protection from sun and sand when a hatch, made usually of old boxing, was propped against the opening. Each man put his initials on this lean-to door of his cache, so that the stage-driver and the water-wagon mule-skinner could tell which was whose. There were no hinges, chains, or padlocks. There was merely desert justice, a simple little thing, and enough. "J. C.'s Cache"—Jim Carrol's—had always been the first in the row, as one counted from the stage-road.

Dropping the mule's halter, Jim went plunging drunkenly through the heavy sand. He fell on his knees before the first cache, wrenched away the prop, and jerked aside the door. He seized on the nearer of the two kegs. He broke his nails on the chime of the other. Both kegs were empty!

He did not believe that he would be able to realize this thing, the exact measured enormity of it, all at once. And why try to? He must have a drink of water first. That was it—a drink of water, somehow. No matter how, but somehow. The Bullthong fellows would not mind if he took a drink from one of their kegs. They would understand when he petrified them with this news of a cache-thief. He got to his feet, blinked down at the cache next his, then went to the next one, to the next, the next, until he was reeling, and had reeled to the last one. All the lean-to doors were down—all of them. That meant that Bullthong had sent down its pack-train, and gathered up the filled kegs. These kegs were only the empties.

He knew absolutely that there was no drop of water left in any of them,—evaporation would have sopped up any such drop,—but he worked his way from cache to cache, and rolled over each keg until the open bung lay over his cupped palm; yet never a breath of moisture touched his flesh.

His life now was to get to Bullthong, for Bullthong represented the nearest drop of water. Ruth's life, too! The small quantity of water in that canteen would not last her long. He did not ask himself whether he could make it or not. He had to. He staggered to his mule, and began unloading the empty kegs to lighten the journey back. He thought he heard something drop to the ground, but

he went on untying the ropes, meaning to look for the thing when he had finished; and then, having finished, he forgot all about it. As he started off, the toe of his boot kicked something that rang hollow and dull. He stooped, and picked the thing up. It was his canteen, partly filled with water, as he had given it to Ruth. She had n't bothered to argue; she had just settled it her own way.

He made Bullthong by daybreak. At the first shack, which was partly dugout, partly tent, and largely packing-cases, he wrenched a croaking halloo from his dried throat. Two rough, herculean figures filled the low doorway, ducking their heads to see who called. One was working a snaggle-toothed comb through a tawny mop. The other was sousing the sleep out of his eyes with the economically moistened corner of a flour-sack.

"You, Jim," this man sang out, "got time to stop a murder? Come in, then, and rustle breakfast. This mucker here, Larry Doyle, swears it 's my shift with the skillet; but I 'll be—"

"Shut up, Matt!" the tawny-mopped one cut in. "Now, Jim, whut 's ailin' ye?"

Jim was gray from the desert, and from under dusty ledges his eyes peered out at them like those of a ferret.

"You two," he said, "lend me a keg and what water you can spare. Some skunk went and looted my cache."

"Whut? Whut?" the Irishman boomed at him, sharp and quick.

In twenty bitter, laconic words he told them.

" 'T is so, thin." They wagged their heads in the arrested manner of men confronted by the monstrous and unbelievable.

"I 'm in with you on this, of course," said Jim; "but just now rustle me some water. I 've got to get back to Ruth."

"Sure, sure," they assented absently, Doyle bringing an empty keg and Matt a bucket of water.

"Suspect anybody?" Jim asked as he roped the keg on his mule.

"Niver a soul—yit," said Doyle. "We 'll spare ye ten dipperfuls, Jim."

The water was measured, the bung pressed in, and the three, with the mule, went on to the shack on the next claim, skirting prospect-holes and the stone corral of the camp's pack-animals. This shack was like the first, and gave forth a brace of the same stripe of competent citizen. There was the same consternation, the same businesslike buckling down to the situation, and more or less the same contribution to the keg, this time measured in a clean tomato-can. Five men went on with the mule to the third shack. From the third shack there were seven; and so it was, from shack to shack, until all Bullthong resolved itself into a vigilance committee of the whole.

But, no, that is not quite exact; one member of the camp was still lacking.

"Keg not full yet?" asked Matt, after the last stop they had made.

"But it 's a-plenty," said Jim in his haste.

"No, hold on," Doyle objected. "There 'll be the stranger yit, and he 'll want to donate. Aye, he will that. I am thinking he will," mused the huge Irishman.

"The stranger?" Jim repeated.

"He 'll have hit camp since ye was here last," said Doyle. "And, listen; he 's a minin' ge'lollygist, me lords. 'T is only the mother-lode will contint him, and he 'll be after findin' it where the—quick, Matt, whut 's his school-mum word?—continintal, yis, where the great continintal faults do a crisscross; and he tramps the blissed range as busy as a cock-eyed ant, and ivery now and thin he takes a shot at a—a—there, don't bother; I have it!—at a zone of intinse facturin', and—But come on. It 's only a step up the gully."

As up the gully was Jim's way home, he agreed; but they did not find the stranger in. He was out already on his hunt for the great fissures. They crowded about and inside of his tent, which was blackish-gray from weathering, and sewed and patched like an old sail. Yet the necessities within bespoke a methodical business mind, which in itself was vaguely distasteful to Bullthong. A small leather trunk on a rock had become a table; and on it, conveniently arranged, were a leather pocket-kit with vials of chemical reagents, a silver flask containing alcohol, a spirit-lamp, several test-tubes, a blowpipe, a bottle of quicksilver, and a gold-mounted fountain-pen. Ore envelops, some empty, others docketed as to con-

tents, were ranked against an iron bowl and pestle, the bowl being both crucible and assay shop. Then the man's blankets —fine blankets, too—had been put out of doors to air. All this put Bullthong in a dubious frame of mind.

"Dear Aunt Nancy and her knittin'!" grumbled one citizen.

Yet a fellow who soberly staked time and comfort and much deep experience on a chance of finding the continent's mother-lode, or any lode, could not be altogether a starched old maid. There must be a nonchalant gambler, a superb paradox of recklessness, wrapped up in the gentleman somewhere.

"Now thin," said Doyle, "for aunty's donation." Taking up the man's coffee-pot for a measuring-cup, he started for the two water-kegs in a corner next the stove.

"No," protested Jim Carrol, "I don't want—"

From the way Jim paused, they knew he had forgotten what he was about to say, and they all turned and looked at him. He was staring in a dazed, grotesque fashion at the stranger's water-kegs. "J. C.—J. C.—J. C.?" they heard him mumbling, with a tense rising inflection, like one trying to recall a person by repeating the name. He lifted one wavering hand, the fingers loosely pointing; they saw that he meant the kegs, and they looked and espied blurred initials on them.

"J. C.!" they echoed. "J. C.!" But it was without the rising inflection. It was a much more significant inflection.

"J. C.—Jim Carrol! Then them are *your* kegs?"

Jim nodded morosely.

"And we been thinkin' we was a *clean* camp!"

But Bullthong earnestly assured Mr. Carrol that this thing would not happen again. There was some discussion, though not much. A first suggestion was held in abeyance, like an object from a rope's-end. A second suggestion, a moment of heavy ruminating without one spoken word, and the second suggestion was adopted.

The stranger had used only a little of the water, and they loaded the two "J. C." kegs on Jim's mule, after removing the keg borrowed from Doyle and Matt. From this keg, before taking it back to camp with them, they filled the stranger's coffee-pot, which was all the water that they left him. They left a message also, written on one of the blank-ore envelops with the stranger's fountain-pen, and pinned to the back of the tent, where he would see it when he missed the water-kegs. Then the Bullthongers went back to their digging, and Jim Carrol took the trail homeward to Ruth.

When the stranger returned at dusk that evening, he knocked over the coffee-pot and spilled the water. He was anything but awkward, this stranger, and it would not have happened if the coffee-pot had not been misplaced. He knew from that trifling detail that visitors had been there.

"Item: rigorous economy, account one coffee-pot water spilled," he reflected.

Then he straightened, though he was a tall man, and his soft gray hat hit the peak of the tent.

"Item: two kegs of water gone. No need rigorous economy as above. Hello, a letter? Conscientious thief; must say that. Thirsty, but—conscientious."

He bent to the envelop pinned on the tent, struck a match, read, and was informed of the crowded condition of the Great American Desert. Certain news—that is, news of a certain person causing the congestion—would begin to radiate from Bullthong at sun-up. It was recommended that the stranger keep in advance of this radiation. It was urgently recommended.

That evening the stranger cooked his supper without water, and neither salt meat nor smoked herring figured on the menu. He glanced now and then at the envelop.

"Right smart civic heat generated about something," he mused. He munched slowly on toasted evaporated peach. "No need to wait, though. Only be delay. Verdict before trial always unreasonable beast to tackle. Must n't give way to curiosity. Be needless delay; that 's all. Know all I want about this side of mountain. Not enough mineralization to gild the soft answer which, when gilded, turneth away—creditors. Sorry I knocked over that coffee-pot. Thirst before morning."

Having finished his supper, he packed up, with unhurried despatch and precision, and loaded his equipment on two burros

that were tethered outside. Nor did he forget the Bullthong communication. On it he wrote:

Duly r'c'd, and contents noted.
Yrs.,
CARTER BUXTON.

He left this on a rock, carefully weighted under a smaller rock.

THE next morning Jim Carrol was down in his prospect-hole, not digging, but drilling, to try a shot for the porphyry contact. His sister Ruth had already luxuriated in her fresh supply of water by washing out the napkins, turkey-red and fringed, and thinking all the while of the snow-white, hemstitched set in her trunk, which the remorseless scarcity of water prevented her from using. The turkey-reds were fluttering like a nervous brood outside her kitchen door, where she had spread them on her clothes-horse to dry. Concerning the clothes-horse, a kindly volcano had put it there for her the day before yesterday, speaking by the geologic calendar. The precise number of thousand years since the geologic day before yesterday Ruth herself did not know; but it was a perfectly good clothes-horse yet, constructed of durable, century-resisting rock, being, in fact, a gray, jagged ledge, cropping out like the backbone of a young mountain. Ruth was not at all pleased when she glanced out of the kitchen door and saw a man cracking chips off her clothes-horse with a little hammer.

"I beg pardon," she called to him, "but won't you please not do that?"

The man was closely examining one of the chips in the palm of his hand as she spoke; but her voice, quaintly and adorably severe in her pretense of housewifely indignation,—the voice that even for a brother neutralized the loneliness of cosmic silence,—made the loneliest wanderer in all this desolation start and thrill as though some archangel had brushed the chords of a golden harp. Archangels and golden harps, he supposed, were not less common in these diggings than a girl's sweet voice that stirred a man through and through like that. His eyes widened perceptibly as he looked up and saw her, and there was a quivering of the lashes, as though the thrill were galvanic. Yet he did not fail to lift his hat, doing it with a certain ease of breeding and blend of deference that bespoke deep experience of the world. After a glance behind him, when both espied several more men, as yet pigmies in the distance, coming up the trail, the stranger advanced toward Ruth, and, with a gesture of asking permission, entered the cabin.

Not appearing to regard him, Ruth looked her visitor over, as dwellers in an isolated pocket of wilderness do look the stranger over without appearing to do so. But she discovered that she wanted to continue looking at him; and that consciousness nettled her, flushing the russet roses in her cheeks, and making her inexplicably resentful against him.

He was a prospector. All wayfarers were. She knew it from the geologist's hammer, now thrust in his belt, from his watch-guard compass and magnifying-glass, his riveted canvas suit, his stout laced boots. But most prospectors had their climb to prosperity yet to make, while this man was the Californian millionaire type of man, whose early hardships only made him bigger-hearted in the enjoyment of his ease, steadier nerved in large ventures, a kindly winner, an amused loser. She could imagine him in gray frock-coat, and that same gracefully brimmed, soft gray hat on his head, strolling up to the desk of the St. Francis in San Francisco for his telegrams exactly as he now strolled into her kitchen. That was easy to imagine. He was a large man, a strikingly fine-looking person, with genial power and generous Western mastery in every line of him; and he was probably thirty-five years old. Ruth herself was twenty-five. Obviously enough, he had come back to the mountains to begin his climb all over again, yet was very affable toward the Lady Fortune, who had been misusing him. Ruth looked away. Her rapt womanly eyes showed a beginning of fright in them, although the fright was entirely of herself.

"*Your* pardon," said the visitor, laying his hat on a chair, "but your claim out there—monuments not right, lines not run right. Ought to make 'em take in that phonolite outcrop. It is the apex. It is—"

"My clothes-horse? Indeed, sir—"

She paused in her alarm and defiance,

for he was examining the chipped-off bit of her clothes-horse under the magnifying-glass.

"Igneous," he pleasantly announced, as though he had not been interrupted—"igneous and telluriferous."

"Jim ought to know," she protested; "he did the locating. And he 's happy where he is. I don't want him digging up my—"

"But see!" With thumb-nail the man worked at tiny silvery specks shot through the slate-gray specimen.

She had no fear that he was a madman. She understood prospectors and their wild theories.

"No," she corrected him, firmly; "not the right color."

He smiled, and tossed away the specimen. Seemingly by accident it fell on her little camp-stove, which was red-hot in preparation for dinner.

"When Jim—I beg pardon; Mr. Carrol, is n't it?—when Mr. Carrol comes in, have *him* glance at the color."

Ruth could not get over the feeling of a tranquilly meandering significance beneath all that the man did or said or smiled. And his smile, as he tossed away the specimen and dismissed it from his mind,—if he did merely toss it, or did just dismiss it,—roused her woman's curiosity. Wait for Jim, indeed! Looking once at the man, she went and took that rock off the stove, pushing it with a piece of kindling upon the shovel. She saw that the heat had roasted the silvery crystals to the dark, rich luster of old gold.

"Just so—sylvanite," said the man, without glancing at it. "Telluride of gold. Congratulations. Better relocate claim, though."

The girl gazed wide-eyed, and trembling a little, on the pleasant magician who had sauntered in and given her and Jim uncounted tons of the earth's treasure.

"But you—you," she exclaimed softly, —"you could locate the claim for yourself."

He passed that with a little wave of the hand.

"No. Have n't time," he said.

"Not time to locate a bonanza!"

He shook his head. She might have been pressing him to remain for dinner.

"Thanks just same," he assured her, smiling. "Bonanza or so *would* help, and rehabilitation purse *did* seem mighty important. Not now, though. *Beg* your pardon!" Bowing slightly, he stepped past her to the open door. After a casual survey, as though it were a look at the weather, he turned to her again. "Be so kind," he asked, "as to fill my canteen? Hello, visitors coming! Mind if I step into dugout? Thank you, thank you very—" He bent, to loosen in its scabbard a heavy, pearl-handled revolver at his hip.

The girl knew the desert and the men of the desert, and how men learned from the desert the small account of life. If a germ of life encroached, offended, usurped, and did not itself prevail, it perished. She understood instantly.

"And you were just strolling along, picking up your silly rocks!" she cried, suddenly and strangely angry with him. "And just talking here while they—yes, yes, the dugout. Only quick! *Please!*"

The men threading the trail up to the cabin proved to be five Bullthongers, one of them Larry Doyle. They found Ruth, with sleeves rolled to two dimpled elbows, very carefully measuring out corn-meal for pone. They knocked on the casing of the open door, but would not come in.

"Thank 'ee, Miss Ruth," said Doyle; "we was only passin'. Goin' to pan out hot to-day, mum, 't is that blisterin' for a starter. Will Jim be about, do ye think? The lucky galoot, to have a lady's pretty arms in *his* dough! Where did ye say he was, mum?"

She had not said.

"Boys," she asked, "what is it? What is the trouble?"

"Jim ain't told ye?"

"Then Jim knows?" she demanded swiftly.

Doyle mopped his heavy face on his sleeve, and tried to retrieve his blunder.

"Aye, of course he would n't be knowin' yit, for 't is only a fri'nd missin' from camp since last night, and we 're that worried! We found his two burros scrambled in the cañon back there, where they 'd tumbled off the trail in the dark. And our fri'nd—would any stranger be blowin' by here, mebbe?"

"See what you 've done!" she exclaimed. "Made me lose count." She waved them away with the cup in which

she had been measuring corn-meal. "You 'll find Jim at his digging. One—two—three—"

But she put down the cup as they turned away, and when they questioned Jim from the brink of his prospect-hole, she was hovering within earshot. She could hear her brother's voice, loudly derisive. Would a cache-thief be stopping at cabins? Jim wanted to know. Would he, now, a marked man? Would he, and the noosed lariat close behind?

She ran back to the house, but that word went with her. A cache-thief! A cache-thief! Murder had no uglier sound in her ears. And yet, when Jim came in and belted on his pistols, she said nothing. She was working up her corn-meal in a little white heat of fury. Jim joined the men outside, and she heard their boots crunching down the trail. She could have counted her breath until she was aware of the stranger standing behind her.

"If you please, Miss Carrol, my canteen. Going now."

She stooped under the table, where she had hidden the canteen, filled it from a stone filter, and handed it to him; but all the while she kept her gaze slanted from him. He took the canteen without speaking. She wondered why he did not go, so that she need not look at him again.

But he did not go. He was still standing there behind her, while with oddly jerky hands she fashioned the dough into pones. He was looking at her. She felt that. But with what expression on his face? It grew to torture to have him there behind her, and looking at her, and she trying to picture his expression. He would know now that she knew what he was. He must have guessed that the Bullthong posse or her brother had told her. And what was he thinking, what must he be thinking, because she had not given him up? What might she see on his unseen face? Was it a smile, cynical, easy, cool, for her abhorrence of him that yet would not give him up? The eyes—the pleasant eyes that she had liked—were they insolently confident, mocking her, shaming her, guessing better than she herself at the sickened state of her soul?

It was she who spoke finally. She could endure the silence no longer. Besides, being a woman, she thought of something she must say.

"You can go now quite safely," she told him. "And when you are safe, you will have plenty of time to send somebody back to stake your claim for you."

"My claim?" he repeated. "Oh, the clothes-horse. But that 's yours, you know."

She swept back the pan of corn-meal with her arm, and faced him.

"If you please, sir," she cried, trembling before him, "there is no call for that. I save a man who plunders a cache and takes the food, the water, which is another man's life, and may do it again,—oh, shame on me, not to give you up! Yes, I know, shame,—but there is no call to try to—to *pay* me for it!"

Suppressed fury had carried her on the torrent of her words, and only after they were uttered did she rightly see him, see the look on his face, which was not the look of mocking confidence she had half imagined, but something else, changing, intensifying under the outpouring of her scorn. Her lips parted in wonder, and the crimson of her anger receded slowly from her temples, leaving only pallor; and into her fixed gaze returned the look of fright. But although the fright was of herself, yet it was what she saw in the man's eyes that gave it birth. Even when he stepped toward her, and an ecstasy of terror wrapped her like a hotly enervating flame, still the terror was not of him, or of the look in his eyes.

Before she knew—and yet she knew within her that it was inevitable—he clasped her waist and was tilting back her chin, so that her head rested on his arm; and again she knew it must be as his face sank nearer, and his lips ever so lightly touched hers.

So far from being savage or brutish, the kiss was not even tender, except as the thought of a sacrament may be so. The fire of outraged womanhood scalded through her veins, yet beneath it all she felt her soul relaxing to his kiss; then, in wild horror lest her lips, too, would yield, she beat at him with doubled fists, and very gently his arms fell from her.

"Beast!" she exclaimed. "Beast! As soon as the men are gone, you—"

"I knew you would think that, Ruth," he said; "so I shall bring them back."

He stepped to the door, drawing his pistol.

The napkins on the phonolite ledge were fluttering lazily in the breeze. The corner of one napkin folded back and forth like the leaf of a book. He fired, and the corner of the napkin whipped up and sank to the ground.

"Right clean shooting. Think so, Miss Carrol?" he asked.

She had tried to stop him, but was not in time. Now she ran to the window, looked out, and turned a white face back into the room.

"They 're coming back," she said. "They will kill you."

"That is the idea," he said.

"The idea?"

"Payment, you know. Pay for what I took—you know—just now. Worth it, though."

But he relented instantly before her stricken look.

"There, must n't believe that," he said. "That 's not the reason—"

"Hurry—into the dugout!" she urged. "I can tell them I was cleaning my automatic, and it went off by accident."

He shook his head. "Could n't escape, anyway. They 'd see me for miles."

"You can hide in there till night. Oh, quick! They 're coming!"

Again he shook his head. A more affably stubborn man she had never beheld. But he could not tell her of a certain recent impulse, which, though of the heart, was of the head, too, and as coolly calculated and as daringly conceived as any big venture of his life. Yes, more so, because it was the biggest venture, and worth the supreme hazard of life itself.

"If I did get away," he argued, "I could never come back?"

"They would hang you."

"Never come back to you, I mean—here or elsewhere?"

She shuddered. He, a cache-thief!

"You see," he said triumphantly. "Simpler, is n't it, not to go at all?"

But again he relented. She was not to think that he jeopardized his life on her account. Nothing could be an unfairer advantage in the biggest venture. He would win squarely or not care to win.

"Must n't believe that either," he begged. "Fact is, I miscalculated myself—about running away, you know. Sickens me. Stay and see it through. That 's better."

From habit he had thrown the empty cartridge from his revolver, and was thumbing in a new one. But the girl misunderstood. Rather, she thought she understood him at last. "Right clean shooting," he had said, and it was. And now he had six shots, and his enemies outside were six, and one of them her brother.

She started out to warn them, but the man stepped in front of her. He was holding out his hand, and lying across the palm was the revolver. She snatched it, only to wish even in the act that she had not.

The posse crowded in. She turned to the wall, and drooped against it, her forehead cushioned on one arm; she looked stonily down at the floor. She heard grunted ejaculations of disgust as they recognized the laggard outcast. Their few words were veiled, casual, commonplace, but grisly with meaning.

"Aw, well," rose Doyle's voice, "let 's be steppin'." She imagined the stranger's nod of compliance. They were all moving toward the door.

"Is it all settled, then—just—just so?" she cried to them, facing them, her back to the wall. "He—you—there is no doubt? No doubt at all? None?"

The Bullthongers halted, shuffling uncomfortably. Her eyes were so frank, and so honest in expecting frankness! One Bullthonger noticed dirt incrusted on his boot-sole. He hurried out, and kicked the boot against the side of the cabin. The others envied him this prodigious resourcefulness.

"Oh, no, mum," Doyle ventured heavily; " 't is our lost fri'nd, all right, and—and we 'll just be steppin' back to camp."

She ignored the ruse.

"Jim?"

Jim knew his straightforward sister, and he honored the tribute to his own honesty in her appeal.

"You keep out of it, Ruth," he ordered. "The goods were found on him, and that 's a-plenty."

The stranger betrayed a slight movement of curiosity. Ruth sensed it, and she seized on it.

"Why don't you tell them so, then?" she cried. "Why don't you tell them that you did n't do it?"

The man regarded her indulgently.

"Thank you," he said, "but," he added,

with his quiet, dauntless smile, "you forget. A cache-thief would naturally mention he had n't done it."

The Bullthongers nodded gratefully. The stranger was kindly making it easier for them.

But the girl was not satisfied. Something of desperation throbbed in her anger against these men, including the doomed man himself, leagued together against one of her sex who was meddling in a strictly masculine transaction.

"Others, sir," she addressed the stranger, "are to be considered. You owe something to these men—"

"Who are about to kill me?" he queried gently.

"Whom you would wrong if you are innocent, and yet do not try to prevent them."

"That—" he laughed, a shade bitterly —"that might account for my running away, might n't it?"

"You have no right," she cried—"no right to let my brother stain his hands—Jim, you tell me! Tell me exactly all about it."

"Sure, Jim ull tell ye, mum," Doyle agreed eagerly, "and us others we 'll be steppin'." Furtively he indicated to the stranger that he was to come, too.

But Jim stopped them. Ruth's distress puzzled him. Something about it put a dull ache for her in his heart.

"I don't reckon a minute's wait will hurt anybody any," he said; and he walked over to the open door and lounged against the casement. The men shifted impatiently, except the stranger, whose courtesy as a listener was perfect; and Jim told his sister how his cache had been looted, how they had found the stolen kegs in the stranger's tent, and how the stranger never joined in with the camp's pack-train, but always went alone for his water and supplies.

Ruth's eyes closed in a momentary shudder. Then it was Jim's cache that had been plundered. It was Jim's life that—Yes, except for the partly filled canteen, the deed would have been murder, her own brother's murder.

"Now *you,*" she said, and her fists were clenched at her side as she turned on the stranger—"*you* tell them how it was."

"It was like—that, I fear," he admitted steadily.

Yet his eyes never left hers, and there was serene trust in them, as steadfast as a martyr's faith, and beautiful, somehow, in the same way. The moment was at hand when he would win or lose his biggest venture. The fact that the cache had been her brother's made the odds terribly against him; but the light of hope burned on, and his smile was the exquisite refinement of courage as he said:

"Well, gentlemen, shall we be stepping?" They closed about him. "Miss Carrol, bid you good-by, ma'am." He held out his hand.

"Good-by!" The groove of formality brought her to say it, and it was in the same arid trench that she swayed dizzily as she gave him her hand. But when her hand was lost in his, the flood-gates of something real were down. She sobbed in wild incoherence: "I must—I must—pay it—back! Oh, *there!*" She was lifting her lips to his.

But he did not take back his ravished kiss. He held her as she clung to him, but he did not take it back. The trust in his eyes was glad triumph, exaltation, reverent thanksgiving. "I knew you would!" he murmured. "I knew you would!"

"Well, gee whiz! *Ruth!*" gasped Jim Carrol. "Ruth, the man 's a thief! What—"

"Hush, Jim! hush!" she whispered. Her cheeks were drenched in flame for a girl's dearest secret found out, and turning, she hid them in her brother's arms.

Over the head on his breast, Jim fronted the stranger.

"Now, what—"

"What, indeed?" came the quick riposte, a bit sternly, they all felt. "There, gentlemen," pursued the stranger, rather more leniently, "must n't look so bewildered. Pardonable question. Just been given my cue, you know—" He glanced happily at the girl—"cue to live, you know. And, believe me quite, I intend to live now. Might have tried to dissuade you, anyway, just at last—don't say I won't—account not right and proper to lose innocent blood—that about my owing you something, remember? Does n't matter now, though. Got better reason." His eyes again sought Ruth. "What, indeed?"

"Whut, indeed *whut?*" demanded Doyle.

"The case for the prosecution, gentlemen of the jury, bench, bar, and Bullthong? What, where, which is it?" Happiness was putting a lilting note in the staccato forensics.

"What 's the use?" interjected a Bullthonger. "You owned up to taking Jim Carrol's kegs, did n't you?"

"Yes. Did n't know they were his, though. But Mr. Carrol could n't drink just plain kegs, could he?"

"Aw, what 's that got—"

"This," said the stranger. "The water in them was mine."

"Yourn?"

"They were in my cache," replied the stranger.

"Now, pardner," protested another of the posse, "that won't do. Jim sure knows his own cache."

"Sure I do," said Jim. "My cache is the first one from the stage-road."

"I see," said the stranger. "But it 's the second one now. I dug out mine next yours on that end. Tacked my card on door. That ought to have been enough. It was enough for the water-wagon. But you left your empties in my cache. Did it at night, maybe, not noticing. Blamed careless, Mr. Carrol."

"Now, hold on," said Jim. "I left empties in your cache? All right. Then I brought away filled kegs. Seems to me you 'd have noticed that somebody had taken your filled kegs and left you empty ones."

The stranger was in no wise disconcerted.

"Not at all," he returned. "I don't use much water, being alone. Water-wagon came around, filled your empties for me before I went after them."

The Bullthongers meditated deeply. It *might* be like that; but it was more like slippery cussedness. If they went and looked the caches over, what, then? The stranger's card on the first one, and Jim's initials on the second—well, even so, those lean-to doors could be juggled from one cache to another, according as a cache-thief chose to frame up a defense. Doyle pawed his tawny mop arduously.

"Say, look 'ee," he broke forth, "ye 've been amongst us two weeks, and durin' that time Jim 's been usin' your cache, ye say, thinkin' 't was his own. Well, thin, Mr. Buxton, tell us this here: why is it ye 've missed nothin' at all for all that time? Or hev ye? Come, now, let 's hear the good tidin's."

"Good head, Mr. Doyle," declared the stranger with enthusiasm; "cross-grained, cross-examining, very good timber, indeed. Yes, I do recall. Little item of a keg of powder. Expecting it a week. Has n't come yet."

"Here," exclaimed Jim, "*that* won't do. I 've been expecting a keg of powder, too. And that 's it, right outside the door, where you saw it, and more 'n likely noticed that the seal 's not broken yet."

"For luck," proposed the stranger, "s'pose we look at the tag."

" 'T is only fair," said Doyle, feeling round the chime for the dangling tag. But he found only the end of a string, looped in the ring of an express-tag. The tag itself was gone. "Was it for luck, Mr. Buxton," he inquired, with grimness, "that mebbe ye tore it off yerself?"

"Jim," Ruth interposed sharply, peering up into her brother's face, "are you ever going to light your pipe? Either light it or stop sucking on it."

This was curiously inconsequential, domestic detail, thought the Bullthongers; feminine, finicky, normal, none of their business. Their business was that the stranger had tried to trick them. The desert-yellowed faces hardened. Jim reached for his hip. They supposed it was for his pistol, getting ready for ultimate action, like the rest of them. But when his hand went into his hip-pocket and came away with a fistful of paper scraps, they perceived that he was just absent-minded or nervous. Mechanically he chose a scrap and began folding it into a spill to light his pipe. It was stiff, and did not fold easily. Ruth snatched it from him—more domestic detail.

She smoothed it out.

"I knew," she cried—"I knew it would be in that hip-pocket!" Then she looked at the stranger—once. But her brother's arms were not shelter enough now. She trembled, blushing. Suddenly she turned, and bolted into the next room.

The stranger was for following her, but they laid hands on him.

"Oh, yes, I see," he apologized, smiling; "little item, death-sentence. Mr. Carrol—Jim—by-the-by, have n't lighted your pipe yet."

"Never mind my pipe! What—"

"But there 's the spill on the floor, where she dropped it."

Jim looked because the stranger was rather insistent. And looking, he stooped to look closer. In a dazed, blundering sort of way he picked it up.

"Well, gee whiz! It 's the express-tag!"

The posse stared hard. The address written on it was smeared from perspiration. Still, it was satisfactorily legible, and satisfactorily conclusive. The stranger went into the next room after Ruth, and the posse read the address on the express-tag:

Carter Buxton,
Bullthong,
Nevada

SUMMONS

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE eager night and the impetuous winds,
The hints and whispers of a thousand lures,
And all the swift persuasion of the spring,
Surged from the stars and stones, and swept me on.
The smell of honeysuckle, keen and clear,
Startled and shook me with the sudden thrill
Of some well-known, but half-forgotten, voice.
A slender stream became a naked sprite,
Flashed around curious bends, and winked at me
Beyond the turns, alert and mischievous.
A ruddy moon, dangling among the trees,
Seemed like a toy balloon caught in the boughs,
Flung there in sport by some too mirthful breeze.
And as it hung there, vivid and unreal,
The whole world's lethargy was brushed away.
The night kept tugging at my torpid mood
And tore it into shreds. A warm air blew
My wintry slothfulness beyond the stars.
Over the old indifference there streamed
A myriad urges in one rushing wave.
Touched with the lavish miracles of earth,
I felt the brave persistence of the grass,
The far desire of rivulets, the keen,
Unconquerable fervor of the thrush,
The endless labors of the patient worm,
The lichen's strength, the prowess of the ant,
The constancy of flowers, the blind belief
Of ivy climbing slowly toward the sun—
The eternal struggles and eternal deaths,
And yet the groping faith, of every root.
Out of old graves arose the cry of life;
Out of the dying came the deathless call,
And, thrilling with a new, sweet restlessness,
The thing that was my boyhood woke in me.
Dear, foolish fragments made me strong again:
Valiant adventures, dreams of those to come,

And all the vague, heroic hopes of youth,
With fresh abandon, like a fearless laugh,
Leaped up to face the heaven's unconcern.

And then veil upon veil was torn aside:
Stars, like a troop of merry girls and boys,
Danced gaily round me, plucking at my hand;
The night, scorning its ancient mystery,
Leaned down and pressed new courage in my heart.
The hermit-thrush, throbbing with more than song,
Sang with a happy challenge to the skies;
Love, and the faces of a world of children,
Swept like a conquering army through my blood;
And beauty, rising out of all its forms—
Beauty the passion of the universe,
Flamed with its joy, a thing too great for tears,
And, like a wine, poured itself out for me
To drink of, to be warmed with, and to go
Refreshed and strengthened to the ceaseless fight;
To meet with confidence the cynic years;
Battling in wars that never can be won,
Seeking the lost cause and the brave defeat.

FROM THE LOG OF THE *VELSA*

HOLLAND: SECOND PAPER

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

Author of "Clayhanger," "The Old Wives' Tale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY E. A. RICKARDS

WE reached the Zuyder Zee, out of a canal, at Monnikendam, which is a respectably picturesque townlet and the port of embarkation for Marken, the alleged jewel of the Zuyder Zee, the precious isle where the customs and the costumes of a purer age are mingled with the prices of New York for the instruction of tourists. We saw Marken, but only from the mainland, a long, serrated silhouette on the verge. The skipper said that Marken was a side-show and a swindle, and a disgrace to his native country. So I decided to cut it out of the program, and be the owner of the only foreign yacht that had cruised in the Zuyder Zee without visiting Marken. My real reason was undoubtedly that the day's program had been upset by undue lolling in the second-hand shops of Monnikendam. Thus we sailed due north for Hoorn, secretly fearing that at Marken there might be something lovely, unforgetable, that we had missed.

THE ZUYDER ZEE

THE Zuyder is a sea agreeable to sail upon, provided you don't mind rain, and provided your craft does not draw more than about six feet. It has the appearance of a sea, but we could generally touch the bottom with our sounding-pole; after all, it is not a sea, but a submerged field. The skipper would tell inclement stories of the Zuyder Zee under ice, and how he had crossed it on foot between Enkhuizen and Stavoren, risking his life for fun; and how he had been obliged to recross it the next day, with more fatigue, as much risk, and far less fun, because there was no

other way home. We ourselves knew it only as a ruffled and immense pond, with a bracing atmosphere and the silhouettes of diminished trees and houses sticking up out of its horizons here and there. When these low silhouettes happen to denote your destination, they have the strange faculty of receding from your prow just as fast as you sail toward them, a magic sea of an exquisite monotony; and when you arrive anywhere, you are so surprised at having overtaken the silhouette that your arrival is a dream, in the unreal image of a city.

The one fault of Hoorn is that it is not dead. We navigated the Zuyder Zee in order to see dead cities, and never saw one. Hoorn is a delightful vision for the eye—beautiful domestic architecture, beautiful warehouses, beautiful towers, beautiful water-gate, beautiful aniline colors on the surface of dreadful canals. If it were as near to London and Paris as Bruges is, it would be inhabited exclusively by water-colorists. At Hoorn I went mad, and did eight sketches in one day, a record which approaches my highest break at billiards. Actually, it is inhabited by cheese-makers and dealers. No other town, not even Chicago, can possibly contain so many cheeses per head of the population as Hoorn. At Hoorn I saw three men in blue blouses throwing down spherical cheeses in pairs from the second story of a brown and yellow and green warehouse into a yellow cart. One man was in the second story, one in the first, and one in the cart. They were flinging cheeses from hand to hand when we arrived and when we left, and they never dropped a cheese or ceased to fling. They flung into the mysterious night, when the great forms of little cargo-steamers floated soundless over romance to moor at the dark quays, and the long, white English steam-yacht, with its two decks, and its chef and its fluffy chambermaid, and its polished mahogany motor-launch, and its myriad lights and gleams, glided to a berth by the water-tower, and hung there like a cloud beyond the town, keeping me awake half the night while I proved to myself that I did not really envy its owner and that the *Velsa* was really a much better yacht.

The recondite enchantment of Hoorn was intensified by the fact that the English tongue was not current in it. I met only one Dutchman there who spoke it even a little, a military officer. Being on furlough, he was selling cigars in a cigar shop on behalf of his parents. Oh, British army officer! Oh, West Point Academy! He told me that officers of the Dutch army had to be able to speak English, French, and German. Oh, British army officer! Oh, West Point Academy! But he did not understand the phrase "East Indian cigar." He said there were no such cigars in his parents' shop. When I said "Sumatra," he understood, and fetched his mother. When I said that I desired the finest cigars in Hoorn, his mother put away all the samples already exhibited and fetched his father. The family had begun to comprehend that a serious customer had strayed into the shop. The father, in apron, with a gesture of solemnity and deference, went up-stairs, and returned in majesty with boxes of cigars that were warm to the touch.

"These are the best?"

"These are the best."

I bought. They were threepence apiece.

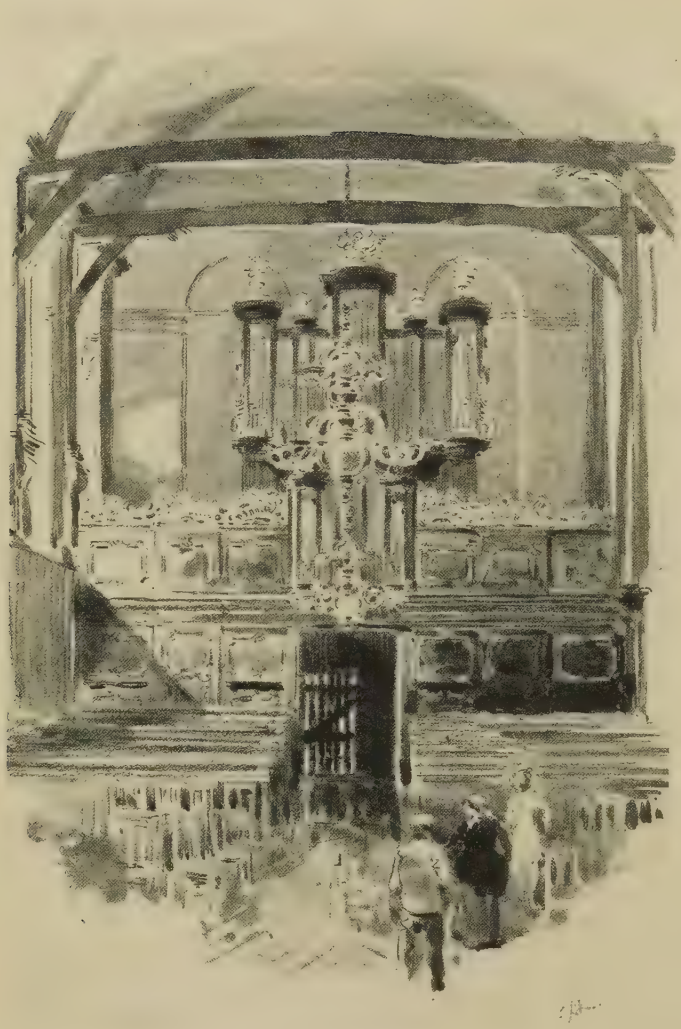
A mild, deliciously courteous family, recalling the tobacco-selling sisters at Zierikzee, and a pair of tobacconist brothers in the Kalver-Straat, Amsterdam, whose politeness and soft voices would have atoned for a thousand Schiedams. The Dutch middle and upper classes have adorable manners. It was an ordeal to quit the soothing tobacco shop for the terrors of the long, exposed Hoorn High Street, infested, like too many Dutch streets, by wolves and tigers in the outward form of dogs—dogs that will threaten you for a mile and then bite, in order to prove that they are of the race that has always ended by expelling invaders with bloodshed.

I was safer in the yacht's dinghy, on a surface of aniline hues, though the odors were murderous, and though for two hours, while I sketched, three violent young housewives were continually splashing buckets into the canal behind me as they laved and scrubbed every separate stone on the quay. If canals were foul, streets were as clean as table-tops—cleaner.

The other cities of the Zuyder Zee were not more dead than Hoorn, though Enkhuizen, our next port, was more tranquil,

Drawn by E. A. Rickards

THE *VELSA* AT HOORN



Drawn by E. A. Rickards

IN THE CHURCH AT HOORN

possibly because we arrived there on a Saturday evening. Enkhuizen, disappointing at the first glance, exerts a more subtle fascination than Hoorn. However, I remember it as the place where we saw another yacht come in, the owner steering, and foul the piles at the entrance. My skipper looked at *his* owner, as if to say, "You see what owners do when they take charge." I admitted it.

We crossed from Enkhuizen to Stavoren in bad weather, lost the dinghy and recovered it, and nearly lost the yacht, owing to the cook having taken to his bunk without notice when it was imperative to shorten sail in a jiffy. The last that I heard of this cook was that he had become an omnibus conductor. Some people are born to rise, and the born omnibus conductor will reach that estate somehow. He was a pleasant, sad young man, and himself painted in water-colors.

I dare say that at Stavoren we were too excited to notice the town; but I know that it was a busy port. Lemmer also was busy, a severely practical town, with a superb harbor-master, and a doctor who cured the cook. We were disappointed with Kampen, a reputed beauty-spot, praised even by E. V. Lucas, who never praises save on extreme provocation. Kampen has architecture, —wonderful gates,— but it also has the cruelest pavements in Holland, and it does not smile hospitably, and the East wind was driving through it, and the rain. The most agreeable corner of Kampen was the charcoal-heated saloon of the yacht. We left Kampen, which perhaps, after all, really was dead, on September 21. The morning was warm and perfect. I had been afloat in various countries for seven weeks continuously, and this was my first warm, sunny morning. In three hours we were at the mouth of the tiny canal leading to Elburg. I was steering.

"Please keep the center of the channel," the skipper enjoined me.

I did so, but we grounded. The skipper glanced at me as skippers are privileged to glance at owners, but I made him

admit that we were within half an inch of the mathematical center of the channel. We got a line on to the pier, and hauled the ship off the sand by brute force. When I had seen Elburg, I was glad that this incident had occurred; for Elburg is the pearl of the Zuyder. Where we, drawing under four feet, grounded at high water in mid-channel, no smart, deep-draft English yacht with chefs and chambermaids can ever venture. And assuredly tourists will not go to Elburg by train. Elburg is safe. Therefore I feel free to mention the town.

Smacks were following one another up the canal for the week-end surcease, and all their long, colored *weins* (vanes) streamed in the wind against the blue sky. And the charm of the inefficient canal was the spreading hay-fields on each side, with big wagons, and fat horses that pricked up their ears (doubtless at the unusual sight of our blue ensign), and a young mother who snatched her rolling infant from the hay and held him up to behold us. And then the skipper was excited by the spectacle of his aged father's trading barge, unexpectedly making for the same port, with his mother, brother, and sister on deck—the crew! Arrived in port, we lay under the enormous flank of this barge, and the skipper boarded his old home with becoming placidity.

The port was a magnificent medley of primary colors, and the beautiful forms of boats, and the heavy curves of dark, drying sails, all dominated by the *weins* streaming in the hot sunshine. Every few minutes a smack arrived, and took its appointed place for Sunday. The basin seemed to be always full and always receptive. Nothing lacked for perfect picturesqueness, even to a little ship-repairing yard, and an establishment for raddling sails stretched largely out on green grass. The town was separated from the basin by a narrow canal and a red-brick watergate. The main street ran straight away inland, and merged into an avenue of yellowish-green trees. At intervals straight streets branched off at right angles from the main. In the center of the burg was a square. Everywhere rich, ancient roofs, gables, masonry, and brickwork in Indian reds and slaty-blues; everywhere glimpses of courtyards precisely imitated from the pictures of Pieter de Hooch. The interior of the church was a picture by Bosboom. It had a fine organ-case, and a sacristan out of a late novel by Huysmans. The churchyard was a mass of tall flowers.

The women's costumes here showed a difference, the gilt casque being more visibly divided into two halves. All bodices were black, all skirts blue. Some of the fishermen make majestic figures, tall, proud, commanding, fit adversaries of Alva; in a word, exemplifications of the grand manner. Their salutes were sometimes royal.

The gaiety of the color; the distinction of the forms; the strange warmth; the completeness of the entity of the town, which seemed to have been constructed at one effort; the content of the inhabitants, especially the visible, unconscious gladness of the women at the return of their mariners; the urbanity of everybody—all these things helped to produce a comfortable and yet disconcerting sensation that the old, unreformed world was not quite ripe for utter destruction.

All day until late in the evening smacks ceased not to creep up the canal. The aspect of the basin altered from minute to minute, with disastrous effect on watercolorists. In the dusk we ferreted in a gloomy and spellbound second-hand shop, amid dozens of rococo wall-clocks, and bought a few little things. As we finally boarded the yacht in the dark, we could see a group of sailors in a bosky arbor bending over a table on which was a lamp that harshly lighted their grave faces. They may have thought that they were calculating and apportioning the week's profits; but in reality they were playing at masterpieces by Rembrandt.

SOME TOWNS

HAARLEM is the capital of a province, and has the airs of a minor metropolis. When we moored in the Donkere Spaarne, all the architecture seemed to be saying to us, with innocent pride, that this was the city of the illustrious Frans Hals, and the only place where Frans Hals could be truly appreciated. Haarlem did not stare at strangers, as did other towns. The shops in the narrow, busy Saturday-night streets were small and slow, and it took us most of an evening, in and out of the heavy rain, to buy three shawls, two pairs of

Drawn by E. A. Rickards

ON THE ZUYDER ZEE

white stockings, and some cigarettes; but the shopmen and shop-women, despite their ignorance of English, American, and French, showed no open-mouthed provinciality at our fantastic demands. The impression upon us of the mysterious entity of the town was favorable; we felt at home.

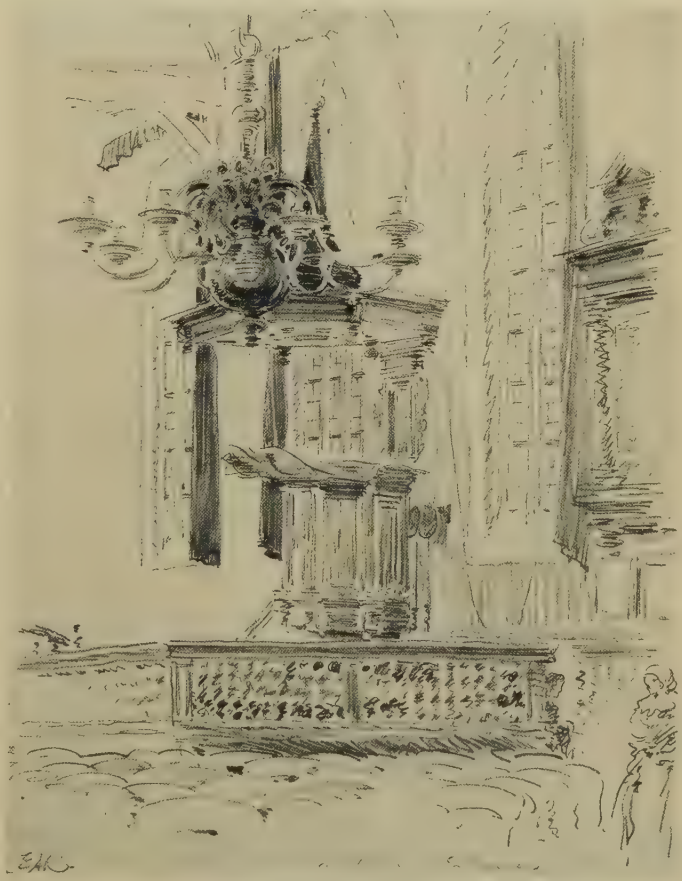
The yacht was just opposite the habitation of a nice middle-class family, and on Sunday morning, through the heavy rain, I could see a boy of sixteen, a girl of fourteen, and a child of five or six, all dressing slowly together in a bedroom that overlooked us, while the father in shirt-sleeves constantly popped to and fro. They were calmly content to see and be seen. Presently father and son, still in shirt-sleeves, appeared on the stoop, each smoking a cigar, and the girl above, arrayed in Sunday white, moved about setting the bedroom in order. It was a pleasant average sight, enhanced by the good architecture of the house, and by a certain metropolitan self-unconsciousness.

We went to church later, or rather into a church, and saw beautiful models of ships hung in the nave, and aged men entering, with their hats on and good cigars in their mouths. For the rest, they resembled superintendents of English Sunday-schools or sidesmen of small parishes. In another church we saw a Sunday-school in full session, a parson in a high pulpit exhorting, secretary and minor officials beneath him, and all the boys standing up with shut eyes and all the girls sitting down with shut eyes. We felt that we were perhaps in the most Protestant country in Europe.

In the afternoon, when the rain-clouds lifted for a few moments and the museums were closed, we viewed the residential prosperity of Haarlem, of which the chief seat is the Nieuwe Gracht, a broad canal, forbidden to barges, flanked by broad quays beautifully paved in small red brick, and magnificent houses. A feature of the noble architecture here was that the light ornamentation round the front doors was carried up and round the central windows of the first and second stories. A grand street! One properly expected to see elegant women at the windows of these lovely houses,—some were almost palaces,—and one was disappointed. Women there were, for at nearly every splendid window the family was seated, reading, talking, gazing, or drinking tea; but all the women were dowdy; none was beautiful or elegant. Nor was any of the visible furniture distinguished.

The beauty of Haarlem seems to be limited to architecture, pavements, and the moral comeliness of being neat and clean. The esthetic sense apparently stops there. Charm must be regarded in Haarlem with suspicion, as a quality dangerous and unrespectable. As daylight failed, the groups within gathered closer and closer to the windows, to catch the last yellow drops of it, and their curiosity about the phenomena of the streets grew more frank. We were examined. In return we examined. And a discussion arose as to whether inspection from within justified inquisitiveness from the street. The decision was that it did not; that a person inside a house had the right to quiz without being quizzed. But this merely academic verdict was not allowed to influence our immediate deportment. In many houses of the lesser streets tables were already laid for supper, and one noticed heavy silver napkin-rings and other silver. In one house the shadowy figures of a family were already grouped round a repast, and beyond them, through another white-curtained window at the back of the spacious room, could be discerned a dim courtyard full of green and yellow foliage. This agreeable picture, typifying all the domestic tranquillity and dignity of prosperous Holland, was the last thing we saw before the dark and the rain fell, and the gas-lamps flickered in.

We entered The Hague through canals pitted by heavy rain, the banks of which showed many suburban residences, undistinguished, but set in the midst of good gardens. And because it was the holiday week,—the week containing the queen's birthday,—and we desired quietude, we obtained permission to lie at the private quay of the gas-works. The creators of The Hague gas-works have made only one mistake: they ought to have accomplished their act much earlier, so that Balzac might have described it; for example, in "The Alkahest," which has the best imaginative descriptions of Dutch life yet written. The Hague gas-works are like a toy; gigantic, but a toy. Impossible to believe that in this vast, clean, scrubbed, swept expanse, where every bit of coal is scrupulously in place, real gas is made. To believe, you must go into the city and see the gas actually burning. Even the immense traveling-cranes, when at work or otherwise, have the air of life-size playthings. Our quay was bordered with flower-beds. The workmen, however, seemed quite real workmen, realistically



Drawn by E. A. Rickards

IN THE CHURCH AT ENKHUIZEN

dirty, who were not playing at work, nor rising at five thirty A.M. out of mere joyous ecstasy.

Nor did the bargemen, who day and night ceaselessly and silently propelled their barges past us into the city by means of poles and sweat, seem to be toying with existence. The procession of these barges never stopped. On the queen's birthday, when our ship was dressed, and the whole town was flagged, it went on, just as the decorated trams and tram-drivers went on. Some of the barges penetrated right through the populous districts, and emerged into the oligarchic quarter of ministries, bureaus, official residences, palaces, parks, art dealers, and shops of expensive lingerie—the quarter, as in every capital, where the precious traditions of correctness, patriotism, red-tape, order, luxury, and the moral grandeur of devising rules for the nice conduct of others are carefully conserved and nourished. This quarter was very well done, and the bargemen, with their perspiring industry, might have had the good taste to keep out.

The business center of The Hague, lying between the palaces and the gas-works, is cramped, crowded, and unimpressive. The cafés do not glitter, and everybody knows that the illumination of cafés in a capital is a sure index of a nation's true greatness. Many small cafés, veiled in costly curtains at window and door, showed stray dazzling shafts of bright light, but whether the true greatness of Holland was hidden in these seductive arcana I never knew. Even in the holiday week the principal cafés were emptying soon after ten o'clock. On the other hand, the large stores were still open at that hour, and the shop-girls, whose pale faces made an admirable contrast to their black robes, were still serving ladies therein. At intervals, in the afternoons, one saw a chic woman, moving with a consciousness of her own elegance; but she was very exceptional. The rest might have run over for the day from Haarlem, Delft, Utrecht, or Leyden. In the really excellent and well-frequented music-halls there was no elegance either. I have never anywhere seen better music-hall entertainments than in Holland. In certain major capitals of Europe and elsewhere the public is apt to prove its own essential naïveté by allowing itself to be swindled nightly in gorgeous music-halls. The Dutch are more astute, if less elegant.

The dying engine of the yacht lost consciousness, for about the twentieth time during this trip, as we were nearing Amsterdam; but a high wind, carrying with it tremendous showers of rain, kindly blew us, under bare poles, up the last half-mile of the North Sea Canal into the private haven of the Royal Dutch Yacht-Club, where we were most amicably received, as, indeed, in all the yacht-club basins of Holland. Baths, telephones, and smoking-rooms were at our disposal without any charge, in addition to the security of the haven, and it was possible to get taxi-cabs from the somewhat distant city. We demanded a chauffeur who could speak English. They sent us a taxi with two chauffeurs neither of whom could speak any language whatsoever known to philologists. But by the use of maps and a modification of the pictorial writing of the ancient Aztecs, we contrived to be driven almost where we wanted. At the end of the excursion I had made, in my quality of observer, two generalizations: first, that Amsterdam taxis had two drivers for safety; and, second, that taxi-travel in Amsterdam was very exciting and dangerous. But our drivers were so amiable, soft-tongued, and energetic that I tipped them both. I then, somehow, learned the truth: one of the men was driving a taxi for the first time, and the other was teaching him.

After driving and walking about Amsterdam for several days, I decided that it would be completely civilized when it was repaved, and not before. It is the paradise of stomachs and the hell of feet. Happily, owing to its canals and its pavements, it has rather fewer of the rash cyclists who menace life in other Dutch cities. In Holland, outside Amsterdam, everybody uses a cycle. If you are run down, as you are, it is just as likely to be by an aged and toothless female peasant as by an office boy. Also there are fewer homicidal dogs in Amsterdam than elsewhere, and there is the same general absence of public monuments which makes other Dutch cities so agreeably strange to the English and American traveler. You can scarcely be afflicted by a grotesque statue of a nonentity in Holland, because there are scarcely any statues.

Drawn by E. A. Rickards

THE HARBOR, ELBURG

Amsterdam is a grand city, easily outclassing any other in Holland. Its architecture is distinguished. Its historic past is impressively immanent in the masonry of the city itself, though there is no trace of it in the mild, commonplace demeanor of the inhabitants. Nevertheless, the inhabitants understand solidity, luxury, wealth, and good cheer. Amsterdam has a bourse which is the most peculiar caprice that ever passed through the head of a stock-broker. It is excessively ugly and graceless, but I admire it for being a caprice, and especially for being a stock-broker's caprice. No English stock-broker would have a caprice. Amsterdam has small and dear restaurants of the first order, where a few people with more money than appetite can do themselves very well indeed in hushed privacy. It also has prodigious cafés. Krasnapolsky's —a town, not a café—is said in Amsterdam to be the largest café in Europe. It is n't; but it is large, and wondrously so for a city of only half a million people.

In the prodigious cafés you perceive that Amsterdam possesses the quality which above all others a great city ought to possess. It pullulates. Vast masses of human beings simmer in its thoroughfares and boil over into its public resorts. The narrow Kalver-Straat, even in the rain, is thronged with modest persons who gaze at the superb luxury of its shops. The Kalver-Straat will compete handsomely with Bond Street. Go along the length of it, and you will come out of it thoughtful. Make your way thence to the Rembrandt-Plein, where pleasure concentrates, and you will have to conclude that the whole of Amsterdam is there, and all its habitations empty. The mirrored, scintillating cafés, huge and lofty and golden, are crowded with tables and drinkers and waiters, and dominated by rhapsodic orchestras of women in white who do what they can against the hum of ten thousand conversations, the hoarse calls of waiters, and the clatter of crockery. It is a pandemonium with a certain stolidity. The excellent music-halls and circuses are equally crowded, and, curiously, so are the suburban resorts on the rim of the city. Among the larger places, perhaps the Café Américain, on the Leidsche-Plein, was the least feverish, and this was not to be counted in its favor, because the visitor to a city which pullulates, is, and should be, happiest in pullulating. The crowd, the din, the elbowing, the glitter for me, in a

Drawn by E. A. Rickards

THE CAFÉ AMÉRICAIN, AMSTERDAM

town like Amsterdam! In a town like Gouda, which none should fail to visit for the incomparable stained-glass in its church, I am content to be as placid and solitary as anybody, and I will follow a dancing bear and a Gipsy girl up and down the streets thereof with as much simplicity as anybody. But Amsterdam is the great, vulgar, inspiring world.

MUSEUMS

I DID not go yachting in Holland in order to visit museums; nevertheless, I saw a few. When it is possible to step off a yacht clean into a museum, and heavy rain is falling, the temptation to remain on board is not sufficiently powerful to keep you out of the museum. At Dordrecht there is a municipal museum manned by four officials. They received us with hope, with enthusiasm, with the most touching gratitude. Their interest in us was pathetic. They were all dying of ennui in those large rooms, where the infection hung in clouds almost visible, and we were a specific stimulant. They seized on us as the morphinomaniac seizes on an unexpected find of the drug.

Just as Haarlem is the city of Frans Hals, so Dordrecht is the city of Ary Scheffer. Posterity in the end is a good judge of painters, if not of heroes, but posterity makes mistakes sometimes, and Ary Scheffer is one of its more glaring mistakes. (Josef Israels seems likely to be another.) And posterity is very slow in acknowledging an error. The Dordrecht museum is waiting for such an acknowledgment. When that comes, the museum will be burned down, or turned into a brewery, and the officials will be delivered from their dreadful daily martyrdom of feigning ecstatic admiration for Ary Scheffer. Only at Dordrecht is it possible to comprehend the full baseness, the exquisite unimportance, of Scheffer's talent. The best thing of his in a museum full of him is a free, brilliant copy of a head by Rembrandt done at the age of eleven. It was, I imagine, his last tolerable work. His worst pictures, solemnly hung here, would be justifiably laughed at in a girls' school-room. But his sentimentality, conventionality, and ugliness arouse less laughter than nausea. By chance a few fine pictures have come into the Dordrecht museum, as into most museums. Jakob Maris and Bosboom are refreshing, but even their strong influence cannot disinfect the place nor keep the officials alive. We left the museum in the nick of time, and saw no other visitors.

Now, the tea-shop into which we next went was far more interesting and esthetically valuable than the museum. The skipper, who knew every shop, buoy, bridge, and shoal in Holland, had indicated this shop to me as a high-class shop for costly teas. It was. I wanted the best tea, and here I got it. The establishment might have survived from the age when Dordrecht was the wealthiest city in Holland. Probably it had so survived. It was full of beautiful utensils in practical daily use. It had an architectural air, and was aware of its own dignity. The head-salesman managed to convey to me that the best tea—that was, tea that a connoisseur would call *tea*—cost two and a half florins a pound. I conveyed to him that I would take two pounds of the same. The head-salesman then displayed to me the tea in its japanned receptable. He next stood upright and expectant, whereupon an acolyte, in a lovely white apron, silently appeared from the Jan-Steen shad-

ows at the back of the shop, and with solemn gestures held a tun-dish over a paper bag for his superior to pour tea into. Having performed his share in the rite, he disappeared. The parcel was slowly made up, every part of the process being evidently a matter of secular tradition. I tendered a forty-gulden note. Whereon the merchant himself arrived in majesty at the counter from his office, and offered the change with punctilio. He would have been perfect but for a hole in the elbow of his black alpaca coat. I regretted this hole. We left the shop stimulated, and were glad to admit that Dordrecht had atoned to us for its museum. Ary Scheffer might have made an excellent tea-dealer.

The museum at Dordrecht only showed in excess an aspect of displayed art which is in some degree common to all museums. For there is no museum which is not a place of desolation. Indeed, I remember to have seen only one collection of pictures, public or private, in which every item was a cause of joy—that of Mr. Widener, near Philadelphia. Perhaps the most wonderful thing in the tourist's Holland is the fact that the small museum at Haarlem, with its prodigious renown, does not disappoint. You enter it with disturbing preliminaries, each visitor having to ring a bell, and the *locus* is antipathetic; but one's pulse is immediately quickened by the verve of those headstrong masterpieces of Hals. And Ruysdael and Jan Steen are influential here, and even the mediocre paintings have often an interest of perversity, as to which naturally the guide-books say naught.

The Teyler Museum at Haarlem also has a few intoxicating works, mixed up with a sinister assortment of mechanical models. And its aged attendant, who watched over his finger-nails as over adored children, had acquired the proper attitude, at once sardonic and benevolent, for a museum of the kind. He was peculiarly in charge of very fine sketches by Rembrandt, of which he managed to exaggerate the value.

Few national museums of art contain a higher percentage of masterpieces than the Mauritshuis at The Hague. And one's first sight of Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anatomy" therein would constitute a dramatic event in any yachting cruise. But my impression of the Mauritshuis was a melancholy one, owing to the hazard of my visit being on the great public holiday of the year, when it was filled with a simple populace, who stared coarsely around, and understood nothing—nothing. True, they gazed in a hypnotized semicircle at "The Lesson in Anatomy," and I can hear amiable persons saying that the greatest art will conquer even the ignorant and the simple. I don't believe it. I believe that if "The Lesson in Anatomy" had been painted by Carolus-Duran, in the manner of Carolus-Duran, the ignorant and the simple would have been hypnotized just the same. And I have known the ignorant and the simple to be overwhelmed with emotion by spurious trickery of the most absurd and offensive kind.

An hour or two in a public museum on a national holiday is a tragic experience, because it forces you to realize that in an artistic sense the majority and backbone of the world have not yet begun to be artistically civilized. Ages must elapse before such civilization can make any appreciable headway. And in the meantime the little hierarchy of art, by which alone art lives and develops, exists precariously in the midst of a vast, dangerous population—a few adventurous whites among

Drawn by E. A. Rickards

AT KRASNAPOLSKY'S, AMSTERDAM

Drawn by E. A. Rickards

THE KALVER-STRAAT, AMSTERDAM

indigenous hordes in a painful climate. The indigenous hordes may have splendid qualities, but they have not that one quality which more than any other vivifies. They are jockeyed into paying for the manifestations of art which they cannot enjoy, and this detail is not very agreeable either. A string of fishermen, in their best blue cloth, came into the Mauritshuis out of the rain, and mildly and politely scorned it. Their attitude was unmistakable. They were not intimidated. Well, I like that. I preferred that, for example, to the cant of ten thousand tourists.

Nor was I uplifted by a visit to the Mesdag Museum at The Hague. Mesdag was a second-rate painter with a first-rate reputation, and his taste, as illustrated here, was unworthy of him, even allowing for the fact that many of the pictures were forced upon him as gifts. One or two superb works—a Delacroix, a Dupré, a Rousseau—could not make up for the prevalence of Mesdag, Josef Israels, etc. And yet the place was full of good names. I departed from the museum in a hurry, and, having time to spare, drove to Scheveningen in search of joy. Scheveningen is famous, and is supposed to rival Ostend. It is washed by the same sea, but it does not rival Ostend. It is a yellow and a gloomy spot, with a sky full of kites. Dutchmen ought not to try to rival Ostend. As I left Scheveningen, my secret melancholy was profoundly established within me, and in that there is something final and splendid. Melancholy, when it becomes uncompromisingly sardonic, is as bracing as a bath.

The remarkable thing about the two art museums at Amsterdam, a town of fine architecture, is that they should both—the Ryks and the municipal—be housed in such ugly, imposing buildings. Now, as in the age of Michelangelo, the best architects seldom get the best jobs, and the result is the permanent disfigurement of beautiful cities. Michelangelo often had to sit glum and idle while mediocre architects and artists more skilled than he in pleasing city councils and building committees muddled away opportunities which he would have glorified; but he did obtain part of a job now and then, subject to it being "improved" by some one like Bernini, who of course contrived to leave a large fortune, whereas if Michelangelo had lived to-day he might never have got any job at all.

Incontestably, the exterior, together with much of the interior, of the Ryks depresses. Moreover, the show-piece of the museum, "The Night-Watch" of Rembrandt, is displayed with a too particular self-consciousness on the part of the curator, as though the functionary were saying to you: "Hats off! Speak low! You are in church, and Rembrandt is the god." The truth is that "The Night-Watch" is neither very lovable nor very beautiful. It is an exhibition-picture, meant to hit the wondering centuries in the eye, and it does so. But how long it will continue to do so is a nice question.

Give me the modern side of the Ryks, where there is always plenty of room, despite its sickly Josef Israels. The modern side reëndowed me with youth. It is an unequal collection, and comprises some dreadful mistakes, but at any rate it is being made under the guidance of somebody who is not afraid of his epoch or of being in the wrong. Faced with such a collection, one realizes the shortcomings of London museums and the horror of that

steely English official conservatism, at once timid and ruthless, which will never permit itself to discover a foreign artist until the rest of the world has begun to forget him. At the Ryks there are Van Goghs and Cézannes and Bonnards. They are not the best, but they are there. Also there are some of the most superb water-colors of the age, and good things by a dozen classic moderns who are still totally unrepresented in London. I looked at a celestial picture of women—the kind of thing that Guys would have done if he could—painted perhaps fifty years ago, and as modern as the latest Sargent water-color. It was boldly signed T. C. T. C? T. C.? Who on earth could T. C. be? I summoned an attendant. Thomas Couture, of course! A great artist! He will appear in the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, about the middle of the twenty-first century.

Then there was Daumier's "Christ and His Disciples," a picture that I would have stolen had it been possible and quite safe to do so. It might seem incredible that any artist of the nineteenth century should take the subject from the great artists of the past, and treat it so as to make you think that it had never been treated before. But Daumier did this. It is true that he was a very great artist indeed. Who that has seen it and understood its tender sarcasm can forget that group of the exalted, mystical Christ talking to semi-incredulous, unperceptive disciples in the gloomy and vague evening landscape? I went back to the yacht and its ignoble and decrepit engine, full of the conviction that art still lives. And I thought of Wilson Steer's "The Music-Room" in the Tate Gallery, London, which magnificent picture is a proof that in London also art still lives.

(To be continued)

THE TRAITORS

BY ANNA GLEN STODDARD

WHO could think that all the three
Would prove so steeped in treachery?

On my breast I kept them warm,
From the cold and from the storm.

Of a sudden up they sprang,
Struck me with a viper's fang.

One was Hope. He led me far,
Like fool's-fire, where marshes are.

One was Faith. He spoke me fair,
Luring my feet into the snare.

And one was Love. He gave in fee
My thoughts to one who loves not me.

A NEW VIEW OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BY R. TAIT McKENZIE

IN 1902, two sophomores at the University of Pennsylvania remarked the deplorable fact that nothing on the university campus told the historical fact that Benjamin Franklin was the founder of their college. They spread their idea before their classmates, and on graduation the class of 1904 resolved that their tenth anniversary should be celebrated by the dedication of some memorial to Franklin, a gift to their alma mater from the class. The carrying out of this ambitious resolve made possible the statue of heroic size that stands on the terrace in front of the gymnasium and field called by his name.

Franklin the printer, Franklin the scholar and scientist, Franklin the diplomat, and Franklin the sage are all familiar to us in picture, medal, and statue, but Franklin the youth has never been visualized in plastic form. What could be more inspiring to the thousands of young men leaving home for college, many coming to the city for the first time, than the figure of the seventeen-year-old apprentice striding along on his way to success and distinction, alert, curious, eager, and good-natured? Disappointed in his hope for work in New York, he set out for Philadelphia; but the weather was so tempestuous that he was unable to land at Perth Amboy, so he slept all night in an open boat with a drunken sailor. Next morning he bravely started forth through rain and wind on the fifty-mile tramp to Burlington, carrying his few belongings in a bundle.

"It rained very hard all that day," he says; "I was thoroughly soaked and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopped at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish I had never left home."

He tells of his arrival at the inn kept by the itinerant David Brown, who could give "a particular account of every town in England and country in Europe," of his voyage on the Delaware, his night spent before the open fire, and his familiar entry into Philadelphia on Sunday morning, a travel-worn and ridiculous figure, as he himself says.

In bringing this idea into form, the artist was neither assisted nor hampered by over-documentation. No authentic portraits of the young Franklin exist. If the Sumner portrait, painted in London at twenty, is authentic, it is entirely out of character. The construction of the face will not tally in any particular with studies taken in later life, and it is most improbable that he would have been silent on the subject of his fine clothes and wig, if he had them. The authentic portraits resolve themselves into about a dozen originals taken from life, while the myriads of copies of these vary from literal transcriptions to the most fantastic inventions. In 1756, Matthew Pratt of Philadelphia painted him at fifty, bewigged, well fed, and prosperous, already showing signs of age and increasing weight, though the picture is of a face still alert and mobile. The Wilson, Chamberlain, and Martin portraits, which followed during the next six years, are not close studies of his head so much as idealized pictures for presentation purposes. Patience Wright modeled a profile in wax when he was in London in 1772, and when he was in Paris five years later he sat for the "fur cap" portrait to Cochin, for two medallions to Nini, to Greuze for a pastel, and to Duplessis for the "fur-collar portrait" and one other. Mme. Filleul painted him with open ruffled shirt, and Carmontelle drew him seated in a chair. Caffieri and Houdon quarreled over their busts of him, and again in 1784 the old man was modeled by the ill-fated Cerrachi, who declaimed against the busts of both the others, especially that of Houdon, until he went to the guillotine in his gilded car. When Franklin came home in 1787, the aged statesman gave sittings to Charles Wilson Peale for a last portrait, if we

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY R. TAIT McKENZIE

except the death-mask in the Lawrence Hutton Collection at Princeton.

From these documents the structure of the head and face was studied. An old head was modeled on young shoulders. Then came the task of bringing it back to youth, of giving it the expression of boyish enthusiasm, without losing the high-arched brow, the prominent eyes, or the quizzical lines of the mouth, which afterward became fixed and characteristic of the old man. The lank, scanty locks of hair were given the luxuriance of youth, the crow's-feet were taken from the eyes, and the deep, heavy lines in the cheek, chin, and neck gave place to the smooth contours of adolescence. The head was raised, and an eager, questioning look was given to the eyes, while the lips were almost parted in a smile. We know from his exploits in walking and swimming that he was of sturdy build, which later ran to corpulency. Even at seventeen his frame must have been well-knit and strong. A model from which to study the pose was selected with this in mind. Weeks were spent in having him stride up and down the studio, sometimes nude, sometimes clothed, always with staff and bundle, pausing in various stages of the stride, while lines were studied and the composition was perfected. After this a figure about three feet high was modeled completely in the nude, that the action and movement might be thoroughly expressed.

In determining his probable costume, recourse was had through the good offices of John Bach McMaster to the newspapers of the time, the columns of which teemed with advertisements of such runaway apprentices, with elaborate descriptions of their clothing.

"I cut so miserable a figure," he says, "that I found by the questions asked me I was suspected of being some runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion."

Much information was obtained from such sources, but far surpassing this, or even the recognized books on costume, was the comprehensive knowledge of colonial dress and the sympathetic interest shown by one whose archæological accuracy was surpassed only by his genius for illustration. Howard Pyle made sketch after sketch, now of the buttoning of a shirt-collar, again showing the fluff of a cuff or the buckle of a shoe. Colonial dress was a subject he had made peculiarly his own, and he generously shared his knowledge. From all these sources the square-toed, buckled shoes, the rough, home-knitted stockings, the long waistcoat, knee-breeches, and flaring coat were gathered, as well as the battered hat crowning the head. An extra shirt serves as a bag for his few belongings, and he uses a dead hickory branch, picked up in the woods, as a staff. The clothes may have been drenched by rain and creased, the shoes may have been wrinkled and muddy, but nothing can have interfered with the buoyant good nature of youth and high resolve.

The figure is mounted with dignity on the simple and beautiful pedestal designed by Paul Cret. It is approached by a flight of steps, and surrounded by a walk and a hedge. The front of the pedestal bears the inscription in raised letters, "Benjamin Franklin in 1723," and beneath the university seal are incised the words, "Presented by the Class of 1904, College." A thunderbolt in low-relief, prophetic of his later discoveries in electricity, is the only decoration. On one side is the dedication from the class, on the other an extract from Franklin's letter to his son, which voices the object of the statue and its setting:

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey that you may compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there.

REMINISCENCES OF TOLSTOY

BY HIS SON, COUNT ILYÁ TOLSTOY

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE CALDERON

IN the summer, when both families were together at Yásnaya, our own and the Kuzmínsky's, when both the house and the annex were full of the family and their guests, we used our letter-box.

It originated long before, when I was still small and had only just learned to write, and it continued with intervals till the middle of the eighties.

It hung on the landing at the top of the stairs beside the grandfather's clock; and every one dropped his compositions into it, the verses, articles, or stories that he had written on topical subjects in the course of the week.

On Sundays we would all collect at the round table in the *zala,* the box would be solemnly opened, and one of the grown-ups, often my father himself, would read the contents aloud.

All the papers were unsigned, and it was a point of honor not to peep at the handwriting; but, despite this, we almost always guessed the author, either by the style, by his self-consciousness, or else by the strained indifference of his expression.

When I was a boy, and for the first time wrote a set of French verses for the letter-box, I was so shy when they were read that I hid under the table, and sat there the whole evening until I was pulled out by force.

For a long time after, I wrote no more, and was always fonder of hearing other people's compositions read than my own.

All the events of our life at Yásnaya Polyána found their echo in one way or another in the letter-box, and no one was spared, not even the grown-ups.

All our secrets, all our love-affairs, all the incidents of our complicated life were revealed in the letter-box, and both household and visitors were good-humoredly made fun of.

Unfortunately, much of the correspondence has been lost, but bits of it have been preserved by some of us in copies or in memory. I cannot recall everything interesting that there was in it, but here are a few of the more interesting things from the period of the eighties.

THE LETTER-BOX

THE old fogy continues his questions. Why, when women or old men enter the room, does every well-bred person not only offer them a seat, but give them up his own?

Why do they make Ushakóf or some Servian officer who comes to pay a visit necessarily stay to tea or dinner?

Why is it considered wrong to let an older person or a woman help you on with your overcoat?

And why are all these charming rules considered obligatory toward others, when every day ordinary people come, and we not only do not ask them to sit down or to stop to dinner or spend the night or render them any service, but would look on it as the height of impropriety?

Where do those people end to whom we are under these obligations? By what characteristics are the one sort distinguished from the others? And are not all these rules of politeness bad, if they do not extend to all sorts of people? And is not what we call politeness an illusion, and a very ugly illusion?

LYOFF TOLSTOY.

Question: Which is the most "beastly plague," a cattle-plague case for a farmer, or the ablative case for a school-boy?

LYOFF TOLSTOY.

Answers are requested to the following questions:

Why do Ustyúsha, Masha, Alyóna, Peter, etc., have to bake, boil, sweep, empty slops, wait at table, while the gentry have only to eat, gobble, quarrel, make slops, and eat again?

LYOFF TOLSTOY.

My Aunt Tánya, when she was in a bad temper because the coffee-pot had been spilt or because she had been beaten at croquet, was in the habit of sending every one to the devil. My father wrote the following story, "Susóitchik," about it.

The devil, not the chief devil, but one of the rank and file, the one charged with the management of social affairs, Susóitchik by name, was greatly perturbed on the 6th of August, 1884. From the early morning onward, people kept arriving who had been sent him by Tatyána Kuzmínsky.

The first to arrive was Alexander Mikháilovitch Kuzmínsky; the second was Mísha Islávin; the third was Vyatcheslaf; the fourth was Seryózha Tolstoy, and last of all came old Lyoff Tolstoy, senior, accompanied by Prince Urúsof. The first visitor, Alexander Mikháilovitch, caused Susóitchik no surprise, as he often paid Susóitchik visits in obedience to the behests of his wife.

"What, has your wife sent you again?"

"Yes," replied the presiding judge of the district-court, shyly, not knowing what explanation he could give of the cause of his visit.

"You come here very often. What do you want?"

"Oh, nothing in particular; she just sent her compliments," murmured Alexander Mikháilovitch, departing from the exact truth with some effort.

"Very good, very good; come whenever you like; she is one of my best workers."

Before Susóitchik had time to show the judge out, in came all the children, laughing and jostling, and hiding one behind the other.

"What brought you here, youngsters? Did my little Tanyítchka send you? That 's right; no harm in coming. Give my compliments to Tánya, and tell her that I am always at her service. Come whenever you like. Old Susóitchik may be of use to you."

No sooner had the young folk made their bow than old Lyoff Tolstoy appeared with Prince Urúsof.

"Aha! so it 's the old boy! Many thanks to Tanyítchka. It 's a long time since I have seen you, old chap. Well and hearty? And what can I do for you?"

Lyoff Tolstoy shuffled about, rather abashed.

Prince Urúsof, mindful of the etiquette of diplomatic receptions, stepped forward and explained Tolstoy's appearance by his wish to make acquaintance with Tatyána Andréyevna's oldest and most faithful friend.

"Les amis des nos amis sont nos amis."

"Ha! ha! ha! quite so!" said Susóitchik. "I must reward her for to-day's work. Be so kind, Prince, as to hand her the marks of my good-will."

And he handed over the insignia of an order in a morocco case. The insignia consisted of a necklace of imp's tails to be worn about the throat, and two toads, one to be worn on the bosom and the other on the bustle.

LYOFF TOLSTOY, SENIOR.

SERGÉI NIKOLÁYEVITCH TOLSTOY

I CAN remember my Uncle Seryózha (Sergéi) from my earliest childhood. He lived at Pirogóvo, twenty miles from Yásnaya, and visited us often.

As a young man he was very handsome. He had the same features as my father, but he was slenderer and more aristocratic-looking. He had the same oval face, the same nose, the same intelligent gray eyes, and the same thick, overhanging eyebrows. The only difference between his face and my father's was defined by the fact that in those distant days, when my father cared for his personal appearance, he was always worrying about his ugliness, while Uncle Seryózha was considered, and really was, a very handsome man.

This is what my father says about Uncle Seryózha in his fragmentary reminiscences:

"I and Nítenka[1] were chums, Nikólenka I revered, but Seryózha I admired enthusiastically and imitated; I loved him and wished to be he.

"I admired his handsome exterior, his singing,—he was always a singer,—his drawing, his gaiety, and above all, however strange a thing it may seem to say, the directness of his egoism.[2]

"I always remembered myself, was aware of myself, always divined rightly or wrongly what others thought about me and felt toward me; and this spoiled the joy of life for me. This was probably the

[1] Dmitry. My father's brother Dmitry died in 1856; Nikolái died September 20, 1860.
[2] That is to say, his eyes went always on the straightest road to attain satisfaction for himself.

reason why I particularly delighted in the opposite of this in other people; namely, directness of egoism. That is what I especially loved in Seryózha, though the word 'loved' is inexact.

"I loved Nikólenka, but I admired Seryózha as something alien and incomprehensible to me. It was a human life very beautiful, but completely incomprehensible to me, mysterious, and therefore especially attractive.

"He died only a few days ago, and while he was ill and while he was dying he was just as inscrutable and just as dear to me as he had been in the distant days of our childhood.

"In these latter days, in our old age, he was fonder of me, valued my attachment more, was prouder of me, wanted to agree with me, but could not, and remained just the same as he had always been; namely, something quite apart, only himself, handsome, aristocratic, proud, and, above all, truthful and sincere to a degree that I never met in any other man.

"He was what he was; he concealed nothing, and did not wish to appear anything different."

Uncle Seryózha never treated children affectionately; on the contrary, he seemed to put up with us rather than to like us. But we always treated him with particular reverence. The result, as I can see now, partly of his aristocratic appearance, but chiefly because of the fact that he called my father "Lyovótchka" and treated him just as my father treated us.

He was not only not in the least afraid of him, but was always teasing him, and argued with him like an elder person with a younger. We were quite alive to this.

Of course every one knew that there were no faster dogs in the world than our black-and-white Darling and her daughter Wizard. Not a hare could get away from them. But Uncle Seryózha said that the gray hares about us were sluggish creatures, not at all the same thing as steppe hares, and neither Darling nor Wizard would get near a steppe hare.

We listened with open mouths, and did not know which to believe, papa or Uncle Seryózha.

Uncle Seryózha went out coursing with us one day. A number of gray hares were run down, not one getting away; Uncle Seryózha expressed no surprise, but still maintained that the only reason was because they were a poor lot of hares. We could not tell whether he was right or wrong.

Perhaps, after all, he was right, for he was more of a sportsman than papa and had run down ever so many wolves, while we had never known papa run any wolves down.

Afterward papa kept dogs only because there was Agáfya Mikháilovna to be thought of, and Uncle Seryózha gave up sport because it was impossible to keep dogs.

"Since the emancipation of the peasants," he said, "sport is out of the question; there are no huntsmen to be had, and the peasants turn out with sticks and drive the sportsmen off the fields. What is there left to do nowadays? Country life has become impossible."

With all his good breeding and sincerity, Uncle Seryózha never concealed any characteristic but one; with the utmost shyness he concealed the tenderness of his affections, and if it ever forced itself into the light, it was only in exceptional circumstances and that against his will.

He displayed with peculiar clearness a family characteristic which was partly shared by my father, namely, an extraordinary restraint in the expression of affection, which was often concealed under the mask of indifference and sometimes even of unexpected harshness. In the matter of wit and sarcasm, on the other hand, he was strikingly original.

At one period he spent several winters in succession with his family in Moscow. One time, after a historic concert given by Anton Rubinstein, at which Uncle Seryózha and his daughter had been, he came to take tea with us in Weavers' Row.[1]

My father asked him how he had liked the concert.

"Do you remember Himbut, Lyovótchka? Lieutenant Himbut, who was forester near Yásnaya? I once asked him what was the happiest moment of his life. Do you know what he answered?

" 'When I was in the cadet corps,' he said, 'they used to take down my breeches now and again and lay me across a bench and flog me. They flogged and they

[1] Khamsvniki, a street in Moscow.

flogged; when they stopped, that was the happiest moment of my life.' Well, it was only during the *entr'actes,* when Rubinstein stopped playing, that I really enjoyed myself."

He did not always spare my father.

Once when I was out shooting with a setter near Pirogóvo, I drove in to Uncle Seryózha's to stop the night.

I do not remember apropos of what, but Uncle Seryózha averred that Lyovótchka was proud. He said:

"He is always preaching humility and non-resistance, but he is proud himself.

"Náshenka's[1] sister had a footman called Forna. When he got drunk, he used to get under the staircase, tuck in his legs, and lie down. One day they came and told him that the countess was calling him. 'She can come and find me if she wants me,' he answered.

"Lyovótchka is just the same. When Dolgóruky sent his chief secretary Istómin to ask him to come and have a talk with him about Syntáyef, the sectarian, do you know what he answered?

" 'Let him come here, if he wants me.' Is n't that just the same as Forna?

"No, Lyovótchka is very proud. Nothing would induce him to go, and he was quite right; but it 's no good talking of humility."

During the last years of Sergéi Nikoláyevitch's life my father was particularly friendly and affectionate with him, and delighted in sharing his thoughts with him.

A. A. Fet in his reminiscences describes the character of all the three Tolstoy brothers with extraordinary perspicacity:

I am convinced that the fundamental type of all the three Tolstoy brothers was identical, just as the type of all maple-leaves is identical, despite the variety of their configurations. And if I set myself to develop the idea, I could show to what a degree all three brothers shared in that passionate enthusiasm without which it would have been impossible for one of them to turn into the poet Lyoff Tolstoy. The difference of their attitude to life was determined by the difference of the ways in which they turned their backs on their unfulfilled dreams. Nikolái quenched his ardor in skeptical derision, Lyoff renounced his unrealized dreams with silent reproach, and Sergéi with morbid misanthropy. The greater the original store of love in such characters, the stronger, if only for a time, is their resemblance to *Timon of Athens.*

In the winter of 1901–02 my father was ill in the Crimea, and for a long time lay between life and death. Uncle Seryózha, who felt himself getting weaker, could not bring himself to leave Pirogóvo, and in his own home followed anxiously the course of my father's illness by the letters which several members of our family wrote him, and by the bulletins in the newspapers.

When my father began to improve, I went back home, and on the way from the Crimea went to Pirogóvo, in order to tell Uncle Seryózha personally about the course of the illness and about the present condition of my father's health. I remember how joyfully and gratefully he welcomed me.

"How glad I am that you came! Now tell me all about it. Who is with him? All of them? And who nurses him most? Do you go on duty in turn? And at night, too? He can't get out of bed. Ah, that 's the worst thing of all!

"It will be my turn to die soon; a year sooner or later, what does it matter? But to lie helpless, a burden to every one, to have others doing everything for you, lifting you and helping you to sit up, that 's what 's so awful.

"And how does he endure it? Got used to it, you say? No; I cannot imagine having Vera to change my linen and wash me. Of course she would say that it 's nothing to her, but for me it would be awful.

"And tell me, is he afraid to die? Does he say not? Very likely; he 's a strong man, he may be able to conquer the fear of it. Yes, yes, perhaps he 's not afraid; but still—

"You say he struggles with the feeling? Why, of course; what else can one do?

"I wanted to go and be with him; but I thought, how can I? I shall crack up myself, and then there will be two invalids instead of one.

"Yes, you have told me a great deal; every detail is interesting. It is not death that 's so terrible, it 's illness, helpless-

[1] Maria Mikháilovna, his wife.

ness, and, above all, the fear that you are a burden to others. That 's awful, awful."

Uncle Seryózha died in 1904 of cancer in the face. This is what my aunt, María Nikoláyevna,[1] the nun, told me about his death. Almost to the last day he was on his legs, and would not let any one nurse him. He was in full possession of his faculties and consciously prepared for death.

Besides his own family, the aged María Mikháilovna and her daughters, his sister, María Nikoláyevna, who told me the story, was with him, too, and from hour to hour they expected the arrival of my father, for whom they had sent a messenger to Yásnaya. They were all troubled with the difficult question whether the dying man would want to receive the holy communion before he died.

Knowing Sergéi Nikoláyevitch's disbelief in the religion of the church, no one dared to mention the subject to him, and the unhappy María Mikháilovna hovered round his room, wringing her hands and praying.

They awaited my father's arrival impatiently, but were secretly afraid of his influence on his brother, and hoped against hope that Sergéi Nikoláyevitch would send for the priest before his arrival.

"Imagine our surprise and delight," said María Tolstoy, "when Lyovótchka came out of his room and told María Mikháilovna that Seryózha wanted a priest sent for. I do not know what they had been talking about, but when Seryózha said that he wished to take the communion, Lyovótchka answered that he was quite right, and at once came and told us what he wanted."

My father stayed about a week at Pirogóvo, and left two days before my uncle died.

When he received a telegram to say he was worse, he drove over again, but arrived too late; he was no longer living. He carried his body out from the house with his own hands, and himself bore it to the churchyard.

When he got back to Yásnaya he spoke with touching affection of his parting with this "inscrutable and beloved" brother, who was so strange and remote from him, but at the same time so near and so akin.

[1] Tolstoy's sister. She became a nun after her husband's death and the marriage of her three daughters.

[2] Tolstoy was in the artillery, and commanded a battery in the Crimea.

FET, STRAKHOF, GAY

"What 's this saber doing here?" asked a young guardsman, Lieutenant Afanásyi Afanásyevitch Fet, of the footman one day as he entered the hall of Iván Sergéyevitch Turgénieff's flat in St. Petersburg in the middle of the fifties.

"It is Count Tolstoy's saber; he is asleep in the drawing-room. And Iván Sergéyevitch is in his study having breakfast," replied Zalchar.

"During the hour I spent with Turgénieff," says Fet, in his reminiscences, "we talked in low voices, for fear of waking the count, who was asleep on the other side of the door."

"He 's like that all the time," said Turgénieff, smiling; "ever since he got back from his battery at Sebastopol,[2] and came to stay here, he has been going the pace. Orgies, Gipsies, and gambling all night long, and then sleeps like a dead man till two o'clock in the afternoon. I did my best to stop him, but have given it up as a bad job.

"It was in this visit to St. Petersburg that I and Tolstoy became acquainted, but the acquaintance was of a purely formal character, as I had not yet seen a line of his writings, and had never heard of his name in literature, except that Turgénieff mentioned his 'Stories of Childhood.' "

Soon after this my father came to know Fet intimately, and they struck up a firm and lasting friendship, and established a correspondence which lasted almost till Fet's death.

It was only during the last years of Fet's life, when my father was entirely absorbed in his new ideas, which were so at variance with Afanásyi Afanásyevitch's whole philosophy of life, that they became estranged and met more rarely.

It was at Fet's, at Stepánovka, that my father and Turgénieff quarreled.

Before the railway was made, when people still had to drive, Fet, on his way into Moscow, always used to turn in at Yásnaya Polyána to see my father, and these visits became an established custom. Afterward, when the railway was made and my father was already married, Afanásyi Afanásyevitch still never passed our house without coming in, and if he did,

my father used to write him a letter of earnest reproaches, and he used to apologize as if he had been guilty of some fault. In those distant times of which I am speaking my father was bound to Fet by a common interest in agriculture as well as literature.

Some of my father's letters of the sixties are curious in this respect.

For instance, in 1860, he wrote a long dissertation on Turgénieff's novel "On the Eve," which had just come out, and at the end added a postscript: "What is the price of a set of the best quality of veterinary instruments? And what is the price of a set of lancets and bleeding-cups for human use?"

In another letter there is a postscript: "When you are next in Oryol, buy me six-hundred weight of various ropes, reins, and traces," and on the same page: " 'Tender art thou,' and the whole thing is charming. You have never done anything better; it is all charming." The quotation is from Fet's poem:

The lingering clouds' last throng flies over us.

But it was not only community of interests that brought my father and Afanásyi Afanásyevitch together. The reason of their intimacy lay in the fact that, as my father expressed it, they "thought alike with their heart's mind."

I also remember Nikolái Nikoláyevitch Strakhof's visits. He was a remarkably quiet and modest man. He appeared at Yásnaya Polyána in the beginning of the seventies, and from that time on came and stayed with us almost every summer till he died.

He had big, gray eyes, wide open, as if in astonishment; a long beard with a touch of gray in it; and when he spoke, at the end of every sentence he gave a shy laugh.

When he addressed my father, he always said "Lef Nikoláyevitch" instead of Lyoff Nikolaievich, like other people.

He always stayed down-stairs in my father's study, and spent his whole day there reading or writing, with a thick cigarette, which he rolled himself, in his mouth.

Strakhof and my father came together originally on a purely business footing. When the first part of my father's "Alphabet and Reading-Book" was printed, Strakhof had charge of the proof-reading. This led to a correspondence between him and my father, of a business character at first, later developing into a philosophical and friendly one. While he was writing "Anna Karénina," my father set great store by his opinion and valued his critical instinct very highly.

"It is enough for me that that is your opinion," he writes in a letter of 1872, probably apropos of the "Alphabet."

In 1876, apropos of "Anna Karénina" this time, my father wrote:

"You ask me whether you have understood my novel aright, and what I think of your opinion. Of course you understood it aright. Of course I am overjoyed at your understanding of it; but it does not follow that everybody will understand it as you do."

But it was not only his critical work that drew my father to Strakhof. He disliked critics on the whole and used to say that the only people who took to criticism were those who had no creative faculty of their own. "The stupid ones judge the clever ones," he said of professional critics. What he valued most in Strakhof was the profound and penetrating thinker. He was a "real friend" of my father's,—my father himself so described him,—and I recall his memory with deep affection and respect.

At last I have come to the memory of the man who was nearer in spirit to my father than any other human being, namely, Nikolái Nikoláyevitch Gay. Grandfather Gay, as we called him, made my father's acquaintance in 1882. While living on his farm in the Province of Tchernigoff, he chanced to read my father's pamphlet "On the Census," and finding a solution in it of the very questions which were troubling him at the time, without delay he started out and hurried into Moscow. I remember his first arrival, and I have always retained the impression that from the first words they exchanged he and my father understood each other, and found themselves speaking the same language.

Just like my father, Gay was at this time passing through a great spiritual crisis; and traveling almost the same road as my father in his search after truth, he had arrived at the study of the Gospel

and a new understanding of it. My sister Tatyána wrote:

For the personality of Christ he entertained a passionate and tender affection, as if for a near and familiar friend whom he loved with all the strength of his soul. Often during heated arguments Nikolái Nikoláyevitch would take the Gospel, which he always carried about with him, from his pocket, and read out some passage from it appropriate to the subject in hand. "This book contains everything that a man needs," he used to say on these occasions.

While reading the Gospel, he often looked up at the person he was talking to and went on reading without looking at the book. His face glowed at such moments with such inward joy that one could see how near and dear the words he was reading were to his heart.

He knew the whole Gospel almost by heart, but he said that every time he read it he enjoyed a new and genuine spiritual delight. He said that not only was everything intelligible to him in the Gospel, but that when he read it he seemed to be reading in his own soul, and felt himself capable of rising higher and higher toward God and merging himself in Him.

TURGÉNIEFF

I DO not mean to recount all the misunderstandings which existed between my father and Turgénieff, which ended in a complete breach between them in 1861. The actual external facts of that story are common property, and there is no need to repeat them.[1] According to general opinion, the quarrel between the two greatest writers of the day arose out of their literary rivalry.

It is my intention to show cause against this generally received opinion, and before I come to Turgénieff's visits to Yásnaya Polyána, I want to make as clear as I can the real reason of the perpetual discords between these two good-hearted people, who had a cordial affection for each other —discords which led in the end to an out-and-out quarrel and the exchange of mutual defiance.

As far as I know, my father never had any serious difference with any other human being during the whole course of his existence. And Turgénieff, in a letter to my father in 1865, wrote, "You are the only man with whom I have ever had misunderstandings."

Whenever my father related his quarrel with Iván Sergéyevitch, he took all the blame on himself. Turgénieff, immediately after the quarrel, wrote a letter apologizing to my father, and never sought to justify his own part in it.

Why was it that, as Turgénieff himself put it, his "constellation" and my father's "moved in the ether with unquestioned enmity"?

This is what my sister Tatyána wrote on the subject in her article "Turgénieff," published in the supplement to the "Novoye Vrémya," February 2, 1908:

All question of literary rivalry, it seems to me, is utterly beside the mark. Turgénieff, from the very outset of my father's literary career, acknowledged his enormous talents, and never thought of rivalry with him. From the moment when, as early as 1854, he wrote to Kolbásina, "If Heaven only grant Tolstoy life, I confidently hope that he will surprise us all," he never ceased to follow my father's work with interest, and always expressed his unbounded admiration of it.

"When this young wine has done fermenting," he wrote to Druzhénin in 1856, "the result will be a liquor worthy of the gods." In 1857 he wrote to Polónsky, "This man will go far, and leave deep traces behind him."

Nevertheless, somehow these two men never could "hit it off" together. When one reads Turgénieff's letters to my father, one sees that from the very beginning of their acquaintance misunderstandings were always arising, which they perpetually endeavored to smooth down or to forget, but which arose again after a time, sometimes in another form, necessitating new explanations and reconciliations.

In 1856 Turgénieff wrote to my father:

Your letter took some time reaching me, dear Lyoff Nikolaievich. Let me begin by

[1] Fet, at whose house the quarrel took place, tells all about it in his memoirs. Tolstoy dogmatized about lady-like charity, apropos of Turgénieff's daughter. Turgénieff, in a fit of nerves, threatened to box his ears. Tolstoy challenged him to a duel, and Turgénieff apologized.

saying that I am very grateful to you for sending it to me. I shall never cease to love you and to value your friendship, although, probably through my fault, each of us will long feel considerable awkwardness in the presence of the other. . . . I think that you yourself understand the reason of this awkwardness of which I speak. You are the only man with whom I have ever had misunderstandings.

This arises from the very fact that I have never been willing to confine myself to merely friendly relations with you. I have always wanted to go further and deeper than that; but I set about it clumsily. I irritated and upset you, and when I saw my mistake, I drew back too hastily, perhaps; and it was this which caused this "gulf" between us.

But this awkwardness is a mere physical impression, nothing more; and if when we meet again, you see the old "mischievous look in my eyes," believe me, the reason of it will not be that I am a bad man. I assure you that there is no need to look for any other explanation. Perhaps I may add, also, that I am much older than you, and I have traveled a different road. . . . Outside of our special, so-called "literary" interests, I am convinced, we have few points of contact. Your whole being stretches out hands toward the future; mine is built up in the past. For me to follow you is impossible. For you to follow me is equally out of the question. You are too far removed from me, and besides, you stand too firmly on your own legs to become any one's disciple. I can assure you that I never attributed any malice to you, never suspected you of any literary envy. I have often thought, if you will excuse the expression, that you were wanting in common sense, but never in goodness. You are too penetrating not to know that if either of us has cause to envy the other, it is certainly not you that has cause to envy me.

The following year he wrote a letter to my father which, it seems to me, is a key to the understanding of Turgénieff's attitude toward him:

You write that you are very glad you did not follow my advice and become a pure man of letters. I don't deny it; perhaps you are right. Still, batter my poor brains as I may, I cannot imagine what else you are if you are not a man of letters. A soldier? A squire? A philosopher? The founder of a new religious doctrine? A civil servant? A man of business? . . . Please resolve my difficulties, and tell me which of these suppositions is correct. I am joking, but I really do wish beyond all things to see you under way at last, with all sails set.

It seems to me that Turgénieff, as an artist, saw nothing in my father beyond his great literary talent, and was unwilling to allow him the right to be anything besides an artist and a writer. Any other line of activity on my father's part offended Turgénieff, as it were, and he was angry with my father because he did not follow his advice. He was much older than my father,[1] he did not hesitate to rank his own talent lower than my father's, and demanded only one thing of him, that he should devote all the energies of his life to his literary work. And, lo and behold! my father would have nothing to do with his magnanimity and humility, would not listen to his advice, but insisted on going the road which his own tastes and nature pointed out to him. Turgénieff's tastes and character were diametrically opposed to my father's. While opposition always inspired my father and lent him strength, it had just the opposite effect on Turgénieff.

Being wholly in agreement with my sister's views, I will merely supplement them with the words uttered by his brother, Nikolái Nikoláyevitch, who said that "Turgénieff cannot reconcile himself to the idea that Lyovótchka is growing up and freeing himself from his tutelage."

As a matter of fact, when Turgénieff was already a famous writer, no one had ever heard of Tolstoy, and, as Fet expressed it, there was only "something said about his stories from 'Childhood.' "

I can imagine with what secret veneration a young writer, just beginning, must have regarded Turgénieff at that time, and all the more because Iván Sergéyevitch was a great friend of my father's elder and beloved brother Nikolái.

I do not like to assert it positively, but it seems to me that just as Turgénieff was unwilling to confine himself to "merely

[1] Turgénieff was ten years older than Tolstoy.

friendly relations," so my father also felt too warmly toward Iván Sergéyevitch, and that was the very reason why they could never meet without disagreeing and quarreling. In confirmation of what I say here is a passage from a letter written by V. Bótkin, a close friend of my father's and of Iván Sergéyevitch's, to A. A. Fet, written immediately after their quarrel:

> I think that Tolstoy really has a passionately affectionate nature and he would like to love Turgénieff in the warmest way possible; but unfortunately his impulsive feeling encounters nothing but a kindly, good-natured indifference, and he can by no means reconcile himself to that.

Turgénieff himself said that when they first came to know each other my father dogged his heels "like a woman in love," and at one time he used to avoid him, because he was afraid of his spirit of opposition.

My father was perhaps irritated by the slightly patronizing tone which Turgénieff adopted from the very outset of their acquaintance; and Turgénieff was irritated by my father's "crankiness," which distracted him from "his proper *métier,* literature."

In 1870, before the date of the quarrel, Turgénieff wrote to Fet:

"Lyoff Tolstoy continues to play the crank. It was evidently written in his stars. When will he turn his last somersault and stand on his feet at last?"

Turgénieff was just the same about my father's "Confession," which he read not long before his death. Having promised to read it, "to try to understand it," and "not to lose my temper," he "started to write a long letter in answer to the 'Confession,' but never finished it . . . for fear of becoming disputatious."

In a letter to D. V. Grigórevitch he called the book, which was based, in his opinion, on false premises, "a denial of all live human life" and "a new sort of Nihilism."

It is evident that even then Turgénieff did not understand what a mastery my father's new philosophy of life had obtained over him, and he was inclined to attribute his enthusiasm along with the rest to the same perpetual "crankinesses" and "somersaults" to which he had formerly attributed his interest in school-teaching, agriculture, the publication of a paper, and so forth.

Iván Sergéyevitch three times visited Yásnaya Polyána within my memory, in August and September, 1878, and the third and last time at the beginning of May, 1880. I can remember all these visits, although it is quite possible that some details have escaped me.

I remember that when we expected Turgénieff on his first visit, it was a great occasion, and the most anxious and excited of all the household about it was my mother. She told us that my father had quarreled with Turgénieff and had once challenged him to a duel, and that he was now coming at my father's invitation to effect a reconciliation.

Turgénieff spent all the time sitting with my father, who during his visit put aside even his work, and once in the middle of the day my mother collected us all at a quite unusual hour in the drawing-room, where Iván Sergéyevitch read us his story of "The Dog."

I can remember his tall, stalwart figure, his gray, silky, yellowish hair, his soft tread, rather waddling walk, and his piping voice, quite out of keeping with his majestic exterior. He had a chuckling kind of laugh, like a child's, and when he laughed his voice was more piping than ever.

In the evening, after dinner, we all gathered in the *zala.* At that time Uncle Seryózha, Prince Leonid Dmítryevitch Urúsof, Vice-Governor of the Province of Tula; Uncle Sasha Behrs and his young wife, the handsome Georgian Patty; and the whole family of the Kuzmínskys, were staying at Yásnaya.

Aunt Tánya was asked to sing. We listened with beating hearts, and waited to hear what Turgénieff, the famous connoisseur, would say about her singing. Of course he praised it, sincerely, I think. After the singing a quadrille was got up. All of a sudden, in the middle of the quadrille, Iván Sergéyevitch, who was sitting at one side looking on, got up and took one of the ladies by the hand, and, putting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, danced a cancan according to the latest rules of Parisian art. Every

one roared with laughter, Turgénieff more than anybody.

After tea the "grown-ups" started some conversation, and a warm dispute arose among them. It was Prince Urúsof who disputed most warmly, and "went for" Turgénieff.

Of Turgénieff's third visit I remember the woodcock shooting. This was on the second or third of May, 1880.

We all went out together beyond the Voronka, my father, my mother and all the children. My father gave Turgénieff the best place and posted himself one hundred and fifty paces away at the other end of the same glade.

My mother stood by Turgénieff, and we children lighted a bonfire not far off.

My father fired several shots and brought down two birds; Iván Sergéyevitch had no luck, and was envying my father's good fortune all the time. At last, when it was beginning to get dark, a woodcock flew over Turgénieff, and he shot it.

"Killed it?" called out my father.

"Fell like a stone; send your dog to pick him up," answered Iván Sergéyevitch.

My father sent us with the dog, Turgénieff showed us where to look for the bird; but search as we might, and the dog, too, there was no woodcock to be found. At last Turgénieff came to help, and my father came; there was no woodcock there.

"Perhaps you only winged it; it may have got away along the ground," said my father, puzzled. "It is impossible that the dog should n't find it; he could n't miss a bird that was killed."

"I tell you I saw it with my own eyes, Lyoff Nikolaievich; it fell like a stone. I did n't wound it; I killed it outright. I can tell the difference."

"Then why can't the dog find it? It 's impossible; there 's something wrong."

"I don't know anything about that," insisted Turgénieff. "You may take it from me I 'm not lying; it fell like a stone where I tell you."

There was no finding the woodcock, and the incident left an unpleasant flavor, as if one or the other of them was in the wrong. Either Turgénieff was bragging when he said that he shot it dead, or my father, in maintaining that the dog could not fail to find a bird that had been killed.

And this must needs happen just when they were both so anxious to avoid every sort of misunderstanding! That was the very reason why they had carefully fought shy of all serious conversation, and spent all their time merely amusing themselves.

When my father said good night to us that night, he whispered to us that we were to get up early and go back to the place to have a good hunt for the bird.

And what was the result? The woodcock, in falling, had caught in the fork of a branch, right at the top of an aspen-tree, and it was all we could do to knock it out from there.

When we brought it home in triumph, it was something of an "occasion," and my father and Turgénieff were far more delighted than we were. It turned out that they were both in the right, and everything ended to their mutual satisfaction.

Iván Sergéyevitch slept down-stairs in my father's study. When the party broke up for the night, I used to see him to his room, and while he was undressing I sat on his bed and talked sport with him.

He asked me if I could shoot. I said yes, but that I did n't care to go out shooting because I had nothing but a rotten old one-barreled gun.

"I 'll give you a gun," he said. "I 've got two in Paris, and I have no earthly need for both. It 's not an expensive gun, but it 's a good one. Next time I come to Russia I 'll bring it with me."

I was quite taken aback and thanked him heartily. I was tremendously delighted at the idea that I was to have a real central-fire gun.

Unfortunately, Turgénieff never came to Russia again. I tried afterward to buy the gun he had spoken of from his legatees not in the quality of a central-fire gun, but as Turgénieff's gun; but I did not succeed.

That is all that I can remember about this delightful, naïvely cordial man, with the childlike eyes and the childlike laugh, and in the picture my mind preserves of him the memory of his grandeur melts into the charm of his good nature and simplicity.

In 1883 my father received from Iván Sergéyevitch his last farewell letter, written in pencil on his death-bed, and I remember with what emotion he read it.

And when the news of his death came, my father would talk of nothing else for several days, and inquired everywhere for details of his illness and last days.

Apropos of this letter of Turgénieff's, I should like to say that my father was sincerely annoyed, when he heard applied to himself the epithet "great writer of the land of Russia," which was taken from this letter.

He always hated *clichés,* and he regarded this one as quite absurd.

"Why not 'writer of the land'? I never heard before that a man could be the writer of a land. People get attached to some nonsensical expression, and go on repeating it in season and out of season."

I have given extracts above from Turgénieff's letters, which show the invariable consistency with which he lauded my father's literary talents. Unfortunately, I cannot say the same of my father's attitude toward Turgénieff.

In this, too, the want of dispassionateness in his nature revealed itself. Personal relations prevented him from being objective.

In 1867, apropos of Turgénieff's "Smoke," which had just appeared, he wrote to Fet:

> There is hardly any love of anything in "Smoke" and hardly any poetry. The only thing it shows love for is light and playful adultery, and for that reason the poetry of the story is repulsive. . . . I am timid in expressing this opinion, because I cannot form a sober judgment about an author whose personality I dislike.

In 1865, before the final breach with Turgénieff, he wrote, again to Fet: "I do not like 'Enough'! A personal subjective treatment is never good unless it is full of life and passion; but the subjectivity in this case is full of lifeless suffering.

In the autumn of 1883, after Turgénieff's death, when the family had gone into Moscow for the winter, my father stayed at Yásnaya Polyána alone, with Agáfya Mikháilovna, and set earnestly about reading through all Turgénieff's works.

This is what he wrote to my mother at the time:

> I am always thinking about Turgénieff. I am intensely fond of him, and sorry for him, and do nothing but read him. I live entirely with him. I shall certainly give a lecture on him, or write it to be read; tell Yúryef.
>
> "Enough"—read it; it is perfectly charming.

Unfortunately, my father's intended lecture on Turgénieff never came off. The Government forbade him to pay this last tribute to his dead friend, with whom he had quarreled all his life only because he could not be indifferent to him.

(To be continued)

THE GREAT TRADITION

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

Author of "The Weaker Vessel," "The Triple Mirror," etc.

THE riot of sunlight at the long windows of Angela Boyce's room sank farther back into the pale-yellow ground of the Chinese rug. Mrs. Boyce walked nervously hither and yon across great glowing spaces, like a light-intoxicated creature seeking gloom. Now and then she stopped before a chair or a sofa piled high with fripperies, and lifted off a garment, which she folded uncertainly, and flung into an open trunk. Meanwhile she talked monotonously to herself.

"Not that—I don't need it. I must n't take anything I don't need. Too much luggage would never do. Perhaps Monica will wear the things I leave. No; she can't; she 's a little *too* slim. Oh, go there!" She flung a tea-gown through a door into her dressing-room. "I must hurry, I must hurry," she went on under

her breath. "Anything may happen. I must be ready hours too soon."

The house, facing its ostentatious gardens, was broodingly mute, not a sound in the corridors or outside on the terraces, as if this nervous, beautiful woman had been able, for her own purposes, to strike it dumb. Mrs. Boyce's hasty gestures accomplished something, perturbed though they were: in half an hour she had achieved some order in the party-colored havoc. The trunks were slowly filling, and most of the chairs were empty. For breathing-space she went to the window, and looked out over the much-boasted "view."

"Perhaps some women could have borne it forever; I could n't. I 've borne it so long! And, oh, how glad I am it 's over without my having to say good-by to Owen!" The words were barely whispered. She leaned her forehead against the glass, and looked down into the landscape-gardened world. Then a frenzy of action seized her, and in ten minutes more the clothes were packed. Mrs. Boyce gazed about the big room that in its sudden tidiness seemed bare. "Jewels—all safe at the bank; letters—burned; money and ticket—here." She laid her hand on her bosom. "Never to temporize again! Oh, how good it is!"

She sat down in a big arm-chair and closed her eyes. She had been living for years "on her nerve"; suddenly to give her nerves the sack, take away their occupation, was very like collapse. For years she had been nagged with daily decisions of a moral nature; now she had made one decision that would cover all others. Who would expect anything of Angela Boyce now? Ambrose Hale? Hardly; for he himself was the great decision. If daily life with Owen Boyce had meant at each turn a racking choice, then life with Ambrose Hale must necessarily mean no choices at all. Whatever the two men touched, they must needs touch not simply to different, but to opposite, results. New troubles there might be; she positively did not care so long as the old ones ceased. Never again would she have to lift her eyes to a detested face and know that society somehow expected to see it and hers together. Monica? Well, Monica was nineteen, and Owen was fond enough of his daughter. He would not make her suffer. "It is reserved for me to do that," the mother thought bitterly. "But Monica will fall in love. Indeed, it 's my duty not to stick on a day longer, so that the thing will have blown over before she wants to marry. Not that any one minds my kind of adventure nowadays—minds for the children, I mean. People may even be sorry for me." She smiled with shut eyes at the notion of any one's pitying a woman who has shaken off an intolerable burden. The luck of really being able to get out before she died! She had so often thought she never should. "And, anyhow," her whispered soliloquy went on, "Monica can't marry at sixteen, as I did. She 's three years past that horrible possibility. I was n't sold,—Owen could n't have afforded to buy me then,—but I was cheated." She opened her eyes and looked again round the familiar room. "We sha'n't be able to afford this sort of thing," she mused silently, "but it won't matter. Think of it! It won't matter. After all these years, when my own scrap of money has had to go to keep me out of hell, I can actually buy a little heaven with it."

Angela Boyce, on the eve of departure, thought long, without misery, of the comfort of spaciousness. Room, mere room, had saved her so much. She had insisted long ago on a house out of town; insisted with a clear stress on every reason for it but the real one—that she should have room enough to live apart from her husband. Any town house that the Boyces could have afforded, above all a flat,—she could still shudder at the vision of a flat with Owen,—would have pushed them into each other's arms. Lucky that they had bought their land before Owen's belated inheritance fell to him! Owen loved town. Fortunately, he had taken a great deal of pleasure in being extravagant over the gardens, as much, perhaps, as she had in the wide, soundless corridors that separated his rooms from hers. Space, mere space, was the only luck she had ever had until now. If they had had to live together in close quarters, like two wretched peas in a tight pod, what would have happened? Perhaps even the sacrilege of more children. Angela Boyce covered her reddening face with her hands for one instant, then jumped up from her chair. "I did n't know, I did n't know. I was only sixteen. Ever since I grew up, I 've seen

him for what he is. Dear God, I did n't know!"

She shut the trunks and locked them, putting the keys into a bag. Then she passed into her dressing-room and swept all the remaining litter into the big closets.

"What will Margery think?" she laughed to herself. "I wish I could have had Margery with me, but I could n't take her away from Monica. And would she have come? I 'm afraid Margery will be disappointed in me. She belongs where she used to be when I was a child, in my mother's house, with all the Chippendale and the endless, torpid afternoons. I never can think of Margery in *my* house; but, then, I 've never really had a house. Poor Margery! My nurse and Monica's, and perhaps—O Monica! Monica! I hope you 'll be happy, whoever he is."

Then Mrs. Boyce stopped her fitful soliloquy, adjusted her hat, put on her coat, and drew on her gloves slowly, carefully, as if the process had some kind of ritual significance. So it had; if not the last time that she was to go wearily out of that brilliant chamber, it was very near it —the last time except the last. She ordered the car by telephone from the garage, and stood waiting. Still there was no sound in the house. It was swept and garnished and silent as if left, with awe, to a high destiny.

"Take me to a telegraph-office when you get in town, and then on to Mrs. Paisley's." The chauffeur drove away with a fine flourish, and Mrs. Boyce leaned back easily against the cushions. She had never before permitted herself to take conscious comfort in her new limousine. She had still the habit of terror at any new gift of Owen's, as if her tacit acceptance might reasonably lessen the gulf between them. Perhaps Owen Boyce gave her things merely as hush-money: how could she know what his unspeakable motives were? For years she had not once consented to plunge into the nether slime of Owen's mind, but she liked to think that if year by year he had been paying for silence, he had always got what he paid for. She had never opened her mouth to any one; she did not even know—and that *was* a feat—whether or not he was technically divorceable. She had closed her eyes and her ears to hint and to rumor; but there was a sulphurous stench about Owen Boyce's existence, and she had not always been able to keep her delicate nostrils unaware of it. Some women would have managed to divorce him, she knew; but Angela Boyce did not see herself paying people to spy on another human being, still less, paying them to lie. It might have been difficult to get evidence; it certainly would have been odious. She preferred to step out magnificently, as she was doing. It soothed some inherited piety in her temperament that she, the wronged one, should be doing the monstrous, overt thing. It was somehow generous of her. There her soothed piety stopped. Pain had driven Angela Boyce away from religion—the religion that went with her mother's Chippendale—as it drives some people back to it. She was quite sure that God had not made Owen Boyce. Even the pull of the great tradition had at last grown lax. Were not she and Ambrose in a great tradition, too?

She laid her money down negligently, proudly, for the extravagant cablegram, and went back to the motor. It was very comfortable, all this; but a cottage and a donkey-cart in some shining fold of earth's surface would presently be luxury such as she had never known. Angela Boyce was in the thick of youth's romantic imaginings: marrying at sixteen, she had been snatched from dreams too young. At thirty-seven she went back to the old, half-finished things with fervor, like a child to the new toys that a long illness has kept it from.

In Mrs. Paisley's tiny flat she marveled afresh at her own luck. Bertha Paisley had no patrimony to invest in freedom; no Ambrose Hale; above all (let us be candid) no beauty for a shining signal to rescuers. Bob Paisley drank, it was supposed; in any case, it was a sordid menage. The flat smelled of cooking; the children were always heard and often seen; the chairs and tables were all varnished reproductions of furniture that should have been dealt with by a eugenics law. It always seemed a kindness to get Bertha away for an hour. Perhaps the most fitting thing Angela could do on this last day was to take her old schoolmate out for a decent luncheon. Bertha loved the motor; her plain face expressed a cat-like comfort in the speed and ease of it. Beyond her little thwarted instinct for luxury,

there was nothing cat-like about Bertha Paisley. Angela felt at peace with her.

The talk over luncheon was desultory at first; but even Angela Boyce, schooled for long years to reticence, could not wholly omit the fateful note. It was the last time she would see Bertha; the last time, at all events, this side of paradise. She lifted her glass.

"Here 's to your health, my dear!"

Mrs. Paisley's pale-blue eyes shone moonily.

"Yours, Angela. Or"—the lunar light went out of them—"Monica's."

"With all my heart; but why particularly Monica's?"

"Well, she 's on the edge of life. I 'm always sorry for a notably marriageable girl."

Angela Boyce frowned a little. Bertha was tactless. Did n't tact consist in not saying awkward things even when you *did n't* know?

"Monica has a hard little head of her own."

"I don't know where she got it," rejoined Mrs. Paisley. "Owen has always had a mad streak, and you have a natural instinct for martyrdom. How should Monica be hard-headed?"

"Owen's 'mad streak,' as you call it, has nothing to do with madness. It 's the cleverest thing about him." Angela Boyce had never been so explicit, and Bertha Paisley's sallow face flushed. Mrs. Paisley blushed badly; under stress of emotion she grew blotchy, like some exotic cheese. Angela noted it, and thought self-reproachfully, at the heart of her joy, of Ambrose Hale.

"You are a good woman, Angela. I 've always wanted to tell you that, and today, for some reason, I can."

Mrs. Boyce laid her fingers for one instant on her friend's hand, a mere flutter of contact.

"No, I am not, Bertha. I never have been. But now I am going to be a good woman forever." She meant what she said; she had come to the point where whatever separated her from Owen seemed holy.

"Now?"

"You 'll see." She smiled, the least bit excited. The note of Angela Boyce's great decision had been preponderatingly a note of austerity; but just now she took a child's pleasure in being cryptic for Bertha Paisley. She did not stop to despise herself for it; it was a proof of so much that she could take a childish pleasure in anything. Yes, virtue was flowing back into her veins in a sane and steady flood.

"You are a good woman," Mrs. Paisley persisted. "I don't believe you 've ever lied, and yet you 've never, in all the years, said a thing you ought n't."

"Do you mean that the things one ought to say are usually lies?"

"You know what I mean, Angela." Mrs. Paisley's pale eyes tried for a subtle expression. ("Heavens!" thought Angela, "what abominable luck to have your spirit so at the mercy of inadequate features as that!") "Let me be honest. I don't suppose life 's perfect for you,—it is n't for any one,—but you 've always behaved as if it were. I don't know any one who has kept it up so."

"You think I 've had a lot of keeping up to do?" The relief it would be to tell Bertha! But no, she must n't.

"No, no. Only—don't all human beings have things to fret them? And you 've never shown you were fretted."

"I have been fretted." Mrs. Boyce permitted herself the light admission. She felt as if already she had joined Ambrose Hale. A mere week of ocean lay between them; morally she was at his side, her arm in his, the eyes of both turned to the sun. But she must n't tickle the nodding Fates with rash prophecies. Even to Bertha she would n't say more than the light words any one might say. She shut her lips firmly; they were all too ready to confess.

"You can't keep it up forever; none of us can. But do, my dear, keep it up a little longer for Monica."

Mrs. Boyce leaned her elbows on the table, and faced her friend.

"You have Monica very much on your mind. Is there any reason why you should?"

Bertha Paisley crumbed her brown bread awkwardly.

"Yes, I think there is."

"What?" She could not keep her voice from being sharp. What right had Bertha Paisley, who was the last word in human insignificance, to speak in a voice of foreboding, a cracked echo of the Sibyl?

"Monica is n't so hard-headed as you think she is. She talks quite wildly some-

times. Probably you don't know. She attracts men, and they attract her. She 's bound to have love-affairs, if she is n't having them already. I imagine she is, you know."

"Bertha Paisley,"—Mrs. Boyce gripped the table,—"do you mean that you think Monica amuses herself with young men that I don't *know* about? Monica tells me everything."

Mrs. Paisley pursued a last shred of endive about her plate, captured, and ate it. Then she wiped her mouth on her napkin.

"No girl ever told her mother everything, Angela, as you perfectly know. I 'm not slandering dear Monica. I only say she 's brilliant and lovely, and with her chance in life, why should n't the men flock? And they do."

Mrs. Boyce ordered dessert and coffee. She was very explicit with the waiter, consciously sparring for time.

"If she 's brilliant, she can take care of herself all the better. I 'm not going to interfere. I 've seen enough of girls being influenced; but I don't think, you know, that Monica has any heart yet. I pity the man who gives his heart to her just now. Only I should like to know where you get your information about my daughter. I thought I knew her at least as well as any one else."

"Oh, I don't know Monica much. I bore her to death. My cousin's girls see her, and they tell me. She is flirting with young Telford."

Angela Boyce laughed.

"Young Telford won't hurt her. He 's a babe in arms."

Mrs. Paisley looked up at her friend tentatively, shyly. She visibly boggled over what she had to say.

"His big brother Stephen is n't a babe in arms."

"Stephen Telford? Are you mad, my dear? He 's married."

"Exactly." Mrs. Paisley brought out her retort in a dull little tone of resignation. It was extraordinary, Angela Boyce reflected, that Bertha, who had n't even enough malice for self-respect, could say such things. But the world was unanimous in crediting Bertha with a kindness positively unmixed. Bertha's stupidity must, however, be dealt with. She was glad she had this last chance to set her right.

"My dear woman, do you see my daughter—mine, I say—involving herself with a married man?"

"Not yours, perhaps—but Owen's, yes."

"Owen's?" She tried to make her question haughty, but she failed. She had always held her tongue about Owen; but she could not actually use speech to defend him. To have been married to him was a smirch on her virtue, a mud-spot on her beauty. To think of Monica as Owen's child was impossible to her; for years she had not done it.

"Owen has a streak of madness, as I said. It 's very delightful of you to deny it, but it 's true. Think of the way he swept you off at sixteen, all very romantic, but perfectly mad. Your dresses were barely long."

"Romantic!" It was n't her notion of romance, that wooing; but, then, Bertha had been married to Bob Paisley. Any man who was not Bob Paisley doubtless seemed to Bertha romantic, as anything that was not Owen Boyce was purity for Angela. "Romantic!" she repeated, with an inward shudder. "Well, then, Monica is n't romantic."

"Oh, but you know what girls are nowadays."

"Do you? That 's the point, I think. After all, you married late, Bertha; and you 've been mewed up in your nursery while the rest of us were teaching our daughters to do up their hair. I 'm willing to admit that the world 's a sink and a sewer, but I still don't see my daughter flirting with married men. Are n't you a little morbid, dear?"

Mrs. Paisley threw off her gloom and laughed healthily.

"No, I don't think I am. I 'm only very glad, exceedingly so, that Monica has the right kind of mother."

Mrs. Boyce waved the compliment aside. It was not one that it would be sweet, in the circumstances, to dwell on.

"Where, pray, does she see Stephen Telford? No one could get on with his wife; Monica would never dream of going there. And really, Bertha, I do know the houses my daughter frequents." She poured out the coffee with a superior air.

Mrs. Paisley took her coffee-cup.

"She sees him everywhere—at the Ormes', for example."

"Bertha Paisley, do you do a society

column?" If she had been less annoyed, she would never have permitted herself that impertinence. Bertha had married badly, and obscurity had descended on her with a rush. She was preëminently a person not to be taunted.

"No, I don't." Mrs. Paisley flushed again. "I don't even read one. But I do hear things now and then from people. Not every one has dropped me, you know."

"No one who is worth seeing has dropped you, Bertha dear; but of course you 're dreadfully busy. I 'm sure I never went anywhere when Monica was little."

Mrs. Paisley smiled at the atoning speech. The beauty of Bertha was that niceness always did atone to her for nastiness.

"Oh, you always had more leisure than I," she said honestly. "You always had nurses and old Margery."

"Oh, nurses, yes; but you know how a mother suspects everything in the cosmos of conspiring to hurt her baby. I never left her."

"I 'm sure you did n't, and I hope you won't leave her now."

Mrs. Boyce tried not to stare. It was positively as if Bertha knew.

"Do people also tell you that I neglect Monica?"

"Oh, no, my dear; no, no. I think you 're quite right to give her as much freedom as you do. It 's so clear that you do it for her own sake; for you have n't an atom of mean frivolity in you, Angela. Only"—Mrs. Paisley set down her coffee-cup and appeared to choose her words —"you are so young and lovely that it seems as if you had an extraordinary chance to go about *with* Monica; to be her comrade, her pal, you know. You could sit up with her in your dressing-gown after a party, and make fun of Stephen Telford, just like another girl. It is n't as if you had men of your own on your hands, like some of these disgusting women nowadays."

Angela Boyce saw that her ironic sense was the only thing about her that would derive comfort from Bertha Paisley, except, perhaps, that there was comfort in perceiving reminiscently that she and Ambrose Hale had been visibly as "innocent" as they were technically.

"How do you know that I don't?"

"I 'll tell you how I know; because Monica 's absolutely honest, and if you were as intimate as all that, you 'd have noticed just what other people have. Monica 's less two-faced than any one."

"Oh, we 've talked. I 've heard her nonsense." It was hard to sound brave when one had to be so vague.

"That 's all right, then. Of course, I 've never believed that Monica would do anything foolish while you were there to show her what a beautiful creature a woman with the old ideas can be."

"Well, then, what makes you talk as if I were not there?"

"I don't know," confessed Bertha. "You seem so—withdrawn. You 'll laugh at me, but lately I 've felt almost as if you were going into a convent."

Angela Boyce smiled. Once again she laid her fingers for a fluttering instant on her friend's hand.

"That 's very deep of you, Bertha. The idea actually crossed my mind about a year ago, but I 'm not religious enough. I never, never shall." She had the sharp sensation of foolish, mounting tears. Bertha touched so many things she could not see, like a blind woman in a room packed with fragile treasures. It was a relief to drink the last drop of her coffee and know that she did n't have to order anything else. To hear the tinkling reverberation of her secrets as Bertha, unseeing and unhearing, stumbled eagerly about among them—no, decidedly, it was too hard on a woman whose delicate lips did n't take easily to lying.

"Shall I take you home? I have to get back, or we 'd go for a drive."

"Take me out to the park and drop me. I 'll walk back."

Angela resigned herself to the extra blocks. They gave Mrs. Paisley a chance for one more stumble.

"You 've always seemed rather exceptionally religious. You have the air, the manner, the peculiar grace. I know I sound old-fashioned, but the creed is somehow the only thing you don't have to bargain with. It 's the only thing in life that you can deal with in the grand manner." Bertha Paisley spoke with sudden passion, her averted face turned to the party-colored current of the avenue.

"Oh, I have my creed." Angela Boyce closed her lips firmly then until Bertha descended at the gateway of the park. If

, she had spoken another word, she must have cried out to her friend that her creed was Ambrose Hale. For Monica's sake, she must not. It would be intolerable that any one should know when Monica did not.

"Good-by. I 'll write." She bit her tongue after she had said it. What would Bertha Paisley make of that? And, indeed, Mrs. Paisley's face turned to her questioningly; but Angela Boyce shut the door sharply, and flung herself back into the deepest recess of the car. In an instant she had passed beyond the sight of Bertha Paisley, forever, she frankly hoped.

The most difficult thing that Mrs. Boyce had now to face before her boat sailed on the morrow—it was to sail, as such a boat should, at the ritual hour of high noon—was a letter to her daughter. Monica was staying with the Ormes in town; she would return only after her mother was beyond Sandy Hook. Old Margery had been sent to spend the day and, if she liked, the night, with an invalid niece in some obscure New Jersey suburb. She had wanted Margery out of the way; the other servants did not have to be reckoned with. Owen Boyce was safe in Asheville, cursing out caddies. To Owen she did not intend to say anything; there was absolutely nothing that she could in sincerity say to him at a solemn moment. A solemn moment automatically excluded Owen Boyce. But Monica—there was a real relation and a real duty. To explain a serious action to her child, as one woman might nobly explain to another, and yet not wholly suppress the maternal tenderness, was a pretty task for which Bertha Paisley had gone far to unfit her. She would give the whole night to it, if necessary. She did not expect to sleep, not until she was safe on the *Cambodia,* where she would sleep royally, attended by purple dreams.

Until she faced the letter there was little to be done. The trunks were got off skilfully to her mother's house in town, the old house that they still kept open, and occasionally used, more than anything else as a convenient device for pensioning the old butler and his wife, who remained as caretakers. When James and Ellen died, and released the place for sale, there would be more money for Angela Boyce. Just now she felt that the convenience of having it there at this crucial moment was more to her than any future income. She did not want to be vulgar or careless; and though the servants seemed to her as negligible as fish, she knew that fish, in their own strange way, communicated to one another the news of their aqueous world. She did not want a stare or a mutter for Monica to deal with when she returned. She would have fled to Ambrose Hale, she thought now, amid storm and shouting, amid violence and oaths, if that had been necessary; but she preferred to shed her old life decorously, inconspicuously, as a lady should do everything. She was glad she was not called upon to shout or scream. You had to be to the gutter born to do that well.

Angela Boyce put on a tea-gown—one of those she had flung into the dressing-room closet—and dined alone, meditative and calm. The childish excitement that she had felt for a little with Bertha Paisley was quite gone. Bertha had not succeeded in worrying her; the worst that her hints about Monica could have done was to accentuate the gravity of what Monica's mother was about to do. But even Mrs. Paisley had not been able to make the thing any graver than Mrs. Boyce had for a long time known it to be. Angela Boyce was not a woman to minimize a departure from morality. No one, not even Ambrose Hale, would ever know what a battle she had fought, a silent battle without a war-cry, the antagonists creeping grimly, with frozen limbs and faces, over a glistening ice-plain. On that field the scarlet banners of passion were invisible because of snow, and victory had been very like standing at the pole, knowing at last that whichever way one looked it was due south. Time later for the color and sound and warmth of love. Did Bertha Paisley think she could put Angela Boyce through anything she had not been through already? She had exhausted, in connection with her decision, every cerebral experience possible. An extra phrase or two in her letter to Monica, and then forever whatever mood Ambrose Hale elected to impose. Owen? Oh, Owen had been left behind early on that frozen march. She had not wondered even once how Owen would take it. Her difficulties had been entirely with her own conscience, and her conscience dealt with

Owen only as a symbol, something marked "H" for husband, standing for archaic things with which the individual had nothing to do.

Mrs. Boyce had no great gift with her pen, and even for a fluent person the letter would have been difficult to write. Page after page she tore, laying the pieces in a little heap to burn. But eventually, late in the evening, she got it all written down as well as she could hope to, and she sealed and addressed the letter with a long sigh of relaxation. She did not have the white night she expected. Some inward exhaustion claimed its right, and worked on her like a wise narcotic. No ghosts haunted her pillow, and she slept for the last time in that familiar room as if her bed were a hospital cot in a ward.

She rang early for her breakfast, and old Margery brought it. Sometimes Margery chose to do that, and no maid ventured to interfere; but Angela wished she had not chosen to do it this morning. Margery had to be talked to, petted a little, for the sake of her history. The sun was up, and Angela Boyce's feet were restless to be gone on their appointed way. She had left orders for her luggage to be called for in town. She must be there to see it off; she herself must reach the *Cambodia* early. She had no time for Margery, and no heart to spare for a plausible farewell. Why had not Margery spent the night with her people? Mrs. Boyce was a little short with her as she drank her coffee.

The old woman sat down heavily in a chintz-covered arm-chair and looked somberly about the room. Her rheumatism was very bad. Angela resigned herself to symptoms.

"I have to go to town early this morning." Perhaps Margery would take that hint. She was a superannuated and privileged person, and if there was anything to do, she made room grudgingly for a younger servant. Now she said nothing.

"You had better let Anna take these things away. I have to get up directly."

The old woman turned her eyes slowly to Mrs. Boyce.

"So ye 're flitting, Miss Angela?"

"I 'm flitting to East Twentieth Street."

"And ye 're flitting no farther?"

Mrs. Boyce frowned.

"I 'm going to various places in town. I have a lot of things to do. When you go out, please tell Anna to order the car at nine. I sha'n't take long to dress."

Again the old woman looked around.

"Ye 've not left much, Miss Angela."

Mrs. Boyce frowned again.

"I sent a lot of things in yesterday, if that 's what you mean. I 'm going to give some of them away." ("Well, I will," she promised herself mentally.) "How you all must chatter down-stairs!"

Margery folded her hands on her lap and shook her gray head sadly.

"It 's no use, Miss Angela. I know. When they telephoned you from the steamer-office, and ye burned letters by the handful in your fireplace, and I saw all the photographs of the bairn gone off the chimney-shelf, I had my thoughts. And now they tell me three trunks went yesterday while I was by Alice's bedside. Your poor mother, to have her home used for a way-house to destruction! Ye 're flitting, Miss Angela. I know it well. And the word of God left behind!" She pointed at a Bible on the table beside the bed. The tears welled from her faded eyes, and her stiff fingers drew a handkerchief from her pocket.

"Margery, I can't discuss this with you. You are too absurd."

"Discuss and discuss!" There was not a shadow of impertinence in the old woman's wail. "Ye would n't discuss when ye were a bairn and wanted chocolate icing; nor yet when ye married Mr. Owen; nor yet when Miss Monica should have been short-coated. Many more nights I 've laid awake for your pain than my own, and ye think me dour. It 's not for me to tell ye your duty. Ye 're a grown woman and all; but what will I say to Miss Monica?"

Angela Boyce sat up high against her pillows.

"You need say nothing whatever to Miss Monica. You can give her that letter on the desk when she comes back this afternoon. You 've got I don't know what ideas in your head, my poor Margery, and I have n't time this morning to talk to you. But you can be perfectly sure that, wherever I am, I shall have the word of God with me. Now do go, and send Anna."

"Have ye time to read this?" The old woman drew a letter from her capacious

pocket. "One of those bit boys in a uniform brought it half an hour syne."

For the first time during her crisis Angela Boyce was troubled. She recognized her daughter's firm, modern handwriting. Probably Monica only wanted more clothes sent in to the Ormes'; yet even the least significant word from Monica at just that moment was too much. Any one of a hundred unsuspecting phrases would be more than she could bear.

"No, I have n't time," she said. "I 'll read it on the way. If it 's anything important, I 'll see Miss Monica in town. Now, Margery, I really must get up. You 've wasted a lot of my time. And I want the car at nine."

Old Margery rose slowly and painfully from her chair.

"I 'll not say but in the trouble of my heart I spoke to the bairn."

Mrs. Boyce gazed at her.

"What in the world did you say to my daughter?"

"There was naught I could say but that I was sore troubled for ye. But I did na think it would come so soon." The old servant made her way to the door, the tears rolling slowly down her brown cheeks.

Angela Boyce's heart was hardened within her by fear of the letter that she held unopened in her hand. Without speaking, she let Margery shuffle through the door and call querulously to Anna. It verily seemed to her that she could never forgive the aged nurse for her old habit of solicitude, her wretched mock-maternal assumption of rights. Misgivings, terrors, protests from Monica, she could not bear; not, at all events, until she was ready for the journey. She had had increasingly, the last days, a superstitious feeling that her old life would drop from her as soon as her foot touched the *Cambodia's* deck; once off the land, she would be Ambrose Hale's inalienable property. Until then, Monica, yes, even a breath of Owen Boyce himself, would be in the air. She would not thicken that atmosphere with the sense of whatever it was that her daughter had written. Her own letter covered everything that Monica could say. A wireless—yes, she might send a corroborating wireless, with a reckless amount of love in it. And after the divorce, when she and Ambrose were married, she would make it all up to Monica with a garlanded and gilded tenderness. But she would not read the letter now; she would do nothing that confessed for a moment a responsibility to any creature save the man she loved. After all, it was more than thinkable that Monica's note said nothing. They were both used to old Margery's Covenanter temperament. If Monica had been really worried about anything, she would have come herself, not trusting any "bit boy." In any case, Mrs. Boyce had been helped through the long months of struggle by the secret conviction that her daughter would not wholly disapprove. She had caught Monica so many times looking at her a little pityingly, as if she had no future. Angela Boyce put the letter in her bag, snapped the lock firmly, and without one more glance at her repudiated home, stepped into the car. She would not look back for fear of seeing Margery on the threshold. In point of fact, if she had looked back, she would have seen her, and no one else. Margery had opened her harsh lips only to her "bairns."

Yet Angela Boyce had not done with scruples so easily as she thought. If Monica wanted more clothes,—she put it to herself weakly,—she would do better to telephone home from town. But she had, as she perfectly knew, no such practical reason for breaking her resolve. Simply, her conscience was of the Lot's wife type, always backward-gazing through a blur. Toward the very end of the drive, threading the city streets jerkily, now held up at corners, now softly rushing forward,—the old familiar rhythm that she had so often thought would never end in any cadence of joy,—she took out Monica's letter and broke the seal. It was not long; she had read it through twice before the man stopped the car in front of her mother's house.

"You can go home. I 'll telephone later what time I want you, and where."

It was what she had intended to say to him in any case, and she said it mechanically, grateful that she need not find another speech to make, yet with a kind of numb astonishment that in so different a situation the old formula should serve. It seemed such a foolish little economy, when the time and intelligence of months was now at one stroke wasted.

She called for some of the queer old sherry that she knew still lingered in the wine-cellar, and sitting stiffly in one of the Chippendale arm-chairs,—they had always been uncomfortable, but never so torturesome as now,—braced herself for reflection. She had half an hour before the cab would arrive for the trunks, and she took it all. Dazed though she was at first, she did not have to struggle through a welter of alternatives. Her whole half-hour accomplished simply the slow irradiation of a mental scene in which meanwhile nothing shifted or changed. She stood at last in the rawest possible light, face to face with the incontrovertible fact that from the moment she had glanced at the letter she had suspected. Monica, with a unique, incomparable gesture, had flung her back into hell. Nothing else that Monica could have done would have achieved it. She had selected the one weapon to destroy Ambrose Hale; and the bitterness of it was that the child had not once thought of Ambrose Hale when she did it. She had probably meant to ease her mother off. She certainly had not meant to block her; for did not she actually say that she and Stephen Telford would have sailed on the *Cambodia* if she had not discovered from a prattling clerk that her mother was sailing on it herself? Had not she even tried to let her mother out in every way, though it was only too clear that Margery's lugubrious fears had pushed her to her fate?

You 'll think me a selfish beast; but, honestly, I could n't have gone off knowing you so unhappy—for I 've made out a good deal the last year, if old Margery had n't babbled, and my discovery at the steamship office had n't clinched it. If I did n't believe you were going to be happy, too, I 'd have stuck by, mother darling, till you were. But to know that you 've decided to cut loose makes it possible for me. And it 's such a blessing to believe you 'll understand. I think you must have found a new life for yourself, or you 'd have told me something about it.

There was more than this in Monica's firm scrawl; but those were the words Angela Boyce felt she should never for one waking or sleeping moment forget. She had meant not to let Monica know until her own act was irrevocable, and her frustrated intention Monica had ironically carried out. Monica had already sailed; and even if Angela Boyce had torn open the letter at once, she could have done nothing. What a picture—mother and daughter rushing across the Atlantic in disastrous parallels to the same eclipse! And then she shrank from her own conclusion. As if her shining rescuer could belong to the same race of beings as Stephen Telford! They were as little like as Perseus and a satyr.

"The beast! The cad!" she found herself impotently murmuring.

And Monica, her Monica! Girls had changed, as clucking, croaking Bertha Paisley had hinted. It was the immemorial cry: "I don't see how Stephen and I could have borne it much longer." That, too, had stared at her from the fateful page. She, Angela, had not seen, either. Only did Monica think the cases were alike? Did she madly believe that passion had its rights over you in your teens? And Angela Boyce, with a wail, "It 's different! it 's *different!*" rose from her chair. Old Ellen came in to find her standing there, fixing the wall with her tragic, tearless gaze.

Dimly aware of Ellen, she spoke.

"The men for the trunks? The trunks are to stay here. Pay the men something. There 's my purse. Don't come back. I 'll ring when I want you."

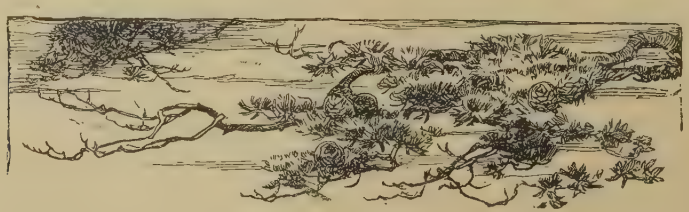
When the door was shut, she sat down again weakly. Her voice had been normal enough, but she must pull herself together before she went further; must know so well what she was to do that she could do it automatically, without thinking.

Even now, when she had accepted the fact that she herself was not to taste freedom, her dominant emotion was not of despair,—there was the rest of life left for that,—but of shock. She had known that people would be horrified by her own act, that they would class her with all the vulgar women who ran away from their husbands for vulgar reasons. But she had fortified herself—perhaps some of those women did, too—with the belief that hers was the most special of cases. At all events, if she had been in a low tradition, she was also, from another point of view, in a great one. She had always firmly kept that fact before her. Whereas Mon-

ica—ah, poor Monica was in no tradition at all; she was sunk beneath the veering tides of custom in the nethermost ooze. "Like mother, like daughter"—she could see herself and her child figuring, a pair of female fools, in some travestied "Comedy of Errors." Well, they should not say that, either. If people had learned of her elopement with Ambrose Hale, they might have shaken their heads and called it romance; but when they learned of Monica's emulation of her mother, they would have gabbled of "hereditary taint." She knew her world well enough for that. If Monica's case was to be special, her mother's would have to be irreproachable. That was what she had realized when she had first read the letter. It had taken her an hour to formulate it; but she had known, she had known like a shot, after the first sentence. Alone, perhaps poor Monica could be tragic; together, they would have been a cheap and nasty farce. She had always hoped not to make Ambrose pay too much. The one thing she could do for him now—the last thing she would ever have a chance to do for him—was to save him from ever being bracketed with that beast of a Stephen Telford. She did not at the moment waste her anguish in feeling responsible for Monica's act. She was not responsible. Only twenty years of Owen Boyce could have made her kick over the traces; and Monica had not had even twenty years of existence. She would not lay on Ambrose the burden of a creature who could be laughed at, that was all. All? No, it was not quite. Monica should have a mother who would stand by her to the last, and an impeccable mother whose standing by would be of some use. Bertha Paisley had told her that she, Angela, had an instinct for martyrdom. As she looked round her mother's drawing-room, she wondered what such a home could breed and shelter but martyrs. She felt more in her niche here than ever before, since, for whatever romantic and heterodox reason, she had at last done voluntarily something that was in the spirit of the place. People like her mother and Margery did n't blame one for original sin: they only blamed one for succumbing; and there was a kind of glory in having it hurt to be good. That, she supposed, if one must analyze, was in a great tradition, too. Angela Boyce could almost see herself living in that house, with never a pillow to her back. Only, to make it complete, she and Owen ought to move into her mother's vast black-walnut room up-stairs, entertain black-walnut cousins at early dinner, and be waited on by Margery. Irony took her by the throat.

"I 'm not really good," whispered Angela Boyce to herself; "I 'm only conventional." She felt as battered as if she had lain awake all night to come to that conclusion.

After the pronouncement, she rang for Ellen, telephoned for the motor, and went about her business. She cabled as coherently as she could, with a sharp pain through her body that made breathing difficult; she telegraphed to Owen; she had the trunks sent home; she herself returned to her stripped and shining rooms; she met old Margery with a grim smile. On her desk lay her letter to Monica. Her first impulse was to burn it; but after five minutes' reflection she locked it away. Sometime, when she was very old, she thought, she might like to know how she had felt when she was happy.



ITALIANS IN AMERICA

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin, Author of "Changing America," etc.

THE immigration from Italy has shot up like Jonah's gourd. During the last decade a fourth of our immigrants have been Italians, and from being a twentieth part of our foreign-born, they have risen to be a tenth. This freshet is not born of religious or political oppression, for Italy enjoys a government on modern lines, created by the efforts of patriots like Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi. The impulse that every year prompts from a quarter to half a million of Italians to wander oversea is purely economic. Ignorance and the subjection of women cause blind multiplication, with the result that the Italians are wresting their food from narrower plots than any other European people. A population approximating that of all our Atlantic States is trying to live from a space little greater than the combined areas of New York and Georgia. Although South America seconds the United States in absorbing the overflow, still, Italy's population continually swells, her birth-rate is not sinking so rapidly as her death-rate, and one sees no reason why the Italian dusk should not in time quench what of the Celto-Teutonic flush lingers in the cheek of the American.

DISTRIBUTION THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES

OF our one and one-third millions of Italians, the Northeast down to Washington holds about three fourths, while south and southwest of the Capitol there are only three and a half per cent. The middle West has sixteen per cent., and the quota of the far West is seven and a half per cent. For the most part, they are greatly concentrated in cities. Roughly speaking, five sixths of the Italians in Delaware are in Wilmington; in Maryland, three sevenths are in Baltimore; in Illinois, three eighths are in Chicago; in Nebraska, two thirds are in Omaha; in Missouri, three fifths are in St. Louis; in Oregon, one half are in Portland; in Pennsylvania, one half are in Philadelphia; in Louisiana, two fifths are in New Orleans; in Michigan, a third are in Detroit; and in Ohio, a quarter are in Cleveland. In New York City are massed a third of a million of Italians, one fourth of all in the country. Although a slow percolation into the rural districts is going on, this current distributes immigrants very differently from the older streams that debouched on the advancing frontier.

SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS

MIGRATORY job-hunters rather than home-seekers, the Italians are loath to encumber themselves with their women. The women are only a little more than one fifth of the whole, nor do they come here more freely as time goes on. A natural consequence of leaving families behind is a huge return current from America, amounting to a third of the arrivals from Italy.

More than half of our British immigrants are skilled. Of the Italian arrivals, one out of eight is skilled, one out of four is a farm-laborer, one out of three is a common laborer, and one in two hundred and fifty has a profession. In a word, two thirds are of rural origin. The illiteracy of the Italian immigrants more than fourteen years of age is forty-seven per cent.; so that of the two million illiterates admitted to this country in 1899–1909, nearly one half hailed from Italy.

NORTHERN ITALIANS AND SOUTHERN ITALIANS

THE fact that the emigrants from the north of Italy wander chiefly to South America, where industrially they dominate, while the emigrants from central and southern Italy come to this country, where they are dominated, makes it im-

portant to remember that in race and advancement the Northern Italians differ from the rest of their fellow-countrymen. In the veins of the broad-head people of Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venetia runs much Northern blood—Celtic, Gothic, Lombard, and German. The other Italians are of the long-head, dark, Mediterranean race, with no small infusion of Greek, Saracen, and African blood in the Calabrians and Sicilians. Rarely is there so wide a gulf between the geographical dents; and while a clear third of the Southern students fail in their examinations, less than a quarter of the Northerners fail. Northern Italy is twice as well off in teachers and libraries, five times as productive in book publishing, has twice as many voters to the hundred inhabitants, and buys half as many lottery-tickets as the South. The astonishing dearth of literary and artistic production in the South ought to confound those optimists who, identifying "Italian" with

MAP SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF ITALIANS AND NATIVES OF ITALIAN PARENTAGE, 1910

· Dot of this size represents 200 persons
• Dot of this size represents 2000 persons
• Dot of this size represents 20,000 persons
● Dot of this size represents 200,000 persons

extremes of a nation as there is between Milan and Palermo.

The Italians themselves have set forth these contrasts in the sharpest relief. In an elaborate treatise, Professor Niceforo shows that blue eyes and fair hair occur twice as often among the Northern Italians as among the people south of Rome; that their understatured are eight per cent. of the whole as against twenty per cent. for the Southern Italians; and that they show a greater frequency of high foreheads and a smaller frequency of low brows. They have a third of the illiteracy of the South, twice the school attendance, thrice the number of higher stu- "Venetian" and "Tuscan," anticipate that the Italian infusion will one day make the American stock bloom with poets and painters. The figures of Niceforo show that the provinces that contribute most to our immigration have been utterly sterile in creators of beauty.

In nothing are the two peoples so unlike as in their crimes. While northern Italy leads in fraud and chicane, southern Italy reveals a rank growth of the ferocious crimes that go with a primitive stage of civilization. The contrast is between force and fraud, violence and cunning. The South produces five times as much homicide as the North, four times as much

brigandage, three times as many assaults, and five times as many seizures or destructions of property. On the whole, it has from three to four times the violence of the North, while its obscene crimes, which constitute an index of sensuality, are thrice as numerous. As for Sicilians, they are scourged by seven times the homicide, four times the brigandage, and four times the obscene crime suffered by an equal number of Northern Italians.

Although less advanced, the Italians from the valley of the Po are racially akin to the Swiss and the Southern Germans. As immigrants, their superiority to other Italians is generally recognized. I have yet to meet an observer who does not rate the Northern Italian among us as more intelligent, reliable, and progressive than the Southern Italian. We know from statistics that he is less turbulent, less criminal, less transient; he earns more, rises higher, and acquires citizenship sooner. Yet only a fifth of our Italians are from the North. It is the backward and benighted provinces from Naples to Sicily that send us the flood of "gross little aliens" who gave Henry James, on revisiting Boston, the melancholy vision "of a huge applied sponge—a sponge saturated with the foreign mixture and passed over almost everything I remembered and might still have recovered."

VARIETY OF OCCUPATIONS

Being new-comers, the Italians are doing the heavy, unskilled work which was once the prerogative of the Irish. The shovel is now as firmly associated in our minds with 'Tonio as formerly with Barney. The Northern Italians go much into mine and quarry and silk-mill, but the others stick close to railroad, street, and construction work. Of our railroads it has been said that "Italians build them, Irish run them, and Jews own them." Nearer to the truth, perhaps, is the New York *mot,* "Houses nowadays are built by Italians, owned by Jews, and paid for by Irish tenants." Being small and vegetarian, the Italians are not preferred in earthwork for their physical strength, but because of their endurance of heat, cold, wet, and muck. As one contractor puts it, "They can stand the gaff."

Although the Southern Italians are numerous in the manufacture of boots and shoes, cigars, glass, woolen goods, and clothing, some employers refuse the males for "inside work" because they have the reputation of being turbulent. Their noteworthy absence from the rolling-mills is attributed to the fact that they lack the nervous stability needed for seizing a white-hot piece of iron with a pair of tongs. The phlegmatic Slav stands up to such work.

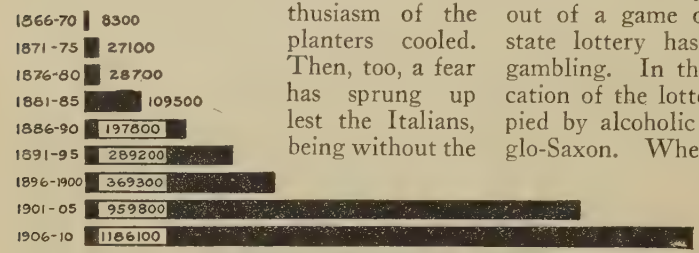
In the trades, the Italians crop up numerously as bakers, barbers, cobblers, confectioners, tailors, street musicians, scissors-grinders, and marble-cutters. A great number become hucksters and peddlers of such characteristic wares as fruits and plaster casts. It is the Italians from the North, especially the Genoese, who bring native commercial capacity and become wholesale or commission-merchants in fruits and vegetables, while the Neapolitan is still fussing with his banana-stand. Thanks to their race genius, the Italian musicians and teachers of music among us bid fair to break the musical monopoly of the German-Americans.

In one province of southern Italy not a plow exists, and the women wield the hand implements beside the men. It is not strange that immigrants with such experience do well here in truck-farming and market-gardening. Those who engage in real agriculture settle chiefly in colonies, for the voluble, gregarious Italians cannot endure the chill loneliness of the American homestead. They follow their bent for intensive farming, and would hardly know how to handle more than fifteen or twenty acres. Few of them are up to ordinary extensive farming. As one observer says, "They have n't the head for it."

Although Italians are making a living on the cut-over pine-lands of northern Wisconsin, the rocky hills of New England, the sandy barrens of New Jersey, and the muck soil of western New York, their love of sunshine is not dead. The cane, cotton, and tobacco fields of the South attract them. More than half of the Italians in Louisiana are on the plantations. Half of the sixty thousand in California are in vineyard and orchard. The famed Italian-Swiss colony at Asti employs a thousand men to help it make wine under a *cielo sereno* like that of

Italy. Many a fisherman who has cast his net in the Gulf of Genoa now strains the waters of San Francisco Bay.

There are twoscore rural colonies of Italians in the South, and the settlements at Bryan, Texas, and Sunnyside and Tontitown, Arkansas, are well known. Italians have been welcomed to the South by planters dissatisfied with negro labor or desirous of deriving a return from their raw land. As a cotton-raiser, the Italian has excelled the negro at every point. When it was found, however, that thrifty Pietro insisted on buying land after his second crop as tenant, whereas the black tenant will go on forever letting his superintending white landlord draw an income from him, the enthusiasm of the planters cooled. Then, too, a fear has sprung up lest the Italians, being without the Southern white man's strong race feeling, would mix with the negroes and create a hybrid. The South, therefore, is less eager for Italian immigrants than it was, and the legislatures of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia have recorded their sense of the undesirableness of this element.



IMMIGRATION FROM ITALY IN FIVE-YEAR PERIODS—1866-1910

CHARACTERISTIC VICES

The peoples from the Azores to Armenia are well-nigh immune to the seduction of alcohol; so that if this be the test of desirableness, it will be easy to part the sheep from the goats. Certain American "glad-handers" go into raptures over the "sobriety" of the new immigrants, and to such we may as well concede first as last that there would be no liquor problem here if abstemious Portuguese had landed at Jamestown instead of hard-drinking English; if temperate Rumanians had settled the colonies instead of thirsty Germans and Scotch-Irish; and if sober, coffee-drinking Turks had peopled the West instead of bibulous Hibernians and Scandinavians. The proportion of Italian charity cases due to drink is only a sixth of that for foreign-born cases, and a seventh of that for cases among native Americans. Alcoholics occur among the Italians in the charity hospitals from a tenth to a twentieth as often as among Northern Europeans. Still, American example and American strain are telling on the habits of the Italians, and "in the Italian home the bottle of 'rock and rye' is seen with increasing frequency by the side of the bottle of Chianti."

Bachelors in the pick-and-shovel brigade will have their diversions, so it is not surprising that the Italians, like the abstemious Chinese, are addicted to gambling. Games of chance flourish in their saloons, and many a knife-thrust has come out of a game of cards. At home the state lottery has whetted the taste for gambling. In the Neapolitan the intoxication of the lottery takes the place occupied by alcoholic intoxication in the Anglo-Saxon. When one learns that on an average the Neapolitan risks $3.15 a year in the lottery, six times as much as the average Italian, he does not wonder that the immigrant hankers to put his money on something.

VIOLENCE IN CRIME

For all the great majority of the Italian immigrants are peaceable and industrious, no other element matches them in propensity for personal violence. In homicide, rape, blackmail, and kidnapping they lead the foreign-born. Says the Immigration Commission: "The Italian criminals are largest in numbers and create most alarm by the violent character of their offenses in this country." Among moderns, gainful offenses occur from three to seven times as frequently as crimes of violence. The medievalism of the Southern Italians appears from the fact that they commit more deeds of personal violence than gainful offenses.

Browning, who knew the Italians, expresses this cheerful alacrity in murder when, in "The Ring and the Book," the *Pope* tells of the four "bright-eyed, black-haired boys" *Count Guido* hired for his bloody work:

Murder me some three people, old and young,
Ye never heard the names of—and be paid
So much. And the whole four accede at once.
Demur? Do cattle bidden march or halt?
. . . . . .
All is done purely for the pay—which earned,
And not forthcoming at the instant, makes
Religion heresy, and the lord o' the land
Fit subject for a murder in his turn.
The patron with cut throat and rifled purse,
Deposited i' the roadside ditch, his due,
Naught hinders each good fellow trudging home
The heavier by a piece or two in poke,
And so with new zest to the common life,
Mattock and spade, plow-tail and wagon-shaft
Till some such other piece of luck betide.

It was frequently stated to the members of the Immigration Commission in southern Italy that crime had greatly diminished in many communities because most of the criminals had gone to America. One Italian official at Messina stated that several years ago southern Italy was a hotbed of crime, but that now very few criminals were left. When asked as to their whereabouts, he replied, "Why, they are all in the United States." From the Camorra, that vast spider-web of thieves and prostitutes by whom life and politics in Naples are controlled, have come thousands who find the hard-working Italian immigrants a richer field for exploitation than any field open at home. Still more harassing is the Mafia, by means of which Sicilians contrive to ignore police and courts and to secure justice in their own way. A legacy of Spanish domination and Spanish arrogance is the sense of *omertà,* or manliness, which holds it dastardly to betray to justice even one's deadliest foe. To avenge one's wrongs oneself, and never to appeal to law, is a part of Sicilian honor.

In an Italian quarter are men who never work, yet who have plenty of money. "No," they say, "we do not work. Work does not agree with us. We have friends who work and give us money. Why not?" It is these parasites who commit most of the crime. Their honest fellow-countrymen shrink from them, yet, if one of them is arrested, some make it a point of honor to swear him off, while all scrupulously forget anything against him. Thanks to this perverse idea of "honor," an Italian murder may be committed in the street in broad daylight, with dozens looking on, yet a few minutes later every spectator will deny to the police that he has seen anything. This highbinder contempt for law is reinforced by sheer terrorism. It is said that often in our courts the sudden wilting of a promising Italian witness has been brought about by the secret giving of the "death-sign," a quick passing of the hand across the throat as if cutting.

The American, with his ready resort to the vigilance committee, is amazed that a whole community should let itself thus be bullied by a few miscreants known to all. Nothing of the sort has ever been tolerated by Northern European immigrants. The secret lies in the inaptness of the Southern Italians for good teamwork. Individualistic to the marrow, they lack the gift of pulling together, and have never achieved an efficient coöperating unit larger than the family.

General Theodore E. Bingham, former Police Commissioner of New York, estimated that there are in that city not fewer than 3000 desperados from southern Italy, "among them as many ferocious and desperate men as ever gathered in a modern city in time of peace—medieval criminals who must be dealt with under modern law." In 1908 he stated: "Crimes of blackmailing, blowing up of shops and houses, and kidnapping of their countrymen have become prevalent among Italian residents of the city to an extent that cannot be much longer tolerated." It is obvious that if our legal system is called upon to cope with a great volume of such crime for a long time, it will slough off certain Anglo-Saxon features and adopt the methods which alone avail in Italy, namely, state police, registry system, "special surveillance," and "admonition."

ASSIMILATION WITH AMERICANS

Not being transients, the Northern Italians do not resist Americanizing influences. The Genoese, for example, come not to earn wages, but to engage in business. They shun the Italian "quarter,"

mix with Americans, and Anglicize their names. Mariani becomes Merriam; Abata turns to Abbey; Garberino softens to Gilbert; while Campana suffers a "sea change" into Bell. In the produce-markets they deal with Americans, and as high-class saloon-keepers they are forging past Michael and Gustaf.

But the Southern Italians remain nearly as aloof as did the Cantonese who built the Central Pacific Railway. Navvies who leave for Naples when the ground freezes, and return in April, who huddle in a "camp" or a box-car, or herd on some "Dago flat," are not really in America. In a memorial to the acting mayor of New York, the Italian-American Civic League speaks of the "great civically inert mass" of their countrymen in New York, and declares, "By far the largest part of the Italians of this city have lived a life of their own, almost entirely apart from the American environment." "In one street," writes Signor Pecorini, "will be found peasants from one Italian village; in the next street the place of origin is different, and distinct are manners, customs, and sympathies. Entire villages have been transplanted from Italy to one New York street, and with the others have come the doctor, the grocer, the priest, and the annual celebration of the local patron saint."

Among the foreign-born, the Italians rank lowest in adhesion to trade-unions, lowest in ability to speak English, lowest in proportion naturalized after ten years' residence, lowest in proportion of children in school, and highest in proportion of children at work. Taking into account the innumerable "birds of passage" without family or future in this country, it would be safe to say that half, perhaps two thirds, of our Italian immigrants are *under* America, not *of* it. Far from being borne along with our onward life, they drift round and round in a "Little Italy" eddy, or lie motionless in some industrial pocket or crevice at the bottom of the national current.

LACK OF MENTAL ABILITY

STEERAGE passengers from a Naples boat show a distressing frequency of low foreheads, open mouths, weak chins, poor features, skew faces, small or knobby crania, and backless heads. Such people lack the power to take rational care of themselves; hence their death-rate in New York is twice the general death-rate and thrice that of the Germans. No other immigrants from Europe, unless it be the Portuguese or the half-African bravas of the Azores, show so low an earning power as the Southern Italians. In our cities the head of the household earns on an average $390 a year, as against $449 for the Northern Italian, $552 for the Bohemian, and $630 for the German. In silk-mill and woolen-mill, in iron-ore mining and the clothing trade, no other nationality has so many low-pay workers; nor does this industrial inferiority in the least fade out with the lapse of time.

Their want of mechanical aptitude is often noticed. For example, in a New England mill manned solely by Southern Italians only one out of fifteen of the extra hands taken on during the "rush" season shows sufficient aptitude to be worth keeping. The operatives require closer supervision than Americans, and each is given only one thing to do, so as to put the least possible strain on his attention.

If it be demurred that the ignorant, superstitious Neapolitan or Sicilian, heir to centuries of Bourbon misgovernment, cannot be expected to prove us his race mettle, there are his children, born in America. What showing do they make? Teachers agree that the children of the Southern Italians rank below the children of the Northern Italians. They hate study, make slow progress, and quit school at the first opportunity. While they take to drawing and music, they are poor in spelling and language and very weak in abstract mathematics. In the words of one superintendent, "they lack the conveniences for thinking." More than any other children, they fall behind their grade. They are below even the Portuguese and the Poles, while at the other extremity stand the children of the Scandinavians and the Hebrews. The explanation of the difference is not irregularity of attendance, for among pupils attending three fourths of the time, or more, the percentage of Southern Italians retarded is fifty-six as against thirty-seven and a half per cent. for the Russian-Hebrew children and twenty-nine per cent. for the

German. Nor is it due to the father's lack of American experience, for of the children of Southern Italians who have been in this country ten or more years sixty per cent. are backward, as against about half that proportion among the Hebrews and the Germans. After allowing for every disturbing factor, it appears that these children, with the dusk of Saracenic or Berber ancestors showing in their cheeks, are twice as apt to drop behind other pupils of their age as are the children of the non-English-speaking immigrants from northern Europe.

TRAITS OF ITALIAN CHARACTER

THE Southern Italian is volatile, unstable, soon hot, soon cool. Says one observer, "The Italian vote here is a joke. Every candidate claims it because they were 'for' him when he saw them. But the man who talks last to them gets their vote." A charity worker declares that they change their minds "three steps after they have left you." It is not surprising that such people are unreliable. Credit men pronounce them "very slippery," and say that the Italian merchants themselves do not extend credit to them. It is generally agreed that the Southern Italians lie more easily than Northern Europeans, and utter untruth without that self-consciousness which makes us awkward liars. "Most of my countrymen," says an educated Italian in the consular service of his country, "disregard their promises unless it is to their advantage to keep them." The man who "sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not" is likely to be a German with his ideal of *Treue,* an Englishman with his ideal of *truth,* or an American with his ideal of *squareness.*

The Italians are sociable. Who can forget the joyous, shameless gregariousness of Naples? As farmers they cluster, and seem to covet the intimacies of the tenement-house. The streets of an Italian quarter are lively with chatter and stir and folks sitting out in front and calling to one another. In their family life they are much less reserved than many other nationalities. With instinctive courtesy they make the visitor welcome, and their quick and demonstrative response to kindly advances makes them many friends. Visiting nurses comment on the warm expressions of gratitude they receive from the children of Italians whom they have helped.

Before the boards of inquiry at Ellis Island their emotional instability stands out in the sharpest contrast to the self-control of the Hebrew and the stolidity of the Slav. They gesticulate much, and usually tears stand in their eyes. When two witnesses are being examined, both talk at once, and their hands will be moving all the time. Their glances flit quickly from one questioner to another, and their eyes are the restless, uncomprehending eyes of the desert Bedouin between walls. Yet for all this eager attention, they are slow to catch the meaning of a simple question, and often it must be repeated.

Mindful of these darting eyes and hands, one does not wonder that the Sicilian will stab his best friend in a sudden quarrel over a game of cards. The Slavs are ferocious in their cups, but none is so ready with his knife when sober as the Southern Italian. In railroad work other nationalities shun camps with many Italians. Contractors are afraid of them because the whole force will impulsively quit work, perhaps flare into riot, if they imagine one of their number has suffered a wrong.

The principal of a school with four hundred Sicilian pupils observes that on the playground they are at once more passionate and more vindictive than other children. Elsewhere, once discipline has been established, "the school will run itself"; but in this school the teacher "has to sit on the lid all the time."

AMONG CARIBBEAN DEVILS AND DUPPIES

BY JULIUS MULLER

Author of "A Painted City of the Spanish Main," etc.

PICTURES BY W. M. BERGER

THE most important advice that I can give the Northern stranger who visits the Caribbean tropics is this: if you are walking along a West Indian road at night and step suddenly on a warm spot, leap away from it at once. A devil has been lying there asleep.

The devil-spots are so warm that they can be felt by the bare feet of the natives, and a West Indian's soles are a bit tougher than ordinary boot-soles. Even West Indian surgeons have a mild scare sometimes when they find how deep they have to cut into a bushman's foot to reach flesh.

Last year we lived near a road that was a regular dormitory of devils. When we sat on the veranda at night, we could always tell where they were lying whenever a file of natives came padding along, with their swift glide. The leader suddenly would check himself, side-step swiftly, and glide on. Without a word the rest would follow suit. There always is a file of natives at night in the West Indian islands. It is ever so much safer, if you are a bush-dweller.

The awkward habit of sleeping on the road appears to be the chief avocation of these devils. Some of them, however, live in trees. Fortunately, these, also, betray their presence by a warm exhalation.

A friend in the colonial scientific service tried to explain to me that the warm spots are a perfectly prosaic tropical phenomenon, due to changes of temperature. But only a few months later the ladies of his family demanded the removal of a tree that obstructed the view. It was well established that it was a devil's home, and nobody on the estate would touch it. The

audacious women inveigled a reckless youth from another plantation into cutting it down, despite the solemn protestations of the head-man, a very old and very learned mountaineer. He could not tell specifically what would happen, but he knew that it would be something terrible. That very afternoon the elder daughter's horse bolted, made straight for the felled tree, threw her over it, and broke her leg.

A favorite tree for devils is the silk-cotton-tree. The old bush-people call it the devil-tree, and the old, old bush-people call it the god-tree. These old, old people usually refer to themselves as Africans, though they were not born in Africa. They retain African words, and know African juju and obi mysteries, handed down from their ancestors. When they call the silk-cotton the god-tree, they mean an African god, who is more than a little on the devil order.

At Half-Way House, near the city of Kingston, Jamaica, is a mighty silk-cotton-tree that is celebrated because the author of "Tom Cringle's Log" wrote a part of the book while sitting in its branches. One night a sophisticated Kingston coachman stopped short just before he reached the dark road under the tree, and turned his horses. He offered a really ingenious reason for taking another road, and his master humored him because he had guests with him. Later, under cross-examination, he told his master confidentially that he had felt a warm air emanating from the tree. He knew what that meant.

In the daytime the silk-cotton-tree is perfectly safe. This is fortunate, for, with the mango, it is the one perfect shade-tree of the tropics. It is more like a vastly sculptured structure than a thing that merely grew. Its trunk, often thirty feet in circumference, is a strong column, from which are thrown out enormous molded branches above and enormous carved flanks below, like flying-buttresses. Wooden walls many times thicker than house walls, they spread far.

Not every silk-cotton-tree is the home of a devil, though virtually every one is the home of a duppy. The duppy is probably the most terrible Caribbean ghost, and unhappily it is incredibly plentiful. After nightfall every sagacious native is on the watch for a duppy, even if he or she merely steps out into the garden for a moment. At any instant a duppy may be seen sitting on a bush or walking in a path. If he is walking, he will walk exactly two feet above the ground. The only scientific method is to run the moment one is sighted.

Any hole between the buttresses of a silk-cotton-tree is sure to be a duppy-hole. At night the duppy loves to sit in the hole, with his head showing. Therefore no prudent person will pass near a silk-cotton at night.

Another favorite place for duppies is the wall of a graveyard, for many duppies live in the graves of the dead whose duppies they are. This is a particularly disquieting habit. As a rule, the walls of country graveyards in the tropics are only breast-high, and as a consequence one always may behold a duppy's face staring right into his. If one is a bush negro, one will then run at top-speed, crying, "Lard! Lard!" If the duppy can run faster, the victim's fate is inevitable: he will be carried off to the grave.

"A FAVORITE TREE FOR DEVILS IS THE SILK-COTTON-TREE"

"SHE HAD TO COVER HER HEAD WITH SOMETHING"

We had a maid in Jamaica who was so gifted with the duppy-seeing talent that whenever she went from the house to the cook-house in the evening she had to cover her head with something. She told me that the duppies that she had seen were all white, though she assured me that there are immense numbers of black duppies, only, as can be understood, they are not so readily visible in the dark.

I have reason to feel greatly flattered by her confidence. The West Indian native rarely exchanges news with the whites about the magical aspects of the world. One reason is that it is hopeless to teach the white man anything. Another reason is that it is not at all well to speak of these things even behind the duppies' backs. When one lives high up on a torn, steep mountain-side, in a tiny niche dug out of an ocean-like jungle, with only a hut of wattles or braided cocoanut fronds for protection, there is no use in arousing the enmity of creatures of the night. Those who are prosperous enough to inhabit a house made of boards bar the windows and keep the door tightly shut. This produces tuberculosis, but it keeps out haunting things.

Travelers who wish to prosecute an inquiry into duppies at first hand need merely stroll along any of these jungle paths, preferably when the moon is low and the white coral trail glimmers faintly. They may not see a duppy, but they will come exceedingly close to seeing one.

Before they have gone far, they will be pretty sure to see a hideous figure in bristling head-dress, with a bundle of spears, standing in motionless, breathless watch. This, however, will not be a duppy. It will be a cluster of Spanish-bayonet plants. Also, if two green flames, side by side, approach suddenly, making a decidedly Luciferian radiation, it will be a moonie. A moonie is not a duppy, but a tropical firefly that gives light enough for reading. They may continue their search till they see something big and white detach itself noiselessly from a wall or stone, and float away into the thick bush, or until something chuckles softly and horribly right into their ear.

These will appear to be duppies, unless the traveler subsequently reads up on tropical ornithology and acquires the disappointing information that West Indian owls are almost pure white, and that there is a night-bird called the potoo that utters a chuckling "Hoo-hoo." However, though the potoo is not a duppy, it is almost a duppy, for it is such a hideous bird that it

is a deadly insult to call a black person a potoo.

Sometimes in night-prowlings through bush trails, one will hear a steady sound of something being beaten. This sound is intimately related to a duppy, for it is made by a lonely watcher who is beating a pan or the stump of a tree with a stick to keep duppies away. It is a sovereign preventative, and generally practised in the bush.

Once we lived near a little plantation so noted for its duppies that nobody in his senses ventured near it at night. To make matters worse, it was opposite a graveyard. Owing to these fatal facts, its original name had passed from memory, and it was known only as the Duppy Farm. The owner, who lived somewhere else, was not satisfied to have his produce and live-stock guarded solely by duppies, and sought a watcher. He sought in vain for a long while, till somebody recommended a bush-negro well known for bravery. He was engaged, having announced boldly, in the daytime, that he feared no duppy.

At dusk he appeared ready for duty. He led a snappy dog. On his head he bore a large, rusty pan. Tied to his waist was a machete. In one hand he had a club of pimento-wood, and in the other he had a musket. Thus armed, the heroic man passed our house every evening on his way to his post of danger. Whenever we awoke at night we heard the steady thumping on the pan. Owing to these common-sense precautions, he had escaped injury when we went away; but of course he may be caught napping at any time.

His most dangerous nights will be when somebody dies with whom he has had a dispute. When a man's enemy dies, that man creeps into his hut before sunset and seals himself within it as hermetically as possible till sunrise. The duppy of a person always is most active and malicious on the first night after death. Even if one has not injured a person, it is well to conciliate his duppy. Therefore in a house of death all the children are passed three times across the corpse. It breaks the duppy's power.

In the British West Indies duppies never are seen in the daytime, but in the French West Indies they have different habits. There are two kinds of duppies in the French islands, one kind known as duppies, or jumbies, and the other kind known as loogaroos.

Loogaroo sounds strikingly like the *loup-garou,* or werwolf, of old France. Like that European ghost, the loogaroo goes about at night sucking people's blood. Fortunately, it has been demonstrated by native scientists that one can prevent the loogaroo from entering a house by sprinkling sand or rice in front of the door. The vexed loogaroo must stop and count every grain before he can pass over it. Many lives are saved annually by this simple precaution.

The loogaroo himself cannot be seen in the daytime, but it is a fairly common thing to find his skin under a tree. It appears that the loogaroo always takes off his skin at sunrise. The thing to do is to pound the skin to bits with a stone and burn it to ashes. The loogaroo then has to go about frantically without a skin, and soon perishes from exposure.

Irreverent white persons sometimes misuse the natives' faith in duppies for ulterior purposes. A friend of ours in Gren-

"AT DUSK HE APPEARED READY FOR DUTY"

ada was much troubled by an old woman who persisted in making a short cut through her garden. Threats of punishment and even of arrest were ineffective. At last she permitted her coachman to use methods of his own, as he had wished to do from the first. He asked for two shillings, and went away, presumably to a witch-doctor, or obi-man, for when he returned he had a bottle full of water, with a rusty nail and a dead cockroach in it. This he tied prominently to a bush where the old woman used to enter. She appeared as usual next morning, balked like a horse when she saw the fearful charm,

"THE OLD LADY KNEW ONLY TOO WELL"

and never troubled that garden again. The old lady knew only too well that a duppy would be set on her.

In our own domestic establishments more or less magic always has been an inherent part of the housekeeping. A noted duppy lived near our garden, and an enemy set it on one of our housemaids. Naturally she could do little work after that, as she had to prepare herself for inevitable death. However, she was beloved of a shoemaker in the village, and he went to an obi-man for counter-treatment. There were many occult councils in our house. The obi-man came disguised as an honest tradesman, but we knew what he was, and he knew that we knew it. He merely refrained from letting us see what he did, because in the British West Indies the unthinking white man loves dearly to put an obi-man into jail.

Learned as the obi-man was, he did not know how far a field-glass can look. Therefore I had the privilege of seeing him bury his anti-duppy virus under a silk-cotton-tree. I was bold enough to dig it up. It was a collection of dead lizards, a bottle with a rag tied about it, and a liberal assortment of bones.

The afflicted young woman recovered, but, like all her sex, was ungrateful. As soon as she was well she discarded the shoemaker, who had given his whole hoard of money to the obi-man, and took up with another young man. The shoemaker was a good church-member, and while he could stretch a point and deal with sorcery to take a duppy off, it would have imperiled his soul to put a duppy on, as the selfish hussy well knew. Thereafter our house and garden were afflicted by an afflicted shoemaker till we had to sever our connection with the cause of the trouble.

One of our neighbors was less fortunate. We lost only a housemaid. She lost all her servants within an hour, and had a desperate time getting others. Somebody had buried a bottle with a nail in it near the door of the cook-house.

Our next dangerous visitant from the under-world was a black hen. Mistress bought it when the cook was not present. Now, black hens always are objects to be scrutinized with care. This black hen, before it had been with us an hour, uttered a hoarse, un-henlike sound—an amateurish, but unmistakable, attempt at crowing.

The servants evaded the glance of that hen instantly. The cook, usually obedience incarnate, declined flatly to cook it. The witch thing disappeared that night, and we have excellent reason to believe

that the cook paid somebody out of her own income (five shillings a week) to avert the danger from the heads of her beloved, but reckless, Mistress and Marster.

Our next experience was a "sending." It looked innocent enough, being merely two white pigeons that flew out of the jungle one morning and took up their dwelling under the upper gallery of the house. They were pretty pigeons, but they cooed. They cooed all day, they roused themselves at night to coo deliriously, and they cooed us awake long before dawn. We bore it. The household was mortally afraid of those pigeons, and wise white people in the tropics who have good servants do not laugh at their beliefs, or even smile where they can see it.

However, patience ceased when the pigeons had been with us two weeks and, by constant practice, had perfected their cooing apparatus to outrageous limits. One day Marster appeared in the garden with his rifle, plainly bent on shooting the magic. The housemaid scuttled into her sleeping-quarters and closed the shutter. The laundress dropped a piece of linen and vanished. The butleress covered her head with cloths and crouched in the pantry. Only cook kept her nerve, though she thought Marster indiscreet to the point of foolhardiness. Cook even nerved herself to cook the suspected birds. But she and the whole household watched furtively, breathlessly, at the dining-room door while Mistress and Marster ate them, and they did not look cheerful again till the dinner was undoubtedly digested.

"Those old Africans!" said an English West Indian when I told him one night about cook's occult knowledge. Whenever a man in the West Indies makes that opening remark, he is going to tell a ghost-story. "Ever hear of old Francis?"

Yes, some of the men had; but they expressed no objection to hearing it again.

"My wife and I," said the man, "were driving one moonlight night through a beautiful double row of old tamarind-trees that leads to an estate that 's been keeping us poor. It 's in charge of a caretaker, mostly. Well, suddenly the horses snorted, and there directly in front of us was an old black man. The horses were going fast, but he kept ahead of us, never changing his distance. I shouted to him to get out of the way, and, getting no reply, touched the brutes with the whip. He kept ahead just the same, even when they were going at their best. There was a gate ahead of us, leading into our place. The man reached it and disappeared. He went like that! *Poof!* and

THE OBI-MAN

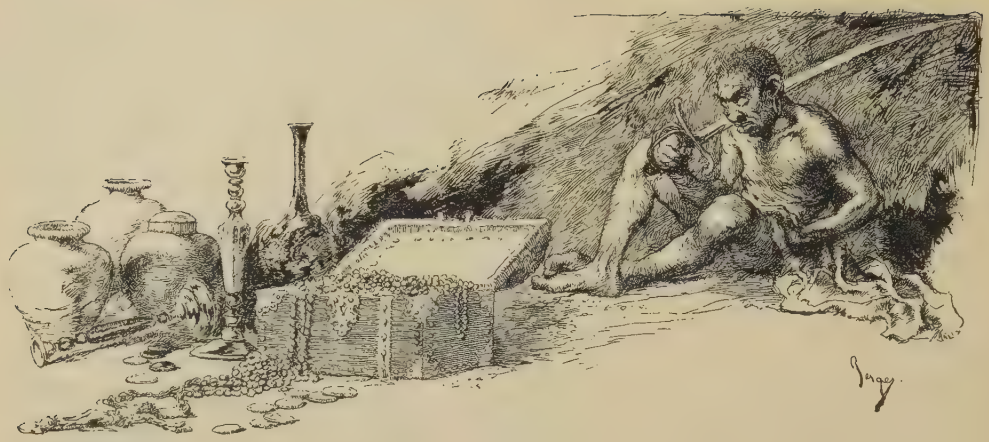
he was gone! We told the caretaker, and he said:

" 'Please God, Marster, him not hurt you. Him old Francis. Come every Saturday night; no hurt anybody.'

"Old Francis," continued the story-teller, "had been a slave on the place. Just for fun I looked up the old slave-books, and found his name and description. Under the column 'Remarks,' he was put down as exceptionally valuable for his knowledge of herbs and vegetable drugs. He had been dead almost a hundred years. Remember that my wife saw the man as well as I did."

He was an Englishman, as ruddy as beef and as stout as ale; and he told that story. Nobody laughed.

It was a full-moon night, and the savanna, with its belt of bush, lay staring white and indigo black. In the jungle insects and toads were hissing, whirring, droning, humming, tinkling, chirping. Lizards on the ceiling of the verandas and in the vines yelped with a croak like a



DUPPIES GUARD THE SPANISH TREASURE

watchman's-rattle. On the table, adoring the lamp, squatted a praying mantis half a foot long, with its insect hands folded and its head nodding intelligently. Deep in the bush, from a hut hidden in its-mammoth growths, came a sound of tapping and a monotonous negro-chant:

You want to yerry duppy talk, oh! Come go da ribber before day, an' you will yerry dem laugh, oh! Come go da ribber before day, you want to yerry duppy talk, oh!

"Every white man who lives any number of years in the tropical bush, Eastern or Western Hemisphere, gets a little superstitious," said one of the guests after a while. "You see and hear so many queer things. I 've seen queer things in western Africa, and things almost as queer here in Jamaica, and in Grenada and Trinidad and St. Vincent."

He was an administrative official of the empire. His specialty is blue-books on colonial finance. The man writes blue-books with the passionate fervor with which other men write love-letters.

"Only a few years ago," he continued, "I witnessed one of those famous West Indian sending of stones. It was in a house in my district. The occupants, two brothers, had no known enemies. Nobody had attempted to get any money from them. One night stones began to fall on their house. They came from all directions apparently, sometimes singly, sometimes in little showers. They sent for me next day and showed me the stones. They were all smooth, rounded things, indubitably from a river-bed; yet there was no river within ten or more miles.

"That night I watched with a colleague who had police charge of the district. The stones began falling as soon as it was dark. We had constables hidden all about the house, with orders to beat the grounds in all directions as soon as the throwing began. It was during their beating that the shower was worst. At last stones began to fall inside of the house in every room where there was no light. When we went in with a light, the falling ceased there, but we found the stones on floor, beds, and furniture. Yet there was no gap in the ceilings and the windows were shuttered and bolted.

"Now, I saw all this. I stayed there till the sending was ended, and I superintended the collecting of the stones. Every one was a river stone, while all the district about the house is coral stone. I doubt if you could find a water-worn pebble anywhere if you set a hundred people to search. How these stones, enough in quantity to fill twenty or more bushel-baskets, were brought from the distant river, how they were hidden, how any one could throw them with a score of bush-wise native constables watching, we don't know to this day. The thing lasted a week or more. Then the sending ended as it began."

"Hum!" I muttered.

"I saw it, you know," said the blue-book man, mildly.

"And have n't you any theory?" asked somebody.

"None," he said. "No theory, but a comment. I 'd simply remind you that sendings of stones in the West Indies used to be almost as common as sending postal-cards. That was while we still were a little delicate about handling obi-men drastically, because the people virtually worshiped them. Since we 've locked up obi-men right and left, the sendings of stones have become rare."

"Still, don't you know," said the man who had seen old Francis, "if you say obi-men did it, you don't explain how they did it, do you, old chap?"

"It can be explained perfectly, of course, by magic. Certainly it is magic, and magic alone, that prevents everybody from getting any of the many Spanish treasures that everybody knows to be hidden everywhere around the Caribbean coasts. The exact whereabouts of much of this treasure is known. There is a hoard under nearly every Spanish ruin. There is a hoard in virtually every Spanish well. And those who know about them are not selfish with the information. They tell everybody else. I know of at least a dozen wells, and a score or more of old walls in Cuba alone, that were pointed out to me by comparative strangers. As to Jamaica, with a Spanish treasure hidden in virtually every sink-hole, the island may be said quite literally to be honeycombed with Spanish gold.

Sink-holes are the strange, crater-like holes that exist in mountainous limestone country throughout the West Indies, and in Jamaica particularly. The Cock-Pit Country, where the Jamaican maroons live, is nothing but sink-holes, some of them five hundred feet deep. As far down as one can see, the steep sides are clothed with creepers and orchids, giant ferns and vines and shrubs. They are eery places.

In every mountain village of Jamaica there will be at least one negro who has ventured into a sink-hole and has actually seen the Panya jaw.

The Panya jaw is not a jaw of an extinct animal, as was imagined a few years ago by a scientist from the North who knew paleontology better than he knew the amazing speech of the Jamaican bush. Panya jaws are "bush nagur" for Spanish jars. They are of immense size, big enough to hold a man. The Spanish gold is in them.

The trouble is that the old Spaniards always killed the slave who helped them hide the treasure, and this slave's duppy, faithful, so to speak, in death, guards the Panya jaws to this day. He is an extra-magical duppy, for he possesses the power of making the Panya jaw sink away into the earth as soon as the hiding-place is invaded. All these facts defy successful contradiction. Too many bush-people have seen the entire proceeding, and more than a sprinkling of white men are credited with having looked into the Panya-jaw matter.

Beside the Spanish jars, there are gold tables. These are not in caves or sink-holes, but in blue holes. Blue holes are deep places in the rivers where the water is wonderfully still and wonderfully, mysteriously, prodigiously blue. They are found throughout the Bahamas and the West Indies, and are enchanting things, as tranquil as a great blue eye of the sea, rimmed around with plumes and fans and spears of bizarre palm-growths, and overhung heavily with aërial ropes of plants that trail leaf and blossom to their hushed surface.

At sun-hot, which is noon, the golden tables rise slowly from the depths and can

WHERE THE GOLDEN TABLES LURK

be seen by anybody. One need not be a bush-native. A Scotch engineer told me that he had seen "not to say precisely a table, ye mind, but something—something that looked uncommon like one."

One of these golden tables lurks in the very heart of tourist country, the Bog Walk just outside of Kingston, Jamaica. Any tourist who wishes to test this need merely tell the driver to stop at sun-hot at the blue hole near Two Meetings. It is under a most beautiful overhanging rock that is crowned with a great silk-cotton-tree, the branches of which shade the very place where the golden table hides.

An acquaintance who has a house near there says that it is the easiest matter in the world to keep servants at home at night. The odd, not to say fearful, sights to be seen after dark near that blue hole deter the most determined gadders.

The unthinking might say that it is curious that in a land where men can dive like fish, nobody dives down after the golden tables. But there is an excellent reason for this.

A Rubber Mama will be more than likely to be sitting on the table down there. Every river has a Rubber Mama. She is not made of rubber. She really is a River Mama. In the French West Indies, and those that were French once, such as Haiti, they call her *mamadjo,* meaning, probably, *Mama d'eau.*

The Rubber Mama is quite harmless if she is left alone. It is different with a far more plentiful spirit known as Rolling Calf. Rolling Calf visited our house one night last winter; at least there was a most tremendous racket up and down the galleries, with nothing to see; and cook next morning told us that it was Rolling Calf.

"If I had not faith, Mistress and Marster," said cook, who is a devout Christian, "I would have bawled."

Rolling Calf is worse in many ways than even a duppy. A man may be walking quietly along a trail, making good thoughts, as the saying is, and all at once he will hear a hellish clatter coming fast behind him. It will be like a troop of shod horses, and it will be also like a cart with chains dragging. Intermingled with these sounds will be dull roars.

The man must run, of course; but Rolling Calf can run faster than any man. There is only one way to escape. As one runs, one must keep on "cutting ten" continually. Cutting ten is to make the sign of the cross. When Rolling Calf reaches the spot where ten was cut, he must go around it ten times.

This fortunate circumstance is the only thing that has prevented the negro population of the Caribbean from being virtually exterminated, for Rolling Calfs are frightfully prevalent.

I did not know why there are so many Rolling Calfs in the tropics until Sammy, our yard-boy, told me.

"Shopkeeper dat tief too much," said Sammy, "when him dead, him turn Rolling Calf."

The only thing I cannot understand now is why there are no Rolling Calfs in the North.

THE CAR THAT WENT ABROAD

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "Mark Twain, a Biography," "The Ship Dwellers," etc.

PICTURES BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

FLORES, one of the tiny worlds of a tiny island system, the Azores group, was in sight at five o'clock of our seventh morning at sea. We were out on deck to see it, a lofty blue pile on the northern horizon. No one was seasick any more, and all were glad to see land. Two of our cabin Azoreans were born and reared on Flores. I suppose it stirred their emotions to see their little heap of mountains go slipping by like a frail morning ghost. They would visit it from Fayal, in one of the little steamers that make the round of the islands.

There was plenty to see when Flores had fallen behind us. Whales and porpoises throng those warm, sheltered waters, and their spouting and sporting kept our little band of travelers at the rails. By noon Horta was in plain view, her high peaks and the rich green of her checkered fields growing steadily more beautiful. Lighthouses and churches, with clustering villages, soon became clear through the glass, and presently to the eye. The remoteness and seclusion and loveliness of this little world here in the middle of the Atlantic is impressive, and it seemed dramatic enough.

A GEM OF THE OCEAN

WE anchored in the harbor of Fayal, and from the ship considered the beautiful city. One has only to glance at such a picture to realize the unsightliness of the average American city of the same size, the cheap tawdriness of much of our residential architecture, due to the continual striving after something new and fancy, ranging through the periods of queens and Presidents, who could be remembered in better and more enduring ways. We have no national home architecture, and we never shall have until we cease trailing after this fashion and that, instead of building a house the one idea of which is suitability to our needs and conditions. We have done this in our business architecture, and the steel-framed sky-scraping structure that has resulted is one of the most praiseworthy and beautiful works of man. Our greater cities are becoming cities of wonderful towers, campaniles which nothing in the older nations can surpass. Manhattan, approached from the sea, presents a vision of supreme magnificence.

But we have nothing among our smaller coast towns that can compare in harmony with such a place as Fayal, with the perfect unity of its architecture, its background of checkered mountain-sides, its hill-tops surmounted by turning windmills, and everywhere richness of color, natural and artificial. Its scheme of beauty seems flawless. No wonder the wandering Portuguese islanders long to go back now and then. One born there must have a fear sometimes that he will die without seeing it any more.

The quietness of our reception was another thing which impressed us. Approaching Fayal, we had searched the water-front with our glasses, but apparently there was no assembly of any sort to see our boat arrive. Even when we were at anchor a little way out, there was no gathering on the strand or in the streets as far as we could discover, no boats hurrying to offer fruit and fancy things or to solicit fares. The whistle of a steamboat on the Mississippi River brings a whole town down to the landing to see the dingy little stern-wheeler drop a few passengers, a barrel of flour, and a couple of hams; the arrival of a train, even as often as four or five times a day, will people the station platform in almost any town in America.

The Fayal people are different. We were well at anchor before any boats started out to take passengers ashore, and they were deliberate enough. Everything was orderly and restrained—I mean

ALONG THE AZORES

everything off the ship. Our returning "third class" had been up and dressed in their Sunday best since daybreak, anxious to get ashore, and they made a good deal of scramble and clatter when they got started. The rest of us landed in time and walked almost unheeded through the quiet, neatly paved, and immaculate streets, between the plastered and tile-faced houses. Not one article was offered for sale, not a beggar applied. Only once the stillness was broken: a horn came honking round a corner; it was an American automobile delivering bread. We made a few photographs, bought a few postal-cards at twenty reis each (that is to say, two cents), and were gone.

Leaving Horta, we had a wonderful and unusual view of Mount Pico in the evening light. It is the only place in the world, I have heard, where one can see a mountain seven thousand feet high from sea-level to summit, and there are not many days in the year when one can see this one, for the clouds often envelop it. It reminded us of the pictures of Fujiyama, Japan.

A WAKING UP AFTER DARK

Our day did not end until after midnight. We made another landing about ten in the evening, and there was plenty of noise and excitement then. Apparently the Portuguese are different at night. There was a great medley of boats with lights tossing on the waves about us, with shouting back and forth, a sound of revelry and of tramping feet. A crowd then came aboard, and soon swarmed over the vessel. They were shippers or agents. They drank a good deal of beer, and talked a great deal, and finally left, with three rounds of cheers, for the captain, perhaps, or the ship or the beer or for us, we could not find out. We kept our rooms locked. The priest, who did not, lost a pair of shoes.

We had a second day of sights in the Azores. The winch waked us dragging trunks from the hold, the belongings of the rest of our "third class," who were to leave us at Ponta Delgada, the metropolis of the Azores, on the island of St. Michael's. This large island was on our left when we reached the deck, and presented another panorama of green mountain-sides, cut up into innumerable little square fields as neat and trim as Toyland. White, tile-roofed villages were everywhere, but only a few, a very few, isolated houses, for these people are gregarious, and live in villages, after the fashion of the East, and go out to their fields to work.

Only a picture in color could give any adequate notion of the beauty of these shores, and I shall not try to do it in mere print. Ponta Delgada is just as neat and picture-like as Fayal, but much larger, much busier. When we had anchored and landed, and were standing in the lively square waiting to take a carriage, we felt that we were figures in a moving-

picture; and when an automobile with a gay load came tooting by and whirled into a side street, we knew that we were indeed just pieces in a gay kinetoscope, and not reality at all. A carriage drove us to a gorgeous garden where pineapples were growing under glass in a stifling temperature, and curious and showy plants and trees were grown in the open air. There were some fairy-like grottoes there, too, which the children loved.

Once before, several years ago, I was in Ponta Delgada, and then it was raining every few minutes. It generally does that in the Azores; but now, for some strange reason, it had been cruelly dry for a long time. There had been no real rain for months, our guide said, and he dug down into the soil to show us how powdery and thirsty it was.

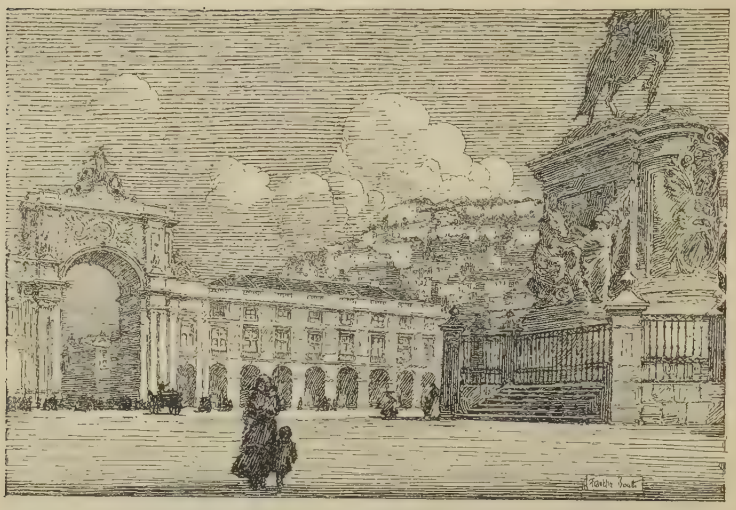
Our island cabin-passengers landed at Ponta Delgada. The elders were born in one of the inland villages, and were going to visit there. How one would have liked to go with them and spend some time in one of those inland communities!

A ROUGH STRETCH OF WATER

It is two days from the last port in the Azores to the first in Europe, that is to say, Lisbon. They were not pleasant days, and I shall not dwell on them. Rough water always fills that stretch, through which the wind sweeps straight from the north pole without a break. This time it was stormy, besides. We pitched and heaved; the dining-room thinned out, and there were "fiddles" on the table, the old-fashioned rope kind. Persons usually calm denounced the ship, the sea, and seafaring life in general. Some took high vows that, once on solid land, they would remain there. On the second evening even the stouter ones peered anxiously through the dark for the lights of Portugal.

The captain said there were lighthouses at the entrance to the Tagus River, but in that black and stormy ocean I thought the chance of his finding them small. I worried about it, and did not like to go to bed and leave him groping about there in the dark. When about nine o'clock I suddenly discovered an intermittent flash out of the thickness, I had an impulse to

"THERE WERE SOME FAIRY-LIKE GROTTOES THERE, TOO, WHICH THE CHILDREN LOVED"



"THE DRIVER POINTED OUT A PLACE ON AN OPEN SQUARE WHERE THE KING WAS KILLED IN THE RECENT REVOLUTION"

hurry up to the bridge and point it out to him. Something told me not to do it, however, and I suppose he must have located the beacons eventually, for in the morning we were anchored in the Tagus, with Lisbon, peerless Lisbon, riding the hills. "Who has not seen Lisbon has seen nothing beautiful," is quoted as an old Portuguese saying.

A FEW NOTES ON LISBON

We knew very little about Portugal except that it was the newest European republic and that Lisbon had once been the scene of a mighty earthquake. I remember the latter because it is recorded in the "One-Hoss Shay," with its date, 1755.

That was the year that Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down.

Nearly forty thousand persons perished in that awful catastrophe, according to the little book. "But," adds the writer, "Pombal, the Great Minister, succeeded in making it rise from its ruins with greater splendor," and its "magnific harbour is the real quai of Europe."

We lay against the quay, and had only to step across the gangway and set foot at last on the soil of Europe. I think Narcissa and the Joy were impressed by the occasion not so much because it was Europe, but a good solid continent that did not heave and pitch and swing about, the last two days having been trying enough. They said the land did pitch, however, that every little while they could feel it coming up to meet them. Near our ship another was unloading coal, a file of women carrying the cargo in flat baskets on their heads. As we paused a little to watch them, a carriage adopted us, and we drove along the waterfront and the markets. Everywhere the streets are washed and clean, as in the Azores. Presently we began to overtake other barefooted

"NO ONE WRITES OF GIBRALTAR ANY MORE"

women carrying on their heads other big, flat baskets, not of coal, but of big, flat fish. One got the impression that people live on fish in Lisbon. I am sure we must have seen a thousand of those tramping women altogether, and the market-places swarmed with them.

There were other things to see. The driver pointed out a place on an open square where the king was killed in the recent revolution, there being, I believe, no other bloodshed. We should have looked at it more, only the Joy happened to notice just then a place where "American Ice-Cream Soda" was announced on the window, which naturally attracted our attention. We turned into an ascending street, passed handsome shop-windows, and paused before a great monument, and would have found out what it was, perhaps, but the Joy just then pointed to a card which announced that "Ice-Cream Soda" was to be had within. The Joy, like an author, values her inspirations, and wants to realize on them. She had no special passion for ice-cream soda in America, but she felt moved to try it in this foreign land. She discussed the flavors, and wondered if the chocolate would be good. Altogether it was a memorable drive, emphasizing as it did the importance and prevalence of at least one American institution in a foreign land.

Returning to the vessel, we drifted down the Tagus through the hazy August afternoon, past the tower of Belem, and other fair towers and castles and cloisters more or less distant, but all brought near enough for examination with our binoculars. Our little guide-book describes so enthrallingly one of these, the Convent of the Hieronymites, that we were tempted to ask the captain to anchor again. In the book we read:

"There sleep, in their sculptured tombs, Princes, and far greater than any Prince, Vasco da Gama, Joao de Deus, Camoens." Evidently the writer was a republican. It is popular to be that now in Portugal, which has displaced royalty, and even discountenanced the church. Our Jesuit was warned against wearing his clerical dress ashore. He wore it, however. "They could no more than kill me," he said. But he was not molested.

ROUNDING GIBRALTAR

No one writes of Gibraltar any more. Most travelers have seen it, and many have written of it; furthermore, it is nothing but a great overgrown rock, hollowed out into galleries and chambers, and these filled with guns which command the harbor. Our captain, by the way, pointed out Trafalgar Cape to our English passengers, which I thought very courteous of him, when England has been celebrating it, and France trying to forget it, for a hundred years. It was rather hazy when we were passing the rock, but our view of it was good. It looks exactly like an elephant from one point; and that is what it is—England's white elephant, which she would have given away long ago, some say, if it were her habit to give any-

"TO THE RIGHT ROSE A BLUE FILM OF VAPOR"

thing away, or retire any of her traditions, however obsolete. Then presently we were through the straits and in the Mediterranean, the sea which washes the shores where began all Western civilization, the shores which Dr. Johnson called "the grand object of all travel."

Somehow, one has another feeling in the Mediterranean. He is in a great harbor of the past, and has shut the gates of storm and strife and all the clamor of the world behind him. He is surrounded by lands gray with ruins, mapped with overlapping battle-fields, clustered with traditions which date even from creation itself. The very water seems different, thinner, bluer, more ethereal. There is a veil that blends the sea and the sky; the horizon-line is elusive, diaphanous, unreal. This is the veritable harbor of the world's dream.

The Jesuit hunted me out and hammered two final French lessons into me in his faithful way, and said that possibly now I might be able to engage a room on the *troisième étage* and get my gasolene-tank filled without having to call the police. If I could afford to add a spiritual adviser to my menage, he would be the one. His perseverance is what I need.

Two days off the Spanish shore, often in sight of it, brought our last morning at sea. Our fourteen days of sailing lay behind us, already taking on the halo of the past. Before us rose a rugged and rather barren-looking shore. With the glass we could make out deep gorges and the tall, graceful stone arches that bridged them, none of the ugly iron truss-work Americans know so well. A line of railway was there, and presently a little train appeared, darting across the bridges and in and out of tunnels, a continuous succession of both. To the right rose a blue film of vapor or smoke or dust, and through it the outline of spires, and masts of ships, and piled buildings began to appear. We had reached the coast of France, and over there the Phenicians—or was it the Phocæans?—built a city and called it Massilia. Since then there has always been a city there, and its name has not greatly changed. It was Marseilles, and as with strong interest we watched the great modern city growing out of the mist, we did not entirely forget the boxed automobile down in the hold, and the tangle of red tape to be broken before the said car would be free to bear us along the inviting highways of France.

(To be continued)

KEEPSAKES

BY MARION PUGH READ

Author of "The Old Road," etc.

WHEN Mary Ann Evans went down the village street, doing some errand for her mother, no matter how long the message she had to keep straight in her mind, or how particular the contents of her little basket, she was never too preoccupied to see all there was to be seen on the way. The very houses were never the same. Sometimes there was n't a sign of life about them anywhere; they were shut up tight, like a person fast asleep. The next time they might be wide awake. The blinds would be up, and the doors would be open, and through the vines of the upstairs porches she could see a flash of color, and hear a chatter of voices as the women of the household rocked back and forth with their sewing.

But there was one house that was never awake like the others. No matter how many times a day she went past the great brown house that gave its name to the "Judge's Corner," it was always the same. The wide veranda behind the tall pillars looked as though no one had ever stepped there. The very gateway, instead of holding out hospitable invitation, was somber and dignified. "Better go round," it seemed to say, and, as a matter of fact, every one did. Even the judge, who was quite the most imposing personage in the village, with his high silk hat and his long-

tailed coat, preferred to let himself in and out by the library door, and to use the little gate at the side. As for Mr. Tom, his son, he usually went out through the kitchen, stopping for a chat with kind old Mrs. Nealy, the housekeeper, before taking his way on out through the garden and the orchard to Dr. Cornthwait's office next door, where he was reading to be a doctor. "Getting ready to step into my shoes some day," the old doctor put it hopefully. "Working himself to death!" Mrs. Nealy sighed, expecting his appetite to go down as his learning went up, like the mercury and the air-space in the judge's old barometer in the hall.

Hardly any one but the two men ever went in and out, for the judge's wife was dead, and things were not as they used to be. There were no parties now, but to Mr. Tom, walking through the lonesome parlors, there sometimes came faint echoes of tea-parties assembled there when he was a shy little boy peeping in around the corner of the doorway. Mr. Tom, as every one knew, was still a little shy. Nowadays he did not always do as much as peep in through the door at company.

"*Does* thee hide when thee sees a girl coming?" Mary Ann asked him one day when he was holding her up high in his arms. It was in the office of her old friend, Dr. Cornthwait, that she had come to know him well.

He threw back his head and laughed.

"Did I ever hide from thee?" he demanded.

Soon there was at least one other girl in the village he did not hide from, for early in that same summer,—the summer of '53,—when Mary Ann was six and Mr. Tom was twenty, his cousin, Miss Belle from Philadelphia, came to visit. And then at last the house did wake up, inside and outside and all around. The other houses on the street woke up, too, and the whole village was gayer than it had been for years. But it was Mr. Tom who woke up most of all. He joined all their parties and picnic expeditions; wherever Miss Belle led, he followed. It was not Mr. Tom who was shy any more, but Mary Ann, worshiping from afar.

For Miss Belle was so pretty and so happy! Mary Ann loved to go past and catch glimpses of her. Her cheeks were red, and her hair was black, and her low-necked dress kept slipping down to show the dimples in her shoulders. All up and down the front of her dress were bows of pink ribbon, like the rose in her hair. When she sat down, she was like a flower in a nest of white ruffles. Sometimes, when she was sitting on the step with a girl on each side of her, you could n't see the steps for their wide-spreading skirts. But she never sat still very long at a time, and she was so quick and so graceful that every movement seemed prettier than the last. Her black curls shook about her face, her white ruffles fluttered, and soft little draperies went floating all about her, now hiding, now revealing, her pretty white arms. No wonder every one went to see her.

The big gate in front was often ajar, and the whole veranda full of company. Nor was it only Miss Belle's friends who were there; now that the house had waked up, all Mr. Tom's friends came to see *him*. Mary Ann had no idea he had so many. Even the judge sat down with them sometimes, making some polite inquiry to each in turn, then relapsing into his chair, nodding time to the music when they sang, or beating it with his foot.

Once early in the morning there was no one visible, but from the parlor inside came the gay tinkle of the piano, and then Miss Belle's voice singing away to herself. It was easy to tell it was to herself she was singing, for when she came to the end of her song there was no chorus of applause, and when she broke off in the middle of one song to take up another, there was no one to protest—no one but Mary Ann, stopping outside to listen. Somehow that early-morning glimpse of her opened up whole new vistas to Mary Ann's mind. It separated Miss Belle completely from the every-day round of things, and placed her in a gayer, more ornamental world than Mary Ann had ever dreamed of.

Sometimes she was out in the garden with a basket and a great pair of shears, cutting flowers as though that were an occupation in itself. Mr. Tom was always with her, carrying the basket, holding down branches of the rose-trees, disentangling sprays of honeysuckle from the fence, or stooping down to the beds, as though even gathering flowers would have been too much for her alone.

If no one was watching, Mary Ann

would always stop and peep in through the palings of the fence. Sometimes Miss Belle caught sight of her and smiled, and then Mary Ann would hurry on shyly. One day Miss Belle beckoned to her to come in, and when Mary Ann hesitated, she came out and led her in by the hand. She had been wanting to get acquainted with Mary Ann this ever so long! Every one else in the village had come to see her. Why had n't Mary Ann? And she such a friend of Tom's, too! Mary Ann stood speechless, looking up into her face with such an intense, such a breathless admiration that every one laughed, and one of the young men said:

"Well, what 's thee think of her, Mary Ann?"

It broke the spell; Mary Ann found her voice, but she did not remove her gaze from Miss Belle.

"Thee 's so pretty!" she exclaimed.

After that there was no going past any more. Before she knew it, she and Miss Belle were great friends. No matter how many people were there, Miss Belle always made a place by her side for her. That would have been enough for Mary Ann, just to sit there with her hand in Miss Belle's, not speaking a word herself, or hearing what the others said, but just listening to Miss Belle. Her voice when she spoke was as sweet as other people's when they sang, and when she laughed, Mary Ann laughed, too, without knowing why. And then it was pleasant to be near her for another reason, for in every ruffle and bow and shoulder-knot there nestled the most delightful perfume. Mary Ann never ceased to marvel over it, and wonder how it came there. Other people's dresses were n't sweet. It must be like flowers; some were made fragrant, and some were not. But she had little chance to wonder about anything while she was there, for Miss Belle talked to her more than to any one else, and in a hundred ways she made it plain to every one that Mary Ann was her favorite.

Until Lieutenant Stimson came there were only happy days. The happiest of all were those when she and Mr. Tom and Miss Belle slipped away from the others and went off for long walks into the beautiful country. Sometimes they followed the green shores of the creek, but oftener they climbed up out of the valley into the hills. Miss Belle would sniff the fragrance of the woods as though it were a nectar, and she walked as though she could go on forever. She and Mr. Tom made each other laugh with their nonsense till all the hillside echoed with their happiness. But Miss Belle did not always talk; when they came to the bend of the river, where it turned and flowed on and on till it lost itself between the low, wooded hills, or when they reached some lookout point on the hill, where the valley was spread out like a picture beneath them, she would sit for a long time quite silent, her eyes soft with dream. It was the prettiest river in all the world, she used to say, and the prettiest valley. Sometimes when Mrs. Nealy had packed them a basket of supper, they lingered for the sunset. Not until every bit of color had faded from the sky would Miss Belle agree it was time to start for home, and she and Mr. Tom could always find some color long after Mary Ann had given it up.

And then one evening when they came home in the dusk they found Lieutenant Stimson waiting on the porch.

Mary Ann had never heard of a lieutenant before, or of West Point, which he was always talking about, or of people who went about on furlongs.

"What is a *furlong?*" she asked Mr. Tom.

He smiled a minute, but his brow soon clouded over.

"It 's something that 's *too long* by just three weeks," he explained.

That was n't very illuminating, but it fitted the description in one way, for that was just the length of time Lieutenant Stimson was to stay in the village. That he stayed so long, when he had so many engagements elsewhere, and that he came so far out of the world as western Pennsylvania in the first place, was not primarily to visit the distant relative who, it occurred to him, was living here. "Your village," he pointed out continually, "has a *certain attraction* just now that it does n't always have."

He was very fine to look at, immaculate in his dress, whether he did always step out of a bandbox or not. And whether it was a poker or a ramrod he had down his back, it might easily have been both. He never had his hands in his

pockets, or whistled, or sat on the railing and dangled his feet. Tom, the judge said, was as slouchy as a tramp. But the judge himself was slouchy beside Lieutenant Stimson. No one any longer thought of the lieutenant as pompous. The very "Ahem's" with which he strewed his conversation were impressive, and even so simple a thing as clearing his throat he could do in such a way as to show every one within hearing the difference between himself and them.

It was a difference they were quick to see, anyhow. "A very superior creature," was the general comment.

"A little red about the head," some one said, "and thee would n't know him from a turkey-gobbler."

Old Joel Elder, a distant relative from the country, looked him over long and wonderingly one day, his glance resting longest on his varnished foot-gear. Then he ceremoniously offered his clean handkerchief.

"There 's a speck on thy nigh boot, *Cousin,*" he said.

It was that afternoon that Lieutenant Stimson complained to Miss Belle that the whole village was nothing but a hotbed of cousins.

Miss Belle herself was *not* a cousin, though he declared one day she was. Mr. Tom disputed it hotly, and when he had proved his point, Lieutenant Stimson only shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Oh, well, a cousin was only a cousin, and never likely to be anything else." That did n't suit Mr. Tom, either; in fact, nothing that Lieutenant Stimson said or did ever did suit him. Not even the fact that he liked Miss Belle so much, or that Miss Belle liked him, softened his disapproval.

They knew each other so well, and had so much to say to each other about parties and rides, about people whose names no one in the village had ever heard, that there was little chance for anything else. The very presence of Lieutenant Stimson seemed to call up that other life to Miss Belle, and she grew so animated in her recollections that she seemed to be transported entirely away from Mr. Tom and Mary Ann back to those gay scenes, to those merry doings, that they had no part in. She was a different Miss Belle when Lieutenant Stimson was there; and he was there day after day and all day long.

Mr. Tom, while they talked, would sit quite still, looking from one to the other. After a while he would slip off and go out to the barn, or wander about forlornly under the apple-trees, his hat pulled down over his eyes, looking more like a tramp than ever.

Mrs. Nealy found her prophecy about his appetite coming true.

"Give up those old books and be gay," she urged.

Oddly enough, that very morning Dr. Cornthwait had laid his hand consolingly on his shoulder.

"Put thy mind on thy books, boy," he counseled.

Miss Belle herself was only gay by fits and starts. Often she let the others provide the merriment while she sat buried in thought. Sometimes the end of her meditations was nothing more conclusive than a long sigh. Once her face was so wistful that Mary Ann, looking up into her eyes, could not help saying:

"What is it thee wants?"

"Oh, Mary Ann, I don't know!" she answered. She never said any more how beautiful the valley was or how happy she was to be here. But no matter what she said or did, Lieutenant Stimson seemed satisfied with her and with himself and with the situation generally. He did not steal off to the apple-trees, like Mr. Tom; he took his place by Miss Belle's side, as though it, or anything else he wanted, were his, and his to keep.

More than ever Miss Belle liked to have Mary Ann with her. Why was it that sometimes when Mary Ann was there all her old friendliness to Mr. Tom would come back with a sudden rush, so that she would send Mary Ann out to seek him, and then devote herself to him for the rest of the afternoon? And was Mary Ann a touchstone? Was there something in the different ways with which the two men treated her that brought out the different qualities of each, so that unconsciously a comparison between them was adjusting itself in Miss Belle's mind? Often there was something in Lieutenant Stimson's manner of addressing Mary Ann that made Miss Belle very meditative. She would look over at him with a critical expression, and not seem to hear what he went on to say to her at all. If he failed to greet Mary Ann when she came in, she

would say, "Don't you know Mary Ann?" And then he would speak so ceremoniously that Mary Ann hardly knew what to make of it.

One morning when Mary Ann had left them alone outside and gone in to look at the hall clock, so that Lieutenant Stimson could tell whether his watch was right, Mr. Tom came in the back way. He was in a jolly mood, and swung Mary Ann around in a circle. Then hearing Miss Belle's voice, he started out eagerly to join her; but when he saw who was there, he backed into the house again.

"Are n't you coming out?" Miss Belle called.

"Busy," he growled, and strode on up the stairs.

When Mary Ann went back, Lieutenant Stimson stopped in the middle of something he was saying.

"Eleven o'clock!" he exclaimed. "Well, little lady, does your mother know where you are all this time?"

Mary Ann started up, and thought she must be going, but Miss Belle drew her down beside her again, and held her hand tighter than ever. Mary Ann had never seen such displeasure on her face as was there when she turned her glance upon him.

"Mary Ann 's just come," she said, and the rest of the time she talked only to her. She paid no attention when he spoke to her, and when he turned to Mary Ann and asked her perplexing questions, Miss Belle answered for her without giving him a look, as though he were interrupting and in the way generally. Her manner was cool, yet sparkling, like a crisp morning frost in autumn.

And that afternoon she and Mr. Tom and Mary Ann went off for a long walk. It was like old times again. They climbed up out of the valley by the side of one of the swift little streams that came rushing down over its rocky bed to the creek below. At the top of the hill they sat down to rest. The old look of happy dreaming came back to Miss Belle's face as she gazed down into the wide vista, and a look of hopefulness to Mr. Tom's, watching hers. It was a happy afternoon, but though Miss Belle soon woke up and chattered away as merrily as ever, her eyes were always on the picture before them; as it changed with the lights and shadows of the moving clouds, she exclaimed over each new revelation of its beauty. Once she said softly she wished she had been born down there in the valley and had never been away from it. But it was prettiest from here, looking down. She never wanted to go back to Philadelphia again or even to the village below. She wanted to stay here on the hilltop forever, and not see anything ever again but that green little valley, with the blue creek winding through, or hear anything but the music of that swift little stream over the stones. But when Mary Ann came back from picking flowers, she was shaking her head to something Mr. Tom was urging, and it was at her own suggestion they left the hill behind them and started for home.

It was the very next day that, when Mary Ann went in, Miss Belle greeted her reproachfully.

"I called to thee this morning, but thee did n't stop," she said.

"This morning?" Mary Ann had to stop to think.

"Yes, thee was hurrying along at a great rate, with thy little basket full of something." Miss Belle had come to use the Friends' speech with Mary Ann just as naturally as when she talked to the old ladies in the village. Nothing else seemed right.

"Oh, that was chicken for old Nancy Boyd, in the little house back of the foundry. She has chickens, but she has to keep them to lay. Does thee have anybody as poor as that in Philadelphia?"

"A good many, Mary Ann."

"Then thee knows how it goes. When we have chicken, mother 's apt to send her some. I had to hurry before it got cold, and then run back to dinner. I just waited till Nancy got the basket empty. Mother never has me leave it. It looks too much as though we were giving folks a chance to bring it home full of something else. And then I 'm always needing it for somebody else, anyhow."

Miss Belle smiled, and then, to Mary Ann's way of thinking, she made a very queer remark.

"Does thee know," she said, "I don't believe thee loves me so much, after all."

"Oh, but I *do!*" Mary Ann protested in amazement. "I do love thee."

Miss Belle smiled at her earnestness, but she shook her head dubiously.

"I 've been here half the summer," she said, "and thee has n't brought me a thing in thy little basket. Not a thing!"

"But thee is n't old or sick or poor," Mary Ann objected.

"Must one wait till then? I don't think so. Thee can give gifts to any one, if only thee loves them enough."

"But that kind of gifts don't come out of the basket so much."

"It does n't matter where they come from, especially when thee 's going away. Then, if there 's some one thee loves very much, and may never see again, thee likes to leave some little gift behind, does n't thee? Some little keepsake, so thee won't be forgotten."

While she was speaking, she reached up and took a pair of little gold shoulder-buckles from her dress. Mary Ann looked at her blankly.

"Is thee going away?" she demanded.

Miss Belle nodded.

"Thee won't see me again, Mary Ann. I 'm leaving early in the morning."

There were two sudden tears in Mary Ann's eyes.

"Oh, won't thee be sorry thee 's gone?" she said. She wanted her to stop in time.

"Ah, I don't know, Mary Ann. I don't know," she whispered. There were tears in her own eyes as she leaned over to fasten the little buckles in Mary Ann's dress.

"They 're some that were given to me when I was a little girl just thy age," she said. "I was so proud of them! Tell mother she 's to put them on thee every day, and whenever thee looks down at them, thee 's to think of me."

"Oh," Mary Ann exclaimed honestly, "thee does n't need to give me anything to remember thee by. I *could n't* forget thee."

The others, who had gathered around, smiled, and Lieutenant Stimson leaned forward to her. His whole manner was elated to-day, as though Miss Belle's departure was entirely out of compliment to him.

"Give them to me, if you don't want them," he said.

Mary Ann put her hands over them protectingly.

"Thee could n't wear them," she declared.

"Have n't I got straps over my shoulders?" He pointed out triumphantly. Mr. Tom looked over at him long and curiously.

"Thee does n't need to have things like a girl," Mary Ann returned, and even Mr. Tom smiled.

Mary Ann paid no attention to the laughter that went back and forth, but went and sat down sadly by herself on the step. What was she going to do without Miss Belle? It did n't even cheer her to look down at the pretty buckles. Then she happened to think what she should give Miss Belle. She went over all her possessions. There was her little chair, but that would be too small. And her pewter mug, but, then, every one had a mug. And then she remembered her little white hen. Nothing could be so nice as that. She went over to Miss Belle, and said eagerly:

"I 'm going home to get thee a keepsake. Will thee stay right where thee is till I get back?"

Miss Belle took both Mary Ann's outstretched hands and brought them up till they covered her own red cheeks. She had pretty ways of caressing one; but, then, everything she did was pretty.

"Don't do that!" she whispered. "Does n't thee know I was only joking? I 'll remember thee always, and love thee just as much without any keepsake."

"But I 'd rather," Mary Ann insisted. "And thee 'll like it," she promised. "It 's what I like best of everything that 's mine."

"But I could n't rob thee of one of thy treasures, Mary Ann."

"Thee won't be robbing me when I *give* it to thee," Mary Ann declared. "Thee will take it, won't thee, and stay right here till I bring it?" she urged till Miss Belle promised. "I *think* I can bring it now," she called as she started off. "I expect it 'll be convenient." She happened to think that the little white hen might be laying an egg.

But she was n't; she was out in the yard, and came running up to meet Mary Ann. Mary Ann waited to give her all the corn she would eat, because it was for the last time, then she picked her up in her arms and started back with her. A little pang of regret went through her as she looked down at her nestling there confidingly. She would n't be here to carry to-morrow!

But not even the little white hen was too nice for Miss Belle.

They were all there still when she got back, talking and laughing away. When Lieutenant Stimson caught sight of her, he gave a great guffaw.

"A souvenir, indeed!" he exclaimed. "Your coop ready?" he inquired of Miss Belle. But Miss Belle would n't even look at him; if she had eyes for any one but Mary Ann, it was for Mr. Tom, who had gone down to open the gate for her.

"Here!" Mary Ann cried triumphantly. "Here 's my gift to thee! She 's better than anything else I 've got; that 's why I brought her. I had a little gray kitten once,—maybe thee 'd rather have had her,—but when I came down-stairs one morning she was n't there any more, and father gave me this little white hen instead. Only she was n't a hen then; she was just a little wee chicken. She might have turned into a rooster, but she grew up a hen instead. Roosters," she explained, "are n't so likely to lay."

"She 's lovely!" Miss Belle hastened to exclaim.

"And is n't she *white!*" Mary Ann went on happily. "She scratches in the dirt, too. Mother does n't see how she manages. And is n't her comb red?"

Miss Belle met her beaming eyes.

"I never *imagined* such a pretty hen!" she declared.

"And it is n't just that she 's nice to have for company," Mary Ann went on; "there 's the *egg* every day. Thee can have it in cookies or cake or custard, or thee can *eat* it. Or thee can give it away to some one that 's sick and has no appetite. Grandmother says she lays the best egg-nog egg she ever saw.

"And all thee needs to do for her is to give her corn whenever thee thinks of it, and bread off the table every time, and a nest to lay in. Thee can let her run and scratch and sleep with the other hens; she can look out for herself about that. And thee does n't need to hurry out when it rains," she assured her. "She always goes in.

"She 'll follow thee anywhere, or thee can take her up like this. She 's used to being carried. So long as thee 's got her in thy arms, she 's never afraid. And she has such pretty ways! She does n't peck thy hand when she eats, and she never grabs or snatches. She knows thee 'll give her all she wants. And she *never* squawks. Oh, she 's a dear little hen! Thee 'll love her."

Mary Ann had n't surrendered her yet. She looked down at her lovingly, cuddled up there so trustfully. Miss Belle thought she had never seen anything so pretty as the way she just fitted into the niche of Mary Ann's plump little arms.

"Does thee know," she said, "I don't believe any one ever gave me anything they loved half so much as thee loves this dear little hen."

Mary Ann looked up, pleased.

"Does that make it nicer?" she asked.

"A good deal nicer. The only thing is, I 'm afraid thee 's going to miss her too much."

"It 'll be all right," Mary Ann said. "I 'll get used to it. I 'm going to be lonesome, anyhow."

"And I 'm afraid she 's going to miss thee terribly."

Mary Ann could n't restrain a little sigh. The hen *was* fond of her. The minute she caught sight of her she used to come running up.

"She 'll have thee, though," she remembered after a minute. "If she was just off with chickens and nobody else, she might be lonesome, but thee 'll be with her all the time."

"Yes, don't forget that!" Lieutenant Stimson insisted.

"And what if she does n't like me for a mistress?"

"Oh, she will. *Anybody* would."

"Anybody!" all the young gentlemen echoed in chorus, but Miss Belle would n't look at one of them.

"I might n't be so kind, after all. Who knows?" she said. "I 'll tell thee what, Mary Ann. I 'll take the hen, and thank thee kindly. It 'll be my hen now. Thee can't think how proud I am to have her. But will thee do something more for me? Will thee go on taking care of her till I come back again?"

"Then what good would thee get out of her?"

"In remembering she was mine, and in being glad that some one who loved her every bit as much as I did was looking after her, and giving her maybe twice as

much to eat, because they loved me so much—how 's that?"

"Would she be a keepsake that way?"

"The nicest keepsake I ever had. Will thee do it?"

"If thee 's sure!"

Just then the supper-bell rang. Every one got up, but all insisted they would n't go till Miss Belle had given them a keepsake, too. She laughed, and plucking a handful of red roses from the trellis, threw one to each of them.

"There 's your keepsake," she cried to each. And to Lieutenant Stimson she added under her breath, "Remember me—till it fades!"

Only to Mr. Tom in the doorway she did n't throw any. Mary Ann noticed that. She did n't wonder that his feelings were hurt, or that, when the others had gone, he reminded her of it.

"A rose for every one but me?" he said, and his eyes were like those of a great shepherd-dog who 's been hurt. Mary Ann was n't surprised that she stood confused. It was n't a very thoughtful thing to do, and to Mr. Tom, too, who was always doing things for her.

"And I who want one most of all! I who—oh, I 've told you so many times!"

There were plenty of roses left on the trellis. Mary Ann did n't see why she did n't pick him one then. Instead she stood there before him still, and her confusion grew greater and greater.

"But they were keepsakes," she pleaded—"only keepsakes. You don't need any keepsake, because—because—" her voice faltered—"because," she finished finally, "you 'll have *me!*"

Then for just one moment she looked up. Oh, how soft her eyes were despite the quick little sparkle that lighted them up, how red her cheeks! She had never looked so lovely. No wonder that, after one breathless look, Mr. Tom threw his arms around her and kissed her. Mary Ann would have liked to herself, but her arms were full of the hen.

When he let her go they stood holding hands and looking at each other so long that Mary Ann began to feel just a little forlorn. They seemed to have forgotten all about her and the little white hen and the supper waiting inside.

"Well," she interrupted them finally, with a patient little sigh, "I guess I 'll *have* to go now. Mother 'll be looking for me."

The spell was broken; they looked at each other and laughed.

"Why, Mary Ann, of course! Thee 's still there?"

"Thee has n't said good-by to me. Did thee forget?"

Miss Belle caught her up in her arms and kissed her till she had made up for all neglect.

"Does thee know," she whispered, "thee 's helped to make me love the valley and everything in it."

"Because I brought thee the little white hen? I 'll take care of her till thee comes back. Thee is coming back?"

"Yes, I 'm coming. Oh, Mary Ann, I 'm so glad, so glad!"

"Yes, she 's worth coming for," Mary Ann returned confidently. "Especially when thee thinks of the eggs. I 'll save them. By that time there 'll be stacks."

"Is n't she a dear!" Miss Belle called to Mr. Tom over her shoulder.

Mary Ann thought she meant the hen.

"Wait till thee 's had her awhile, and thee 'll know something about it," she prophesied happily.

For answer Mr. Tom took her over into his own arms, and kissed her ever so gently. He looked as happy as though some one had given him a little white hen, too. And then, away from Miss Belle waving her last adieus, he carried her home every step of the way. Mary Ann soon saw she did n't need to worry about being late for supper, for he took the steps two at a time, and he hurried down the street with such long strides that it was like walking on stilts for Mary Ann. When he got to Mary Ann's house he did n't even take the time to open the gate; he just lifted her up over the fence, and set her down on the other side.

Mary Ann liked every minute of that flying ride, but the little white hen kept getting more and more disturbed. As soon as Mary Ann put her down, she stood for one startled moment taking her bearings, as though she had been dropped from a cyclone, then flew off toward the other hens as fast as her legs and her wings could carry her.

Mr. Tom must have remembered his supper, too, for when Mary Ann looked around, he was out of sight already.

DINNER À LA TANGO

BY EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

IT is after eight o'clock in one of the smaller dining-rooms of a fashionable New York hotel. The middle of the room is cleared for dancing. At one end a small orchestra is working furiously at a melody that affects the mind like the triple-distilled essence of nervous unrest. Every table is occupied by merry groups of men and women in evening dress. Above their heads are strung almost invisible wires, to which are attached colored lanterns, gaudy mechanical butterflies, and huge red and green toy balloons. Just as we enter, a stoutish, heavy-faced chap with a monocle slaps the next man on the back and cries out:

"We must be gay, old boy!"

The open square in the middle of the room is filled with dancers. They trip and slide and dip. They side-step and back-step and gyrate. They wave their arms like pump-handles, or raise them skyward, palm to palm, as if in prayer. There are among them young girls with shining faces full of inarticulate desire; simpering young men with a leer lurking at the bottom of their vacant stares; stiff-legged and white-haired old men with drooping eyelids; and stern-jawed matrons with hand-made faces of a startlingly purple hue. But on every face, young or old, bright or dull, there beams a smile or clings a smirk, for the spirit of the place demands gaiety at any price.

On the tables are strewn gaily trimmed packages that open with a report, and yield up gaily colored paper caps. Rubicund gentlemen place the caps over their bald spots, while women pick the big butterflies to pieces, and put the fragments into their hair until they look like barbarous princesses. Men and women drink and dance, feast and flirt, sing and laugh and shout. The whole room is a riot of color and noise, a veritable apotheosis of gaiety run rampant in utter forgetfulness of the workday's burdensome responsibilities.

We are five in our own party: a poet of international reputation; a lawyer in the front rank of his profession; a publisher and a literary agent, both of whom have earned solid successes; and finally I, who do not know how to class or appraise myself. The lawyer pulls down a big green balloon. It is sufficiently charged to make it bounce lightly at the slightest touch, but not enough to make it fly away. We begin to play ball with it. At first we use our hands; then we develop a regular game. Nobody must touch the ball except with his head. We get excited. The game is taken quite seriously. The poet tries to keep a score. We behave like little boys in springtime, when school has just closed. We play foolish pranks and laugh immoderately, but nobody else pays the least attention to us, reckless gaiety being the order of the night.

Gay is the scene indeed: gay the music and the laughter; gay the wine that sparkles in the glasses; gay the swirling, swaying maze of dancing couples; gay the bright balloons and brilliant dresses of the women. And it is as if my mind's eye saw these words written in burning letters on the wall:

Leave care behind all ye that enter here!

But out there on Fifth Avenue a lot of unkempt, unreasonable men and women are marching savagely behind a black flag.

REMINISCENCES AND LETTERS OF BULWER-LYTTON

BY GABRIELLE DE R. WADDELL

In view of the fact that the recently published biography of Bulwer-Lytton has revived American interest in his life and character, The Century presents this rather intimate and charming view of him through the medium of letters once addressed to an American family. They seem fairly to characterize the man. They do not reveal his innermost self, perhaps, but, on the other hand, seem of more value than a merely casual view.—The Editor.

IT was shortly after our arrival in England that we made the acquaintance of Lord Lytton. He had been assigned to my mother, at a dinner, and was naturally not displeased with her exclamation that the honor of being attended by the author of "My Novel" was greater than if it were the Prince of Wales. Thus began a friendship which was a source of much pleasure, and continued firm to the end.

Some of my happiest days were spent at Knebworth, Bulwer-Lytton's country home, twenty-eight miles from London. I remember the beautiful grounds, but my recollection of the house is very vague. However, my father, in one of his home letters, gave the interesting intelligence that we occupied the room and bed in which Queen Elizabeth had slept, "all carved oak, the ceiling in oak panels, with the royal arms, and the walls hung with beautiful old Gobelin tapestry."

It was Bulwer-Lytton's habit to send almost daily notes to my mother or father. They were informal, intimate in tone, and throw interesting side-lights upon his methods of working and his personality. Those from which I quote cover the years from 1866 to 1870, and are not given in chronological order.

He would discuss his plots and characters with my mother, and both would write out their ideas, and then compare them. In the following note he laughingly says:

"I got your pretty little note this morning, and am much struck with your graceful and poetic image of harmony as an essential to the life of the musical artist. I think I shall crib it for Chillingly whenever I can get on with him. At present I am not up to him nor to any work."

"Kenelm Chillingly" greatly occupied his attention at this date, but on account of his poor health, the book progressed slowly, and his letters constantly assert that "Kenelm will not come on at all." As he wrote:

"I have just bought a quire of foolscap for Chillingly, but I don't fancy I shall stir in it." Still, when well enough, he took a great interest in poor Kenelm, and was anxious to introduce to him a woman of genius. Later he wrote: "Your outpourings on the New Year are a touching picture of a young girl's heart and her longings, and might help with my woman of genius, if ever I get on with that. Elsie seems rather too impassioned for a female admirer.

"Poor Kenelm, I fear, is shelved. If I go on with him, I think of shelling out all that follows his running off with the disgraced girl, and treating that differently, and making the minstrel only an itinerant, without genteel blood, but a good education, and a sort of vagabond. I don't stir in it yet."

Later he wrote:

"Your marvellously long letter, despite its length arrived here safely this morning. It was brought on an omnibus truck, and took three men to lift into my bedroom. I have spent the day in perusing it. Apropos of the Gy-ei,[1] I have gone on and find I have written about 150 pages

[1] In the language of "The Coming Race," a Gy is a woman; Gy-ei, women; An, man. Zee and Tish are the heroine and hero.

of print, so that if I could go on and hammer out about 150 more on the hopeless love of Zee for Tish, I might get a handsome volume. The more I proceed, the more I am convinced it should be anonymous."

The Gy-ei papers, which appeared under the form of "The Coming Race," seem to have been a source of much amusement to him, though that he did not have a very high opinion of the work may be seen from the following extract:

"What you say about the Gy-ei is very true; but I don't see how to remedy the balance between sense and intellect, unless I made poor Zee a colossal Mrs. Potiphar. The want of the book is a certain dryness, and there is no doubt that if known to be mine it would be a complete failure. The only chance is as an anonymous work, exciting curiosity and puzzling people."

Bulwer-Lytton was a very busy man during these years. Besides his novels "Kenelm Chillingly" and "The Coming Race," he was at work on his translation of Horace's "Odes," in which he found his chief delight, on his plays of "Walpole" and "The Rightful Heir," revising "King Arthur," and in entertaining.

"I dined with Disraeli Saturday," he wrote. "He had got together some of the handsomest ladies in town, Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Hamilton [future Duchess of Abercorn], Lady Tankerville, Lady Barrington, etc. But they did not make me forget the charming face of my absent correspondent.

"I am going to Covent Garden to buy flowers for my dinner to-morrow. I am plunged into the vortex of dissipation—dinners and parties daily. To-night I go to the Lords to hear debate on life peerage. Dickens is threatened with paralysis. I dined with Forster yesterday. Kenelm is at Nice, but not doing well. Has seen the woman of genius, and is dazed.

"I can understand how much the organ would fatigue and excite one of your temperament. It has a great effect on me, but an awful one. What a speech of Sumner's! He seems likely to exchange blows with your old friends, tho' I hope not. Ireland, too, what a state! I ought to speak on that subject, but feel lazy. I suppose it is partly the stars and partly the dinner-parties. I dine out every day that I don't have people with me. A great banquet to-day at the Duke of Cleveland's; to-morrow the Youngs dine with me."

When his duties would permit, Bulwer-Lytton would flee from the rush of town life to Bath or Torquay, there to enjoy, as he says, "idleness and Horace." He wrote from Bath:

"I have been pegging hard at the Horace, which is just done. But I think of postponing publication in order to get it reviewed in the Quarterly 3 months hence, and just after its publication. I have the most horrid nights here, and the little sleep I have is haunted with dreams of intense horror. I have my final proofs, and have been 6 mortal hours over two lines in vain. I am sure the stars are against my struggles not to be stupid, but they do not diminish the affection with which I am Yours, L."

Again he wrote:

"I have not the slightest idea what ——[1] is. It reads like a spirit-manifestation book in your extracts. To my plain sense its dogma is bosh. For we can only reason on progress from some starting point in our own minds. And two people do not love each other because they recognize the same problems in mathematics (which is the most positive form of truth we know), and if two minds equally knew the first book of Euclid, and one then proceeded to master the 2nd, and the other did not, it would make no difference in their affections for each other. All that the theory contains of rational hypothesis is, that for spiritual love there must be spiritual congeniality. I have just read 'Beethoven's Letters' by Lady Wallace. He seems to have had a melancholy life, and been rather a moody, disagreeable brute. Bettina must have had much in her so to charm Beethoven, and so to entrap that icy old Goethe into the strangest flirtation I ever read of. Her own diary and letters are full of a Sappho-like eloquence. I was quite grieved when some German who knew her said she was plain, with a large, aquiline nose. I can't abide those noses in women."

I have in my possession the original proof-sheets of "Walpole," with his own corrections and amendments. He wrote:

[1] This word illegible.

"Did you get Walpole? I intended it to be sent to you. Let me know. The Gy is getting on, about 200 p. written. I hope to finish it in 2 weeks, but the weather to-day upsets me, all storm. Did you send me the Standard review of Horace? It is rather short, and not very useful. As yet the sale is very small. We shall see if it forces its way; I dare say not.

"About 2 or nearly 3 weeks ago I received the official bestowal of the Order of St. George, accompanied with a letter to say that the Queen's pleasure was to be taken whether the investiture would be made in London or that ceremony dispensed with. I replied that, if required to attend, I should be ready to come up on receiving notice. Since then I have heard nothing. But suppose I shall be in town before many weeks. Blackwood wrote me word there was a very nice notice [of Walpole] in the Graphic, but never sent it. His partner Longford wrote word there was a very hostile one in the Athenæum, and did send it."

"Dearest of Gy-Antesses:[1]

"Your epistolary talent continues to develop itself and improves in matter and style. I like this talking with you. I have not read Lucretia for so many years that I forgot all about it, except that Mr. —— wrote an article against it, imputing to me murderous propensities, for which, to prove I was not murderous, I sent him a challenge, whereupon he apologized and declared he meant the reverse of all he had said. I find that Walpole is not generally appreciated even by friends, the rhyme condemned, the thing thought unworthy of me. Such is life. But I have too many unmerited blessings to allow myself to grumble overmuch."

"My dear M.:

"Thanks for your note, with its psychological record. I am glad to hear that the road is smooth and the hedge re-blooming. As for myself, I am endeavoring, as yet in vain, to overcome my shrinking dislike to re-enter political life. I am pressed on many sides to speak on the colonial question and on the matters connected with my own colony, B. Columbia. But when I sit down to try and work up the subject, I fairly give in, and feel a positive loathing to the idea of haranguing parliamentary audiences again. And as I go to the T. Baths 3 times a week, and it takes all the forenoon, I have no time for such work."

"New Year Day, 1870.

"I usher in the New Year with hearty wishes that it may prove fortunate and happy to you. Life but repeats itself. But I trust it may not be to you all stale and worn, and rather repeat happiness and forget all lessons in sorrow. I found the verses last evening on coming home to dine; they are charming eno' to be your own, but I suppose they are 'some other gentleman's.' Whose? L.'s extracts about the Litton property are most interesting to me. I wish I could prove and regain the right of the gilt spurs every Midi Day. The present proprietor is the Duke of Devonshire, a very pompous Don. What fun it would be to bring him to the Church door at Knebworth to do me homage as a feudal vassal!"

The American copyright of the play "The Rightful Heir," which was put on first at the Lyceum Theatre, London, October 3, 1868, was given to me, and the play was produced on the same date in this country. It was read by five gentlemen in the opera-house of Wilmington, North Carolina, and that is the only public representation in America. I was taken to the first performance in London, and I still recall my almost painful rapture. I soon memorized the entire first act, and my mother planned a surprise for Lord Lytton. So one evening at Knebworth, the house being then full of guests, I was secreted behind the window curtains in the drawing-room, and on a given signal appeared, made my first bow to the public, and gave the first act. Lord Lytton's gratification knew no bounds. One of my most valued possessions is a copy of the play, inscribed to "Miss Gabrielle de Rosset, from her admirer the Author," and containing his own stage directions.

In 1870 my mother died, and in a few months my father and I returned to America. From that time our intercourse with Lord Lytton was by letter only, and I cannot better close this brief article than by giving extracts from two letters, one written by him from Knebworth in 1870, and the other from Torquay in 1871. In the light of later events they are decidedly

[1] This was a joke on his correspondent, who was very petite.

interesting, and some young minds may profit by his suggestions as to a course of reading.

"October, 1870.

"I was rejoiced to hear of your safe arrival, for I always feel uneasy about friends at sea. I agree with Horace in thinking that the man who first ventured a craft on that savage ocean must have cased his heart in oak and brass. You may well say 'dear old England,' for she is certainly dear and appears to be getting very old. This administration is utterly unfit to deal with a great European crisis, involving that share in the politics of the Continent which belongs to so rich a nation with so costly a navy and with interests that touch the very ends of the earth. All the more intellectual and high spirited amongst us are anxiously bent on establishing such means of self-defense as may give weight to our councils, and secure to us trustworthy allies. But the present Govt. does its best to paralyze all such efforts. As for poor France, the papers will tell you all that I can, and you will learn the news of the day by telegram long before the post reaches you. The bombardment of Paris seems imminent and I have little faith in the power of the armies collected in Lyons or elsewhere to cope with Prussian discipline and skill. But I can not think Paris will long resist an actual bombardment. We shall see. The difficulty for Prussia is to find any legal Govt. to deal with for terms of peace. No doubt Bismarck would have been glad to restore the Emperor, but from all I hear, that is impossible. France never forgives want of success in her rulers. And his name is only mentioned with execration by the very people that forced him into war against his own wish. . . . But eno' of politics.

"I am now here [Knebworth] very quietly with Robert and his wife and children and my nephew. They leave towards the end of this month for Vienna; then I shall go somewhere, but don't know where. I should like Brighton, but I am told it is full of exiled French and no rooms to be had. . . . I was delighted to think you may get engagements that will allow you to revisit England. But I advise you to heed something Macaulay said to me, when, in the height of his success, parliamentary and literary, he accepted a place in India, not liking it, and I asked, 'why suspend so brilliant a career in England?' His answer was: 'The first object in life for any career is pecuniary independence. India will give me that. Independence first, pleasure or fame afterwards.' Arthur is to appear Nov. 1st, a very bad time for all books. I am writing something else *pour me distraire,* but as yet I could not answer the question, 'What will he do with it?' Give my best love and a kiss to Gabrielle and my compliments to your family, and believe me always affect'y,

LYTTON."

Again he wrote:

"It is difficult to suggest a course of reading unless on some selected branch of study. Perhaps if you have never gone regularly thro' English history; that may be useful and amusing, taking notes in a commonplace book. In that case I would advise you to take the Pictorial History (Knight's), which is no doubt republished in America, as the text book and nucleus. It contains history of manners, literature, architecture, etc., as well as of events, and you could make a relief to it from time to time as you approach important periods. For instance, when you get to Richard I you could reperuse Ivanhoe, which gives a lively picture of the romance of the age, and on the Wars of the Roses I venture to recommend glancing over 'The Last of the Barons.' When you get to Henry the VIII's time, you can look over the views taken by Froude, and Froude also on Elizabeth. And you could pause at Elizabeth's time and refresh yourself with Shakespeare. At Cromwell's time you could look again over Milton, and in Charles II Cowley and Waller, also Dryden. In Anne's time, Pope and Addison, Swift and Bolingbroke. George III, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Junius. Thus you would be reading the history and the authors of the various epochs simultaneously. This [is] a wide range of reading, and would occupy a year. But the benefit would be lasting and embody itself in your mind."

NOTE.—The photograph used in connection with Mr. P. A. Vaile's article, "The Soul of Golf," in THE CENTURY for May, was supplied by the Topical Press Agency.

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson and H. C. Merrill

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER

FROM THE PAINTING BY IRVING R. WILES

In Lighter Vein

THE LIFE-DRAMA OF A MUSICAL CRITIC

IN FOUR CLIPPINGS

BY LAWTON MACKALL

I. ADOLESCENCE

From the Centerville "Clarion":

LOCAL TALENT MAKES SPLENDID SHOWING

THE concert held last evening in Masonic Hall was a great success. It certainly showed what Centerville could do in a musical line. From the opening duet, played by Miss Violet and Miss Nancy Stubbs, to the very end of the program, the audience seemed to thoroughly enjoy every number. But the feature of the evening was the singing by Mr. Harry Bowers of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." This noble song gave the popular young druggist an opportunity to display his remarkable low notes. Another person deserving of spécial mention was Miss Helen Smith, who, attractively dressed in pink and carrying a bouquet of fresh flowers, rendered "The Rosary" with great effect. All in all, the concert was a great event, and a considerable amount of money was raised toward the new fire-engine.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN SIMPSON,
Music and Art Critic.

II. EFFERVESCENCE

From the "New York Chronicle":

GOTHAM ORCHESTRA PLAYS SCHNITZEL

Warmth of Oriental Color

Adolf Schnitzel's symphonic poem "Aus Bengalien," which was admirably performed last evening by the Gotham Symphony Orchestra, shows a masterly understanding of the folk-music of India. The Bengalese have from the earliest times been noted for their proficience in the arts. Their principal instrument is the *bimbam,* an elongated drum, played

upon with any convenient article, such as an elephant's tusk or the bone of an ancestor. When struck at one end, it emits the sound *bim;* when struck at the other, a clear-toned *bam* is produced: hence its curious name. The following melody, known as the "War-Song of Prince Brahmadan," gives one an idea of the capacity of this instrument:

Bim-bim-bam, bim-bam-bim.

The chorus is also characteristic:

Bim, bim!

At the religious ceremonies of the Bengalese, the Futrib, or high priest, plays upon a peculiar one-toned flute, producing an effect of awe and mystery, as this hymn to the sun-god aptly illustrates:

Too—oo—t!
Toot, toot-a-toot, toot-a-toot, toot;
Too—oo—t!

With this wealth of material to draw from, Schnitzel has constructed a work that is nearly perfect in form. Beginning with a soft *bim-bam-bim,* which is followed by a sinister *toot, toot,* he works up to a climax of marvelous contrapuntal ingenuity, in which the two themes are combined thus:

Bim, toot, bam, toot-a-toot,

Truly the apotheosis of Bengal!

A. L. S.

III. ACQUIESCENCE

From the "New York Chronicle":

"WASHINGTON" REPEATED

Last night was a brilliant one at the opera. "Washington," the new American music-drama, was given for the second time, with the same cast as before.

Among those who attended the performance were Mrs. Pierpont Astorbilt, who wore pale nesserole garnished with soufflée; Mr. and Mrs. Plantagenet Carter, the latter in an exquisite creation of blanc-mange; and Mrs. Sibley Harwood-Sevens, in gray limousine, air-cooled with insertion.

Mrs. Reginald Carrington's guests were Lord and Lady Shrewby and the Duc de Vaurien. The latter wore a black dress-suit and a white shirt.

Mrs. Gaybird was present for the first time since the death of her husband. She wore her skirt at half-mast.

Mrs. Leeland Fitzhugh looked charming in a cherry wig; her two daughters were becomingly coifed with strawberry and vanilla.

(Unsigned.)

IV. SENESCENCE

From the New York "Evening Spot":

BASSOON CONCERTO A RELIEF FROM MODERNISM

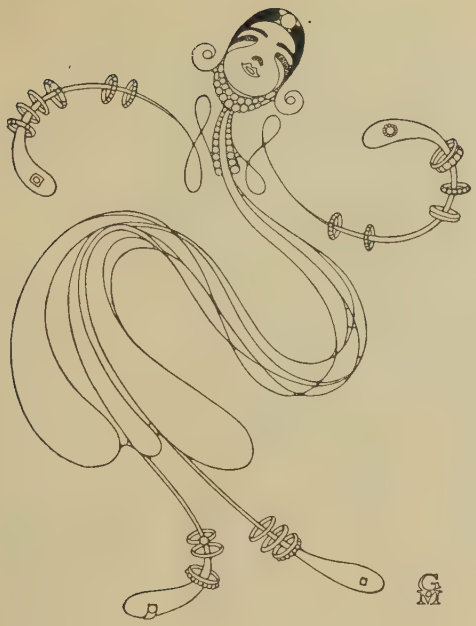
BY A. LINCOLN SIMPSON

New York is suffering from a plethora of concerts. The fact that the halls are generally crowded is no excuse for giving so many performances. It is unfair to the critics.

Yesterday afternoon, at the concert of the Gotham Symphony Society, Ludwig Käse played that great German masterwork, the Leberwurst bassoon concerto in F-flat major, opus posthumous. ("Posthumous" does not in this case have its usual meaning of written after the defunction of the composer's brain: it refers to the fact that Leberwurst did not live to publish the work, as his audience lynched him when he played it from manuscript.) This concerto, dedicated to the composer's patron, the deaf old Duke of Pretzelheim, bears the title of "Spring," and this vernal quality was admirably brought out by Herr Käse, particularly in the movement representing influenza. Indeed, it was impossible to hear his sublime sniffulations without being moved to profound coughing.

François Grisé's "Gingerbread Suite," scored for viola, piccolo, trombone, and celesta, might have been interesting had it been more of a novelty; but, since it had been heard in New York five times within four years, its performance on this occasion was a mistake.

The program included also a symphonic rhapsody on cow-boy melodies. As this is by an obscure native composer and has never been heard before, there is nothing to say about it.



RUTH ST. DENIS

EVA TANGUAY

Drawings by Guernsey Moore

LITTLE-KNOWN PORTRAITS OF WELL-KNOWN DANCERS

SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR JULY FOURTH

TO BE USED IN ANY PUBLIC SCHOOL IN THE UNITED STATES

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

1. CHORUS, "America"..All the pupils

2. RECITATION, "Our Flag"
Miss Sadie Morowitz

3. SONG, "We Love Our Country Best"

Misses	Masters
Maria Baldocchi	Frank X. Scully
Sophy Einstein	Emil Bauer
Ludmilla Arkanovitch	Antoine Artigues
	Etienne Artigues

4. PRIZE ESSAY, "Abraham Lincoln"
Miss Leah Rosenblum

5. DEBATE, "Is Free Trade Desirable?"

Misses	Masters
Hulda Dariensen	Rafael Maresca
Loretta Daley	Otto Laubach

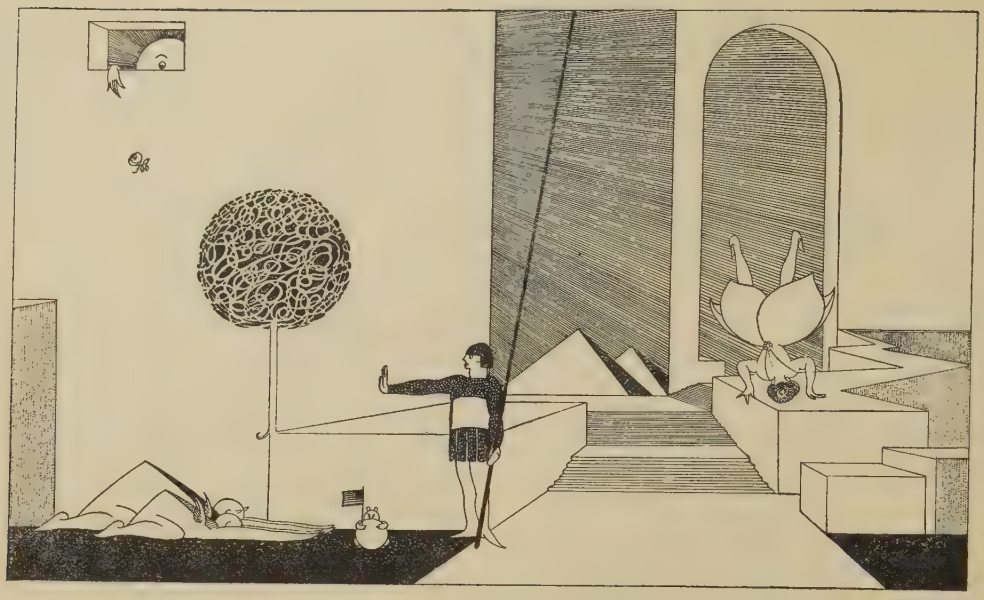
6. SONG, "The Crimson Stripes, the Silver Stars"
Miss Hedwig Schwartz

7. ESSAY, "A Glimpse of Washington's Day".....Master Leo Nolan

8. RECITATION, Longfellow, selected
Miss Helène Ordeau

9. ESSAY, "My Republic"
Miss Ray Klockmann

10. CHORUS, "America Forever!"
Composed for this occasion by Fritz Muller. Words by August Silverburg



MUSICAL COMEDY

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the effort to obtain a real American musical comedy, the editor has commissioned three men to write one. In order to invest the work with an even greater coherence than usually inheres to our native musical pieces, the editor has astutely kept each of the three workers in absolute ignorance as to what the others were doing. A perfect balance and unity has therefore been maintained, since there has been no attempt at collaboration. Thus, as the "book" will have nothing at all to do with the lyrics, the lyrics nothing to do with the "book," and the scenery absolutely no connection with either, tickets may be had at Buyson's twenty weeks in advance.

BOOK BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.
LYRICS BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER.
SCENERY BY GEORGE WOLFE PLANK.

8:15—OPENING CHORUS: "We 're the Leaders of Society."

8:25—Loud explosion off-stage right, indicative of blowing-up of an automobile. Enter comedian: "You 're an odd fellow!"

"No, I 'm a Mystic Shriner."

"Do you like champagne?"

"No, it tastes as if your foot was asleep."

8:40—SONG: "Underneath the syncopated moon."

8:52—"Why don't you brush your hair?"

"Which one?"

"Why take your wife to Paris? It 's like taking a ham sandwich to a banquet."

9:05—SONG:

You can talk about your Paris streets
  Or those of London fair;
I 'll send regards to the boulevards,
  Where life is without care.
But there 's another lane I know
  That 's sweetest and the best;
So let me have old Broadway,
  And you can have the rest.

CHORUS:

Dear old Broadway, that 's the place for me;
Where skies are blue and girls are true,
  't is there that I would be.
There 's always a friend to help you spend
  the hours that quickly fly,
For I was born on Broadway, and it 's
  there I 'll live and die.

I 've roamed the foreign avenues
Of Europe night and day;
I 've been around through Vienna town
Where everything 's quite gay;
I 've known all sorts of happy times,
I 've seen all kinds of mirth,
But there is just one Broadway,
The dearest street on earth.

CHORUS [*With fine feeling*]:

Dear old Broadway, that 's the place—etc.

Chorus-girls take ends of colored ribbons, and are driven off like ponies by chorus-men in gray Prince Alberts.

9:20—"Have you ever seen Yonkers?"

"No, what are Yonkers?"

"Thank you for your photograph; I will always wear it next to my heart." [*Places photograph in his hip pocket.*]

9:35—SONG: "When little old New Amsterdam was new":

In little old New Amsterdam, before New York was born,
The folks found life a most attractive pastime;
They had no fiendish chauffeurs who would fail to toot their horn,
And make one dodge a taxi for the last time.
They had no "six best sellers," with the accent on the sex;
No restaurants where no one ever rested;
No "extras" full of murder trials and matrimonial wrecks;
In short, their days were almost unmolested.
They never knew the subway's long delay;
They never even heard a cabaret!

CHORUS:

When little old New Amsterdam was new (*was new*),
The people had a peaceful hour or two (*or two*);
They had no fool fandangos,
No turkey-trots or tangos,
When little old New Amsterdam was new.

There now follow thirteen more verses, ridiculing the current fashions, Tammany Hall, eugenics, the situation in Mexico, marital fidelity, William Jennings Bryan, "Votes for Women," the slowness of Philadelphia, colored wigs, "white slave dramas," and others; the last of them being a very serious and very lugubrious stanza celebrating the Panama Canal, "Old Glory," and Theodore Roosevelt.

Chorus-girls dance off in solid line, last girl, upon reaching wings, kicking her right foot out at audience.

9:42—"I thought you were well off before you were married."

"I was; but I did n't know it."

"Your sister Mary is fat, ain't she?"

"Yes, but I 've got a sister Lena."

9:50—Leading lady, in pink décolleté, plays violin on darkened stage.

SONG [*Tempo di Vienna*]:

When the heavens are swaying to mystical playing,
With never a note that is false;
When beauty is fairest, then life 's at its rarest,
For that is the hour of the waltz.
When music is thrilling and all hearts are filling
With rapture and breathless romance,
With *your* hand in mine, dear, and while your eyes shine, dear,
Let love guide your steps in the dance.

CHORUS [*Softly, languorously*]:

Dance with me, dance with me, darling,
Dreamily glide on for aye;
Farewell to sorrow, heed not to-morrow,
Let us be young while we may.
Dance with me, dance with me, darling;
All of life's pleasures are here;
Your glances so tender have made me surrender—
Dance with me, dance with me, dear!

9:55—Leading lady, in a burst of rage because leading man, who wears his watch-chain draped diagonally across his waistcoat, spurns her, smashes violin to pieces. SONG:

Love, I bid you farewell forever;
It 's gay Paree for mine!

10:12—"So this is Paris! What 's that crazy-looking river over there?"

"That 's the in-Seine River."

"Do you want to buy a talking-machine?"

"No, I 've *got* a wife."

10:14—Love Song:

The Indian, judging by report,
  Is taciturn and grim;
His knife is long, his speech is short;
  He lacks the proper vim.
But when love strikes the Indian's heart,
  He drops his manner stoical;
His nature warms, he struts and storms,
  He 's splendid and heroical.

Chorus:

For it 's love that makes the world go round
  Upon its throbbing axis;
'T is love we praise; 't is love that pays
  The piper and the taxes.
'T is love goes hand in hand with youth,
  And with the stars above;
So what is wealth or fame or health
  Compared to love, lo-o-ve, *LOVE!*

'T is love that fires the blood that starts
  Beneath New England mittens;
It even stirs the placid hearts
  Of Brooklynites and Britons.
Grocer and king attempt to sing,
  Thrilled with a wild propensity;
And life exults while in its pulse
  There burns this new intensity.

All [*With conviction*]:

Yes, it 's love that makes the world go round, etc.

10:19—Mlle. Firenza and M. Allaire in tango exhibition.

10:26—Song:

There is only one spot on the map,
  I say;
And that is our own only U. S. A.!

Chorus-girls march in military formation to footlights, then, suddenly wheeling, disclose American flags on their backs.

10:30—"Is your brother still alive?"

"No, he lives in New Rochelle."

"Where is Signor Bombastino?"

"He must be in the dining-room; I hear somebody eating soup."

10:42—Song: "Tell me."

[*Sung by the blonde ingénue in a white lingerie dress.*]

Tell me, little brook that flows,
  Tell me, bird so gay;
Tell me, proud and blushing rose;
  Tell me, tell me, pray.
Tell me, lakes that laugh and shine,
  Tell me, skies that glow;
Tell this anxious heart of mine
  All it longs to know.

Chorus [*Slowly and far too sentimentally*]:

Tell me, ah, tell me, 'neath a magic moon
Tell me, ah, tell me, while the month is June;
Whisper low the secret, soft as falling dew,
Tell me, ah, tell me—is my loved one true?

Tell me, perfume-laden breeze,
  Tell me, flowers that fade;
Tell me, green and waving trees,
  With your lovely shade;
Tell me, butterfly and dove,
  Is my passion vain?
Hearken to my plea of love;
  Tell me once again.

Chorus [*Slower, and even more sentimentally*]:

Tell me, ah, tell me, etc.

10:50—Leading man: "Then you forgive me?"

Leading woman: "Of course, you silly!"

11:00—All: "Then It 's Heigh-Ho for Little Old Manhattan and the Great White Way!"

CURTAIN

A PHILOMETAPHYSIOLOGICAL PROBLEM POME

WITH THE NEW SPELLING

BY REGINALD BIRCH

ABEL loved Mabel,
And wanted to cabel.
But the price
Of a cabel
Made him not
Abel.
How cood he cabel
If he was not
Abel?
But when he *was* Abel
And wanted to cabel,
Wy was he not abel
To cabel
To Mabel?

THE above drawing does not illustrate one of the new dances, but represents Reason tottering on her throne.

Drawing by C. F. Peters

A SUMMER HOLIDAY

"Now, Mr. Dobbs, as we have the whole afternoon before us, I want you to tell me all about yourself!"

THE GIRL WITH THE GREEN HAIR

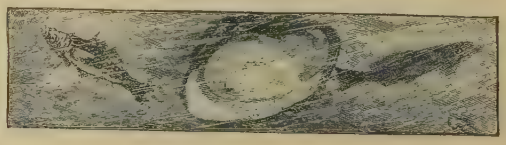
OR AN IDYL FASHIONED FROM AN IDLE FASHION

BY COLETTA RYAN AND W. R. B.

MY sweetheart is a charming girl,
In fact a perfect queen.
Her heart is fond, her eyes are bright,
Her lips are red, her teeth are white,
But, oh, her hair is green!

Her splendid springtime gift of hair
Effects my summer cure.
Mint-juleps, foliage, swimming-pools,
And every thought that soothes and cools,
Vibrate from her coiffure!

And so, though many people shriek
With "Tut!"s and "Boo!"s and "Fie!"s
At colored wigs, though Grundy raves,
The surging of these Marcel waves
In deep-sea peace my spirit laves;
And how it rests the eyes!



THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

"O MY LOVE LEONORE!"

(*See poem on page 490*)

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

FICTION NUMBER

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UNDER SILKEN SKINS

BY MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

Author of "Love by Lightning," "The Tinder-Box," "Digging Up Sam," etc.

PICTURE BY MARTIN JUSTICE

YES, under the surface of every woman's nature smolders the primal power which is apt to give off radiant electric currents that may make or unmake history, generate a poet, or flame a path direct to the highest heaven. I partly understand now; but I am still in awe of what I found in myself when the first spark was struck out of me less than a week ago.

I was aware of the first volt tingling along my nerves down at the cow-sheds at the fair on Monday when I raised my eyes and saw Helm Robards watching our aristocratic Bluefields brilliantly produce one quart less milk for the three days' record than his Mrs. Butter. It was one of a succession of such electrifying humiliations that failed to make me rage as they should have done; and that night the harvest moonlight, the cool autumn wind across the Bluegrass meadows, the croon of the doves in the vines up under the eaves, and I all seemed for the first time to vibrate in a queer new kind of harmony, which I felt was making me do my sleeping wide awake.

Tuesday I had to ride sadly and faithfully home to Uplands behind huge old Mrs. Rooter, our sow, who waddled calmly along, a red ribbon facetiously tied to the curly tail of the last of the six sleek little squealers who followed her; and still I danced with the greatest graciousness at the governor's ball that night with the Pennerile owner of her successful competitor.

"You can have those two blue ribbons for your long and useless trip up into the Bluegrass," I said as he swung me out on the floor, after Judge Cavendish had introduced us.

"Just wait," he answered, laughing down into my eyes.

Helm Robards's eyes are not like any other man's eyes I ever looked into. They are calm and young, but so deep that you feel that they could tell you eternal secrets, if you have the strength to look long enough, which I had n't—then.

Wednesday saw his Southdown's blue above the Uplands' red, and I spent two hours of twilight showing him the sunset beyond our giant elms. Thursday he scored everywhere, and he and I arrived half an hour late at Mrs. Cavendish's dinner because the moon rose over the ridge so early. By Friday the feud, that since history began has existed between the arrogant Bluegrass region and the poorer lands to the south of the Dark and Bloody Ground, said to nourish only pennyroyal

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in profusion, stalked rampant over the fair grounds wherever a Pennerile blue ribbon waved jauntily over a red from the Bluegrass, or the State at large.

"Well, what do you think of the Pennerile invasion, Barbara?" exclaimed Judge Cavendish, as he stood over the Robards's apple exhibit, which weighed one and a quarter pounds to the apple. "This kind of perfection is unsportsmanlike. His mule colt looks like a young elephant, and he spends his days stuffing, then exercising, his pigs, so his blasted bacon runs fat and lean streaks, like the stripes on a woman's dimity. He 'll breed mocking-bird voices in his cows next, and expect Bluegrass grangers to do the same."

"Seen his beardless wheat and giant punkin, Jedge?" chuckled old Major Spence, who lives over the bank, and strenuously eschews the vicissitudes of farm life by renting his farm on shares to the judge, living on the results, meager or abundant.

"What 's that to you, sir?" stormed the judge, at the prod. "You never sprouted even a first-class goatee in your life, and don't know wheat from timothy. Barbara, my child, have you ever observed anything to equal that impudent Robards's Plymouth Rock rooster over in the poultry show that is as big as a calf? It makes my cock look like a half-breed hen, and yours can't be persuaded to take his head out of the straw long enough to be fed."

"Blast him! why don't he spend his fortune like a gentleman, instead of using it for tricky Yankee experiments, to come it over men who have farmed for generations by the grace of the hottest sun, clearest water, and the richest land in the South? The Pennerile upstart!" growled dad, and as he walked away he swung his heavy crop with vicious temper. He had been drinking hard, and for the first time in my life I had begun to feel fear, not of him, but that he would fail to lose the end, as I saw he must, like a sportsman.

I turned quickly away as a storm began to mutter in my breast. I am like dad. I have his powerful body and ungovernable temper. When I was ten my gentle mother died and left us to fight it out, and the battle has been royal. Still, at its worst I have never forgot the power in that last look of unutterable love for us both with which she left us, and knowing both him and myself, I had never even begun to understand—until I raised my eyes to Helm Robards's on Monday over that short quart of milk from Bluefields's udder. Then something in a region that lay back of what I had supposed to be my heart vibrated as I turned away from the cow-sheds into the sunshine. And I believe for the rest of my life I 'm going to be tender in that newly discovered spot from that shock and tingle. I hope so.

And as I walked along the lane to the stables, the sensitized place ached with a passionate longing for dad to keep his pride, at least, up to the standard. For twenty years he has been the most brilliant farmer in Kentucky, and for ten years no one has even disputed his presidency of the grange. He has bred colts of national reputation, and his rams and ewes have sold from Virginia to Louisiana. They all know that he is considered the typical Bluegrass gentleman farmer by the world beyond our state lines, and distinguished visitors to the nation have been sent down to be his guests. Kentuckians have all been proud of him, and followed his lead, unscientific as it has been. But this week he had taken his losings hard, and day by day I had seen him grow sullen, and drink. Yes, I was frightened.

"It 's all right if we lose to the end *game,* not—yellow," I muttered to myself.

But the storm I dreaded broke down at the paddock less than an hour later.

"Take that blasted rawbone beast back to Uplands," ordered dad in a thick, hot voice as he came to the door of the stall where I stood feeding Spunk a ripe apple, while a stable-boy was giving him a good rub-down before the green hunters' ordeal, which was coming to him at ten-thirty. "I 've just seen Robards gallop his green mare through the meadow, and I won't follow any Pennerile horse that breathes across a hurdle. That long-legged colt of mine has n't a show. I 've taken the red to Robards's blue on my pigs and Jerseys and Southdowns, even seen my own punkins tagged behind his, but I 'll be eternally damned if I let them pin a red ribbon on *me,* with the whole State looking on. Take him back. I 'll scratch him."

"For the love of heaven, sir, don't

scratch!" I gasped. "The whole State will witness your—your dishonor." A volt of rage at him and pain for him riddled my nerves and sinews. I stood back against the stall-door, with my head held high, and looked him full in the face with all the pioneer pride of my pastures rising in my breast. "Give him a chance. He 's great, and only a great horse can beat him."

"That will do from you, Madam," answered dad, using the title of seeming courtesy that always marks the stage of fever-heat between him and me. "We Hardins *lead* the field in the Bluegrass, and never follow. This colt can't jump within two feet of his mare's reach. That cock-sure has given me more humiliations to swallow than I can well stomach. I 'll not take another."

"He 's beaten us fair because he 's bred every one of his exhibits ahead of ours, but it remains for them all to see that we are bred under him ourselves—in grit and honor, if you fail to ride against him," I answered in the cool voice with which I can usually manage to quell dad. "If you scratch Spunk, you scratch yourself before the whole State, which will look on and see that you can't take a defeat—that you run."

"Take that horse home, boy," answered dad in his level voice, which sometimes meets mine and means war to the knife between us. "And also, Madam, it will show good taste for you to keep out of Robards's arms at the ball to-night. Red and blue don't accord in the dance. It 's enough for me to be forced officially to ask him to dine at the grange house to-day."

"He 'll probably not want to eat or dance with—with yellow," I answered between my teeth as he turned on his heel and left me.

For a crazy minute I stood and shook with the unholy rage he had roused in me, and then something soft and warm snuggled against my cheek as Spunk leaned across his bar to thank me for the apple and ask for more. I took his long, thin nozle, with its wide, sensitive nostrils, in my hand, and looked deep into his clear, gentle eyes, which held a spark in their depths. Spunk and I have been bred alike; he has been sired by dad's Satan, the worse-tempered, most beautiful, and most powerful stallion in the Bluegrass, out of English Lady, a gentle mare my mother had driven to her low phaëton to within a week of her death. As I looked into his eyes, I seemed to see that he knew and sympathized with the war that was perpetually waged within my own breast —profound womanliness, and hard-riding, passionate temperament fighting for possession of me.

And the beauty of us! Spunk has long legs, deep flanks, and high-held head. So have I. Spunk has steel muscles that knot under a thin, silken skin. So have I. Could it be haphazard, rotten beauty?

Suddenly the question stormed into my brain, Did Spunk and I lack the small per cent. that the cows and pigs and pumpkins lacked of matching Helm Robards and his products? Did we?

Just then I heard the paddock starter call for the green jumpers, and the crestfallen, sobbing stable-boy came with Spunk's blanket to lead him home. It was then that a deep chord toned in me, and I rose out of the depths of deadly shame and humiliation into which I had sunk at being scratched along with Spunk.

Once, when dad and I had clashed to the echo, my mother had held me close and tight to her breast, and had whispered so that I had hardly heard it:

"You are the child of a good God; never forget it."

Like a flash came the first impulse to pray I had ever had.

"*Now,* please God!" I whispered under my breath, and stood still for just a second, listening. Something there back of my heart struck a note, and lifted my head high and strong.

"Strap the smallest racing-saddle you can find on him and make the stirrups short," I said to the boy as I slipped out of my coat and buckled the belt of my khaki riding-skirt closer about my waist. I knew that no Bluegrass woman before had ever been allowed to ride in a field of half-broken colts for the first time being put over bars, with the excitement of the music and the crowd running them wild again. No wonder the green hunters' event is always the greatest and most exciting one of fair week; it 's dangerous enough to have pleased Nero himself, and takes the breath of the grand stand. But I felt perfectly unafraid, and I laughed

softly to myself as I wound my braids tighter around my head and hung up my Panama hat in the stall, while the boy, trembling with fear, saddled and bridled Spunk.

"Spunk darling, we 'll find out if there 's more in us than in punkins," I whispered as I kissed his nozle, mounted, and let the boy turn us into the run that led to the end of the track.

It was in a bunch of the most beautiful youngsters ever bred in Kentucky meadows that Spunk and I galloped down the track toward the first hurdle. Bobby Henderson was riding his Meadow Belle, and she fairly frolicked with joy on her dainty feet, while Mason Burt's Getaway was indulging in a glorious turkey-trot all to himself, inspired by the strains of "Robert E. Lee" that the country band was blasting out from the band-stand.

Lindsey Hall, on Peachy, looked across at me with alarm in his friendly, brown eyes and called:

"Don't take him to the limit, Barbara! Jump low and alone!"

"Our name is Spunk, and we jump," I laughed back at him, with my heart beating higher and higher, as I saw the huge, black Pennerile mare galloping down the track behind us under Helm Robards, whose face was white beneath the long lock of brown hair that had blown across his forehead. For three evenings I had been dancing within the brawny arms that, bare now, held in the powerful, straining, excited horse, and the night before, just for the last second of the last dance, they had held me very close, and I was not positively certain just whose heart was so pounding and vibrating within the strong clasp. I had strongly suspected my own of being at least partly involved, and now it strained at the curb in my breast and took a wild, anticipatory jump as he reined in beside us.

"What do you mean, Miss Hardin? This is too rough a sport for a woman," he said, with something peremptorily possessive in his voice that almost made me reel in my saddle and fall weakly and femininely sobbing into his arms. But there was also something in his eyes that, in their imploring, looked past my guard down into my fastnesses, and aroused an imperative desire to find out what was in the depths of Spunk and me. I vaguely felt that I must have some sort of a blue ribbon to put me into his class or remain forever in outer darkness.

"If you want this ribbon, you 'll have to jump for it—high," I answered calmly and softly, my eyes still held by his.

"I 'll not jump against you in this field of dangerous horses," he said, while the mare nozled Spunk, who nipped a good-natured reply, as we cantered down to the line. "Come back to the paddock with me before the starter calls."

"And let them all say I came into the ring to disqualify you?" I asked coolly, calling up my temper to steady my emotions, which is always a successful manœuver for a hard-pressed woman, while I also regained possession of my eyes. "If you don't use all the jump there is in your mare against me, you will impeach my honor. It 's what I 'm fighting for. I 'm in this field to save it, because my father —my father refused to ride his horse against you—went to scratch at the call-bell in fear of a red ribbon."

A lesser man would have broken my nerve by pleas, but just as the starter dropped the flag something came into his eyes, which again took mine, that steadied me and made my head go high and my legs strong to grip Spunk, until I seemed a part of his prancing body.

"Go, then; let him lift himself, but ease him down, you beauties, both of you!" His warm, strong hand slid across mine as we sprang away from him and the mare.

Then for one mad, glorious half-hour we jumped and jumped, the whole bunch of joyous young brutes just from their pastures wild with the music and the cheers of the crowd. They vaulted and tumbled and cleared their hurdles, one after another, as higher and higher rose the bars after each onrush. Meadow Belle flunked the fifth bar, and Bobby had to ride her away down the track, prancing just as if she had won the honors, while Getaway scrambled the sixth so badly that the grand stand held its collective breath in agonized rapture; but over bar after bar the young black mare skimmed, and just behind her Spunk vaulted with a perfect rise, but a heavy, cumbersome landing. I had known enough to ride up to the first hurdle and let him nose it, but after that the instinct that made him bunch his long

legs for the rise and spread for the land he had got from his own cross-country, galloping strain, which had come down to him from his English Lady mother, and the soft, passionate, confident hand that never left off caressing his withers I had got from mine.

Finally, when our hearts had begun to beat hard and fast against our satin breasts, and our lungs and legs to strain, the bars went up to seven full, and the field cleared to the mare and Spunk.

Spunk and I were fifty yards behind them, and I held him to the left of the track as I saw them begin to get together for the dash and rise; then I leaned in the saddle as they sprang into the air, shot across, and landed, but bringing the top plank with them. It had been a great jump, and the grand stand both roared and cheered at the puzzled expression of the mare's body as she turned around to see what it could be that had jumped that fence with her, and found the bar at her feet. With a touch of his crop to his forehead in our direction, her rider drew her to one side and turned to watch our finish.

And such as the finish was, Spunk made it. The fall of that bar and the fear of a crash for our opponents had put me out of the race. I gave him the rein and deserted him flatly, my heart going over to the black mare and rider, only my legs clinging to him. And as if he realized that the honor of his pastures rested on him alone, poor Spunk gathered himself together in one mass of knotted muscles, threw aside all affectation of lift, spring, and recover that I had been forcing on him in imitation of the mode of procedure of the opponent, and hurled himself over that hurdle in awkward and successive jerks that strongly resembled the leaps of a mountain goat; but he landed clean on the right side of the seven full bars, amid deafening roars from the assembled State and the crash of the band. He had done the winning. I had just backed him, literally and figuratively.

My heart laughed in my eyes and I hugged the plucky colt with my knees as I saw the defeated Penneriler cantering up to us.

"Thank God! it 's over," he muttered as he rode down the track at my side, Spunk and the mare nozling and nipping and comparing notes as to the colors of the ribbons that floated from their bridles. "Every jump you 've taken has landed full on my heart, and I could n't have stood another."

"Pretty hard heart, judging from some of the jolts Spunk and I have got in our landings," I answered with a laugh that he echoed with his deep, hearty voice, which had soothed the impatient me the very first time I heard it on Monday morning urging the judges down in the barns to be certain that his Mrs. Butter had the points that blue ribboned her ahead of our Bluefields. Some men's voices have biceps that support a woman's perturbed nerves; those in his throat are as strong as those in his arms.

"Not so hard a heart as firm in winning its desires," he challenged boldly just as I reined Spunk away from the mare, to turn in our runway. His eyes crossed fire with mine.

"Sometimes you lose," I called over my shoulder as Spunk began to amble hurriedly toward his stall and rub-down.

"Just wait," he again answered, with his challenging laugh.

"Spunky darling," I whispered after I had turned him in and put up the bar to leave him, and call the boy from his place on the fence over by the track to come with the blanket, "we are fit, after all. And we measure up, even if a bit awkwardly. If we 've got a yellow streak, it did n't show to-day."

But as he nozled for an apple I held his head against my breast for a second while another electric volt made me partly see why I would keep standardizing him and myself. And again I was frightened. Yes, I 'd won the race, but was I just like the pumpkin from Uplands, beautiful and rounded to look at, but rank-grown, pithy, and below standard at the heart when laid open. Jumping Spunk over the bars had just proved the outer me; but what about the fiber of the inner woman when the knife should cut through me? Would it measure up? Measure up to *what?*

Something that I had kept dumb and suffering in me all week was panting for the answer. But what was *I* to standardize, judge, and make the award on a soul? Anyway, how did I know I had one?

Questioning, questioning and smoldering, I came up to the grange house ve-

randa, on which dad's dinner-party was assembled, drinking mint-juleps while they waited for me.

Just as I mounted the side steps, I saw dad standing in the midst of a group of our friends, and they had all evidently been toasting Helm Robards and me in their long, frosted, green-topped glasses. Dad refused to look at me, and I instinctively felt his chagrin that I and not he had cut off the string of the Pennerile blue ribbons by winning the best one of all. Also he could n't help but know how they all felt about my taking Spunk across when he had just gone to the judges to withdraw him. I saw it all in his sullen, handsome face as I paused on the top step just as Mason Burt held his glass high and laughed across the mint to me as he said:

"To Spunk and the spunkiest woman in the Bluegrass, who 'll neither of them ever need a spur to win—and to the winner of them!"

Then as they all lifted their glasses to me, dad raised his, and answered with a drawl that was half a sneer:

"To the man who lays a whip across them both! They need it, damn them!"

For a paralyzed moment the men all stood silent, with their glasses in their hands, too astonished to speak. Dad had been drinking hard all morning, of course, but the insult was from a brute—to its cub.

A hot rage rose in me, and I started forward. I don't know what I might have done, but before I had taken a single blind step Helm Robards very quietly and calmly took dad's glass from his hand and flung it out into the bed of geraniums on the lawn.

The rest of the dinner-party continued to stand paralyzed with horror, and Mrs. Judge Cavendish held back a sob.

For a still second, in which the whole universe seemed to be holding a shocked breath, I gazed straight into Helm Robards's eyes, and took my awakening and baptism into limitless love from the depths of their holy compassion. I drank deep, and all at once knew within me then and forever the power that I could invoke in my terrible need.

For that birth second I had been oblivious of everything, but suddenly I heard a hard breath at my side, and turned in time to see dad raise the heavy crop with which he was to have ridden Spunk, and swing it straight at Helm Robards's face. If it had landed, it would have marred his calm, clean-cut beauty for life; but instead, across my arm and shoulder I carry a livid bruise that will be a scar for many a day. God gave me that second to spring in between them.

"Your guests are waiting for dinner, Dad," I said calmly as I recovered my breath quickly after the first agony of the blow. I stood close to him, and held his shaking arm with my strong fingers as I looked him straight in the face and offered him the cup of compassion that had just been filled within me. He stood rigid and cold, for a second looking down at me. He had expected me to fling my own crop in his face in a return blow, and I felt sure the rest of them had the same expectation, but my calm words had been a call to them all to ignore my shame and stand by me.

"Yes, we are all hungry for the saddle of Southdown, with the famous Uplands flavor, that you have promised us, Mr. Hardin. Don't keep us waiting any longer," Helm Robards's strong voice came in promptly as soon as I had finished speaking, and he walked slowly into the dining-room with me, dad trembling and dazed between us.

And for almost two hours I sat at the head of dad's long table in the dining-room, conducting his dinner-party, which as president of the grange he gives to the prize-winners from all over Kentucky every yeaf, just as calmly as if I had not been branded with a red-hot iron before them all.

Something in me sang and jubilated and rioted in my face and voice until it took hold of the whole tableful of horrified guests, and set them laughing and talking and having a glorious time, not noticing the blood-stain that spread across the shoulder and sleeve of my tan silk riding-shirt.

A miracle was at work, wrought by the same Guest who had turned the water into wine at the wedding-feast at little Cana in Galilee. They were all drinking from my full cup, and it seemed bottomless.

And by the time the Southdown saddle had been disposed of, I had turned that tragic dinner into a glorious reconciliation

feast, at which Bluegrass embraced Pennerile with great and unprecedented enthusiasm.

"A great drubbing to you old Bluegrassers, great drubbing," cackled Major Spence.

"Well, drat your Pennerile impudence, boy, but sell me two of the black squealers, and I 'll make Spence raise them by hand," laughed the judge as he buttered his last bit of corn-pone.

"I 'm sure I 'm still the champion mongrel-fryer raiser in the world, but I 'll undertake one of your fifty-dollar Plymouth settings if I have to do the setting by hand, Mr. Robards," said Mrs. Cavendish, in the pause that followed the laugh at the major's and the judge's brush.

Most of the time I had kept my eyes on dad's sullen, unhappy face, but now for a second I held my breath and prayed for the wine of the miracle. A reluctant smile came about his handsome mouth and shone in his big, dark eyes. He looked at me doubtfully for a second, as if to gather courage from my eyes, which seemed full to the brim of it and a queer new passion of child love for him, and then he, too, spoke in his big, booming voice, as everybody paused half fearfully to listen to him.

"I 'll trade anything at Uplands, Robards, for Mrs. Butter, except Babs, of course," he said, and there was a queer sire note in his voice that had answered that foal call in my eyes. It was the first we had ever exchanged, and the glorious pain that darted through me seemed to beat out chords of a creation anthem in my breast.

"We 're going to trade, Mr. Hardin, but let 's make it larger than that," answered the hero of the hour, boldly, with never a glance in my direction. Our eyes had not met since the look he had given me that had completed the circuit between me and my motor, but I was sure that he understood what had happened to me. And I know now I shall always get some of my power current through him.

"Now see here, Robards, don't ask us to grade up our girls to make Pennerile wives. We don't have to," chuckled Judge Cavendish, as he raised his glass with a proud smile over at Mrs. Cavendish's stately, white head. "To our wives and sweethearts, the best, God bless 'em!"

Dinner was over, and they all rose to his toast with a laugh; but as they drank, a thought shot through my brain that became the knife which cut through me to test my core. Suddenly I knew I had to go away by myself into some stillness to think and to ask my new-found self a question of honor. I fled down the steps of the grange house and out into the fair grounds.

Looking neither to the right nor to the left, I swung along the main road through the buildings, past the yelling ballyhoos of the side-shows, the sizzling hot-dog sandwich-places, the ice-cream booths, and the shooting-galleries. A soft-voiced Gipsy woman sat at the door of her tent and called to me as I passed:

"Tella yo' fortune, beautiful lady! Gooda fortune!"

I with a good fortune! With a sob in my throat I ran on and turned into a tent that was pitched back under a huge oak-tree on a little knoll away from the heat and dust and noise. It was so quiet that it seemed deserted.

For a moment I stood puzzled in the cool dusk of its shady depths, and then suddenly a laugh lilted its way out of the seat of my risibles right past the tumult in my heart. I had plunged, in an agony of desperation from the wicked world, straight into the calm of the "Better Babies" tent, and the whole congregation was there to welcome me, part of it sitting staring wide-eyed at me through white crib bars, though most of it was inertly away in Napland. Weakly I echoed my first laugh, and sank down on a cot that held only one little, red-headed chubbykins of a two-year-old boy, anchored securely by two safety-pins, one on each side of his blue rompers. The nurse had evidently gone to get her lunch during a lull in her duties caused by so many noonday sleeps.

As I crouched beside him, Chubb gurgled and waved his hands helplessly in such pathetic distress that I untethered him carefully before I let the waves break over my head. And when the sobs did come, they were smothered on the small blue gingham breast of the mite as he clung and crowed, grateful for his release.

Then as we cooed and cried luxuriously, suddenly we were both folded hard in the strong Pennerile arms, and lifted against a broad, capable, wooing breast.

"Whose lost babies are these?" his sustaining voice asked as he kissed the back of both of our necks as if he had been doing it all our lives. There was not a note in his comfortable and trivial question that sounded as if he had just been through a disgusting and horrifying scene. "What 's this, both of you prize-winners?"

In my perturbation I had failed to see that Chubb bore a tiny blue ribbon across his sturdy little breast, upon which I had cast my grief.

"Please go away from me and never, never let me see you again! It 's the only way," I said in a low, shaky voice as I prepared to withdraw from the tangle of his and Chubb's arms.

"And leave the only blue ribbon I want still unwon?" he asked as he tucked Chubb under his right arm and made a hollow between his heart and his left to press me into. "I 'm not going back to the Pennerile without a complete set. Be a sport and dare to let me kiss you five times before I ask you if you love me, prize here looking on as counter."

"No," I answered as I drew determinedly away and stood in the middle of the tent, leaving him with the baby in his arms. "No, your whole life you are giving to making things that measure up, and I 'm not going to let you take something short into the very center of it. You have seen from what I came, and with your scientific knowledge you know better than I what I am and must always be. But because you do understand such things you are—are pitiful, like God is, and that is what made me love you the first time I ever saw you. Only this please believe, that while I am his bone and flesh, when I 'm cut into, I 've got a soul. I got that from God. I 've been feeling it ever since I saw yours in your eyes. I 've found it because I need it to love you with—and—and protect you from my own self. You must go away from me; I must make you."

Very quietly he deposited the baby in the middle of the cot and came over and stood in front of me, with both of my cold, trembling hands clasped firmly in his.

"Now I 'm going to give you a little scientific talk on love before I take you in my arms for a final—which is going to *be* a final," he said with a sort of soft impatience. "The black spot on the Southdown, the hard, green seeds in the tomato, the white feather in the black Minauka, and the crooked fore leg or fractious temper in the setter pup, all make them undesirable. They can be eliminated. But beyond and above all that we scientists are ever going to know about or be able to do with the human race is the fact that they have souls that come from God, as you say, and come from Him with the power and authority to know and claim their own mates. That there is no controverting. Science bows its head. I knew you and claimed you when I saw you pluckily stand by and watch me take the blue from that Jersey of yours Monday morning; and how much longer am I to wait here lecturing on agriculture and being sane?"

"Yes, I recognized you at that same time, and all week I have been fighting to get near you—to get you. It was what made me put Spunk over those bars, to put myself in your blue-ribbon class, and—and three hours ago I would have—have accepted your—your sacrifice. But now I realize that I can't, that I must n't spoil your life. I 've found the strength to—to send you away because it is best for you. There may be yellow in me—only go quickly." Again the pain back of my heart shook me with its force, but I looked him straight in the eyes with a denial that held him from me.

"If there ever was yellow in you, what became of it across those seven bars, under that crop, and at that still higher bar, the dinner-table?" he questioned me calmly, and as if impersonally diagnosing my case; while with one of his hands, which throbbed healing tenderness into me, he covered the dark stain on my shirt.

"It—it and fear fade when I am near you," I faltered, though still holding him away.

"You never knew either one," he said firmly, finally, and triumphantly. "But now be honest with me; is n't there something here that is fighting for me with more power than you knew existed?" He pressed his hand down hard over my heart.

"Yes, and it is what came down to me through the pity in your eyes when I was—was beaten—and gave back my pride and—strength to give you up," I answered, my fingers clutching his away from my heart, in order that I could get breath to speak.

Drawn by Martin Justice

"'THIS COLT CAN'T JUMP WITHIN TWO FEET OF HIS MARE'S REACH'"

"Never," he answered, and laughed softly as he drew me closer, but waited on me for a merciful minute. "We 've won the real things. Scientists may call it the re-creative, resultant force of psychic mating, but it 's also old-fashioned, stocky garden love, that can be trusted to flower Kingdom Come true to variety. Don't you know it when you—"

Just here Chubb, the prize, broke up the lecture on psycho-biology by crawling off the edge of the cot and remonstrating loudly because the floor was not on the same level.

"Husky youngster; look at his hocks," said Helm as he stood over us, while I coaxed the smiles back to the face of the small prize farmer, and guiltily retethered him with the wise safety-pins.

"This is another blue ribbon that is not a Pennerile one," I said as I looked up from a last kiss on Chubb's rose-leaf cheek.

"Just wait!"

"O MY LOVE LEONORE!"

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

(SEE FRONTISPIECE)

O MY love Leonore! O my lost lady!
Is it the grave you are gracing to-night?
Is your breast cold now and covered with white?
Are you grown stiff, who were lissome and light?

Are they the plain coffin-planks that you see,
Narrow for feet that were flying and free,
Rude for white hands that wove spells over me?
O my love Leonore! O my lost lady!

Is your cheek cool of the flush that I fanned?
Must you not dance now, nor once wave your hand?
Can you not laugh through the small stones and sand?
O my love Leonore! O my lost lady!

THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF JACQUELINE

I—POM-POM *VERSUS* HENRI

BY GEORGE WESTON

PICTURES BY HARRY RALEIGH

WE are all favored by the Fates at times, but in the matter of Jacqueline the Fates not only smiled at me, but laughed aloud, and, laughing, called me "Brother."

I had left the train at Chatham Center, and was walking over to East Granby when I met her on the highway. She was preceded by a mustachioed and world-weary poodle, and followed, with even greater weariness, by a flaming-red rooster, and the moment I saw her I knew that I must either speak or die.

"Pardon me—" I began.

"M'sieur," she said, with an awful show of dignity for one so young, "it is not permit' to me to speak to stranger young gentlemen."

"She 's French," I thought, with a deduction worthy of Dr. Watson; "eastern Connecticut 's full of them. But, *Mademoiselle—"* I began again.

"Nor am I *mademoiselle,"* she objected for the second time. *"M'sieur*—what you call it?—sings wizout his music. You know? I am Mees—Mees Harris."

"Then there was such a person, after all," I thought, with growing astonishment, and for the third time I essayed to speak. "Miss Harris," I said, "I spoke to you because I may have lost my way. Can you tell me if I 'm far from East Granby?"

She had been studying me with grave attention,—her reference to my sight-singing had been made in all seriousness,—and the poodle, on one side of her, mustachioed and wise-appearing beyond belief, and the tired, but fiery-red, rooster, on the other side of her, temporarily resting himself on one leg, had been studying me even more gravely yet. It seemed to be the consensus of their joint scrutiny that such a question as I had propounded might be answered with every deference to the proprieties.

"M'sieur will find East Granby," she said, "direc'ly over the hill."

"Directly over the hill," I repeated. "And can you tell me where Mrs. Depuis lives?"

"But Mme. Depuis is my aunt!" cried the girl in some excitement. "It is the house near the lake, with six—six—what you call them?—six large popular-trees in front. You know?"

I knew I could n't miss six trees like those, but suddenly Miss Harris showed unmistakable signs that her excitement had culminated in a thrill.

"M'sieur," she earnestly exclaimed, "surely it cannot be poss*i*ble that you are Meester Norman who wrote my aunt about boarding at her house for the summer?"

"I am the very one. And if an impostor has appeared upon the—"

"But, *M'sieur,"* she continued to object,—and, oh, she objected most earnestly!—"Meester Norman is a much older man than it is poss*i*ble for you to be, or my Aunt Gabrielle would never have written him to come and be surveyed. For did not I myself see his letter? And did he not write, 'I have been recommend' by my grandson to see if you would not take a summer boarder?' Yes, *M'sieur!* The ver' words which I myself peruse'. So, what, then?"

"It is," I said after a pause of reflection, "the fault of my writing. I remember writing now, 'I have been recommended by Mr. Grandon—' "

Miss Harris laughed. Never in all my life had I heard anything half so enchanting. But all at once this divine sound ceased.

"I surprise myself laughing," she said,

brisk and businesslike in a moment. "Come, *M'sieur*. Enough for the moment. I will lead you to my aunt, for it is even there where I live. Pom-Pom!" she exclaimed. The poodle rose, and I could see, with a notation of pleasure, from the show which he made of his cuffs and the leonine tuft on the end of his tail, that he was a very proud dog at heart. "Henri!" she cried again. The rooster put down his other foot, and I perceived with undiminished joy that he wore a silver bangle round his ankle. Thus accompanied, I made my way, not without distinction, to the house where Jacqueline lived.

In the next few weeks I discovered many things, and a few of them might as well be noted here. Jacqueline's father, Welcome Harris, had been of the purest Connecticut stock, his first American ancestor having settled in Windham County before the seventeenth century was born. Jacqueline's mother, Louise Depuis, had been a French Canadian, with the accent on the French. They had both died when Jacqueline was a baby, and the child had been taken to France by her Aunt Gabrielle, whose life motto had been, "When a woman marries, her romance ceases and her history begins." And Aunt Gabrielle had steadfastly declined to become historical. From France they had lately returned to East Granby, probably the most bewildering mixture of Parisian Nutmegs —written with all respect and affection— that the world has ever seen.

It required an hour's interview with Jacqueline's aunt before she gave her permission for me to remain. Even then she made it brutally clear that she was at liberty to terminate the arrangement at any time without notice. Indeed, I fear that she would never have received me as a paying guest in any circumstances if chicken thieves had not recently been active in East Granby. Wherefore Mme. Depuis, asking first if I could shoot, showed me a chintz-covered room overlooking her chicken-house in the rear, to say nothing of a corner of the orchard and a flower-bed which looked like one of the illustrations of paradise.

"And *M'sieur* he can bang ze—what you call him?—ze *œil-de-bœuf,* ze eye of ze bull?" Madame demanded in a deep, cynical voice, making no bones at all about her z's or her suspicion of mankind.

"Whenever I draw a bead with my trusty rifle," I assured her, "it is 'Good night, Bull!' "

Even more grimly Madame fetched an old shot-gun, and indicated on the grass below an inverted jar which served some of her chicks as a drinking-fountain. "Now, *M'sieur,*" she said, rising to an idiom, "you mus' give me ze cloth or return my four sous."

Resting the gun upon the window-sill, I had the melancholy satisfaction of blowing the jar to the traditional smithereens. Jacqueline shuddered, and looked very thoughtful.

"C'est bien! C'est bien!" cried Madame. Whereupon she gave me to understand that the room was mine upon the express condition which I have already mentioned. So as soon as I could manage it, I went down into the orchard in search of Jacqueline, and as soon as I saw her I knew that something extraordinary was in the wind.

Jacqueline was peeping through the trees at a summer-house which was almost concealed by a high box-hedge. When she caught sight of me, she placed her finger on her lips, and in silence she drew me away.

"Well," she said, seating herself in the shade of a grape-arbor, from which she could still continue to peep at the distant summer-house, "did Aunt Gaby break it to you with a shock?"

"Did Aunt Gabrielle break what to me?"

"How long you are to stay."

"I thought," I began, somewhat upon my dignity, "that I am to stay as long as it remains mutually satisfactory—"

"You are to stay," interrupted Jacqueline, with a trace of haughtiness in her manner, "as long as you do not make the love to me. There! As for me, it is the youngest of my cares; but because I would rather have you here than some elderly gentleman recommend' by his grandson, I have warn' you fairly. Here, Pom-Pom!"

The poodle came forward, and I could begin to see how useful a poodle can be for turning a conversation. He flung himself down at Jacqueline's feet and gave expression to such a remarkable

"SHE WAS PRECEDED BY A MUSTACHIOED AND WORLD-WEARY POODLE"

series of sighs that for the time being I sat aghast, and looked at him in undisguised sympathy.

"Is he very old?" I asked.

"No," said Jacqueline, thoughtfully; "it is simply that he feels aversion to the li'l' pig's tail."

"The little pig's tail?" I gasped.

"The li'l' pig's tail," Jacqueline enlightened me, "he goes all day and does not'ing; but as for Pom-Pom, Pom-Pom has been hunting."

"Hunting?" I cried, looking at Pom-Pom's curly black trimmings, which seemed to indicate anything except the rigors of the chase. "Did he catch anything?"

"Yes," whispered Jacqueline, nodding in excitement; "it 's in the summer-house now." Again she turned the conversation. "Henri!" she called.

The red rooster, thus addressed, came slowly forward, and he, too, settled himself down to rest again as soon as he reached his mistress's side.

"What makes Henri so tired?" I asked, looking at that truly remarkable pet.

" 'Sh!" said Jacqueline, peeping over in alarm toward the summer-house. "Henri 's been hunting, too."

"And did *he* catch anything?" I asked, my astonishment growing like the green bay-tree.

"Yes," cried Jacqueline, her eyes dancing, one might almost say, a sort of illusive bunny-hug; "it 's in the summer-house

with what Pom-Pom caught. Listen! Is she crying or laughing?"

We listened for nearly a minute, all strained attention; but beyond the noise of Pom-Pom's sighs we heard no noise. Whereupon, puzzled to distraction, I looked at Jacqueline, and pleaded:

"*Mademoiselle,* tell me, if you please!"

"Well," said Jacqueline, "it began this morning with Pom-Pom catching flies."

"Catching flies?" I complained, disappointed beyond measure at the smallness of Pom-Pom's game.

"Catching flies," said Jacqueline, not one whit abashed. "He was lying down, and the flies bother' him. So ever' once in a while he snap' and caught one. You know?"

She showed me, a ravishing pantomime, with her thumb and finger.

"And you took one of the flies away from Pom-Pom and put it in the summer-house?" I asked more gently.

"No, I did n' take one of the flies away from Pom-Pom, and I did n' put it in the summer-house," said Jacqueline, with spirit. "But Pom-Pom saw that Henri was watching him, and after that, ever' time Pom-Pom caught a fly, he look' at Henri as though to say: *'Voilà!* Behold something which you could never do, poor image of a fowl! Heh!' "

"Pom-Pom did!" I muttered.

"Yes; and then he would catch another fly, and yawn, knowing all the time that he was—what you call it?—putting the mustard on Friend Henri's nose. Poor old Henri!" cried Jacqueline. At this, seeing that the tide of popular interest was sweeping past him, Pom-Pom sat up and begged. "Catch!" cried Jacqueline, throwing him a green grape. Pom-Pom caught the grape with Gallic ease, casting a patronizing look upon Henri as he did so, and although he pretended, as long as Henri watched him, that the grape was delicious beyond compare, I could n't help but notice that the poodle hastily dropped it on one side the moment the rooster's head was turned.

"Eh, bien," said Jacqueline, taking a full breath, "when Henri saw the poodle catching flies like that, he went off scolding in his throat and flapping his wings." Jacqueline made a querulously guttural sound and flapped her elbows to show me. "You know?" she said. "And almos' before he had disappear'," she continued, "he came r-r-r-r-running back to the house wiz a—wiz a—wiz a great big hoppergrass he had caught. And the way he show' off to Pom-Pom! Ah, yes, it was not Henri then who had the mustard on the nose."

"Poor old Pom-Pom!" I remarked. "How badly he must have felt!"

"Poor old Pom-Pom!" echoed Jacqueline. But when she threw the poodle another green grape, to cheer him up a little, Pom-Pom turned his head away with a beautiful magnanimity, as though to say, "I am not a selfish dog; let Friend Henri have the grape." Whereat Henri bore away the prize; but after he had chevied it and turned it over in no little disgust, he looked searchingly at Pom-Pom, as though saying, "What did you do with yours?"

"And the way Henri play' with that hoppergrass right in front of Pom-Pom! And the way he crow'!" continued Jacqueline. "Of course," she said in that reflective tone which I soon learned to associate with the teachings of Aunt Gabrielle, "ever' rooster likes to hear his own crow; but poor old Pom-Pom, who had only been catching flies, kep' looking more and more sheepish and—what you call it? Inexpensive, you know?—that at last he simply could n' stand it any longer. Out he went, breathing hard—"

"Breathing hard?" I exclaimed.

"Snorting," cried Jacqueline, in dramatic illustration—"snorting and wrinkling the nose!"

Subdued to silence then I could only stare at the stertorous and nose-wrinkling Pom-Pom, whose knowledgable look, as he seemed to shrug his shoulders, was a thing worth going far to see.

"Ah, that Pom-Pom!" said Jacqueline. "I watch' him. He trot' off down the street and round the corner, and the ver' next minute he came galloping back with a walking-stick he had caught! And when he brought it and drop' it in front of Henri, who had jus' finish' his hoppergrass, the poor ol' rooster he did n' know what to think."

"I should say not!"

"But ver', ver' soon," said Jacqueline, "Henri gave one long, thoughtful look at the walking-stick, and then *he* went out, swaggering, and I could see as plain as ever'thing he was bound for the mischief."

"'NOW, *M'SIEUR,*' SHE SAID, RISING TO AN IDIOM, 'YOU MUS' GIVE ME ZE CLOTH OR RETURN MY FOUR SOUS'"

"LISTEN! IS SHE CRYING OR LAUGHING?"

"Bound for the mischief!" I muttered.

"And I was still watching him, when up comes Meester Packer, a nice ol' bachelor who lives round the corner, and he said, 'Excuse me, *Mademoiselle,* but I jus' laid my stick against a tree when your Pom-Pom come and run away with it.' So first I ask' him to call me 'Mees,' because I am—what you call them?—a Daughter of Revolutions, you know, and then I ask' him to sit in the summer-house a moment while I fetch his stick. And jus' as I turn' round, there was Henri running home with *his* new prize."

"Was it an umbrella?" I facetiously inquired.

"No, *M'sieur;* it was the maddes'-looking woman you ever saw."

"Henri's prize was?" I gasped.

"Yes," exclaimed Jacqueline, rounding her eyes.

"But—but—" I stammered, "how on earth was the rooster carrying her? Did he have her by the belt—or—or—or what?"

"He was n' carrying her," cried Jacqueline; "he did n't have to. She was running after him. And she was so mad that at firs' I could n' recognize her; but soon I saw it was Miss Daniels, who lives next the church. And the joke of it is, she was engage' to Meester Packer last New Year's, but they had—what you call it?—a falling off, you know, because Meester Packer did n' send her a valentine. She would n' speak to him. So Meester Packer got mad, and would n' speak to her, and she sent him back his ring. Oh,

she had a mos' difficult time of it, and ever'body knows how it has sour' her."

"And so she was taking it out on poor Henri!" I indignantly complained.

"Still, I would n' break a heart about poor Henri," quoth Jacqueline, darkly. "But Miss Daniels ring the bell furiously, like a woman who had invent' gunpowder, and when I went to the door, she ask' me if I knew *my* rooster had been trying to kill *her* rooster—her prize Spanish rooster. So I told her how sorry I was, and how my pets had been hunting all morning, each one trying to measure the other's ears, and at last I said, 'Come and look in the summer-house and see what Pom-Pom caught!' "

"And did she go in?" I asked when Jacqueline paused.

"Of course she went in," said Jacqueline, loftily. "Tr-r-r-r-r-rippingly. Any woman would; she was curious to see."

"And did you go in with her?" I asked when Jacqueline paused again.

"Of course I did n' go in with her," said Jacqueline, more loftily than before. "I came away because Aunt Gabrielle had often said that if they could only be shut in the same room two minutes together, they would be married in less than a month."

"And did they stay in there two minutes together?"

"That is a reason why Aunt Gaby had you fire the gun," said Jacqueline, her eyes beginning to dance once more. "They have been in there t'ree hours and a half!"

There was a movement in the summer-house, and Miss Daniels came out, closely followed by the beaming Mr. Packer. "Oh, there you are!" said Miss Daniels. "We 've been looking everywhere for you, have n't we, Jim?"

"Everywhere," exclaimed the beaming Mr. Packer. They joined us in the grape-arbor, where Miss Daniels patted Pom-Pom's head. Following Jacqueline's expressive glance, I saw an engagement-ring on the third finger of Miss Daniels's left hand.

"Well," said Miss Daniels, seating herself on one end of a bench beneath the arbor, "we must go now."

"Yes," said the beaming Mr. Packer, seating himself on the other end of the bench, "we must go now."

Jacqueline and I exchanged another glance and then we left them there.

"For," said Jacqueline, "I would rather not be where I 'm wanted than be where I 'm not." That was at half-past four. It is ten minutes to six now, and Miss Daniels and Mr. Packer are still in the grape-arbor. A minute ago Pom-Pom ran up the street as though engaged on a very important errand, while Henri watched him from the lawn with the air of a rooster who wishes a friend good luck.

"Hello!" I said, "where 's Pom-Pom going now? Hunting again?"

"I would n' be a bit surprise'," exclaimed Jacqueline. And then in tones that trembled with hope and a fearful joy she added, "Of course I know it won't happen, *M'sieur,* just as well as ever'body, but would n' it be funny if Pom-Pom caught a minister this time, and carried him into the grape-arbor!"

POEMS

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

YOUTH SPEAKS TO AGE

YOU who forget, blind with the mist of years,
The path you trod, whereon we follow after;
Whose eyes no longer glisten with quick tears,
Whose lips no longer laugh for love of laughter—
You to whom sorrow is a crown of pride,
Who bear the scars of strife, the mark of fire,
Think you that we, still groping and untried,
Know not the anguish nor the lost desire?

Ours is the burden of the languorous spring,
The spur of longing, and the nameless pain;
Ours are the hopes that rend, the joys that sting,
The age-long memories born in us again;
The deep amaze, when love's great visions die,
When faith's vast promise falters from the goal;
Ours is the birth-pang and the human cry,
The brand of life, that burns through flesh to soul.

You who can see beyond the lessening years,
You who are past the passion and the sorrow,
Think how too oft a shrouding veil of tears
Hides from our eyes the peace that dawns to-morrow.
Grudge not to us the sudden flash of hope,
The morning dance of joy, the flame of flowers,
Till those long rays that touch the darkening slope
Bring to our hearts the calm of fading hours.

AGE CALLS TO YOUTH

AGE calls to Youth
With a low, longing cry:
"Dear winged feet,
Pass not so lightly by!
Dear lips of laughter,
Eyes of morning light,
Flowers of life and love,
Lamps of our coming night,
Wells of remembrance
Of our happier days,
Turn to us, love us,
Brighten to our praise!"

And Youth stops the flying dance,
Standing poised awhile,
Just for one backward glance
And a fleeting smile!

THE STORY OF MY ESCAPE

BY MARIE SUKLOFF

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY GREGORY YARROS

NINE days after my operation for appendicitis, which was performed in the prison hospital, I found out quite accidentally that after two days I would be sent back to the hard-labor prison at Akatui, near the Manchurian frontier, where I had already spent six years of my life. I was too weak to stand the journey which awaited me, marching with a batch of prisoners from one town to another until we reached our destination. Consequently, it was necessary to make up my mind to escape. The thought, "Two days, two days," did not leave me for a moment, and I resolved to make an attempt to escape. I knew what would follow. But could the most terrible death compare with being buried alive in that grave in which my best years had been spent, with no hope of ever getting out into the light of day? I thought: "Has cruel fate released me from that dungeon, only to throw me back into it? I cannot; I have n't the strength to go away from the living sounds of the city."

I felt hatred toward the people about me. They made me lie. They all thought that I was going back to hard labor. They washed my things, and were getting everything in readiness for the journey. I was watched closely. The least misstep on my part, and all would have been lost. My comrades who were at liberty had planned to liberate me by means of a tunnel that had been dug from outside; but the authorities discovered the plot, arrested the people, and confiscated the money which had been kept for me. I was placed in a solitary cell, from which I was let out only for a few minutes during the day.

In my pillow I had a man's outfit hidden; only shoes were missing. I decided to wear my own. I made up my mind to escape by crawling through under the gate.[1] The board could easily be removed. At first I could not believe myself. "Is it possible," I thought, "that in this prison, where every crack is so carefully filled, the board under the gate could be removed, thus leaving an opening large enough for a grown person to crawl through?" But I convinced myself that it was so. The gate was located in the middle of the wall, and was always guarded by a soldier. Besides, the wall itself was guarded by two more soldiers.

I sent a note to my friends in town, asking that a carriage might be waiting for me on Saturday from nine to ten in the morning, the hour when I was let out for a walk in the prison yard. "But will it be there? Have my friends received my note, which was intrusted to not very faithful hands?" were questions that I asked myself over and over again. But I was going to escape; I was determined. I knew that success depended upon my self-control. The problem before me was very simple, but the least error might prove fatal. It was necessary to act with mathematical precision. I paced my cell up and down, rehearsing under my breath: "I have to remove the board noiselessly, and crawl through without making a sound. I have to do all this before the guard has time to turn his face to me. Then I have to walk ten steps in a straight line, and turn to the right. I must walk slowly." But deep down in my heart there was a creeping sensation, and a stealthy thought, "*Will* you do it? Will you have the courage to put your head at the very feet of the sentry?" lurked in my mind. I had a feeling as if somebody were trying to choke me.

Thus passing from hope to despair I spent Thursday and Friday. The evening roll-call was over, and I was locked up for the night. Only at night was I alone; in the daytime a guard was always with me. Oh, how I loved the night!

[1] A gate in Russia does not reach to the very ground, and the narrow space left is covered with a board.

At night I felt free. I did not see the dreary walls or the guards. In my dreams I soared into space, I dwelt in the skies, I performed miracles. The walls of the prison crumbled under my touch, bullets did not strike me, and I could defeat all the czar's legions. But the first glimmer of day scattered my dreams, and I, chained, was again in the hands of my enemies.

It was midnight. Everything was asleep and quiet; only the measured steps of the sentry under my window could be heard. Quietly, without rising from my cot, I ripped my pillow open, and took out my masculine garb. I was afraid to move, because the soldier peeped into my window every minute. With trembling hands I cut my long tresses. I put a kerchief on my head, and on the top of my masculine attire I donned the prisoner's gray coat; and thus fully dressed, I lay, I could not sleep, and I did not want to sleep. There were only a few hours left for me to live, I thought, and I was willing to fall from the soldier's bullet outside the prison wall rather than go back to Akatui.

At six o'clock I got up. The sun was rising over my window, as bright and smiling as ever, but in my heart there was no response to its smiles, no reflection of its rays; only darkness and uncertainty were there. Minutes and hours passed. My heart was growing cold, and at times almost ceased beating. When I came out into the yard for my last walk the regular strokes of a hammer reached my ear. Through crevices in the wall I could see two prisoners at work; they were building a staircase to the watchman's tower. They were guarded by a soldier. All grew dark before me. There was no more hope: another soldier at the gate!

The clock struck ten. I stood near the wall where the sounds came from, and it seemed to me that with every stroke of the hammer they nailed down the lid of my coffin. But a sudden thought flashed through my mind. I knocked on the wall. The strokes of the hammer ceased.

"Brother! Hello, brother!"

"What do ye want?" asked a gruff voice.

"Where is the soldier that is watching you?"

"He went away for a minute. He is n't afraid of us; we sha'n't run away. We have only three days more to serve."

My heart fairly leaped with joy. With one jump I was near the gate. I threw down my prisoner's coat. I removed the board from under the gate without making the slightest sound, and crawled through. I rose from the ground, and at that moment the soldier on guard, having come to the end of his beat, turned his face to me. I saw the carriage standing on the corner. I knew that I had to make just ten steps; but seconds seemed eternities to me, and the short distance between me and the carriage turned into interminable space. It seemed to me that I was not moving at all, but standing as if chained to the spot by the bewildered look of the guard. Suddenly a shot rang out, and the bullet whizzed over my head. But before the smoke had cleared away I was already in the carriage. Bullets were falling about us in a shower. I shot aimlessly into the air, to scare off our pursuers.

Soon we were lost from the view of the pursuing soldiers in a thoroughfare of Irkutsk. A feeling of utter happiness, the happiness of freedom, filled my whole being. I inhaled the dusty air of the street, and it seemed to me to be permeated with the odor of roses and violets. I saw no more the prison walls, and the narrow thoroughfare appeared to me a limitless expanse. My carriage was going at a terrific speed, and carrying me farther and farther away from the prison. I was ready to die right then, being happy with the thought that I saw the streets and the people on them not through the gray walls of my prison, but face to face, a free being. My head was in a whirl. I saw as through a mist the faces of passers-by, and it seemed to me that they were smiling at me and celebrating with me my great victory over the walls of the dreary prison I had left.

Our carriage stopped in front of a sumptuous residence, which was shaded by a row of trees. I jumped out, and rang the bell. An old lackey opened the door. To my question, "Is So-and-so at home?" he replied that all had departed, and would not be back before evening. My carriage was gone, and I knew that I could not lose a moment's time, because the soldiers who were pursuing me would

find me there. I did not know the city, and besides I could not appear in the streets in my attire without arousing suspicion. "I *must* enter this house," I thought, "otherwise I am lost." I looked at the lifeless face of the old lackey who stood before me at the door and kept on repeating that nobody was at home.

"Listen," I began in a feminine voice, "I *must* get in here; I *cannot* go away from this house in this attire. And you *must* help me."

I stepped into the hall, closed the door, and took his hands. "We must hurry, because the police and the soldiers may come here at any minute."

The old lackey stared at me in utter bewilderment and did not say a word. I thought that he had lost his power of speech from fright. He led me through the rooms, opened the bureaus and closets, and burned my masculine garb. Suddenly the door-bell rang. I understood that the police must have come after me.

"Dear, good man," I said to the lackey, "you must take me out by the back door, and not say a word about what has taken place here, otherwise it will be all over with you." I ran in the direction he pointed without breaking his silence.

Here I was in the street, walking with none too firm steps, and trying to remember the plan of the city. After about an hour's search I found a house the address of which I had with me. I was admitted by a man of thirty or thirty-five. I told him my name. He grasped my hands, squeezed them hard, and kept repeating like a madman:

"Oh, what a miracle! what a miracle! In the middle of the day, before the very eyes of all the guards!"

I had never seen this man, but his voice was firm, and I was beginning to hope that he would help me.

It was twelve o'clock then, only two hours having passed from the moment of my escape. Mr. N—— locked me in his cabinet, and went out to see what was going on in the street. Only then I clearly saw what a problem I had before me. When I was in prison my only thought was how to get out of it. I could not bring myself to think of the difficulties which would confront me when once out of it and at liberty. "How shall I hide? Where shall I go?" were questions that demanded immediate answer. I knew that all my comrades would be arrested immediately, and that to accept their aid would be giving myself into the hands of the gendarmes.

Mr. N—— came back and brought me new dresses.

"I think," he said, "that it is best for you to leave this house. The house in which you have just been hiding is surrounded by the police, and we cannot depend upon the lackey. He may tell everything. I have a very good plan, but the road over which we shall have to go leads past the prison. Can you make up your mind to pass there?"

"And you," I asked—"do you know what awaits you if you should be arrested with me?"

I knew that N—— sympathized with the revolution, but I also knew that he had never taken an active part in it, and, besides, he had a wife and two children.

"Don't think of that," he answered.

"All right; we will go," I replied.

I dressed all in white, and put on a blond wig. The day was fine, and the sun again smiled to me. We neared the prison, and I could see the hospital, and the cot on which I had lain eight months. There was the operating-table. I recalled the faces of the doctors, who were the only people dear to me—*dear* because they were from the outside world, were free men. Even the prison guards then looked at me with a soft expression in their eyes, because they were sure that I would not survive the operation. I recalled the hard-labor prison where I had spent six years, six terrible years. My friends were still there in that living grave, and I swore by all that was sacred to me that I would not forget them, and would devote my life to them. The carriage passed the prison, and in a minute left it far behind; but I could not free myself from the thought of that prison. I felt that all that I had lived through in those six years had tied me to that place where thousands of lives were chained. I was free, but it was only an external freedom, for I never could free myself from the thought of those people who were left within those dark walls.

We arrived at the house. It stood on the outskirts of the city, and was surrounded by a large park. The family that

occupied it was of very noble descent and immensely rich. With the revolutionary movement they had no connection whatever, but the mother of the family was a highly intelligent and progressive woman, and always regarded with extreme disapproval the treatment which the Government accorded its political prisoners. My identity was to be kept secret from all the members of the family except the lady of the house, who alone knew who I was. I was to be hired as a chambermaid, and thus allay all suspicion and avoid any possible questions. I hoped that the rôle of a chambermaid would render it possible for me to remain in that house for a time. I put on a servant's dress, and assumed the duties of my position.

The sun sank below the horizon, and it grew dark. The skies were wrapped in the mysterious covers of night. Stars began to twinkle here and there. I stood absorbed in the sight of the approaching night. Six years I had not been under the open sky in the evening; but there was no joy in my heart, only fear. I was afraid to move. Something unknown was in the darkness of the night, and it threatened me on all sides. Suddenly soft arms embraced me, and some one began to kiss me. I felt hot tears falling on my hands. It was the lady of the house. This woman, a total stranger to me, tried to comfort me like my own mother, and relieve the burning anguish of my heart.

At eight o'clock in the evening the whole family and a number of guests, most of whom were high government officials, went into the dining-room and took their seats. I brought the soup. The son of my hostess, a student at St. Petersburg University, who was home on his vacation, was reading an evening newspaper. When I handed him his plate, he looked at me and exclaimed:

"Mama! Mama! Our maid resembles—"

He did not finish the sentence, for he noticed that his mother had turned ghastly pale. All the guests began to examine the picture reproduced in the newspaper and compare it with me. There could be no doubt of my identity, as there were several photographs of me printed in different positions. Besides, my features were described in detail, and there was even a photographic reproduction of my hands. I, without showing the least concern, continued to serve the soup, which the hostess passed to me with trembling hands. Her eyes looked at me with maternal tenderness, but she was helpless to defend me. I was recognized. Nobody asked me any questions, but a dead silence reigned in the room during the whole dinner. At last the torture ended, and I, thoroughly exhausted, went to my room.

It was twelve o'clock, and the guests had departed. I was sitting in my room with my hostess and awaiting the return of her son, who had gone to town to look for a place for me to hide. He came, and brought terrible news; the neighboring house was surrounded by the police, who had a bloodhound with them. He had found a room, but if we should leave the house right then, we would surely be stopped by the police. It was necessary to act quickly, for I did not want those good, innocent people to suffer with me. I decided to leave the house. It was one o'clock at night. I dressed myself in black, and wanted to go to a near-by wood, which was at a distance of about two miles from Irkutsk. It could be reached by walking over a field, thus avoiding the streets.

"But, Mama," said the student, "can a man, no matter what his political opinions are, turn a woman out into the street at night? *I* cannot do that. *I* will go with her."

It was futile to argue with this man the risk he took in accompanying me, for he was firm in his determination to share my fate with me. We started out, walked a great distance over fields, and entered the city from the opposite side. I was so exhausted that I could not walk any more, and he carried me in his arms into a house where we were expected. Two days I lay in a semiconscious condition. I remember only one thing: whenever I opened my eyes, I saw the face of a student. I tried to recall who he was, but in vain. His face would grow bigger and bigger, and resolve itself into many faces of the prison doctors and guards, and I would again fall into a stupor. The people at that house did not know who I was; they only knew that I had to be in hiding. They were plain townspeople, greedy for money, and, knowing that the man who brought me to their house was of a rich

family, expected to get a large sum for keeping me.

On the third day I felt much better, and got out of bed. My hosts were still ignorant of my identity. I was beginning to hope that all had quieted down; but at noon my aristocratic friend came to see me. She was greatly excited. She told me that the city was in a state of terror; that the police had searched all the houses in some streets, and had arrested absolutely innocent people; that the authorities had released a number of criminals who knew my face—some of them had yet to serve eight months of their sentences—and sent them all over town to look for me; that the Government had announced a large reward for my capture, and even the prison administration offered a thousand rubles for any information that would lead to my arrest. She was not sure that she was not being shadowed by the secret police, and therefore thought that the best thing for her to do was to leave town for some time. She gave me money, and bade me good-by with tears in her eyes.

On the fourth day of my stay with those people I noticed that they looked worried. They began to suspect that I was the woman about whom the newspapers printed all sorts of sensational stories. Those miserable newspapers almost led to my being discovered again. Without saying anything to me, my landlord, in the simplicity of his heart, solved the matter in a very simple and rather unexpected way. He invented a fictitious name, and, having entered it in his house-book as that of his boarder, went to the police station to register me. By this means he hoped to avert all suspicion from himself. I was sitting in my room, and did not suspect anything. Suddenly my landlady rushed in, and told me in very excited tones what her husband had done. My first impulse was to flee. But where? There was no time to deliberate, because I did not at all know what sort of man my landlord was, and the landlady was in such great trepidation that she could not be depended upon. I dressed myself, and was going down the stairs when I met the landlord.

"Where are you going?" he asked in a calm voice.

"Well, did you register me?" I inquired.

"No; there was n't anybody in the station. It is a holiday."

That was great luck. I went back into my room; but scarcely half an hour had passed when the door-bell rang, and my landlady, as pale as a ghost, ran in to me shouting: "Police! police! Flee!" I ran to the kitchen and into the back yard and hid in the building where fire-wood was kept. I stood breathless in a corner, with my revolver ready in my hand. A feeling of shame and humiliation filled my heart in that filthy place. A voice within me whispered: "Ah, you wanted freedom, you wanted to escape from life imprisonment; but have you the strength to do it? Why don't you shoot yourself?" And my long-formed resolution to die rather than fall into the hands of the gendarmes came to me. I nervously clutched the pistol in my hand and opened the trigger-guard. Many times during my revolutionary life have I experienced the proximity of death, and every time, at those moments, pictures of my whole life flashed through my mind like lightning. And what I can't understand is, that those pictures always looked so attractive and so cheerful. There was no trace of sufferings and persecution, no memory of the terrible years of my imprisonment.

The door of the building opened, and my landlord's aged mother entered.

"The *gorodovoi* [policeman] is gone, thank the Lord! He came to find out what my son wanted in the police station, and we did n't tell him anything about you."

It was plain to me that I could not remain any longer with these people; they could betray my presence in their house through sheer stupidity and fear. But where was I to go?

In an apartment at the same house several men were playing cards at that time. My landlord, in the excitement caused by the visit of the policemen, told those people that, to his mind, the woman who had escaped from prison was hiding in his house. His story excited the curiosity of the company, and they came down to have a look at me. One of them, a man of about forty, expressed his willingness to help me.

"Don't worry," he said; "I am an honest man, although I lead a disreputable life. Nobody will ever suspect that you

are hiding in my home. I live with my boy, and often bring women to my house."

I told this man frankly what awaited him if I was arrested in his house; but he insisted that there was no danger. When it grew dark, I went with this man, who was a total stranger to me. We climbed up several flights of filthy, slippery, and badly lighted stairs, and knocked. The door was opened by a boy of about fifteen who had a very pleasant face.

"Make yourself at home," said my host. "You see, the rooms here have not been cleaned these last four months. There was a woman here last week, but she only brought more filth."

He slept with his boy in one room, and gave me his bedroom, in which the whole furniture consisted of a broken couch. In the morning he told me to be quiet, so that my footsteps should not be heard by the tenants of the apartment below. I could stay there three or four days, and no one would know that there was a woman in the house. He went away, having locked the door of my room from the outside, and I was left alone. In the evening he came back drunk, but he talked sensibly, and did not forget his rôle. He began to tell me about himself:

"I am a civil engineer and a good mechanic, and have 'golden hands,' but one must bow one's head and obey superiors, and I just can't do that. It is already a year since I have been out of a job. I have sold everything there was in the house. The rent has not been paid, and my boy wears tatters and cannot go to school. I have two more children in the village, and the old woman who boards them threatens to send them back because I have long stopped paying their board-bill."

While telling me his story, he kept on drinking, now beer, now vodka from a large glass, and at about twelve o'clock became violent, and began to hit the boy. He ordered him to say some nonsensical words, and when the boy hesitated, he beat him mercilessly. I was in agony, and tried to shield the unfortunate child with my own body. Suddenly the thought of the drunken man turned on me.

"Do you see," he cried to his son, "this woman is a saint; she is not like those you have seen here before. And if you will ever think of betraying her, you will answer me with your own head." And he made the boy swear to something.

At two o'clock I succeeded in putting him to sleep. I lay awake the whole night. On the following morning he apologized to me, and in the evening the same story was repeated. I knew I had to leave that house, that I could not remain under such conditions; but I knew of no place where I could go.

On the third day my host went away and locked me in as usual. At twelve o'clock I got up from the couch, intending to make some tea. I moved about the room with great caution, as I was afraid the neighbors might hear there was somebody in the locked apartment. On the floor near the window, over which a curtain hung, stood a spirit-lamp and a bottle of alcohol. While striking a match, I overturned the bottle with my elbow, and the alcohol momentarily flamed up. I hardly had time to jump aside. The curtain caught fire, and the red flames could be seen from the street. The room filled with smoke, and the door of my room was locked. For a moment it seemed to me that my end was near; for I thought that if people came before I was burned to death, I should be recognized, and in that case I was going to die by my own hand. But suddenly remembering, I began to throw on the fire everything I could get in my room, and by a supreme effort I managed to extinguish the flames. My fear that the people down-stairs may have heard the noise of my struggle was great, and I waited in extreme suspense. At last the boy came, and I decided to send him with a message to my friends. The idea to enlist his services had long occurred to me; but it was a terrible risk to intrust my life into the hands of a child. Besides, it was imperative that I should leave the house without his father knowing my destination, as I felt I could no more rely upon the drunkard. But before I had time to despatch the boy, his father came. He was so drunk that he could scarcely stand on his feet. He did not even notice the traces of the fire. He went to the window, opened it, and began to shout to the people in the street, accompanying his words with most dreadful oaths: "I know who you are. You are spies—spies, all of you."

I dragged him away from the window.

Then he sat down close to me, and I felt his hot breath on my cheek. His eyes were bloodshot. I saw that the man was quite out of his senses. I got up, he seized my hands, and began to kiss them. I tried to free myself, and there began a struggle with a drunken man. I was not afraid. I knew that I had only to free one hand for a second, and pick up my revolver, which lay right near under the couch. The noise of the scuffle was heard in the other room, and the boy ran in. His sudden appearance surprised the drunkard, who released his hold upon me and began to beat the boy. It was a horrible spectacle, and all my efforts to tear the boy away from his father's grasp were in vain. At last, exhausted by his exertion, the drunkard fell to the floor and was soon asleep, to the great relief of myself and the poor boy. I did not sleep the whole night, and at sunrise I awakened the boy. He looked at me with an expression of childish pride in his eyes. He understood the seriousness of the mission he was to take upon himself. Before departing on his errand, he looked at his sleeping father, and with downcast eyes asked me, "Are you not afraid to remain here alone?"

After a few hours of anxious waiting I received word that an officer would come to fetch me. Soon a colonel of the Russian army arrived. I thought it was one of my friends dressed up like an officer, but he turned out to be a real colonel, of the local garrison.

"You see," he tried to explain, noticing my look of astonishment, "I do not agree with your ideas, but as a man I highly value heroism in people, particularly in women. I am an army officer, and I was in the Japanese War. I saw and took part in most bloody battles. But we are men and soldiers, and you!"

I considered it unnecessary to argue with him that I did not at all think my act was heroic.

"Your bold escape has excited my warmest admiration," he continued, "and I, as an officer, appreciate it, and wish to help you slip out of this city. I and my comrades found out by chance where you were, and we will all be awfully glad to meet you. You know the police are searching for you very energetically and bending every effort to find you. They even imported the famous bloodhound 'Rex' from Kieff. In general, there are all sorts of interesting rumors about you in town. They say that on the first day of your escape you were hiding in the governor-general's house."

He spoke with great enthusiasm, evidently forgetting what awaited him in case I was found in his company. I went with him, and after several minutes' walk was at his house. He lived with his manservant, a soldier of his regiment, who managed all his household affairs. A little later three more officers of his regiment came. Among them I felt like a prisoner; their epaulets, sabers, and clicking spurs reminded me of the gendarmes and the prison officials in whose power I had been for so many years. They joked, laughed, and their manner was free and careless. But I was grieved at the thought that perhaps on the morrow these servants of the czar would blindly obey the command of some half-witted general and shoot down innocent people. It was hard to reconcile what they were doing in my case with their every-day mission. But they were far from having any principles. To them I was only a young woman who was being persecuted, and they did not associate the fact that they were hiding me, a political offender for whose head a large reward had been offered by the Government, with the general conditions of life in Russia. At twelve o'clock at night all went away, leaving the house to me.

I spent six uncomfortable days in the society of these officers, stopping now with one, now with another. It was not safe to remain longer with them, because each had a servant, a soldier. These soldiers apparently obeyed their masters, but in reality they did as they pleased. Despite the strict orders not to speak to anybody about the "lady from Vienna" who was stopping at their houses, despite their ever-ready reply, "Yes, sir," they were not to be trusted; the temptation to share the interesting news with their fellow-soldiers was too great. So the colonel arranged with some musicians from St. Petersburg to give me shelter for two days.

The risk of hiding in Irkutsk was becoming greater and greater. The police and gendarmes kept up the search untiringly. The railway-station was watched by dozens of spies. According to rumors, people who knew my face were sent to the

Manchurian and Chinese borders. It was necessary to leave the city, but it was impossible to find a free exit.

On the second day of my stay with the musicians the colonel came to see me.

"Did you hear?" said he. "They say that you have already gone to Switzerland."

He related to me that after I had left his house he had paid a visit to the colonel of gendarmes on the pretext of some fictitious case, and had started a conversation about me.

"How do you explain the fact," he asked the colonel of gendarmes, "that Miss Sukloff has not been apprehended?"

"For a very simple reason," replied the colonel of gendarmes. "She is long in Switzerland, and we expect to receive a report about her from our agents abroad."

Thus the time was ripe for me to leave the city. The colonel found a room for me with an old woman, to whom I was introduced as a university student. At last, by the tenth of September, everything was ready for my departure. Money was collected, a man was found who undertook to accompany me to Manchuria and China, and passports in the name of a "Sister of Mercy" were procured.

I was to go on the eight o'clock train. I dressed like a "Sister of Mercy," dyed my black hair a golden brown, and from a slim young girl was converted into a stout, middle-aged woman. I arrived at the station a few seconds before the train started, and went straight to my car without looking at the people. The few seconds seemed eternities to me. At last the signal to start was given, and the train rolled past the platform, past the gendarmes and spies who scanned the faces in the car windows, and was soon in the open field. With a sigh of relief I sat down at a window and looked in the direction of the city, which I would see no more.

MASTERS BY PROXY

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Author of "The Musical Amateur," "Scum o' the Earth," etc.

WRITING these pages is going to be as much fun as it was for the prince to discover *Cinderella* and conduct her from the ash-heap to the throne, for many of my readers are unwarrantably spending their lives in sackcloth and Cinderellan ashes, tortured by regret because God did not make masters of them.

One of them is sad because he is not a master of poetry. He never sees X——, his golden-tongued friend, without a pang very like the envy of a childless man for a happy father. But he has no suspicion that he is partly responsible for the other's poetic excellence. Another considers her life wrecked because the Master of all good workmen did not make her a sculptor. Yet all the while she is lavishing unawares upon her brother or son or husband the very stuff that art is made of. Others are inconsolable because no fairy-wand at their birth destined them for men of original action, for discoverers in science, pianists, statesmen, or actors; for painters, philosophers, inventors, or architects of temples or religions.

I wish to comfort some of these comfortless ones by revealing how and why they are masters of an art as indispensable as the arts which they regard wistfully. I mean the art of master-making.

This revelation, however, is made only on conditions. The reader will please understand that the secret of his unsuspected power is here disclosed to him only on condition that his first conscious use of this power shall be directed toward making a master of the discloser. If he should succeed in bringing off this miracle, I promise in return to sing his adequate praises. This will be an original action. It has never been done since the particular amœba which was destined for manhood had a purse made up for him and was helped on to the train of evolution by his less fortunate friends.

Now, to be specific, let us single out one of the arts and see what it means to master it by proxy. Suppose we consider the simple case of executive music. Elsewhere I have tried (more fully than is here possible) to prove that the reproduction of music is a social act. It needs two: one to perform, one to appreciate. Both are almost equally essential to a good performance. The man who appreciates a musical phrase, unconsciously imitates it with almost imperceptible contractions of throat or lips. These contractions represent an incipient singing or whistling. Motions similar to these, and probably more fully developed, are made at the same time, by his mind and his spirit. The whole man actually feels his way physically and psychically into the heart of the music. He is turned into a sentient sounding-board which adds its own contribution of emotion to the music, and sends it back by wireless to the performer. When a violinist and a listener of the right sort meet for musical purposes, this is what happens: if the violinist is in the mood for playing, it means that he has feelings which demand expression. These his bow releases. The music strikes the listener, sets him in vibration as if he were a sounding-board, and rouses in him feelings similar to those of the violinist. Enriched by this new contribution, the emotional complex resounds back to the violinist, intensifying his original "feeling-state." In its heightened form it then recoils back to the appreciator, "and so on, back and forth, growing in stimulating power at each recoil. The whole process is something like a hot 'rally' in tennis, with the opponents closing in on each other and the ball shuttling across the net faster with every stroke as the point gains in excitement and pleasure. 'Social resonance' might be a good way of describing the thing." This, in brief, is what passes between the player of music and his creative listener.

Now, in application, this principle does not by any means stop with performing or composing music or with the fine arts. It goes on to embrace more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the fiddler's or the sculptor's philosophy. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no great passion or action has ever gotten itself adequately expressed without the coöperation of this social resonance, without the help of at least one of those modest, unrecognized silent partners of genius, the social resonators, the masters by proxy.

Thanks, dear master-makers unawares! The gratitude of the few who understand you is no less sincere because you do not yet realize your own thankworthiness. Our children shall rise up and call you blessèd. For in your quiet way you have helped to create the world's creators—the captains, preachers, prophets, artists, discoverers, and seers of the ages. To these you, unrecognized and unaware, have been providing the very sinews of war, peace, vision, beauty, originality, and insight.

What made the game of art so brilliant in the age of Pericles? It was not star-play. It was steady, consistent team-work. For almost all of the Athenians who were not masters were masters by proxy. That brilliant book, "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," holds that Greek culture derived its incomparable charm from "a peculiar harmony of greatness"; and that "if our poets are not in every respect equal to the greatest poets of Athens, that is not the fault of their talent, but of those who surround them." Only imagine the joyful ease of being a poet in the Periclean atmosphere! It must have been as exhilarating as coasting down into the Yosemite Valley with John Muir on an avalanche of snow.

Because the master by proxy is such a retiring, unspectacular person, he has never been enthroned in the popular imagination. But we should bear in mind that the most important part of many a throne is not the red velvet seat, the cloth-of-gold back, or the onyx arms that sumptuously accommodate the awe and majesty of acknowledged kings. Neither is it the seed-pearl canopy that intercepts a too searching light from majesty's complexion. It is a certain little filigreed hole which falls conveniently close to the sovereign's ear when he leans back between the periods of the wise, beautiful, and thrilling address to his subjects.

For doubled up in a dark, close box behind the chair of state is a humble, drab person who from time to time applies his mouth to the wrong side of the filigreed hole and whispers things. If he were visible at all, he would look like the ab-

surd prompter under the hood at the opera. He is not a famous person. Most people are so ignorant of his very existence that he might be pardoned for being an agnostic about it himself. The few others know little and care less. Only two or three of the royal family are aware of his name and real function. They refer to him as M. Power-Behind-the-Throne, Master-by-Proxy of State.

There is one sign by which masters by proxy may be detected wherever met. They are people whose presence is instantly invigorating. Before you can make out the color of their eyes you begin to feel that you are greater than you know. It is as if they wore diffused about them auras so extensive and powerful that entering these auras were equivalent to giving your soul electric massage. You do not have to touch the hem of their garments or even to see them. The auras penetrate a brick wall as a razor penetrates Swiss cheese. And if you are fortunate enough to be on the other side of the partition, you become aware with a thrill that "virtue," in the beautiful, biblical sense of the word, has gone out of somebody and into you.

If ever I return to live in a city apartment (which may the gods forfend!), I shall this time select the apartment with almost sole reference to what comes through the walls. I shall enter one of those typical New York piles which O. Henry described as "paved with Parian marble in the entrance-hall, and cobblestones above the first floor," and my inquiry will be focused on things far other than Parian marble and cobblestones. I shall walk about the rooms and up and down the bowling-alley of a hall, and try to make myself as sensitive to impressions as are the arms of the divining-rod man during his solemn parade with the wand of witch-hazel. And when I feel "virtue" streaming through the partition from the next apartment, there will I instantly give battle to the agent and take up my abode. And this, though it be up six flights of cobblestones without elevator, without closet room, with a paranœac for janitor, and radiators whose musical performance all the day long would make a Cleveland boiler factory pale with envy. For none of these things would begin to offset the privilege of living beside a red-letter wall whose influence should be as benignly constructive as Mr. Richard Washburn Child's "Blue Wall" was malignly destructive.

Many a genius has reached a commanding position largely through the happy chance of meeting many powerful masters by proxy, and through a happy faculty for taking and using whatever creativeness these had to offer. Genius has been shortsightedly defined as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Galton more truthfully holds that the triune factors of genius are industry, enthusiasm, and ability. Now if we were to insist, as many do, on making a definition of genius out of a single one of these factors to the neglect of the others, we should perhaps come nearer the mark by saying that genius is an infinite capacity for taking others' pains. But all such definings are absurd, for genius absorbs and alchemizes not only the industry of its silent partners, but also their ability and enthusiasm. Their enthusiasm is fortunately contained in a receptacle as generous as Philemon's famous pitcher, and the harder genius tries to pour it empty, the more the sparkling liquid bubbles up inside. The transaction is like "the quality of mercy,"

> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

The ability to receive as well as give this sort of help varies widely with the person. Some geniuses of large psychic power are able instantly to seize out of any crowd whatever creativeness happens to be lying about loose. These persons are spiritual giants. Their strength is as the strength of ten because their grasp is sure. They are such stuff as Shaksperes are made of.

Others are not psychically gifted. They can absorb creativeness only from their nearest and dearest, under ideal conditions, and only after the current has been seriously depleted by wastage in transmission. But these are the two extremes. They are as rare as extremes usually are.

In general I believe that genius, though normally capable of drawing creativeness from a number of different sources, as a rule has depended largely on the collaboration of one chief master by proxy. This idea gazes wide-eyed down a fascinating

vista of speculation. Who, for instance, was Lincoln's silent partner? The power behind the throne of Elizabeth? And Buddha's better half? Who were the men behind those big guns Wellington, Grant, and Cæsar? Who was Molière's hidden prompter? The conductor of the orchestra called Beethoven? The psychic comrade of Columbus?

I do not know, for history has never commemorated as such the masters by proxy, with honor due, or, indeed, with much of any honor or remembrance at all. It will take centuries to delve into the past with the sympathetic eye and the understanding heart in order to discover what great graves we have most flagrantly neglected. Already we can single out a few of them.

The time is coming when music-lovers will never make a pilgrimage to the resting-place of Wagner without making another to the grave of Mathilde Wesendonk, whose "virtue" breathed into "Tristan und Isolde" the breath of life. We shall not much longer neglect the grave of Charles Darwin's unknown collaborator, his wife. Her tireless comradeship and devotion and freely lavished vitality were an indispensable reservoir of strength to the great invalid. Without it the world would never have had "The Origin of Species" or "The Descent of Man."

Other instances throng to mind. I have small doubt that Aspasia was the silent partner of Pericles; Joachim of Brahms; Ste. Clare of Francis of Assisi; Mary Lamb of Charles Lamb, and Dorothy Wordsworth of William Wordsworth. By a pleasant coincidence, I had no sooner noted down the last of these names than I came upon this sentence in Sarah Orne Jewett's "Letters," "How much that we call Wordsworth himself was Dorothy to begin with."

Perhaps the most creative master by proxy I have ever known was the wife of one of our ex-Presidents. To talk with her was to experience the elevation and mental unlimbering of three or four glasses of champagne, with none of that liquid's less desirable after-effects. I should not wonder if her eminent husband's success was not due as much to her creativeness as to his own.

It sometimes happens that the most potent masters in their own right are also the most potent masters by proxy. They grind out more power than they can consume in their own particular mill of the gods. I am inclined to think that Sir Humphry Davy was one of these. He was the discoverer of chlorin and laughing-gas and the inventor of the miner's safety-lamp. He was also the *deus ex machina* who rescued Faraday from his bookbinder's bench, made him the companion of his travels, and incidentally poured out the overplus of his own creative energy upon the youth who has recently been called "perhaps the most remarkable discoverer of the nineteenth century."

Indeed, the chief master known to history was first and foremost a master by proxy. Writing nothing himself, he inspired others to write thousands of immortal books. He was unskilled as painter or sculptor or architect, yet the greatest canvases, marbles, and cathedrals since he trod the earth have sprung directly from his influence. He was no musician.

His song was only living aloud.

But that silent song was the direct inspiration for much of the sublimest music of the centuries to come. And so we might go on and on about this master of all vicarious masters.

Yet it is strange and touching to note that even his exuberant creativeness sometimes needed the refreshment of silent partners. When he was at last to perform a great action in his own right, he looked about for support, and found a master by proxy in Mary, the sister of the practical Martha. But when he turned in utter need to his best-beloved disciples for help, he found them only negative, destructive influences. This accounts for the anguish of his reproach: "Could ye not watch with me one hour?"

Having never been properly recognized as such, the world's masters by proxy have never yet been suitably rewarded. Now, the world is convinced that its acknowledged masters deserve more of a share in life's surprise-party than they can bring along for themselves in their own baskets. So the world bows them to the places of honor at the banquet-board. True, the invitation occasionally comes so late that

the master has long since devoured everything in his basket and is dead of starvation. But that makes not the slightest difference to humanity, which will politely take no refusal, and props the cynically amused skeleton up at the board next the toast-master.

My point is, however, that humanity is often forehanded enough with its invitations to give the masters a charming time of it before they, too, into the dust descend, sans wine, sans song, etc. But I do not know that it has ever yet consciously bidden a master by proxy as such to the feast. And I contend that if a man's deserts are to be measured by his creativeness, then the masters by proxy deserve seats well up above the salt.

For is it any less praiseworthy to make a master than to make a masterpiece? I grant that the masterpiece is the more sudden and dramatic in appearing, and can be used at once. I grant that the master is gradually made, and even then turns out unsatisfactory in many ways. He is apt to be the inconvenient sort of person who, when he comes in out of the rain to dress for his wedding, abstractedly prepares to retire instead, and then, still more abstractedly, puts his umbrella to bed and stands himself in the corner.

All the same, it is no less divine to create a master by slow, painful methods than to snatch a masterpiece apparently out of nothing at all. In the eye of the evolutionist, man is not of any the less value because he was made by degrees instead of having been produced full-blown out of the void, somewhat as the magician brings forth out of the empty saucepan an omelet containing a live pigeon with the loaned wedding-ring in its beak.

The master-makers have long been expending their share of the power. It is high time they were enjoying their share of the glory. What an unconscionable leveling up and down there will presently be when it dawns upon humanity what a large though inglorious share it has been having in the spiritually creative work of the world! In that day the seats of the mighty individualists of science, industry, politics, and discovery, of religion and its ancient foe ecclesiasticism, of economy, the arts, and philosophy, will all be taken down a peg or so by the same knowledge that shall exalt "them of low degree."

I can imagine how angrily ruffled the sallow shade of Arthur Schopenhauer will become at the dawn of this spiritual commune. When the first full notes of the soul's "Marseillaise" burst upon his irritable ear-drums, I can hear above them his savage snarl. I can see his malignant expression as he is forced to divide the unearned increment of fame with some of those *Mitmenschen* whom he, like a bad Samaritan, loved to lash with his tongue before pouring in oil of vitriol and the sour wine of sadness. And how like red-ragged turkey-cocks Lord Byron and Nietzsche and Napoleon will puff out when required to stand and deliver some of their precious credit!

There will be compensations, though, to the genius who, safely dead, feels himself suddenly despoiled of a fullness of fame which he had counted on enjoying *in sæcula sæculorum*. When he comes to balance things up, perhaps he will not, after all, find the net loss serious. Though he loses some credit for his successes, he also loses some discredit for his failures. Humanity will recognize that while the good angels of genius are the masters by proxy, the bad angels of genius exert an influence as negative and destructive as that of the others is positive and constructive.

How jolly it will be for all but the bad angels when we can assign to them such failures as Browning's "The Inn-Album," Davy's contention that iodine was not an element, and Luther's savage hounding of the nobles upon the wretched peasants who had risen in revolt under his own inspiration. But this matter of the bad angels is another essay. Temporarily let us inter them with this epitaph, "They did their worst; devils could do no more."

We turn to the bright side of the situation. How delighted Keats will be when at last the world develops a little sense of proportion, and, after first neglecting and then overpraising him, finally proposes to give poor old Severn his due as a master by proxy. Imagine Sir William Herschel's pleasure when his beloved sister Caroline begins to receive her full deserts. Tschaikovsky will slough his morbidity and improvise a Slavic "Hallelujah Chorus" when his unseen patroness comes into her own. It is true that the world

has already given her memory two fingers and a perfunctory "Thank ye." This was for putting her purse at Tschaikovsky's disposal, thus making it possible for him to write a few immortal compositions instead of teaching mortals the piano in a maddening conservatory. But now, glory! hallelujah! the world is soon going to render her honor long overdue for the spiritual support which ably reinforced the financial.

And Sir Thomas More, that early socialist, how jubilant he will be! For he will surely regard our desire to transfer some of his own credit to the man in the pre-Elizabethan street as a sure sign that we are steadily approaching the golden gates of his Utopia. For the good Sir Thomas knows that our view of heroes and hero-worship has always been too little democratic. We have been over-inclined, with the aristocratic Carlyle, to see all history as a procession of a few transcendent masters, surrounded, preceded, and followed by enormous herds of abject and quite insignificant slaves. Between these slaves and the masters there is, in the old view, about as much in common as exists in the child's imagination between the overwhelming dose of castor-oil, and the single pluperfect chocolate drop whereby the dose is supposed to be dominated. Already the idea begins to glimmer that heroic stuff is far more evenly distributed through the procession than we had supposed.

We sit with the aristocratic Southey in his library, but no longer look up with quite the laureate's exclusive reverence to the few "mighty minds of old" which keep on working overtime up there on the shelves, like benignant perpetual-motion machines. And we no longer nod so genially to his smug prophecy when he draws himself up and says, "Gentlemen and ladies, while we are on this subject I may say that I, too, shall leave behind me

> a name, I trust,
> That will not perish in the dust."

It is very meet and very right and our bounden duty to admire the world's standard, official heroes, but it is wrong to revere them to the exclusion of folk less showy, but perhaps no less essential. It is almost as wrong as it would be for the judges at the horse-show to put the cart before the horse and then focus their admiring glances so exclusively upon the vehicle that they forgot the very existence of its patient and unself-conscious propeller.

It is specially fitting that we should awake to the claims of the master by proxy just now when the movement for the socialization of the world, after many ineffectual centuries, is beginning to engage the serious attention of mankind. Up to to-day one of the chief reactionary arguments against all men being free has been that men are so shockingly unequal. And the reactionaries have called us to witness the gulf that yawns, for example, between the godlike individualist Ysaye and the worm-like little factory girl down there in the audience, balanced on the edge of the seat and listening to the violin, her rapt soul sitting in her eyes.

Now, however, we know that but for the wireless tribute of creativeness flashing up to the monarch of tone from that "rapt soul" and others as humble and as rapt, the king of fiddlers would then and there be obliged to lay down his horsehair scepter and abdicate.

We have reached a stage of social evolution where it is high time that one foolish old fallacy should share the fate of the now discredited belief that "genius will out" despite man or devil. This fallacy is the supposition that man's creativeness is to be measured solely by its visible, audible, or tangible results. Browning's old rabbi made a shrewd commentary on this question when he declared:

> Not on the vulgar mass
> Called "work," must sentence pass,
> Things done, that took the eye and had the price—
> . . . .
> But all the world's coarse thumb
> And finger failed to plumb—
> . . . .
> Thoughts hardly to be packed
> Into a narrow act,
> Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
> All I could never be,
> All, men ignored in me,
> This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

We are being slowly socialized even to our way of regarding genius; and this has been until now the last unchallenged stronghold of individualism. We perceive that even here individualism must not longer be allowed to have it all its own way. After a century we are beginning to realize that the truth was in our first socially minded English poet when he sang:

> Nothing in the world is single;
> All things by a law divine
> In one another's being mingle.

To-day we have in library, museum, gallery, and cathedral tangible records of the creativeness of the world's masters. Soon I think we are to possess, thanks to Edison and the kinematographters, intangible records, or at least suggestions, of the modest creativeness of our masters by proxy. Soon every son with this inspiring kind of mother will have as complete means as science and his purse afford of perpetuating her voice, her changing look, her walk, her tender smile. Thus he may keep at least a transient gleam of her essential creativeness always at hand for help in the hour of need.

I would give almost anything if I could have in a storage-battery beside me now some of the electric current that was forever flowing out of my own mother or out of a certain great editor I once knew, or out of Hayd Sampson, a glorious old "inglorious Milton" of a master by proxy who works in a small livery-stable in Minnesota. My faith is firm that some such miracle will one day be performed. And in our irreverent Yankee way we may perhaps call the captured product of the master by proxy "canned virtue." In that event the twenty-first centurion will no more think of setting out on a difficult task or for a God-forsaken environment without a supply of canned virtue than of starting for one of the poles equipped with only a pocketful of pemmican.

There is a grievous amount of latent master-making talent being spoiled to-day for want of development. Many a one feels creative energy crying aloud within himself for vicarious spiritual expression. He would be a master by proxy, yet is at a loss how to learn. Him I would recommend to try learning the easiest form of the art. Let him resolve to become a creative listener to music. Once he is able to influence reproducers of art like pianists and singers, he can then begin groping by analogy toward the more difficult art of directly influencing the world's creators.

I do not know if in the history of the planet this mighty force which resides in the masters by proxy has ever been systematically used. I am sure that it has never been systematically conserved, and that it is one of the least understood and least developed of earth's natural resources. One of our next long steps forward should be along this line of the conservation of "virtue." The last physical frontier has virtually been passed. Now let us turn to the undiscovered continents of soul which have long been awaiting their Columbuses and Daniel Boones, their country life commissions and conferences of governors.

Why, I am convinced that if the hundredth part of you possible masters by proxy who read this page should grow aware of your gift, and in return for this awareness should turn your creativeness, as per proviso, through the channel of a writer no more gifted than the writer of these lines, and through him suddenly flash out upon the world a tithe of your busheled brilliance, there would be witnessed the sudden record-smashing vault of a scribe of low degree into the seats of the mighty.

This arrangement would have its reciprocal advantages, too. For the vaulter would take up so little room in his new situation that there would be plenty of room beside him for the more gifted masters by proxy.

Try it, my masters!

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

AUGUSTE RODIN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

RODIN'S NOTE-BOOK

COMPILED BY JUDITH CLADEL AND TRANSLATED BY S. K. STAR

INTRODUCTION BY JUDITH CLADEL

PART THREE

RODIN'S busts of women are perhaps the most charming part of his work. But to say this is almost a sacrilege, an affront to the grace of the small groups that, in this giant's work, swarm about the superior figures. But we need not search too far into this or yield to the pedantic mania for classifying to death. Let us rather look at them without transforming the joy of admiration into the labor of cataloguing, and give ourselves up wholly to the pleasure of seeing and understanding.

Yes, these portraits of women are the graceful aspect of this work of power. They are the achievements of a force which knows its own strength, and here relaxes in caresses. If some among them disturb the spirit, most of them shed upon us a calm enjoyment, the delightful security that one breathes among all-powerful beings that wish to be gracious. They allay the sense of unrest aroused in us by those dramas in marble and bronze which a powerful intellect has conceived—that mind from which sprang the "Burghers of Calais," the two monuments to Victor Hugo, the "Tower of Labor," that imagination, glowing like a forge, which produced the "Gate of Hell," the monument Sarmiento, the statue of Balzac.

Here Rodin's art extends to the utmost confines of grace. He has contrived to discover the most delicate secrets of nature. He models the petals of the lips just as nature curls the frail substance of the rose-leaf. By imperceptible gradations he attaches the delicate membranes of the eyelids to the angle of the temples just as nature in springtime attaches the leaves to the rough bark of trees.

Great thinkers never cease to be moved by the charm of weakness. The "eternal feminine" is just that, the power of grace over the manly soul. The strongest feel this attraction most, are most possessed with the desire of expressing it. I am thinking of Homer, Leonardo da Vinci, Shakspere, Balzac, Wagner, and Rodin in saying this. They have created a feminine world, the figures of which, lovingly copied from living models, become models in turn. They haunt thousands of souls, fashion them in their image. In her complicated ways, Nature avails herself of the artist to modify the human type.

We have some terra-cotta figures of Rodin, modeled when he was between twenty-five and thirty, while working at the manufactory at Sèvres, in the studio of Carrier-Belleuse, that accomplished sculptor. They are charming little busts, with the perfume of the eighteenth century breathing from them, treated a little in the manner of Carpeaux, with the velvety shadow of their black eyes on their sparkling faces. One of them, now in a private gallery in New York, has a hat on its head, coquettish, tender, innocently provocative; it is full of Parisian allurement because it is characteristically French. One can find its kindred among certain Renaissance figures, and even among the mischievous faces of Gothic angels. With all this there is that ephemeral prettiness which is called "the fashion," that caprice of styles which does for the adornment of cities what the flowers of the field do for the country.

If Rodin had pursued his path in this direction, he would have been a portrait-sculptor of great taste, and would doubtless have attained celebrity sooner, but a celebrity which is not glory. At that time he was chiefly concerned with copying the features of his models with all the sensitiveness of his admiration; he did not yet attempt those large effects of light and shade which were to become the object of his whole career, and are so still. He has

From a photograph by E. Druet

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL. EARLY WORK OF RODIN

made the religion of progress his own by reflective study. Progress is for him the chief condition of happiness. Present-day philosophies commonly put it in doubt; but if happiness exists, it is surely in the soul of the artist. But it is recognized with difficulty because it is called by an equivocal name, the ideal.

Let us look at the "Portrait of the Artist's Wife." Here, in this noble effigy, this severe image with its lowered eyelids, the artist passes beyond the promise of his first period. The face, rather wide at the cheek-bones, lengthens toward the chin, where the sorrowful mouth reigns. It expresses melancholy, gravity, dignity, Christian charity. It is rather masculine, and seems less youthful than the original was at the time. It is as if the artist had sought to bring out the character by conscientious modeling, without any softening; all the features are underlined, as on a face that has attained a ripe age. He had not yet discovered the art of soften-

From a photograph by E. Druet

PORTRAIT OF MME. MORLA VICUÑHA

ing his surfaces, of blending them in a general tonality, and of obtaining that softness, that flesh quality, with all the shades of youth, which touches the heart in his more recent busts.

Even then he did know, however, how to gather under the boldly molded superciliary arch of the brows the diffused shadows which, in the future, will lend mystery and distance to most of his portraits. This mask is all that remains of a standing figure dressed in the manner of Gothic figures. Rodin was then living in Brussels, still young, poor, and unknown, but happy. He tasted the perfect happiness of long days of absorbing labor, of that enthusiasm for work which nothing disturbs. To-day he sometimes yearns for those years free from the never-ceasing bustle of a celebrated man's existence, a giant as-

From a photograph by E. Druet

"LA PENSÉE." AFTER THE BUST IN THE LUXEMBOURG

From a photograph by Limet

THE FIRST STUDY FOR "LA PENSÉE"

sailed by a thousand pin-pricks. Yet his poverty was excessive, for the beautiful statue, modeled during successive months with much love, fell to pieces. For want of money, the sculptor had not been able to have it cast.

Among his women's busts, one of the most famous and one which remains one of the most beautiful is that of Madame Morla Vicuñha. It dates back about twenty-five years, but it is resplendent in eternal youth. Since then Rodin has added to his knowledge and experience. He has made personal discoveries in the plastic art. He has become the master of color in sculpture. Nevertheless, this portrait, as it stands, remains an adorable masterpiece. Who that has looked at its softly gleaming marble in the Luxembourg has not been overcome by a long dream of tenderness, of uneasy curiosity? Who has not hoped to make this woman speak, to press her heart in order to draw from her a confession of her desires, the secret of her happiness and her melancholy?

It is more than a bust, it is woman herself. Because the beautiful shoulder slips tremulously from the heavy mouth, which lies against the smooth, polished flesh; because this shoulder rises again toward the head, slightly bent and inclined, as if to draw toward it some loved one; because the neck swells like that of a dove, and the head is stretched forward to offer a kiss, we seem to catch a glimpse of the whole body and its delicate curves. It is a beautiful bust. I should like to see it alone in a room hung with dim tapestries, drawing forth its charm like a long sigh, which nothing should disturb. This masterpiece demands the distinction of solitude.

How beautifully modeled the head is in its firm delicacy! The framework of the narrow skull appears under the texture of hair fastened over it like a rich handkerchief. We can almost see the impatient hand, trembling with feeling, that has twisted the firm knot under the nape of the neck. Everywhere, level with the temples, at the bridge of the nose,—the aquiline nose marking the Spaniard of race,—this bony framework stands out. The face catches a feverish character from it, tortured by the longing for intimate expression, and reveals a being with whom happiness borders closely upon sorrow.

From a photograph by De Witt C. Ward

A PORTRAIT STUDY

The nostrils tremble as if to the perfume of the flowers pressed voluptuously against the warm bosom. The mouth is at once mobile and firm, and all the curves of the features converge toward it—toward the kiss which causes it to swell softly.

The light steals gently into every line and fold of the face. It borders the eyelids, glides under the brows, outlines the bridge of the nose and the nostrils, emphasizes the opposed arches of the lips. It spreads like a spring, separating into a thousand streams. It is a network, like the tracery of the woman's nerves made visible. It is as if the sculptor and the light had begun a dialogue—a dialogue kept up with endless graces and coquetries. He contradicts it, refutes it; it escapes, returns. He gathers it up, as if to force it into the sinuous folds of the figure. Again it flees, and then, summoned back, it returns cautiously, and at last bathes the statue in generous caresses.

This bust will live. In its enigmatic grace it will become more and more the expression of the woman who loves, just as "La Gioconda" ("Mona Lisa") is the expression of the woman who is loved. The one is all instinct, the other all spirit.

The one offers herself; the other promises herself. The one is tenderness directed toward the past; the other smiles toward the future.

In the same gallery of the Luxembourg, there is that other famous head called "La Pensée." What a contrast! It is strangely bound within a block of marble, placed like a living head on a block. And yet it tells only of the slightly resigned calm of meditation, or of melancholy, without bitterness, of long autumn days, with their diffused brilliancy. The outlines are firm, regular, placid, of remarkable moderation in their distinction. The head leans forward, because thought is a weighty product. The brow and the eyes are the dominant features. On them the sculptor has focused all the light not only in the high lights, but in the still surface as well.

The caprice of the artist has covered this head with a light peasant-cap. This hides the details of the hair, and concentrates the glance on the face. "Caprice" expresses the idea badly, for it is taste and the will of the artist that have directed all. These dreamy features express the practical mysticism of women, the effort of intelligent devotion. It makes one think of St. Geneviève, of Jeanne d'Arc, of the overwhelming courage of a weak being carried beyond and out of herself by a great purpose.

From a photograph by De Witt C. Ward

HEAD OF A YOUNG GIRL

"La Pensée" has the striking character that almost all the busts of Rodin assume in the future, and which they owe on the one hand to their intense lifelikeness, and on the other to the atmosphere with which the sculptor surrounds them. There are no hard-and-fast limits which separate them from the circumambient air; on the contrary, they are bathed in it. The "blacks," which give a hard, dry look when used to excess, are handled marvelously. The women's busts, especially, almost start up before us with this slightly fantastic look of life increased tenfold, with the charm of phantoms of marble, monumental, and yet as light as beautiful mists.

These effects of light and shadow perhaps harmonize best with the softness and delicacy of the feminine flesh. They convey to us naturally the mystery of an inner life more secret, more intimate than that of man.

Even with works that are alike, the public does not recognize their common origin. It sees the result of an extraordinary amount of observation and intelligence, yet it does not reflect more than a child. For the public the sculptor, whoever he may be, is a creature of instinct, with a trained eye and hand, but without mind and culture. He is a sculptor, that is all. A common proverb strengthens the belief in this lasting folly. It may be told, then, that the master with whom we are dealing here studies his models not only as a sculptor, but as a writer would; that often his hand drops the chisel for the pencil, in order to set down his observation more exactly, to search even further into nature.

Perhaps the public will at last grasp the fact that the true artist, under penalty of ceasing to be one, must, above all, expend an amount of attention of which other men are incapable, and that it is by the power of attention that the strength of intelligence is measured. For example, Rodin is facing his model, a young woman stretched out in an attitude of repose. He writes, and in his style we find all the power of the great draftsman. He marks

From a photograph by De Witt C. Ward

TERRA-COTTA FIGURE BY RODIN.
EARLY WORK

the outlines, he specifies the details, slowly, patiently, with pertinacity. He never confuses the impression, always so ready to elude one—the impression, the divine reward of the artist.

PORTRAITS OF WOMEN BY AUGUSTE RODIN

THE dazzling splendor revealed to the artist by the model that divests herself of her clothes has the effect of the sun piercing the clouds. Venus, Eve, these are feeble terms to express the beauty of women.

The head leans to one side, the torso to the other, both inclining indolently, gracefully. This body has been glorified. The contours flow, descend, repose, like immortality personified. The breasts follow the same curve. The flowing lines are all in the same direction. Unchangeable, heaving above the half-opened screen of the dress, the breath scarcely lifts them. It does not stir or agitate them.

The beautiful human monument is balanced in repose. It is unassailable. It is the gradation of contours.

I do not draw them, but I see them in place, and my spirit is content, accustoms itself to the impression. In memory I still make drawings of this model, and these moving lines are repetitions, done over again a hundred times; for I repeat the drawing constantly, like a caress.

This torso resigns itself, like an Ariadne whose contours melt away in the evening, in the dark. But the lightning of day has flashed there. It is there always. It is now the pale gleam of flesh. My mind, carried along, takes this form as its model.

The hand, the arm, support the head, the sidelong glance from which is so full of sweetness. One might call it a "Mona Lisa" reposing. This head feels the need of resting on the supporting hand, a delicate support like the handle of a vase. Like an urn about to pour out its water, its thought, it inclines.

Lying back on the cushion, the head is in high relief. The features are placed according to their due regard, which is the very soul of balance. It has made the eyes symmetrical; the eyebrows straight; the nose, where beauty and symmetry meet, expressive of a wholesome conformity.

When a woman is very beautiful, she has the head of a lion. From the lion is copied that splendid regularity of the eyes, which the oval of the face accentuates. The tawny mane is also lion-like in its regularity and majesty, without any other expression.

Arches are formed of all the parts of the eye without effort. The hinges of the eyes open and close. The open mouth keeps back neither the thoughts nor the words that have been spoken. There is no need for her to speak. Her age, her thoughts, all is a confession here—the features, the arch of the frank, noble mouth, as well as the form of the nose and the sensitive nostrils.

And this infantile glance under a woman's eyelid! Our soul demands that, by an agreement with the heavens, the feminine glance be celestial.

How I bathe in the calm beauty of these

eyes, with their regular drawing! How they themselves declare their tranquil joy! Sometimes eyes like these seem to be inhabited by spirits. They close, and I see the horizontal lashes, the lower lid, which just rests against the upper. I see as a whole the soft oval of these long eyes, the double circle of the lids themselves, and the circle beneath, so modest now, but which one calls the circle of love.

The eyeball in moving shows the clear pupil, and all about it press the circles of the delicate lids. The soul finds a refuge in these secret hiding-places, and throws out its circles of attraction like a lasso. This sensual soul is the soul of beautiful portraits.

The cheeks curve against the socket of the eye; the double arch of the brows prolongs itself back of them. The surface of the cheeks extends to the extremity of the nose, forms a double depression by the sinking of the cheek, which grows hollow toward the convex lip, and surrounds the mouth and the two lips. These facial lines and surfaces all stop at the chin, toward which all the curves converge.

The facial expressions proceed from, spread, and move in another circle. They all disappear in the cheeks, just as do the movements of the mouth. One curve passes down from the ear to the mouth; a small curve draws back the mouth and also the nose a little. A circle passes under the nose, the chin, to the cheek-bones; a deep curve, which starts back to the cheek-bone, cuts in a small hollow to the eyebrow. The features are distinct; but when they move, they merge into one another. The smile passes over the face by a circle defining the mouth. The edge of the mouth is defined by a mezzotint at the point of union.

The loose hair surrounds the cheek, and the head seems like a golden fleece on a distaff. It hangs like loosened garlands. How beautifully these garlands of hair are arranged, with the profile in a three-quarter view, standing out against the fine, tawny hair! The impressive harmony between the flesh and the hair! They seem altogether in accord; they lend each other languor and charm; they are united and separated at the same time. These drooping clusters of chestnut-blond hair are a frame. One might call them long flowers hanging from the edge of a vase.

The neck no longer holds erect the head, which moves in ecstasy. It drowns itself in the wavy flow of hair, which becomes undone at the moment. This inundation of hair, so to say, what a generalized expression of opulence it is! Before its beauty I feel imbued with love. I am seized with enthusiasm aflame with it. This gold, this dull copper, are like a field of grain, a field of corn, where the sheaves are of gold bound together. These sheaves, slightly disordered in their lengthening curves, turning in all directions, imitate the tone of subdued flesh tints.

In this veil, transparent and colored like a dead leaf, the ear is hidden in this shadow, where the hair flies back at random in strands, twists about, and returns.

O head, beautiful ornament, drooping against the edge of the couch like a lovely motive in architecture at the edge of a console! You express the prolonged weakness of a lovely languor. The shoulder extends its beautiful curve before the face, resting on its side; the line rises, passes near the nose, descends, and shows the red line of the mouth, just as the bees continually enter and go out of the opening of the hive. The face turns, but the eye returns to me, passes by me, and again gazes upon me.

In it there is the softness of the dog's eye, a spirit which becomes motionless when the tyranny of passion has disappeared. When passion is in control, she sucks like a vampire that delicate flesh, which is the model of calm, the exquisite remainder of calm.

This crown of beauty is not made for one woman alone, but for all women. They do not know it, and yet all in turn attain this beauty, as a fruit ripens. This calm is more potent in them than in the most beautiful statues. They are unaware of it, and the men who are near them are unaware of it also. They have not been taught to admire. They have not been educated in the science of admiration.

When, in the galleries of the Louvre, magnificent rooms where are gathered the collections of antiques, day enters through the windows and lightly touches these beautiful sculptures which are the adornment of great palaces, do they understand any better? Do they realize the collaboration between the sculptor and the light?

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

THE RUSTIC FIANCÉE. EARLY WORK OF RODIN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. DRUET

Do they perceive this extension of the human spirit which projects its endowments upon eternity? Do they really grasp all the beauty of the Venus of Milo, directly at the end of that magnificent hall, which extends in a long profile, and is the immutable temple of woman?

When the rich shadow, gradually growing less, reaches the torso and falls upon it, man has need of all his genius to understand this delicate encounter, to seize the instant when the stone of the bosom welcomes and catches this softer, larger shadow; where, in infinite harmony, that torso reigns in a splendor that proclaims the eternity of our race.

FRIDAY

BY ZONA GALE

Author of "Romance Island," "Mothers to Men," etc.

HEMPEL had watched the hands of the clock make all the motions of the hour, from the trim segment of eleven to the lazy down-stretch of twenty minutes past, the slim erectness of the half-hour, the promising angles of the three quarters, ten, five to twelve, and last the unanimity and consummation of noon.

Before all the whistles had ceased he was on the street. It was Thursday, but he was going home; he had told them that he must get home. He had even told one of them why he must get home. "Look alive!" he wanted to shout to somebody. "She may be going through it *now.*" Only of course there was nobody to whom a man could shout a thing like that, so he sent the message flooding through all the little secret cells that faithfully worked to let him hurry. Thus he dashed through West Twenty-eighth Street, and came to a halt at Fifth Avenue.

A procession was passing.

"Hold on, young fellow," an officer said, serene in the law's backing of constituted authority for easy familiarity. "Can't you see the doin's?"

"But I must—I must! I tell you I must!" Hempel cried. And when the thick neck continued to shake the great, faintly smiling face, Hempel, the boy, stepped close to the policeman and said something to him, man to man.

The officer lifted his chin in the first half of a nod, passed the business on to his eyebrows, and threw his glance down the avenue.

"Set tight, then," he said, "till I tip you the go."

So Hempel waited on the curb. For the first time his eye took in the procession passing, and he saw that the paraders were women. At first this fact made on him small impression. Then he found himself thinking:

"These women here are well and strong, and she may be dying." But that thought he put violently away, and seized on something, anything, to crowd it back. So he fixed his mind on the women.

Some were young, ruddy, erect; some were young, narrow-chested, stooped; some were old, and dragged their feet; one who passed near Hempel scuffled at every step. But, decently or shabbily or showily dressed, all were looking up, intent on something.

"What 's the matter with 'em?" Hempel asked.

"That there big fire," the policeman answered—"that there last factory fire. It et into 'em some. These are striking; a grand sight o' good it 'll do 'em."

Hempel looked at them now with a new impression. He too had shuddered at that thing—the flimsy loft, the locked doors, the broken bodies, the charred re-

mains. Poor things, trying to earn their living! He straightened his young shoulders. *She* did n't have to do that. Thank God! he had saved her from this kind of thing. That poor young creature there, carrying the heavy pole of a rude banner: GIVE US THE CHANCE TO SAY HOW WE WORK, it said. Already the girl was dropping with weariness. Every day must be to her weariness. But the girl's face was intent on something, as the faces of all were intent. And Letty was there in the flat, just waiting. But she might be going through it now, and he three miles away from her. Even as he turned fiercely on the policeman, he saw the gray helmet execute a mighty nod.

"Skin!" said the officer, and through a break in the ranks Hempel tore across the avenue and fled toward the subway.

As he ran, a sickening thought swept him. It was true that Letty need never march like that,—she was safe, with him to work for her,—but suppose it should be a girl—Hempel shrank abashed from "daughter"—suppose it should be a girl, and *she* should go to work sometime!

"O God!" something in him said as he ran, "I wanted a boy. Here 's another reason. Let it be a boy!"

The little flat was very still as Hempel fitted his key. He had dreaded finding some alien confusion. Now the silence seemed more ominous. He ran tiptoeing across the passage and turned the knob. The afternoon sun flooded the sitting-room. In the willow rocker his wife sat sewing.

"Letty!" he cried. "I thought maybe—"

"Not yet," she said, and one moment smiled up at him, the next caught at a button of his coat with a whimpering breath. "Dicko, I 'm so glad you 've come!" he heard her say.

Instead of going into the dark dining-room, the noisy, loud-voiced, kindly maid, a luxury which they had never known until of late, brought a covered dish or two to Letty's sewing-table, and they ate by the window, in the sun. A book lay open on the window-sill. Some one had sent in a pink hyacinth. A child in a red dress was playing with two colored balls in the street below. When luncheon was finished, the well-being in the small, bright room, and the thrilling suspense of the time, possessed Hempel as the chief fact in life. He looked at his wife in her gray gown and cap of lace, at her soft, white work. She was so little! He stretched out his big, brown hand, and laid it on her knee.

"Letty," he said, "see me, strong as an ox; and it does n't help any."

She looked at him strangely, beautifully.

"Strength is n't the only thing," she said. "I was thinking that just when you came in. I 'd found something—"

She took up the book on the window-sill. Sometimes the things which she read to him from books had made Hempel uneasy with the sense that he was not seeing in them what she saw; then gradually he had grown to feel that very likely she saw more than was really there. But now he felt that in this hour whatever she had found would be there for him, too. He followed her, even when he began to perceive that what she was reading aloud was verse, which someway always confused him, like several exposures on the same film. But this, he understood quickly, was man's verse, man's talk, straight from the shoulder:

> "Force rules the world still,
> Has ruled it, shall rule it;
> Meekness is weakness,
> Strength is triumphant,
> Over the whole earth
> Still it is Thor's Day!"

"Bully!" said Hempel, spontaneously.

She shook her head, smiling.

"It is n't true," she said.

"What is n't?" asked Hempel.

"Well," she said, "there 's something else. It is n't just strength that 's going to pull me through to-night, if it 's to-night. It 's something else—something that 's weak and great and small, not a bit like strength, Dicko."

He wondered what she meant. He reached out, and took in his somewhat roughened fingers a hem of the soft, white stuff of her work. He saw that it was a little skirt. A strange sweetness ran current with his blood.

"Strength is the greatest thing in the world though, I guess, Letty," he was saying.

She laughed, and for a moment leaned her face close to his. Then she met his puzzled eyes gravely, sweetly.

"Men don't know it," she said. "They don't know how to know it. Women know; I know now, and I 'll know to-night."

Abruptly, as he looked at her, Hempel saw something in her face that he had never seen there before—a strange intentness, a strangely uplifted, radiant intentness. He had seen faces intent like that only a little while before in a marching line. It gave him the instance that he needed.

"Why, look here," said Hempel. "Talk about strength not being the biggest thing ever. If you 'd seen what I saw to-day—the whole street full of miserable, half-starved women, some of 'em left out o' that last factory fire, some of 'em striking out o' sympathy and on account o' their own troubles. And a grand sight o' good it 'll do 'em," Hempel repeated. "Look at 'em, what they are, just because they 've got no strength. All they can do, the poor things, is to get out there and go marching."

"Ah," Letty said, "but they *were* marching. They were marching. And they 'll get what they 're after in the end. And without strength."

She dropped her sewing and put out her hand.

"Listen, Dicko," she said, "and hear about me. You know—I 've almost hoped it would be a boy. Well, when I read that to-day, of that big old god shouting around about strength being the thing, I remembered to-day is his day, the day they named for him—Thursday—Thor's day. And, Dicko, I don't want it to be a boy, born to-day. Because if it is, I 'm afraid it won't ever know but that force is the thing still—just as that says."

Hempel looked apprehensively round. Were women like this at such a time, he wondered. He recalled vague things which he had heard of them.

"Ain't you—ain't there something you 're taking?" he said. "Can't she beat you up an egg?"

At this his wife further alarmed him by laughing softly and long. Then abruptly she kissed him, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes.

"I 'll tell you what," he said nervously, "you let me run over to the drug store and get you a little bottle of lime-juice. You liked that other."

He rushed out like a boy. She watched him hurrying down the street. Her smile was brooding, maternal, as if already the maternity were hers, for him.

"Not a boy," she was thinking, "born on Thor's day; but a girl, born on Friday, Freia's day—the day of the goddess that held the apples of new life. On Friday," she said, "the new day. The day of something better than strength."

In the dining-room the loud-voiced maid met Hempel on his return.

"She 's took to talking to herself, sir," she told him. "I dunno but what—"

Hempel nodded. These two worried faces perfectly understood each other. He swung briskly into the sitting-room and set down the bottle.

"Now, then," he cried cheerily, "two nice glasses of lime-juice, and we 'll be all right."

Once more Hempel's look dragged round the clock with the hour: the grim segment of eleven; the strained down-stretch of twenty minutes past; the horrible, waiting attention of the half-hour, like a man standing listening, listening; the warning angles of the three quarters, ten, five to twelve; last the solemn inevitability of midnight.

He stood leaning against the glass of the sitting-room window; the sickish smell of the hyacinth that he was brushing rose protestingly. People loitered in the street, extinguished lights, went to sleep; and in there, where the nurse and the doctor had her, she might be dying. Sometimes he heard something, and then he crumpled against the window-frame, his magnificent body as weak as that of a child.

Pale against the black sheet of the buildings opposite, he could see his wife's face, not laughing, not looking at him, not turned to him as at his home-comings, but remote and intent. That was it: she was amazingly intent on something. It was as if, in this hour of hers, was occurring the whole creation of a new being. And on it she was unspeakably intent.

He shut his eyes, and there on the imminent black was Letty's face in the midst of a thousand white faces. They were the

faces of women, the faces of women marching. And each one was as intent on something as was Letty. Each one was as intent as if this were to her the hour of the creation of new beings, somewhere ahead there in a time that Hempel did n't know anything about. And if it was a girl, if it was a *daughter,* that daughter might be somewhere, sometime, with women like those, marching, too. And he, as strong as an ox, could do nothing to help either of them, Letty in there, or his daughter down there in the street.

Hempel pulled himself up, and he smiled foolishly. What was the matter with him? Was he going to pieces like a baby? He squared his shoulders and started toward the kitchen. He 'd better eat a little something, he told himself, to keep up his strength. If his strength went back on him— But he came to Letty's willow chair, and he sank down in it, and took his head in his big, helpless hands.

Interminably thereafter the nurse came to him.

"It 's all right," she said, "and she 's all right. She asked me, before, not to tell you which it is."

Hempel glared at her, and did his best to roar in a whisper.

"Which it is?" he said. "What do I care which it is? Is she safe? *Is* she?"

A little while later Hempel sat trying to read the morning paper. He read the same things over a great many times. One of these things was an obscure head which he kept reading for a long time before it fixed his attention.

MARCH OF THE WOMEN

Thin Line of Agitators Parades Fifth Avenue for Half an Hour.

Hempel thought back to the line as he had seen it, those lifted, determined, intent faces. Think of their starting out to get something, weak as they were! He sat fingering at something within his reach, a soft, white hem of his wife's sewing in her basket. Think of Letty going through that thing alone, almost as weak as a child! He stared out the window, past her plant and her book on the sill. How in the world did women do these things, anyway?

He was still sitting so when they came to tell him that he could go into the room. Now that the time had come, he found, when he rose, that he was trembling.

There she lay, the same Letty, yet incalculably different. In some mysterious way she was nearer to him than ever he had known that she could be; in some way, more mysterious, she was as remote as she had seemed to him at midnight.

"Dicko," she whispered, "I would n't let them tell you. See your son!"

He stooped awkwardly, got to one knee, and looked. Then he bent his look on her.

"But you—" he said. "Letty, how—"

She did not hear him. She was speaking softly, eagerly.

"And it was n't on Thor's day, either," she said. "He came Friday, Dicko, the day of something better than strength."

He kissed her.

"There! there! there!" he kept saying.

"Dicko, it 's coming," she tried to make it clear. "Can't you tell? The time when men will know—something better than strength. And use it. O Dicko, maybe our little man will know it—in his lifetime!"

"There! there! there!" Hempel went on, and patted her arm.

At last he stumbled out of the room. Indeterminately it smote him that to be in the little chamber, which he knew so well, was like being in some other place.

"Better than strength," he heard her insisting as he closed the door.

He turned to the nurse, who stood waiting in the passage.

"I guess she 's a little delirious yet, ain't she?" he said, much shaken.

FROM THE LOG OF THE *VELSA*

THE BALTIC: THIRD PAPER

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

Author of "Clayhanger," "The Old Wives' Tale," etc.

PICTURES BY E. A. RICKARDS AND ARNOLD BENNETT

THE YACHT LOST

OUR adventures toward the Baltic began almost disastrously, because I put into the planning of them too much wisdom and calculation. We had a month of time at our disposal. Now, a fifty-ton yacht in foreign parts thinks nothing of a month. It is capable of using up a month in mere preliminaries. Hence, with admirable forethought, I determined to send the yacht on in advance. The *Velsa* was to cross from her home port, Brightlingsea, to the Dutch coast, and then, sheltered by many islands, to creep along the coasts of Hanover, Holstein, Schleswig, and Denmark, past the mouths of the Elbe, Weser, and Eider, to the port of Esbjerg, where we were to join her by a fast steamer from Harwich. She was then to mount still farther the Danish coast, as far as Liim Fjord and, by a route combining fjords and canals, cross the top of the Jutland peninsula, and enter the desired Baltic by Randers Fjord. The banal way would have been through the Kiel Canal. Yachts never take the Liim Fjord; but to me this was a fine reason for taking the Liim Fjord. Moreover, English yachts have a habit of getting into trouble with the German Empire in the Kiel Canal, and English yachtsmen are apt to languish in German prisons on charges of espionage. I was uncertain about the comforts provided for spies in German prisons, and I did not wish to acquire certitude.

So the yacht was despatched. The skipper gave himself the large allowance of a fortnight for the journey to Esbjerg. He had a beautiful new 30-horse-power engine, new sails, a new mast. Nothing could stop him except an east wind. It is notorious that in the North Sea the east wind never blows for more than three days together, and that in July it never blows at all. Still, in this July it did start to blow a few days before the yacht's intended departure. And it continued to blow hard. In a week the skipper had only reached Harwich, a bare twenty miles from Brightlingsea. Then the yacht vanished into the North Sea. The wind held in the east. After another week I learned by cable that my ship had reached the Helder, in North Holland. By a wondrous coincidence, my Dutch skipper's wife and family are established at the Helder. The east wind still held. The skipper spent money daily in saddening me by cable. Then he left the Helder, and the day came for us to board the mail-steamer at Harwich for Esbjerg.

She was a grand steamer, newest and largest of her line. This was her very first trip. She was officered by flaxen, ingenuous, soft-voiced Danes, who had a lot of agreeable Danish friends about them, with whom they chattered in the romantic Danish language, to us exquisite and incomprehensible. Also she was full of original Danish food, and especially of marvelous and mysterious sandwiches, which, with small quantities of champagne, we ate at intervals in a veranda café passably imitated from Atlantic liners. Despite the east wind, which still held, that steamer reached Esbjerg in the twinkling of an eye.

When I say the twinkling of an eye, I mean twenty-two hours. It was in the dusk of a Saturday evening that we had the thrill of entering an unknown foreign country. A dangerous harbor, and we penetrated into it as great ships do, with the extreme deliberation of an elephant. There was a vast fleet of small vessels in the basin, and as we slid imperceptibly

past the mouth of the basin in the twilight, I scanned the multitudinous masts for the mast of the *Velsa*. Her long Dutch streamer was ever unmistakable. It seemed to us that she ought to be there. What the mail-steamer could do in less than a day she surely ought to have done in more than a fortnight, east wind or no east wind. On the map the distance was simply nothing.

I saw her not. Still, it was growing dark, and my eyes were human eyes, though the eyes of love. The skipper would probably, after all, be on the quay to greet us with his energetic optimism. In fact, he was bound to be on the quay, somewhere in the dark crowd staring up at the great ship, because he never failed. Were miracles necessary, he would have accomplished miracles. But he was not on the quay. The *Velsa* was definitely not at Esbjerg. We felt lonely, forlorn. The head waiter of the Hotel Spangsberg, a man in his way as great as the skipper, singled us out. He had a voice that would have soothed the inhabitants of purgatory. He did us good. We were convinced that so long as he consented to be our friend, no serious harm could happen to our universe. And the hotel was excellent, the food was excellent, the cigars were excellent. And the three chambermaids of the hotel, flitting demurely about the long corridor at their nightly tasks, fair, clad in prints, foreign, separated romantically from us by the palisades of language—the three modest chambermaids were all young and beautiful, with astounding complexions.

The next morning the wind was north by east, which was still worse than east or northeast for the progress of the yacht toward us. Nevertheless, I more than once walked down across the wharves of the port to the extreme end of the jetty—about a mile each way each time—in the hope of descrying the *Velsa's* long, red streamer in the offing. It was Sunday. The town of Esbjerg, whose interest for the stranger is strictly modern and sociological, was not attractive. Its main street, though extremely creditable to a small town, and a rare lesson to towns of the same size in England, was not a thoroughfare in which to linger, especially on Sunday. In the entire town we saw not a single beautiful or even ancient building. Further, the port was asleep, and the strong, gusty breeze positively offensive in the deceptive sunshine.

We should have been bored, we might even have been distressed, had we not gradually perceived, in one passing figure after another, that the standard of female beauty in Esbjerg was far higher than in any other place we had ever seen. These women and girls, in their light Sunday summer frocks, had beauty, fine complexions, grace, softness, to a degree really unusual; and in transparent sleeves or in no sleeves at all they wandered amiably in that northerly gale as though it had been a southern zephyr. We saw that our overcoats were an inelegance, but we retained them. And we saw that life in Esbjerg must have profound compensations. There were two types of beautiful women, one with straight lips, and the other with the upper lip like the traditional bow. The latter, of course, was the more generously formed, acquiescent and yet pouting, more blonde than the blonde. Both types had the effect of making the foreigner feel that to be a foreigner and a stranger in Esbjerg, forcibly aloof from all the daily frequentations and intimacies of the social organism, was a mistake.

In the afternoon we hired an automobile, ostensibly to inspect the peninsula, but in fact partly to see whether similar women prevailed throughout the peninsula, and partly to give the yacht a chance of creeping in during our absence. In our hearts we knew that so long as we stood looking for it it would never arrive. In a few moments, as it seemed, we had crossed the peninsula to Veile, a sympathetic watering-place on its own fjord, and were gazing at the desired Baltic, whereon our yacht ought to have been floating, but was not. It seemed a heavenly sea, as blue as the Mediterranean.

We had driven fast along rather bad and dusty roads, and had passed about ten thousand one-story farmsteads, brick-built, splendidly thatched, and each bearing its date on the walls in large iron figures. These farmsteads, all much alike, showed that some great change, probably for the better, must have transformed Danish agriculture about thirty or forty years ago. But though farmers were driving abroad in two-horse vehicles, and though certain old men strolled to and

fro, smoking magnificent pipes at least a foot and a half long, the weight of which had to be supported with the hand, there was little evidence of opulence or even of ease.

The passage of the automobile caused real alarm among male cyclists and other wayfarers, who, in the most absurd, girlish manner, would even leap across ditches to escape the risks of it. The women, curiously, showed much more valor. The dogs were of a reckless audacity. From every farm-yard, at the sound of our coming, a fierce dog would rush out to attack us, with no conception of our speed. Impossible to avoid these torpedoes! We killed one instantaneously, and ran over another, which somersaulted, and, aghast, then balanced itself on three legs. Scores of dogs were saved by scores of miracles. Occasionally we came across a wise dog that must have had previous altercations with automobiles, and learned the lesson. By dusk we had thoroughly familiarized ourselves with the flat Danish landscape, whose bare earth is of a rich gray purple; and as we approached Esbjerg again, after a tour of 120 miles, we felt that we knew Jutland by heart, and that the yacht could not fail to be waiting for us in some cranny of the port, ready to take us to other shores. But the yacht had not come.

Then the head waiter grew to be our uncle, our father, our consoler. It is true that he told us stories of ships that had set forth and never been heard of again; but his moral influence was invaluable. He soothed us, fed us, diverted us, interpreted us, and despatched cables for us. We called him "Ober," a name unsuitable to his diminutive form, his few years, and his chubby face. Yet he was a true Ober. He expressed himself in four languages, and could accomplish everything. In response to all our requests, he would murmur in his exquisitely soft voice, "Oh, yes! oh, yes!" He devised our daily excursions. He sent us to Ribe, the one ancient town that we saw on the peninsula, in the cathedral of which was a young girl who had stepped out of a picture by Memling, and who sold post-cards with the gestures of a virgin saint and the astuteness of a dealer. He sent us to the island of Fanö, where the northeaster blows straight from Greenland across a ten-mile bathing-beach peopled by fragile women who saunter in muslin in front of vast hotels beneath a canopy of flags that stand out horizontally in the terrible breeze. He provided us with water-bottles and with plates (for palettes), so that we could descend to the multicolored port, and there, half sheltered from the wind by a pile of fish-boxes and from the showers by an umbrella, produce wet water-colors of fishing-smacks continually in motion.

Day followed day. We had lived at Esbjerg all our lives. The yacht was lost at sea. The yacht had never existed. The wife of the skipper, or, rather, his widow, had twice cabled that she had no news. But the Ober continued to bear our misfortunes with the most astounding gallantry. And then there came a cable from the skipper, dated from the island of Wangeroog. Wangeroog! Wangeroog! What a name for an impossible island! What a name for an island at which to be weatherbound! We knew it not. Baedeker knew it not. Even the Ober had not heard of it. We found it at last on a map, more than a hundred miles to the south. And I had been walking down to the jetty thrice a day to gaze forth for the *Velsa's wein!*

The skipper in his cable asked us to meet him at Friedrichstadt, on the Eider, in Holstein, Germany. The trains were very slow and awkward. The Ober said:

"Why do you not take an automobile? Much quicker."

"Yes; but the German customs?"

"Everything shall be arranged," said the Ober.

I said:

"I don't see myself among the German bureaucracy in a hired car."

The Ober said calmly:

"I will go with you."

"All the way?"

"I will go with you all the way. I will arrange everything. I speak German very well. Nothing will go wrong."

Such a head waiter deserved encouragement. I encouraged him. He put on his best clothes, and came, smoking cigars. He took us faultlessly through the German customs at the frontier. He superintended our first meal at a small German hotel. I asked him to join us at table. He bowed and accepted. When the meal was over, he rose and bowed again. It

was a good meal. He took us through three tire-bursts amid the horrid wastes of Schleswig-Holstein. He escorted us into Friedrichstadt, and secured rooms for us at the hotel. Then he said he must return. No! no! We could not let him abandon us in the harsh monotony of that excessively tedious provincial town. But he murmured that he must depart. The yacht might not arrive for days yet. I shuddered.

"At any rate," I said, "before you leave, inquire where the haven is, and take me to it, so that I may know how to find it."

He complied. It was a small haven; a steamer and several ships were in it. Behind one ship I saw a mast and a red pennant somewhat in the style of the *Velsa*.

"There," I said, "my yacht has a mast rather like that."

I looked again. Utterly impossible that the *Velsa* could have arrived so quickly; but it was the *Velsa*. Joy! Almost tears of joy! I led the Ober on board. He said solemnly:

"It is very beautiful."

So it was.

But our things were at the hotel. We had our rooms engaged at the hotel.

The Ober said:

"I will arrange everything."

In a quarter of an hour our baggage was on board, and there was no hotel bill. And then the Ober really did depart, with sorrow. Never shall I look on his like again. The next day we voyaged up the Eider, a featureless stream whose life has been destroyed by the Kiel Canal, to its junction with the Kiel Canal, eighty-six dull, placid kilometers. But no matter the dullness; we were afloat and in motion.

A GERMAN INTERLUDE

We spent about seventy-two hours in the German Empire, and emerged from it, at Kiel, by the canal, with a certain relief; for the yacht had several times groaned in the formidable clutch of the Fatherland's bureaucracy. She had been stopped by telephone at Friedrichstadt for having passed the custom-house at the mouth of the Eider, the said custom-house not being distinguished, as it ought to have been, by the regulation flag. Again we were stopped by telephone at Rendsburg, on the canal, for having dared to ascend the Eider without a pilot. Here the skipper absolutely declined to pay the pilot-fees, and our papers were confiscated, and we were informed that the panjandrum of the harbor would call on us. However, he did not call on us; he returned our papers, and let us go, thus supporting the skipper's hotly held theory that by the law of nations yachts on rivers are free.

We were obliged to take a pilot for the canal. He was a nice, companionable man, unhealthy, and gently sardonic. He told us that the canal would be remunerative if war-ships paid dues. "Only they don't," he added. Confronted with the proposition that the canal was very ugly indeed, he repudiated it. He went up and down the canal forever and ever, and saw nothing but the ships on it and the navigation signals. He said that he had been piloting for twelve years, and had not yet had the same ship twice. And there were 150 pilots on the canal!

We put him ashore and into the arms of his wife at Kiel, in heavy rain and the customary northeaster, and we pushed forward into the comparative freedom of Kiel Fjord, making for Friedrichsort, which looked attractive on the chart. But Friedrichsort was too naval for us; it made us feel like spies. We crossed hastily to Möltenort, a little pleasure town. Even here we had not walked a mile on land before we were involved in forts and menacing sign-boards. We retreated. The whole fjord was covered with battle-ships, destroyers, submarines. Hydro-aëroplanes curved in the atmosphere, or skimmed the froth off the waves. The air was noisy with the whizzing of varied screws. It was enormous, terrific, intimidating, especially when at dusk search-lights began to dart among the lights of the innumerable fjord passenger-steamers. We knew that we were deeply involved in the tremendous German system. Still, our blue ensign flew proudly, unchallenged.

The population of Möltenort was not seductive, though a few young men here and there seemed efficient, smart, and decent. The women and girls left us utterly unmoved. The major part of the visitors were content to sit vacantly on the promenade at a spot where a powerful drain, discharging into the fjord, announced itself flagrantly to the sense. These quiet,

AARHUS

FROM THE WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY ARNOLD BENNETT

ENTERING THE BALTIC

tired, submissive persons struck us as being the raw slavish material of the magnificent imperial system, and entirely unconnected with the wondrous brains that organized it and kept it going. The next morning we departed very early, but huge targets were being towed out in advance of us, and we effected our final escape into the free Baltic only by braving a fleet of battle-ships that fired into the checkered sky. Sometimes their shells glinted high up in the sun, and seemed to be curving along the top edge of an imaginary rainbow. We slowly left them astern, with, as I say, a certain relief. Little, unmilitary Denmark lay ahead.

BALTIC COMMUNITIES

At Vordingborg, a small town at the extreme south of Sjælland, the largest and easternmost of the Danish islands, we felt ourselves to be really for the first time in pure and simple Denmark (Esbjerg had a certain international quality). We had sailed through the Langelands Belt, skirting the monotonous agricultural coasts of all sorts of islands, great and small, until one evening we reached this city, which looked imposing on the map. When we had followed the skipper ashore on his marketing expedition, and trodden all the stony streets of little Vordingborg, we seemed to know what essential Denmark, dozing in the midst of the Baltic, truly was.

Except a huge and antique fort, there was no visible historical basis to this town. The main thoroughfare showed none of the dignity of tradition. It was a bourgeois thoroughfare, and comfortable bourgeoises were placidly shopping therein—the same little bourgeoises that one sees all over the world. A fairly large hotel; sundry tobacconists; a bookseller who also sold wall-papers; a sausage-shop, with a girl actuating an efficient sausage-slicing machine, and in the window an electric

fan whirring close to a gigantic sausage. In the market, on a vague open space, a few carts, with their shafts on the ground; a few stalls; a few women; a butcher whipping off a hungry dog; three cheeses on a stand; baskets of fruit and vegetables on the Danish ground; our skipper chattering by signs and monosyllables in the middle. That was Vordingborg.

In the churchyard there were only two graves. The church had no more architectural interest than a modern church in a London suburb, though it was older. We went within. The numbers of the hymns at the last service were still forlornly stuck up on the indicator. The altar and screen were ingenuously decorated in the style of a high-class booth at a fair. Three women in huge disfiguring aprons were cleaning the interior. Their cloaks and a white umbrella lay on the stone floor. They never even glanced at us. We left the church, and then skirting market gardens and climbing over the ramparts of the fort, we descended to the mournful little railway-station, and as we watched a little train amble plaintively in and out of that terminus, we thought of the numbers of the hymns sung at the last service in the church, and the immense devastating ennui of provincial existence in remote places enveloped us like a dank fog. We set sail, and quitted Vordingborg forever, lest we might harden our hearts and be unjust to Vordingborg, which, after all, at bottom, must be very like a million other townlets on earth.

THE SKIPPER SHOPPING

Compared with some of the ports we made, Vordingborg was a metropolis and a center of art. When we had threaded through the Ulfsund and the Stege Strand and the intricacies of the Rogeströmmen, we found shelter in a village harbor of the name of Faxo. Faxo had nothing—nothing but a thousand trucks of marl, a girl looking out of a window, and a locked railway-station. We walked inland into a forest, and encountered the railway track in the middle of the forest, and we walked back to Faxo, and it was the same Faxo, except that a splendid brig previously at anchor in the outer roads was slipping away in the twilight, and leaving us alone in Faxo.

At Spotsbjerg, on the north of the island of Sjælland, a small, untidy fishing village with a harbor as big as a swimming bath, there was not even a visible church; we looked vainly for any church. But there was a telephone, and on the quay there was a young and pretty girl leaning motionless on her father's, or her grandfather's, tarpaulin shoulder. Full of the thought that she would one day be old and plain, we fled from Spotsbjerg, and traveled an incredible distance during the whole of a bright Sunday, in order to refresh our mundane instincts at the capital of the Jutland peninsula, Aarhus.

And on approaching Aarhus, we ran into a regatta, and the *Velsa* had less of the air of an aristocrat among the industrial classes than in such ports as Spotsbjerg and Faxo. Further, a reporter came to obtain a "story" about the strange Dutch yacht with the English ensign. It was almost equal to being anchored off the Battery, New York. At Aarhus the pulse of the world was beating rather loud. In the windows of the booksellers' shops were photographs of the director of the municipal theater surrounded by his troupe of stars. And he exactly resembled his important brethren in the West End of London. I myself was among the authors performed in the municipal theater, and I had a strange, comic sensation of being world-renowned. Crowds surged in the streets of Aarhus and in its cafés and tram-cars, and at least one of its taxicabs was driven by a woman. It had a really admirable hotel, the Royal, with first-class cooking, and a concert every night in its winter garden, where the ruling classes

CONSULTING THE CHART

met for inexpensive amusement, and succeeded in amusing themselves with a dignity, a simplicity, and a politeness that could not possibly be achieved in any provincial town in England, were it five times the size of Aarhus. And why?

Withal, Aarhus, I have to confess, was not much of a place for elegance. Its women failed, and the appearance of the women is the true test of a civilization. So far in our Danish experience the women of Esbjerg stood unrivaled. The ladies of Aarhus, even the leading ladies gathered together in the Royal Hotel, lacked style and beauty. Many of them had had the sense to retain the national short sleeve against the ruling of fashion, but they did not arrive at an effect of individuality. They were neither one thing nor the other. Their faces showed kindness, efficiency, constancy, perhaps all the virtues; but they could not capture the stranger's interest.

There was more style at Helsingör (Elsinore), a town much smaller than Aarhus, but probably enlivened by naval and military influences, by its close proximity to Sweden, with train-ferry communication therewith, and by its connection with Hamlet and Shakspere. The night ferries keep the town unduly awake, but they energize it. Till a late hour the station and the quay are busy with dim figures of chattering youth in pale costumes, and the departure of the glittering train-laden ferry to a foreign country two miles off is a romantic spectacle. The churches of Helsingör have an architectural interest, and its fruit shops display exotic fruits at high prices. Officers flit to and fro on bicycles. Generals get out of a closed cab at the railway-station, and they bear a furled standard, and vanish importantly with it into the arcana of the station. The newspapers of many countries are for sale at the kiosk. The harbor-master is a great man, and a suave.

The pride of Helsingör is the Kronborg Castle, within sight of the town and most grandiosely overlooking sea and land. Feudal castles are often well placed, but one seldom sees a renaissance building of such heroic proportions in such a dramatically conceived situation. The castle is of course used chiefly as a barracks. On entering the enormous precincts, we saw through a window a private sitting on a chair on a table, in fatigue uniform, playing mildly a flageolet, and by his side on the table another private in fatigue uniform, with a boot in one hand, doing nothing whatever. And from these two figures, from the whitewashed bareness of the chamber, and from the flageolet, was

EMIGRANT GIRLS WRITING POSTAL CARDS HOME

exhaled all the monstrous melancholy of barrack-life, the same throughout the world.

Part of the castle is set aside as a museum, wherein, under the direction of a guide, one is permitted to see a collection of pictures the surpassing ugliness of which nearly renders them interesting. The guide points through a window in the wall ten feet thick to a little plot of turf. "Where Hamlet walked." No historical authority is offered to the visitor for this statement. The guide then leads one through a series of large rooms, empty save for an occasional arm-chair, to the true heart of the Kronborg, where he displayed to us a seated statue of Mr. Hall Caine, tinted an extremely unpleasant bluish-white. An inscription told that it had been presented to Kronborg by a committee of Englishmen a few years earlier to mark some anniversary. The guide said it was a statue of Shakspere. I could not believe him.

A DAY'S SAIL

Although there is a lively pleasure in discovering even the dullest and smallest towns and villages, the finest experience offered by the Baltic is the savor of the Baltic itself in a long day's sail. I mean a day of fourteen hours at least, from six in the morning till eight at night, through varied seascapes and landscapes and varied weather. As soon as the yacht leaves harbor in the bracing chill of sunrise she becomes a distinct entity, independent, self-reliant. The half-dozen men on her, cut off from the world, are closely knitted into a new companionship, the sense of which is expressed not in words, but by the subtleties of tone and mien; and if only one among them falls short of absolute loyalty and good-will toward the rest, the republic is a failure, and the air of ocean poisoned. The dictum of an older and far more practised yachtsman than myself used always to be, "I 'll have no man aboard my ship who can't smile all the time." It is a good saying. And it could be applied to my yacht in the Baltic. We had days at sea in the Baltic which were ideal and thrilling from one end to the other.

To make a final study of the chart in the cabin while waiting for breakfast is a thrilling act. You choose a name on the chart, and decide: "We will go to that name." It is a name. It is not yet a town or a village. It is just what you imagine it to be until you first sight it, when it instantly falsifies every fancy. The course is settled. The ship is on that course. The landmarks will suffice for an hour or two, but the sea-marks must be deciphered on the chart, which is an English chart, and hence inferior in fullness and clearness to either French or Dutch charts. Strange, this, for a nation preëminently maritime! To compensate, the English "Sailing Directions"—for example, the "Pilot's Guide to the Baltic"—are so admirably written that it is a pleasure to read them. Lucid, succinct, elegant, they might serve as models to a novelist. And they are anonymous.

To pick up the first buoy is thrilling. We are all equally ignorant of these waters; the skipper himself has not previously sailed them, and we are all, save the cook, engulfed below amid swaying saucepans, on the lookout for that buoy. It ought to be visible at a certain hour, but it is not. The skipper points with his hand and says the buoy must be about there, but it is not. He looks through my glasses, and I

look through his; no result. Then the deck-hand, without glasses, cries grinning that he has located her. After a quarter of an hour I can see the thing myself. That a buoy? It is naught but a pole with a slightly swollen head. Absurd to call it a buoy! Nevertheless, we are relieved, and in a superior manner we reconcile ourselves to the Baltic idiosyncrasy of employing broom-handles for buoys. The reason for this dangerous idiosyncrasy neither the skipper nor anybody else could divine. Presently we have the broom close abeam, a bobbing stick all alone in the immense wilderness of water. There it is on the chart, and there it is in the water, a romantic miracle. We assuage its solitude for a few minutes, and then abandon it to loneliness.

We resume the study of the chart; for although we are quite sure of our course, the skipper can never be sure enough. My attention is drawn to a foot-note that explains the ice-signals of the Baltic. And the skipper sets to telling tales of terror about the ice, in the Zuyder Zee and other seas. He tells how the ice forms under the ship surreptitiously, coming up from the bottom like treacle. You say, "It 's freezing to-night," and the next morning the ship can't move; and you may die of starvation, for though the ice will hold the ship, it won't hold you. The skipper knew men who could remember ice in the Zuyder Zee in June. He himself had once oscillated for a whole week between two ports on the Zuyder Zee, visible to each other, pushed hither and thither by the ice, and unable to get anywhere at all. But ice was less terrible than it used to be, owing to the increased strength and efficiency of ice-breakers. And climate was less rigorous. Thus the skipper would reassure us for a moment, only to intimidate us afresh. For it seems that the ice has a way of climbing; it will climb up over everything, and inclose a ship. Indeed, he was most impressive on the subject of ice. He said that the twin horrors of the sea were ice and fog. But of fog he told no tales, being occupied with the forward valve of the engine. We perceived that yachtsmen who go out when it happens to suit them, between May and September only, can never achieve intimacy with the entire individuality of the sea.

The weather has now cleared for a while. The sun is hot, the saloon skylight warm to the touch. You throw off a jersey. The tumbling water is a scale of deep blues, splendid against the brass of the bollard and the reddishness of the spars. The engine is running without a "knock"; the sails are nicely filled; the patent log is twirling aft. A small rainbow shines steadily in the foam thrown up from the bows, and a great rainbow stretches across all heaven, with its own ghost parallel to it. Among the large, soft clouds rags of dark cloud are uneasily floating. On the flat shores of near islands the same cereals ripen that ripen at home. And this is thrilling. Distant islands are miraged. Even a distant battleship seems to be lifted clean out of the water by the so-called mirage.

And then a trading-schooner, small, but much larger than us, relentlessly overhauls us. She laughs at the efforts of our engine to aid our sails, and forges ahead, all slanting, with her dinghy slung up tight aft, over her rudder. And then it is the still small voice of the stomach that speaks. Hunger and repletion follow each other very swiftly on such days. The after-breakfast cigar is scarcely finished before a genuine curiosity as to the menu of lunch comes to birth within. We glance

THE MALE EMIGRANT WAY OF WRITING

into the saloon. Yes, the white cloth is laid, but we cannot eat cloth. The cook and the chronometer are conspiring together against us.

In the afternoon the weather is thick and squally. And we are creeping between sad and forlorn veiled islands that seem to exude all the melancholy of the seas. There is plenty of water, but only in a deceiving horizontal sense. The channel is almost as narrow and as tortuous as a Devonshire lane. English charts are criminally preposterous, and so are Danish brooms. Hardly can one distinguish between a starboard and a port broom. Is the life of a yacht to depend on such negligent devices? The skipper is worried. And the spectacle of a ship aground in mid-sea does not tranquilize. Sometimes the hail wipes out for a few seconds the whole prospect. The eyes of everybody are strained with looking for distant brooms.

Then we are free of the archipelago, and also the sky clears. The sun, turning orange, is behind us, and the wind in our teeth. Ahead is a schooner, beating. And she is the schooner of the morning. Our engine now has the better of her. As we overtake her, she runs away on one tack, and comes back on the next. She bears down on our stern, huge, black, glittering. A man and a boy are all her crew. This man and this boy are entitled to be called mariners, as distinguished from yachtsmen. We can see their faces plainly as they gaze down at us from their high deck. And you may see just the same faces on the liners that carry emigrants from Denmark to the west, and the same limbs sprawling on the decks of the Esbjerg steamers, as the same hands scrawl Danish characters on picture postal cards to the inhabitants of these very islands.

The sea is now purple, and the schooner a little black blot on the red panorama of the sunset; and ahead, amid faint yellow and green fields, is a white speck, together with sundry red specks and blue specks. The name on the chart! And then the haven is descried, and a ring of masts with fluttering rags. And then the lighthouse and the roofs detach themselves, and the actual mouth of the haven appears. Twilight falls; the engine is moderated; the deck-hand stands by with a pole. Very slowly we slide in, and the multitudinous bright tints of the fishing-smacks are startlingly gay even in the dusk. The skipper glances rapidly about him, and yells out in Dutch to a fisherman, who replies in Danish. The skipper shakes his head, at a loss, and gives an order to the deck-hand. The deck-hand claws with a pole at a yellow smack. We have ceased to be independent. The name on the chart is a name no longer. It is a living burg, a poor little place, good enough to sleep in, and no more. But another stage on the journey to that magic capital Copenhagen.

SONG

BY BRIAN HOOKER

I KNOW a bower sweet and shy
  Where glooms a stream
Beneath cool films of leaf and sky
  Where river-lilies lie and dream;
    Where very quietly
    Small birds make melody;
And every breeze on tiptoe comes and goes
To that dim bower that no one knows—
My bower of peace that no one knows!

I know a heart unwisely dear
  Where blooms a joy
That never doubt may venture near
  Nor any barren fear destroy;
    That poureth over me
    Child-sweetness wondrously,
And unto me doth eagerly disclose
That gentle heart that no one knows—
Dear heart of peace that no one knows!

THE BLUE SCARF

BY AMY LOWELL

PALE, with the blue of high zeniths, shimmered over with silver, brocaded
In smooth-running patterns, a soft stuff, with dark, knotted fringes, it lies there,
Warm from a woman's soft shoulders; and my fingers close on it, caressing.
Where is she, the woman who wore it? The scent of her lingers and drugs me.
A languor, fire-shotted, runs through me, and I crush the scarf down on my face,
And gulp in the warmth and the blueness; and my eyes swim in cool-tinted heavens.
Around me are columns of marble, and a diapered, sun-flickered pavement.
Rose-leaves blow and patter against it. Below the stone steps a lute tinkles.
A jar of green jade throws its shadow half over the floor. A big-bellied
Frog hops through the sunlight, and plops in the gold-bubbled water of a basin
Sunk in the black and white marble. The west wind has lifted a scarf
On the seat close beside me; the blue of it is a violent outrage of color.
She draws it more closely about her, and it ripples beneath her slight stirring.
Her kisses are sharp buds of fire; and I burn back against her, a jewel
Hard and white, a stalked, flaming flower; till I break to a handful of cinders,
And open my eyes to the scarf, shining blue in the afternoon sunshine.

How loud clocks can tick when a room is empty and one is alone!

WITH LOVING WISHES FOR A HAPPY BIRTHDAY

BY DANA GATLIN

PICTURES BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

THE only portion of her home visible to Stella Arnold as she sat in her bedroom window was the porte-cochère. And that, even in the twilight, was more than a porte-cochère; it was a symbol of the opulence of the Arnold family. True, two other houses in Paola boasted porte-cochères, but those were mere coverings. The Arnold porte-cochère, upon the contrary, was not merely useful; it was a monument to the idealism of both architect and owner—an idealism which, like cream, thickened at the top. The roof was of blue and yellow slate, of a proud diamond pattern; an ornamental iron fence reared itself above the apex, also above all vulgar utilitarian considerations. It was a fence of pure adornment.

Not so the iron fence bounding the slick lawn below. That fence, though by no means lacking in decoration, seemed to shoulder the world away; to say: "Keep out! This well-kept lawn, these iron urns, and the stiff flowers that they contain, this handsome and expensive house, all belong to Mayor Arnold."

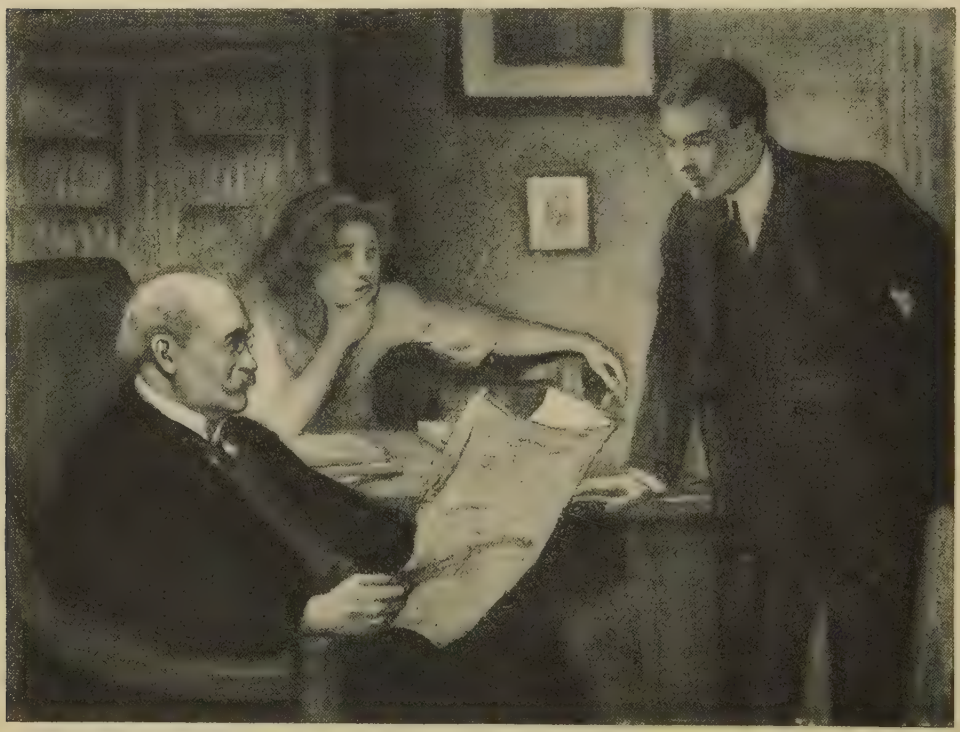
Beyond the fence gleamed the new asphalt paving of Paola's finest "residential" avenue, Maple by name, despite its flanking rows of locust-trees. Beyond the pavement was a low hedge in which was set a white picket-gate. The gate opened on a grass-grown brick path, with a border of flowers that culminated in two big tubs of hydrangeas resting, partly lost in the gloom, on the bottom step of a short flight leading to a vine-draped porch. Day was closing in about the low, deep-roofed house. Tree-tops and eaves were already blended by the dusk into masses of shadow, cut here and there by dots of rosy flame, where the cheerful little dormer-windows caught the fading sky-flushes, and sent them flickering back through the lacework of the leafy guard. It seemed to Stella that everything was blending and melting together in the evening light except the white gate. It was very white. She could still see every picket; there were eight of them.

Three hours before a man and a girl had passed through that gate carrying canoe-paddles and cushions. Stella had watched them go. They had not yet come back.

Down-stairs dinner was long since over. Her mother had come up, anxious over the reported headache and bearing a pot of tea.

"Can't I help you to bed, dear?" she had asked.

"No; it 's too hot."



"'BUT DON'T YOU THINK A YEAR IS TOO LONG TO WAIT, SIR?'"
FROM A PAINTING BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

"Let me bring an alcohol cloth. It 'll soothe your head."

Stella shook her head petulantly.

"Some cracked ice, then?"

"No, Mother."

"Maybe if I 'd fan you—"

"O Mother, I wish you 'd let me alone!"

As the respectful and obedient mother of a beautiful daughter should, Mrs. Arnold took her solicitations away, along with the tea-things.

Alone again, Stella leaned forward to look down the street. The early-rising moon was lifting itself above the tree-tops when she saw two shadowy figures appear, the girl moving in misty white, her companion indeterminately tall and dark. Then she heard Luther's deep voice, followed by Glory's laugh. Her eyes trailed them as they turned in at the gate, walked slowly up the path, and entered the house. Almost simultaneously she saw lights flash up in the parlor windows. Ah, he was going to stay awhile.

Some delicate, familiar chords sounded on a piano, then there floated over to her a girl's sweet soprano:

> "Falling leaf and fading tree,
> Lines of white in a sullen sea,
> Shadows rising on you and me—"

The song broke off suddenly. Minutes passed. Stella shifted her arms, let them creep a little farther out on the sill. Her eyes never left the cottage. After a while she saw the door open. For an instant, the two figures were silhouetted there against the light from within; then the door closed, and they became two shadows moving down the pathway. They lingered a moment at the gate; then the man pushed it open, and walked quickly down the street.

Turning back, the girl strolled slowly up the path again. Twice she looked after his retreating figure; then suddenly she gazed up toward the window in which Stella sat. Stella drew back behind the swaying curtains. The girl gave a hushed whistle, then a second a little louder. This time Stella answered, and the girl ran swiftly across the street.

"Stella!"

Stella leaned out of her window.

"Yes, Glory?"

"I 'm coming up a minute."

"All right."

Stella rose quickly. Stretching her stiffened arms and shoulders, she hastened over to the dressing-table, switched on the lights, and looked at her reflection in the mirror. She saw what she usually looked for and found, that she was very pretty. But now for once it was not prettiness she sought; she was concerned with expression. She ran her hands over her eyes as though brushing away a certain thing she saw there. Then hearing Glory's step upon the stairs, she opened the door.

In her white dress Glory stood as tall and straight as a cathedral candle; and, like a cathedral candle, she seemed to bear aloft a pure and gentle flame.

"O Stella, I must talk to you!" Glory's voice was vibrant. "Something 's happened!"

Stella drew her over to the couch.

"What?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Let me see—you 're going sooner than you expected?"

"No! no!"

"What, then?"

"He loves me!"

The hands caressing Glory's maintained their even stroke.

"But who?"

"Who?" Glory's eyes widened. "Why, Luther."

"When did he tell you?"

"This evening, just before we came home."

"Where have you been?"

"We went canoeing, and—"

"Oh, *canoeing!*" There was something half-contemptuous in the inflection.

"Why, Stella, what makes you speak that way?"

"Oh, nothing. But love-making in canoes—well, I think you should be careful, that 's all."

"Upsetting, do you mean?"

Stella smiled.

"Yes—emotionally," she said dryly. "The water and trees and solitude and everything—they make people silly."

"Stella! We *were n't* silly!"

Stella took up her hand-mirror, regarded her front hair, gave it a touch, and set the mirror down again.

"Do you think you really love him, Glory?"

The younger girl looked nonplussed.

"Why, I *must,*"—she hesitated,—"must n't I? Else why am I so happy?" Wide-eyed, she looked at Stella for a moment, then added a quick question: "Are n't you glad?"

"Why—yes; but your career—the conservatory? Do you mean to give all that up?"

Glory sighed.

"Oh, I don't know. I have n't thought."

"Have n't thought!" echoed Stella. "But, Glory, you *must* think. It means so much. You 've been working for it all these years. It is n't a thing you can cast aside lightly."

The younger girl gave a troubled little laugh.

"I don't want to think. I 'm too happy to think of anything but Luther."

"Luther must mean an awful lot to you," Stella said.

"Yes."

"More than your future?"

"Why—yes, I think so."

"Enough to last? Ten, twenty, thirty years—after the career is gone?"

"O Stella, *don't!*"

"Forgive me, dear. I just want you to be sure. You 're so impulsive, you know."

Glory gazed at her friend anxiously.

"Surely, Stella, you like Luther?"

"Of course."

"Don't you think he 's the dearest, kindest, most unselfish person in the world?"

"That 's just it, dear," answered Stella. "He is kind and unselfish; but—" She sighed, and looked toward the open window.

"But what?" demanded Glory, quickly.

"Well, is he the sort that will get on in the world?"

"Is n't he assistant bookkeeper at the bank?" Glory's defiant tone might have announced that he was the Secretary of the United States Treasury. "And, besides, your father might promote him if he married, might n't he?"

Stella, smiling, patted Glory's hand.

"Dear little Glory! In business people are n't promoted because they get married. It 's ability."

"Ability! Well, surely you don't mean to say—"

"I don't want to hurt you, dear," Stella's voice said soothingly, "but it would break my heart to see you unhappily married. You 're in love—or think you are; so was Nellie Jennings. Well, look at her. Three years ago she was one of the prettiest, jolliest girls in town, and now she has two children; she 's nothing but a drudge."

"Luther would never—" Glory's voice broke ominously—"never let *me* be a drudge."

"I must n't say anything more," said Stella, looking away from her and patting her hand. "You don't like what I say, and I want your love always, Glory."

"Oh, I do love you! More than anybody—almost. You know it."

"I do, Glory; and I love you the same."

Glory rose. A drooping little candle she was now, the radiant flame utterly quenched.

"I don't feel very well," she choked. "I must go."

"O Glory, I 've hurt you! You 're angry with me!"

"No," she said brokenly, "not angry; but I thought you were so fond of me—and of Luther. The very first thing—I wanted to tell you. And now—now I don't know what to do."

Stella threw an arm over Glory's shoulder.

"Think it over carefully, dear," she said in a tender voice; "that 's all I meant to say."

She accompanied Glory down the thick-carpeted stairs and saw her out the door. Then, acutely hungry, she sought the pantry and foraged for cold chicken, pickles, milk, and cake. When her appetite was satisfied, she wandered to the big front parlor, turned the lights down dimly, seated herself at the piano, and struck a few chords. At the sound of them her mother fluttered in.

"Oh, how 's your head, deary?" she asked anxiously.

"Much better, Mother."

"I 'm *so* glad! Won't you let me get you a little bite to eat?"

"I 'm not hungry, thanks."

"But you must be. You have n't eaten since luncheon," insisted Mrs. Arnold.

"Don't want a thing."

Dismissed, her mother left the room. Stella glanced over two or three pieces of music on the piano, played fragments of them, but discarded each when it grew difficult. Then, perhaps because she had heard it a short time before, Tosti's "Farewell" came into her mind, and she began to pick it out. Rather lamely, she was essaying the minor strains of the second stanza when she heard the door behind her creak. She did not look around. There was the sound of light, quick steps across the floor; then she felt a warm arm pressed about her neck.

"O Stella, forgive me! I 'm sorry."

Stella pressed the hand that lay under

her chin; then she drew the other girl down to the piano-bench beside her.

"Dear little Glory!" she whispered.

"I 'm sensible now, and I *want* you to be frank with me, awfully frank, even if it does hurt. I won't act silly any more." Glory's big brown eyes smiled in pathetic promise.

"Frank? What about, dear?"

"Why, Luther. Ought n't I to marry him, Stella? What do you really think?"

"If you are sure you love him—yes."

"Love him? I *must* love him, must n't I? I was so happy when he told me."

"Yes, Glory; but you were out in a canoe at sunset-time. Perhaps you got to feeling sentimental and—"

"But is n't everybody sentimental who is in love?"

"Yes, but a lot of it is—well, it 's artificial; it does n't last. Don't you remember Maisie Long, and how crazy she was about that Indianapolis man before her folks sent her abroad? When she came back she 'd almost forgotten his name. See how *she* might have spoiled her life."

For all her vaunted "sensibleness," Glory's eyes were already becoming suspiciously shiny.

"But what ought I to do, Stella?"

"How can *I* tell?"

"But how can *I*, either? I thought I *knew* this afternoon, but now I—oh, somehow I feel scared!"

Stella picked at a sheet of music.

"If you really want my opinion—" she began slowly.

Glory clasped the other's hands nervously.

"Oh, I do!" she cried in a smothered voice.

"Well, then—remember, Glory, you *asked* me—"

"Yes! yes!"

"Why not make him wait a year, so as to be sure?"

"A whole *year?*"

"Only a year."

"But that 's so *long,* Stella!"

"Would it seem so long if you were in New York studying music?"

"But would it be right to go to New York?"

"I don't see why not."

"To spend all that money for nothing if I should come back, or to hold Luther off, waiting, if at the end I should decide not to come back to him?"

"Of course it would be right, dear. People have to take time to make big decisions, and if Luther really loves you, should n't he be anxious to give you a trial?"

"Y-e-es." Glory wiped her moist eyes. Stella kissed her.

"Don't you see that I 'm right, dear?"

Glory's answer was a convulsive pressure of the hand.

"I 'll tell him to-morrow," she said in a quavering voice. "Now let 's not talk about it any more. You were playing Tosti. Is n't that funny? I played it for Luther to-night."

"Did you?"

"Yes, but he would n't let me finish it. He said it was too sad."

"I have n't thought of it for ages," Stella commented.

"Nor I. Is n't it queer how sometimes you drift off toward melancholy things when you 're feeling happiest?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember," Glory continued, trying hard for a brave effect of gay, girlish reminiscence—"do you remember when you sang the 'Farewell' at the May-day Club's Bazaar?"

Stella smiled.

"Yes, I must have been a scream, knee skirts and reveling in melancholy!"

"And how exalted I was over the minor arpeggios in the accompaniment! How I showed off!"

So they fell into one of those "don't-you-remember" states dear to girls under the influence of emotionalism. Their talk passed over the years as stepping-stones. Not until Glory came to go did they refer again to Luther.

"I don't know what I 'd do without you," Glory said. "You 've helped me so much."

"You see it clearly yourself, now, don't you, dear?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"Luther—I 'm afraid it will be hard making him understand."

"Perhaps I—but maybe that would n't do."

"Perhaps what?" asked Glory, eagerly.

"I was just thinking—perhaps *I* could help make him understand."

"Oh, you *could,* Stella! I know you could. *May* I send him over to you if I have trouble with him?"

Stella leaned over and kissed her again.

"Yes, dear," she consented, "if you think that 's best."

FIVE minutes after Luther had passed through the white picket-gate next evening his lover's intuition had told him that something was definitely wrong. Glory fluttered nervously both in her movements about the room and in her topics of conversation. He stood it for five minutes more, then in his blunt, boyish fashion he demanded:

"What 's the trouble, Glory?"

"Trouble?"

"Trouble," he repeated with a nod.

"Do I act troubled?"

"Yes, worried."

"Worried? How?"

"Oh, I can't say *how*. Let 's go out to the summer-house. It 's nicer there for—for talking."

Out in the dusk of the little summer-house close by the hedge Glory took her courage in hand, and put her hand in Luther's.

"Well?" he said.

"I 've got something to tell you, Luther," she faltered, "and I don't know how to begin."

"Well, just begin, that 's all," he encouraged.

"But, Luther! Oh, dear, somehow—"

"Glory! It is n't that—that you 've—"

"What?"

"That you 've stopped loving me?"

Glory reached up and kissed him on the ear. "No, Silly! At least, that is—"

Luther took her wrists.

"Look here, Glory," he said determinedly, "you just tell me what you 're thinking about. You 're driving me crazy."

Glory drew a deep breath.

"Well, then," she said, speaking quickly, "don't you think we ought to wait a year before we decide?"

Luther swallowed audibly before he spoke.

"A whole year!" he cried. "I should say *not!*"

"Only a year, Luther."

"But what put such a notion in your head? Why, yesterday, you—"

"I 've been thinking," she broke in—"people are impulsive; they get sentimental; and we were in a canoe, you know—"

"Why, Glory, you 're crazy! We 're not in a canoe *now*, and I love you just as much as ever, if that 's what you mean."

"I mean that we *think* we love each other, but we might be mistaken, like the Jenningses, and Maisie Long, and a lot of people. We ought to wait awhile to make sure. You 'd go on with your work, and I 'd go to New York and—"

"New York!" he gasped. "But I don't *want* you to go to New York! It 's too far away. I 'd never see you. And with a lot of musical people, too! I don't like musical people, anyway."

Glory clutched at the straw.

"That 's just it," she said. *"I 'm* musical. Maybe you 'll find out you don't like *me.*"

"Look here, don't you *want* me to love you, Glory?"

"Oh, I do—but I—I—it 's so hard to make you understand what I mean. I wish you would—" She broke off suddenly.

"What?"

Glory raised her hand and took him by a lapel.

"Luther," she said gravely, "will you do something for me?"

"Yes." Luther was young enough to make the promise in the dark. "What is it?"

"Go and let Stella talk to you about it."

"Stella?" Luther dropped her hands in his astonishment. "What has *she* to do with it?"

"She c-can explain—better than I."

Luther rose, scowling, and thrust his hands in his pockets.

"So *she 's* been meddling! That 's why you 've changed so since yesterday. Confound Stella!"

"Why, Luther, she 's my best friend!"

"Oh, I know. And she 's always twisted you round her little finger. It makes me tired."

"You don't appreciate her. You would if you really *knew* her."

"I know her as well as I want to, and better," he said sulkily.

"Please, Luther, don't talk that way, and *don't* walk up and down so! Sit down, so I can talk to you. There, that 's nicer.—He had taken her hand in his—"I want you to know Stella better. She 's so sensible!"

"Sensible!" sniffed Luther. "Rats!"

"Well," persisted Glory, "you 'll see she *is* sensible when you talk to her." She rose. "And I want you to go over and do it now."

"I don't want to."

"But you promised."

"I would n't have if I 'd known what it was. What 's the use in it, Glory? She has n't anything to say that I want to hear."

"You must do it—for me, Luther."

"All right," he said sulkily, "but if Miss Stella Arnold tries to tell *me* where *I* get off—well, she 'll get a piece of my mind. You can bet on that." He shook his head savagely as she pushed him ahead of her out of the summer-house. "We 'll see who does the showing," he declared. "We 'll see."

His spirit was still warlike as he crossed the street and ascended the steps of the impressive citadel of the Arnolds. He rang. Presently the inner plate-glass door opened, revealing the only maid in Paola who wore a cap.

The big parlor into which she ushered him more than fulfilled the threats of the exterior. In the light of a frosted globe borne aloft by a tiptoeing, heel-flinging nude youth of shiny bronze, Luther sat, divided between his indignation, an on-creeping nervousness, and a compelling admiration for the appalling magnificence of his surroundings.

The carpet was of rich Turkey red, and the thickest his feet had ever been privileged to sink into. The chairs, red, almost to match, though stuffed to repletion, yet contrived to maintain a kind of elegant uncomfortableness. A tall mahogany book-case was filled with even ranks of handsomely bound red books. Gorgeous bronze and marble statuettes posed here and there on brass-and-marble tables or carved teakwood pedestals, and several oil-paintings vied with their own bright gilt frames for decorative effect.

Of these, far the most overpowering was the one which hung above the mantel, a massive, three-quarter oil portrait of a man. He was seated; one hand rested firmly upon the arm of the chair. In it was clasped a scroll. His rotund figure and soft, white side-whiskers fairly oozed attainment and benevolence—bespoke him as one equally accustomed to decorate the platform or to pass the plate. His painted eyes met Luther's with an expression of satisfaction, as if to say: "I own this beautiful room. I achieved it myself. No wonder I am proud."

It was the portrait of the master of the house, the mayor of Paola, the president of the Paola National Bank. Luther was considering the painting with grave respect when Stella entered the room.

She gave him no chance for embarrassment in stating his errand. Despite his nervousness and his dogged determination, he could not help noting and admiring the assurance with which she came directly to the point. She was her father's daughter.

"You 're in love with Glory," she said as she shook hands. "You want to get married."

"Yes," he answered briefly.

"And you want to talk to me about it."

"No, that was Glory's idea."

Stella smiled.

"No, again," she said. "It was mine."

"Oh."

"You think that strange?"

"Yes, I do."

"I suppose you think I 'm a busybody, Luther."

"Well, I don't know that I 'd want to say that in so many words, but—" He was trying hard to be polite.

"You see," she said, "I had to tell Glory exactly what I thought. She asked me, and I love her."

"If you love her so much, I should think you 'd want her to be happy," he declared.

"That 's just it. I *do* want her to be happy. You know Glory is so young, so impulsive, so easily swayed."

"Well, she loves me," interrupted Luther, as though that statement answered everything.

"Are you sure?"

"She said so."

"I need n't say that I hope so with all my heart," said Stella,—she drew up her chair and laid her hand on Luther's sleeve,—"but Glory is only a child, and it 's better to make sure *now* than to run the risk of great unhappiness later. Don't you think I 'm right?"

"No, I don't."

"But it 's only *fair,* Luther. There 's her career. She 's been preparing for it almost all her life. It 's wrong to over-persuade her. Surely you see that?"

"No," he said doggedly.

"I 'm afraid you don't *want* to see. She has always looked forward to studying in New York, and the only fair thing for you to do is to let her try it for a while."

"What if she did n't come back?"

"She will—that is, if she really loves you; and if she does n't, it 's better to find it out in the beginning. You ought to wait. Any sensible person would tell you that."

"Then I guess I 'm not sensible."

"Well, you must try to be. People *must* be sensible when planning the big things of their lives. That 's what father always says. Don't you think his opinion is worth while?"

Luther allowed the heavy silken tassel that adorned the arm of the chair in which he sat to run through his fingers several times before he replied.

"Of course his opinion is worth while," he admitted uneasily, "but I—"

She did not let him finish.

"Well, then, just to prove that I am right, suppose we ask him?"

Again the tassel sifted through his fingers. His eyes went to the portrait.

"No," he protested. "I don't—that is, I 'd rather not bother your father."

"He would n't mind. He likes you, you know, and he 'd be glad to advise you."

"No! no!" cried Luther, vehemently. "He 's tired, Stella. He 's been working hard all day. It won't do at all."

In his agitation he let the tassel go, and rose from his chair; but Stella was already at the door.

"I 'll go and ask him," she said.

She found her father in the library, dozing over his evening paper, the ashes of a good cigar dribbling down his purple smoking-jacket.

"Father," she exclaimed, shaking the mayoral shoulders, "wake up! Wake up!"

The mayor blinked his eyes.

"Bless my soul, Stella! what 's the matter?"

"Luther Marsh is here."

"Well, well, well, what of it?"

"He says he wants to marry Glory."

"Eh? Glory? Well?"

"Luther wants to marry Glory," she repeated.

"Bless my soul!" said the mayor.

"And I told Luther," she went on, "that you 'd give him impartial advice, Father."

"Eh? Advice?"

"Yes, Father. He looks up to you so."

The mayor gave a nod of approval.

"Well," he said, "Luther 's a nice boy. I knew his father—yes, I—"

"Never mind his father," put in Stella. "It 's Luther. I told him you would think it a great mistake for them to marry at their age. You *do* think so, *don't* you?"

"Mistake? Mistake?" blinked the old gentleman. "Of course it 's a mistake. God bless my soul! what can they be thinking of?"

"Yes," approved Stella. "That 's just it. Luther needs some one like you to tell him to wait, to work up further in the world before he gets married. Glory ought to have a chance at her career first, too. Why, I was going to give her my piano for a birthday present. I want her to have every chance."

The mayor beamed at his daughter. How like himself she was!

"My generous child!" he exclaimed with real feeling. Then, when his brief moment of emotion had passed, he added: "Very well, my dear. Bring Luther in. I 'll talk to him."

The library was of that style which is called "mission," a style of browns and greens and stencilings, at once a manifestation that some one in the house had recently "discovered art," and a proof of the paternal obedience of Paola's mayor to the dictates of that some one, whoever she might be. Luther, however, by this time had become oblivious to the beauties surrounding him; his whole being concentrated with respectful apprehension on the august being whom it was his unanticipated lot to face.

The latter shook his hand kindly.

"Well, Luther my boy," he said, beaming benevolently, "my daughter tells me you and Glory want to get married."

"Yes, sir."

The mayor adjusted his gold-rimmed eye-glasses midway down his nose, and gazed profoundly over them at his visitor.

"You have n't forgotten the good old saying, I hope, 'Look before you leap'?"

"I *have* looked, Mr. Arnold, and I 'm in love with Glory."

"Very possibly, very possibly," said the mayor, with relentless benignity. "All the

more reason to wait. Remember the old saying, 'True love need not shrink at delay.' "

"But why need we delay?"

A pompous smile overspread the mayoral features.

"Youth, youth, youth!" he murmured. "The thing to do, my boy, is to buckle down and earn her a home first. 'When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window,' you know. Besides, you 're entirely too young."

"I 'm twenty-four, sir."

The mayor chuckled.

"Why-y-y," he said, "when I was your age, I did n't dream of getting married for years to come. I devoted myself to my work, sir; and it paid. Look at this house, my boy! Look at the bank! If I had married then, do you think I 'd be where I am to-day?" He gazed pompously at Luther. Then, as Luther did not answer, the mayor answered himself: "Not at all! Whoever achieves must proceed slowly and with care. That 's what *I* did. That 's the advice I should give to any bright young man who sought my opinion."

Several times Luther tried to speak; at last he managed to get out:

"Thank you, sir, for your kind interest."

"Don't mention it, my boy, don't mention it," replied the mayor, taking up his newspaper, with a "there, that 's settled" air.

But, disconcerted as Luther was, he made one more effort.

"But don't you think a year is too long to wait, sir?" he asked feverishly.

The mayor peered over the top of his paper.

"Do you know how many years Jacob served for Rachel, Luther?" he demanded with crushing geniality. "Go slow; remember that 'haste makes waste.' "

Again the mayor disappeared behind the newspaper.

"Thank you, sir," gasped Luther, from the door. "Of course you know more about it than I do. I 'll try to follow your advice."

By way of answer, Mr. Arnold's head merely bobbed a little.

THE three weeks before the day of Glory's departure sped quickly by; quickly to Glory, who had no opportunity for sadness in the flurry of buying new clothes, undergoing fittings, attending farewell parties, and packing trunks; as quickly to Stella, who participated equally in every phase of the excitement; and most quickly of all to Luther, who had merely to count the hours—hours all the more mournful because in them Glory found so few free minutes for him alone.

Even the day she went there was no opportunity to have her to himself. Her train was to leave at three o'clock, and he had difficulty in persuading the head-bookkeeper to let him go for an hour, to "See a friend off." They were already at the station when he reached it, little Mrs. Lind, a sweet-faced promise of what Glory might become in twenty years, weeping unashamedly, and Glory and Stella and two or three other girls, all keeping up a meaningless chatter.

The dingy waiting-room was heavy with the heat of a humid September afternoon. A perspiring attendant kept chalking up Glory's train on the blackboard five or ten minutes later each time. Some sticky children were eating bananas and throwing the skins on the floor. Another group was wrangling around the penny-in-the-slot weighing-machine, shoving one another and screeching. A wedding party from the Dutch settlement, dressed in gala finery, permeated the place with their giggling.

After checking Glory's trunks, Luther stood the waiting-room as long as he could; then he suggested that they move out to the platform. His heart was boiling over with a thousand things he wished to say to her, yet he was acutely aware of the fact that he could only talk banalities. His head was filled with a strange buzzing; the *clickety-click-click* of the telegraph instruments inside the open window of the ticket-office seemed to dominate the world.

Then the whistle of a locomotive sounded down by the mill crossing, and there was a scramble for Glory's bags; then came the train. A sudden silence had settled upon the party. They had to run back down the platform a little way to find Glory's car. A depressing sense of hurry was over everything.

One thing, and one thing only, was definitely fixed in Luther's mind. He

would kiss her! All Paola might be there to see, but he *would* kiss her!

Alas! what little things can blast our prearrangements! As he handed Glory's bags to the parlor-car porter, and turned to carry out his project, a hurrying passenger bumped into him and knocked off his hat.

When a hat is knocked off, the human mind works automatically. Luther regained his hat, but lost his chance; Glory was already in the vestibule.

"All aboard!"

The conductor waved his arm and swung up after her. The train moved. A minute later it was a black speck smoking off into the unknown, while Luther stood and brushed his hat upon his coat-sleeve.

She was gone. That was all that he realized. The chatter of Stella and the other girls carried no meaning to his ears, only jarred cruelly on an aching sensitiveness. He scarcely realized how he took leave of Mrs. Lind; she was weeping, and he envied her her right to do so openly.

Then somehow he was faced again toward the bank. He did not want to go back to the bank. There was no place he wanted to go. The world was a dreary and miserable place.

"Luther!"

He turned.

Stella, in her motor, had drawn up behind him.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To the bank."

"Can I drop you there?"

"No, thanks, Stella," he said. "I guess I 'll walk." He felt that her kind intention deserved more of a response than that, but even more strongly he felt that it was beyond his power to talk to any one just then. With a sickly effort at a smile he turned away.

"Luther!"

He stopped again.

"Come here just a minute."

He crossed to the car.

"You must excuse me, Stella," he said desperately, "but I can't bear to talk to any one just now. I 'm not fit to."

Stella leaned out and took him by the lapel.

"Luther," she said, "I know just how you feel. That 's why I want to talk to you. For you know we are both in the same boat now. I think I am going to miss her almost as much as you do. Won't you please get in?"

He obeyed. They drove to the bank. Before he alighted she laid her hand with a sympathetic pressure on his arm.

"I wish you would come to dinner tonight," she said. "We can talk about her. It will do us good."

"Thanks," he said, "but—you 'll understand, Stella—I 'd like to talk with you, but I—well, your father and mother—"

"I understand," she nodded. "They 're going out. That 's why I—"

Luther gulped.

"You 're awfully kind to me," he said. "I 'll come."

When Glory had been at home, it had never seemed to her that her birthday came at a depressing time of year; but in New York, after eleven months alone in a boarding-house, away from family and friends, it seemed to her that on that day, at the end of August, the heat and fatigue of the entire year had mounted to an awful apex.

It was her first birthday away from home. She would have liked to forget that it was her birthday, or to have pretended to forget, but the morning mail, with its birthday letters, prohibited that. For the rest, the day was like two hundred other days, except that it was hotter. From ten to twelve in the morning she had a lesson. Her German music-master did not know that it was Glory's birthday, but he knew that it was hot, and the heat made him even more impatient than usual.

Though it depressed her, Glory did not wonder at his impatience. Looking back over her year's plodding, she, too, was impatient. She had attained so little; she had hoped to attain so much more.

Despite the intensifying heat of the afternoon, she practised with a nervous desperation until five o'clock. Then, utterly exhausted, she left the studio, dragged herself to the surface car, crowded her way into it, and, clinging to a strap, rode to the up-town street in which she lived.

It was a street without individuality. Its dingy-windowed brownstone houses were without individuality, and so, for the most part, were the tenants of them, people who got up in the morning tired,

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THEN SHE FELT A WARM ARM PRESSED ABOUT HER NECK"

FROM A PAINTING BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

and went away somewhere, and came home tired at night.

Shrill-voiced children disputed the middle of the street with honking motors and clattering wagons as she passed along. She thought of the serenity of Maple Avenue, in Paola, and marveled that children could survive this kind of life. Could even she survive it? And how long would she want to?

Midway down the block, she turned and climbed the steps of a house. Mingled and unappetizing odors, combined with basement clatterings, met her in the hall. Dinner was under way. Listlessly she ran her fingers through the litter of letters and papers scrambled together, boarding-house style, on the battered hall table.

There was one letter for her, a special-delivery letter. The first happiness of the day came to her when she recognized upon the envelop the long, angular handwriting of Stella Arnold. Stella! She had hoped that she might hear from Stella to-day; but she had hardly dared to hope it, for Stella had not written in a long time. Surely the letter would give her news of Luther, too.

She carried it up-stairs with her, tearing the envelop open as she went. She had told Luther not to write, but he might have disobeyed her, just this once, upon her birthday!

She opened the door of her room. Her room! A room which now, after eleven months, she entered with almost the same feeling of strangeness she had felt on her first sight of it. Yet how well she knew that room,—how horribly well!—with its wall of feverish roses and its blatant flowered carpet, worn drab before the dresser and beside the bed.

She entered and closed the door. Then suddenly she collapsed against it.

There, polished and enormous, bulging out magnificently into the center of the room from the corner in which it had been placed, stood a grand piano!

When she had recovered from her first amazement, she crossed the room, and opened the lid. There on the keys lay a card:

To dearest Glory,
with loving wishes for a
happy birthday,
from Stella.

So it was n't a mistake; the piano was really for her, Stella's beautiful piano!

Glory dropped to the bench, and ran her hands over the shiny surface of the top. Then suddenly she bent her head against it and wept. And she had thought that Stella was forgetting her! Beautiful, generous, loyal Stella!

For a long time she sat there, motionless. When at last she raised her head, the light was fading. There in front of her, on the piano, was the special-delivery letter from Stella, still unread.

She carried it to the window:

My dearest Glory:

Many happy returns of the day! I cannot tell you how I hope that the piano has already reached you. Dad made the express company promise faithfully to deliver it on the morning of your birthday so as to surprise you. And you must n't feel one bit backward about accepting it, because I have n't touched it in months. I 've given up all hopes of ever getting anywhere with my music. And I can't tell you how proud I 'll be if my piano is in any way connected with your glorious career, for in Paola we all feel that you are destined to be famous.

And, Glory dear, I 've something *very* surprising to tell you! And you 're the very *first* person I 've told, too! Luther and I both want you to know of our great happiness before anybody else. Because it was through our mutual fondness for *you,* Glory, that Luther and I first got interested in each other. We both feel that you belong to *us,* in a way, and you may be quite certain that *nobody* is going to watch your progress with more *pride* than *we* will.

Glory stopped reading; but with a sort of curiosity, as though a letter were a foreign, unknown object, she continued to regard the sheets in her hand.

After a time she moved slowly to the dresser. Pausing there, she bent the pages of the letter backward at the crease. Then, at the exact center of the dresser-top, she placed them in a flat, neat-edged pile, an alien square between the familiar ovals of her hairbrush and her mirror.

Turning, she regarded the piano with the same look of curiosity. She crossed to it, and once more let her fingers wander over its polished surfaces. Yes, it was a beautiful piano!

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ANGELITA LOPEZ

BY GERTRUDE B. MILLARD

PICTURES BY HOWARD McCORMICK

"HE love me," offered Angelita, gloriously red. Yet there was an undercurrent of apology in her tone; and old Margaret, who had been in Miss Jane's service long enough almost to forget the native-born "ita" that straight-spoken lady had clipped from her baptismal appellation when first the two had joined forces, sniffed scornfully.

"Jus' love never buy black beans an' bread an' butter," she averred with open contumely. "There be time for make love when the work all done. At presen' it is the proper occupation of Antonio to irrigate the señora's tomatoes."

Angelita sighed over the ceaseless demands of agriculture, and said nothing. To her untutored youth, it was hard that her chosen idol should be summarily dismissed from the veranda shadow when he had proclaimed himself so ingenuously willing to shell frijoles until the big pan was empty, and the dried pods all duly consigned to the shuck-box at her side. The austere voice of her mistress over her head startled her into guilty consciousness of her slow, brown fingers.

"Come to me in the front room when you have finished the beans, Angelita." "Angel" would have been absurd. The Puritan, common-sense ex-New Englander had had perforce to retain here the distasteful Spanish diminutive. She had considered both "Anna" and "Angie" as more suitable to her menage. The one was too German blond, the other too angular: neither appealingly fitted this warm olive sprite her faithful cook had induced into her kitchen as the evil days drew nigh when that worthy matron must lay aside the scepter for the inglenook. To Miss Jane, while she secretly felt the charm of it, it was almost unchristian to be so pretty. Her thin lips set in their firmest fold, and her forehead ruffled into the hint of a frown, as she formulated what she had to say to the girl in the privacy of her prim little living-room. She foresaw that the moral responsibility of so young a handmaiden was like to prove a troublesome chapter in her uneventful household experience.

Despite her already long Southwestern sojourn, Miss Crother marveled at Angelita's grace as she stood in the doorway, recalling half-shrinkingly her own awkward, years-past adolescence. The reproof hard on her tongue reframed itself into a sharp-voiced question: "Margaret tells me you have absolutely no living relatives: why does that young man from next door come over the fence so often?"

"He love me," murmured Angelita, sweetly drooping. Miss Jane gasped: it was a good deal like going under the cold spray of her white, well-appointed bath. At sixteen she herself would have been shocked at the remotest suggestion of a lover. But she remembered, with a sigh for the task before her, that Mexican blood runs differently.

"He neglects his work for his courting, and will make you neglect yours if he does not mend his ways," she said stiffly. "While you are in my house, I consider that you are under my care: if this fellow wishes to marry you, we must teach him industry and patience. Make him understand that he may come over here only between supper-time and sundown, and we 'll see what stuff he is made of."

"Margarita already she tell him," sighed the culprit, unwilling, but submissive.

Miss Jane nodded appreciation. "Margaret is a person of ripe sense: I commend you to her counsel," she replied with stately formality. "You may go now, Angelita. But remember: no man makes a good husband unless he can work with a will, regardless of outside attractions."

Angelita bobbed dutifully, and slipped

like a shadow into the passage. But the only difference her employer's ban and old Margaret's prohibition made in the stolen visits was that black-mustached Antonio hesitated, sweeping the garden's length and all the windows for signs of owner or housekeeper, before he leaped the low inclosing rail. And it must be confessed that Angelita made many errands to the berry-bushes, the clothes-lines, and the vegetable patch bordering upon the big tomato field that separated the demesne of Jane Elizabeth Crother, spinster, from the domicile of La Señora Elena Gonzales.

Of a certainty this course could not go long undetected. In a week Miss Crother, coming unexpectedly to the back door because she had forgotten to throw the night latch when she stepped out to the post-box, stumbled upon the pair, deep in converse, under the grape-arbor. Whereupon she instituted a rigorous inquiry, eliciting reluctant admissions.

"He love me so mooch he no can stay ver' long time 'way from me, Señorita," pleaded the small distraction, with quivering lips.

But Miss Jane was inexorable. "If he is here again during work hours, I shall report him to the señora," said she. "I am becoming convinced he is not the man for you, Angelita."

To her inmost consciousness the good martinet confessed shamefacedly that it did seem cruel to cross the young affections of this budding womanhood and the courteous creature who had lifted his hat at her approach. But Miss Jane was not used to letting her heart run away with her head. If a motherless young girl was to be settled from under her roof, it behooved her to see that the settlement was a good one. She had made inquiries concerning Antonio Lopez, and while his confrères owned him respectably sober and unencumbered, they had to admit that he was lazy.

The brother whose nearness had been primarily responsible for Miss Crother's establishment in California beguiled her sedate presence to Santa Barbara for some days, and her senior servant met her return with a storm of indignation. "That Antonio he here all the time,—out of every hour one quarter,—till Angelita, the li'l' fool, go beg me I shall no tell you! But alwiz, if he come wheesle, wheesle at the fence, she run."

Miss Jane said nothing further to Angelita, but that afternoon she called in state upon her next neighbor, and that evening it was well past his accustomed hour when Antonio appeared for his one legitimate tryst of the day.

It was scarcely light when Miss Crother was awakened by an agitated thumping at her chamber door. She sprang up with a clutching sense of mischance, to open it upon old Margaret in her shift and skirt.

"Angelita!" she stuttered. "Angelita! Angelita!"

"Is she sick?" her mistress demanded sharply; but she knew the answer before it was spoken. She rang up the Señora Gonzales at once, to receive the expected reply that Antonio's independent reception of that lady's reproaches had caused his summary dismissal the night before.

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

ANTONIO

Hurrying into her clothes,—it did not seem decent to talk to a man in her nightgown, even over the telephone,—Miss Jane put herself into hasty communication with Father Salaya, and he, wise shepherd of a much-mixed flock, was able to silence her worst fears. The runaways had haled him out of bed at an abnormal hour, pleading the unexpected necessity of an early train, and producing a perfectly legal marriage-license, dated the day before. The girl was an orphan,

and the document had sworn to eighteen years. In any case, it was better not to let the pair go away together unwedded. Miss Jane thought so, too, and her virgin breast's unwonted beating sensibly allayed, gave way to a natural pique that her good advice and interest had gone for naught.

For two months she regarded the incident as closed. Old Margaret had a homely, handy little Maria, aged thirteen, to do the dishes and shell beans, and she spoke to her of Angelita with angry scorn as an example to be avoided.

But one Sunday in late September, when the leaves hung yellow and lifeless along the Alameda, her wrinkled servitor met Miss Jane, on her return from church, with a face wreathed in smiles, begging her with ill-concealed excitement to step into the kitchen.

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"DEEP IN CONVERSE, UNDER THE GRAPE-ARBOR"

Angelita flung down the knife with which she was dexterously paring wide-eyed Maria's potatoes, and flew across the room, apparently oblivious of the forbidding gaze focused upon her flushed countenance. "I feel so shame to steal off from you, you are so kin'," she half-sobbed, half-laughed. "But 'Tonio love me so mooch he weel no go 'way to the beeg job onless I go."

Miss Crother's reply failed signally of the harshness with which she had fully intended to charge it. The girl's genuine display of feeling, her naïve, reiterating explanation, touched curiously certain long-laid susceptibilities. She listened with a self-surprising tolerance while the radiant little wife poured out, in fresh-found assurance, her summer's adventures.

Lopez had joined the construction crew on the railroad, was contemplating so doing before ever the señora dispensed with his services: it was much better pay than he had been wont to receive for ranch work. And she, Angelita, had queened it in the shanty camp, youngest of all the married women. None other had had a husband so devoted, she asserted proudly; her man came a dozen times a day to see how she was faring, until the old crones voted him a nuisance, and, scolding, drove him off with their dishcloths.

But it was not like keeping house in a clean kitchen, she declared to her still listener, with a fond eye for her abandoned surroundings. Having gone her own gait on the road to happiness, her warm young affection came back spontaneously to every item she had left behind. Although she had spurned their counsel with impunity, she would have quoted either Margaret or Miss Jane as her utmost authority. She confided to them brightly, with a delightful air of responsibility, how glad she was going to be to settle herself in the tiny house over the river that had belonged to Antonio's father, and made gay little plans

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Watt

"'I WILL WORK NOW NO MORE, BUT BASK IN THE SUN OF THY BEAUTY'"

for embellishing her nest after the pattern here set before her.

Miss Jane's lineaments softened steadily despite her latent doubt. When Antonio appeared, red and sheepish, but covertly triumphant at sight of the phalanx he had flouted, she was almost gracious, calling the girl back from eager inspection of sundry household commodities packed into a rickety wagon, to insist with regal mien that she report often to old Margaret, and submit for that motherly worthy's solving all the odd problems of her 'prentice housekeeping.

It was several weeks later that, happening to be across the river on business, she took a sudden determination to look up the Lopez location, excusing herself to herself with the plea that, the little Mexican having been launched upon the world direct from under her own supervision, it was only right for her to take an active interest in the child's menage.

The surroundings grew momentarily more squalid as the lady proceeded. Queerly carpentered buildings shouldered one another at strange angles; the street degenerated to a meandering track which strove ineffectually to dodge the tin cans and refuse tossed impartially upon its surface. She found it necessary to inquire her way of various ill-favored inhabitants; and the set of her epaulets was uncompromising, her skirts were drawn around her gaiters in patent disgust, as she turned into a miserable cross-alley flanked by the most tumble-down row of cabins she had yet seen. But Angelita had a spotless muslin at her window, and the little sitting-room-bedroom was shining clean. Miss Jane remembered old Margaret's struggles with the girl's native ways when first she came to the cottage, and was discreetly uplifted at such open evidence of her household's handiwork. Angelita, palpitating with pride at the honor of this visit, read approbation in her mistress's eye; but she colored, reminiscently uncomfortable, as a black head with a hat on was thrust through the kitchen door to call *Adios*.

"Why, Antonio!" the startled mentor gave vent to involuntary reproof. Her

dimpled hostess hastened to head off further expression with wifely guile. "From el breakfas' to la dinner it ees so long!" she stammered. "My husban' come jus' a minute to spik me: he go now queek an' dig some more hees ditch."

The elder woman's countenance settled into sterner lines; she had expected greater steadiness in a six-months' married man. Her former uncertainty reawakened. Angelita, ever sensitive, felt her fresh disapproval; and, being no longer the hired assistant, her soul inwardly resented it. She attended her guest's parting with a thought less of cordiality than she had met her arrival, although her spirits inflated rapturously at sight of her neighbors openly taking note of the grandeur fallen upon her abode.

For a month a half-recognized reluctance, born of this interview, kept her from old Margaret's promised counsel, and then it was the heterodox Antonio himself who lifted the cloud, and gave purpose to her more normal impulse; for the ditch-digging had given out.

Presenting herself once more at the Crother gateway, she asked, sweetly bold, for Miss Jane, and was admitted immediately to the sacred precincts forward of the kitchen passage. Her bridal glory seemed a trifle dimmed, but the old serving-woman's friendly, following eye appraised the curves of her figure with a serious content.

Miss Jane's well-balanced inner being responded with a secret surge to the holy expectation speaking in the girl's entire mien.

"Now there ees to be soon my baba, it ees mak' necessar' put by each mont' *uno poco*—a leetle—por el doctor," averred Angelita, in all naturalness. "Si 'Tonio mio work once more por la señora, she gif heem fort' dollar; he eat now hat 'ome. Fift-een dollar we can save, maybe twent-y; we go be reech."

Miss Jane capitulated, without striking a blow for her convictions. Was not she herself partly to blame for this present necessity? If she had been earlier insistent, prompter in her final action, might not this young thing, who ought still to be in short petticoats, have escaped for the nonce the martyr crown of motherhood?

With slender sophistry the good lady strove to mask her shamefaced humanity as sober justice. Surely Antonio would be impelled to buckle down to business now that he was to have the greatest responsibility thrust upon him. And the Señora Gonzales was a woman of generous impulses; Miss Jane took stock of that even while she denied herself like weakness of feeling. Angelita sallied forth, calling down blessings of Maria Santissima the Virgin upon her former mistress. Miss Crother, in her best bib and tucker, called once more with old-fashioned courtesy on her neighbor; and the following Monday Lopez was at work again in the familiar fields of potatoes and cabbages he had once despised.

For a time all went most merrily. Doña Elena, with easy good nature, allowed him to throw a trifling foot-bridge from the bottom of his cabin lot across to her broad acres, thus saving the mile-long tramp around by the county road; and it really seemed as if the man, mindful of his mercies, was set to mend his ways. But gradually his noonings grew longer, his morning arrival more tardy, and Miss Jane, keeping tab from her window almost without her own volition, was not

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"'AND AT WHAT WILL YOU SPEND YOUR BRIGHT DAYS?'"

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"GRASPING BESEECHINGLY AT MISS CROTHER'S SKIRTS"

surprised when at length the señora confided to her that her new foreman complained bitterly of Antonio's absences, declaring that the lazy oaf completed only one day's work in two.

"The bes' way get at the beas' by the little wife—what you t'ink, my frien'?" The abused employer's eyes held a further question unspoken. "Me, I will talk once more that wicked Antonio." And Miss Jane, having identified herself with the cause, could not well refuse the tacit commission, although she shrank from the task of enlightening Angelita, secure in a home of her own, with a new and strong distaste. Of a mind she was to deputize the whole matter to old Margaret; but here her New England conscience came to the rescue: it would never do to force upon another a job too disagreeable for herself. So taking her courage in both hands,—when had she ever before so fought with what she had decided to be her duty?—an exceedingly uncomfortable bearer of admonition finally set foot upon the little path already beaten to Antonio's passage.

The girl was nearing her time, and Miss Jane, unaccustomed to the phenomena of birth, was shocked at her altered appearance. The dark circles about the soft eyes tugged at the good lady's heart-strings. What sort of trick was life playing her that these well-preserved instruments should swell and sing at this late date?

The tongue which had been for many years so cuttingly under her control ingloriously refused its mission. The utmost it could do was a feeble panegyric on the goodness of the señora in taking back a discharged man, and a gentle—oh, an un-Jane-like, gentle!—suggestion that the guilty Antonio must work prodigiously to make himself worthy the condescension of his mistress and the family hopes held out to him by Angelita herself.

It was the little wife, innocent and uncomprehending, who shyly introduced the subject of her lord's delinquence.

"Bimeby I t'ink Antonio mio work more, when my baba come," she murmured, almost apologetic. "Now he hate go 'way in the mornin', no know' the noon fin' me in trouble. Noon come, he t'ink maybe I suffer at the night."

And Miss Jane, marching like a grenadier across the narrow way, her gaze strenuously shifted from the glancing stream, bank-full below, hesitated in the soft-cored soul of her, beginning to crack its crusty envelop like an outworn chrysalis, as to whether the reprehensible Lopez ought not to be actually commended instead of condemned for the hovering anxiety of his affection, seeing that his child-wife had neither mother nor sister to care for her in the coming crisis. While lenient Doña Elena, delighted that the reprehensible had taken his proper wigging in good part,—there was no will-o'-the-wisp

of extra-paid railroad work now to lead him afar; high water held sway on the lower Pajaro, and he knew a job through all winter and spring for no mean good fortune,—was fain to agree heartily with her premises when she reported.

Then 'Tonio Number Two opened his brown eyes on a troubled world, and his proud father, driven ignominiously forth by the beldame who temporarily took charge, elected to spend at Rafael's place on the corner the early morning hours before he should be called to honest toil. Of a certainty, it was only fair to pay for his accommodation by imbibing sundry potations from mine host's vintage stores; and most undoubtedly it would have been churlish not to drink with the good neighbors gathering to congratulate him as the news spread. It followed inevitably that the head of the usually abstemious Antonio could not long cope with circumstances. Noon found him still occupying the place of honor at Rafael's dingy bar; and when night fell he staggered homeward, to collapse in the mud at the kitchen door. The Señora Gonzales's American foreman discharged him next day; but Doña Elena, born of the same warm Southern blood, felt the occasion, and took him back.

Angelita heard the whole story from old Margaret and Maria, three weeks later, when she brought her son for Miss Jane's first inspection, that honorable spinster being confined to her house with a spring cold. She shivered and turned a little pale as the possibilities of the situation struck her. She was a mother now; her mind was maturing, and she had heard much talk among her *compadres* since the days when Miss Jane had told her only good workers made good husbands. Had not Ferro Paquerro been out of a job all winter, and she herself smuggled his wife an occasional handful of meal and frijoles? And young Sam White, who lived at the edge of the settlement, was waiting yet for another place in the roundhouse, although his injured thumb had been healed for two months. His mother was taking in washing.

She listened in silence to the old woman's voluble arraignment of any fool who would jeopard his living for a mouthful of drink; and Miss Jane, guiltily relieved that her seneschal was shouldering her burden unasked, shamefacedly fingering in secret the scrap of olive fist thrust toward her couch from its swathings, pondered with virgin severity upon the feelings of a female who, having given her all into his keeping, finds wanting the father of her child.

It had been her contention for years that the woman innocently so placed was under no moral responsibility to keep herself or her offspring exposed to adverse influence; that it was often, in fact, her duty to future generations to cut herself off from contamination, even if her heart break in the act. Unconsciously, she read into Angelita's primitive soul a refinement of suffering far beyond her present understanding. Yet the girl lifted heavy lids in grateful acknowledgment when her benefactress majestically put an end to the tirade. And taking her leave, she swept by the tale-bearers with her chin well up, nothing heeding the excellent elder's final warning to tell "that Antonio" he had come to the end of his rope, that the long-suffering señora would endure no further lapse.

But she was far yet from comprehending the clay feet of her idol. "Eet ees only he be glad you are come; he drink now no more, *niño mio!*" she whispered happily to the squirming morsel in her arms on their homeward way. "He love us so mooch he deeg now like two men for two." And her child heart bounded with pleasure when a distant toiler dropped his hoe and sprang over the furrows to meet her at the narrow bridge. "Blame it all! it 's anything to slide out of a few minutes' work!" growled the veteran foreman as the renegade came grinning back to his place.

Decidedly, Antonio Lopez was not of the stuff that safely weathers prosperity. Imbued by his second reinstatement with the idea that for Angelita's sake, and by grace of Miss Crother's favor, he was a fixture, he proceeded to try his superior's patience by every laxity his slothfulness could devise; the inconsequence of the spring sunshine entered into his ways. His three or four fellow-workers, quick to scent his sense of favoritism, grew dissatisfied and rebellious. At last it came to open issue that he must go or old Bill would.

"Can't have no blame', low-down greaser shirkin' where I 'm boss," the old

man laid down his ultimatum. So, for sake of upholding authority, the culprit received final dismissal forthwith, together with a sound rating from the disappointed and thoroughly perturbed landowner.

Truth to tell, the happy-go-lucky brown sinner was staggered by this bolt out of a clear sky. His first feeling was one of numb but lofty resentment, impelling him to march homeward all the way round by the road rather than cross the Gonzales fields to his personal plank. Incidentally he stopped at Mike's Place beyond the bridge to confide his wrongs, now fast assuming shape, to Leon Arques and Ferro Paquerro, loafing on the flat stoop. He stumbled over the threshold of his own door as he made his tardy appearance for supper.

"Angelita carissima, thou art the light of my eyes, the breath of my life. I will work now no more, but bask in the sun of thy beauty," he proclaimed his unsteady arrival. Poor Angelita, recalling with a touch of chill that night of the baby's birth, wondered vaguely what new fortune had befallen. Was some unsuspected uncle dead, bequeathing them a competence? Did 'Tonio's two-bit ticket in the Lotéria Mexicana claim a share in the capital prize? Lovingly solicitous, she hurried to support the wavering footsteps of her lord to the table, and with wifely wisdom she put off the queries tipping her tongue until his own should be freed by sleep of the bibulous thickness now binding it. When he scorned her call to rise in the early morning, she demanded to know whether the house of his employer celebrated a wedding or a funeral. And Antonio, cross-grained from his indulgence, and injured in spirit by the events preceding it, gave vent to his emotions in vivid execration of all jealous foremen and unreasonable ranch mistresses, until his bewildered *eposa* divined the secret of his curses, and, taking fire at the injustice to her beloved implied in his words, sought hasty assistance from her august ally across the water. Miss Jane would stand up for his rights. Miss Jane would put the truth before his good-hearted Doña Elena. But Miss Jane, bowed behind her upright mask by the girl's anguish, explained, the more formally for her reluctance, that the offender had indeed come to the end of his tether with the patient señora, and said she could interfere for him in that quarter no more. Making her way from the presence, sullen and afflicted, her small hands clenched tightly on the fastening of her shawl, the child-woman met brown old Margaret in the passage, and a word, kindly sharp, loosed the bonds of her passion. "May the saints blight the berries on your bushes! May your jam turn to water, and the bread be bewitched in your oven!" she stormed in sibilant Spanish. "From the beginning have you hated my husband. I shake the dust of this house off my feet!"

Weeks passed, and Miss Crother heard no more of the family Lopez. Despite her trained common sense, a feeling of wrong-doing grew upon her soul. For the sake of Angelita and her little one she might have bestirred herself to get the man other employment; there were those in the little town who would gladly give him trial at her request, and perhaps his lesson had been learned. In her heart of hearts she had come to consider the creature incorrigible; but, for all her ingrained acquiescence in the sins of the fathers being visited, it hurt her that the innocent should suffer. She sought uncertainly to stifle the stern conscience forbidding her to recommend such a man of straw; and while she fought with it in unseemly doubt, her anxiety, waxed strong, impelled her to make a third visitation to the creek cabin.

She found Angelita still sullen and unresponsive. Not that the poor child had been in such condition all May and into June; but there were bad, blue days. Antonio was still unattached, and twice during the more than double fortnight he had come home to her with foolish smiles upon his lips and more foolish words upon his tongue. Strange thoughts her fond heart declared disloyal crept into her musings as her *marido* reported day after day the same sheer failure to fix his wandering abilities. She believed him a martyr to old Bill's misliking; but surely, with the summer tide of affairs in full swing, there was somewhere at least a beet-grower who needed an extra hand; and their savings were almost gone. Those months of tutelage before her stolen marriage had made more impression on the girl than had ever outwardly appeared; it would take years

of pitiful bondage to reduce her again to unthinking reception of all things.

The sight of her virgin adviser roused a tumult of rebellion against her formless suspicions, which naturally centered upon the present person least at fault. Instinctively, she took refuge in monosyllables; the habit of deference permitted no adequate expression of her ire.

Disappointed, but facing the expectedness of the situation, Miss Jane made her departure, possessed of the bare facts that Antonio was still out of work, and Angelita yet stubbornly resentful toward herself. If any one previously subject to her remuneration had been betrayed into like attitude a year ago, she, Jane Elizabeth Crother, would have thereafter passed by on the other side, be that person's need ever so great. She admitted it mentally with the nearest approach to a shrug of which her rigid shoulders were capable. But she had done violence to life-long habits more than once since Angelita's star had risen on her horizon. The girl's hungry, unhappy eyes haunted her. She was too untried a thing to meet fairly the exigencies of that career upon which she had launched herself with innocent trustfulness; and the little brown baby might suffer from her woe.

Yellow-pink crept once more over Miss Jane's aggressive cheek-bones as she mused shakenly upon the sacred bond between mother and child. Conscience or no conscience, out of her adventure sprang the determination to bring back its natural complement of smiles to the brooding face behind her.

In pursuance of this intention, she turned sharply, with her foot already upon the puny bridge, and picking her way among the dubious concatenations of settlement debris, she met Antonio himself at the parting of two paths. He swept her a bow eloquent of bravado, and abandoning her impulse to speak, she studied his forward progress.

Could it be? Yes, certainly, the man staggered. "It 's time some person of parts took a hand in scotching your habits, you swaying idiot!" an interior voice registered her sudden decision with accumulated purpose. To her brother's friend at the Gringo Ranch Office she summarized the story sharply, putting it without real recommendation, and distinctly as a favor to herself, that Lopez should be employed on his premises.

"He is not a bad fellow innately," she finished her peroration rather lamely. And the ranch-owner replied, with comforting comprehension:

"Like enough he 's as fond of his family as many a better man. I have n't a doubt he 's just lazy, like all the rest of his race and station. They want nothing better than to loaf, and let things go to the devil; but I 've managed to get good work out of that kind before. To pleasure you,—and for sake of the little Mexican mama,—I 'll put the fellow on our irrigating shift the first of next week."

Meantime the object of their conversation had made his way home without serious wavering, to find his once gay little wife in the sulks and the *niño* squalling.

"What did your Miss Jane come here about just now?" He struck straight to the sore spot of her meditation; and to his utter astonishment, Angelita rose in her place and poured out before him the vials of her wrath.

"For what does she come? I do not know, unless it is that she would gloat over her handiwork. To-morrow—next week—shall we have no more money to buy beans. For all that she cares, we may starve then. They are all of one piece, these aristocrats: if you serve them to their liking, they will assist you; if you do not happen to please, you may look to the saints for your living."

Cowed by the vehemence of her outbreak, and perhaps rudimentarily aware of guilt in the brain dulled by his afternoon's entertainment, the man strode warily across the room and rescued the little protestant from his pillow with no ungentle hand.

"*Quien sabe?* Who knows but to-morrow something may turn up?" he murmured placatingly; and Angelita actually stamped an angry foot.

"By the strength of thy love, and the might of thine arm, will it be, then, my husband," she cried to him, stormily. "My mistress turns her face toward us no more."

At noon the next day he burst into the cabin big with information. "What think you, Angelita, *bella mia?* The mother of the señorita's servant lies dead, and the father of her sends in haste that his *niña*

Maria may care for the small ones at home. Said I not that something would turn up?" he crowed above her exclamations of pity and distress. "Go now quickly, my angel, before Margarita *vieja* makes once more her own choosing; offer thy services as of old to thy mistress, and we are made."

The girl stared at him blankly in startled disbelief.

"She would not have me; there is now the *niño,*" she stammered, in that musical native tongue used always among their own. Then, as the full significance of his request dawned upon her, the dark eyes grew black, a dangerous red burned through the creamy olive of her cheek.

"Is it that you would have your loved wife earn the living hereafter?" she demanded with keen scorn. "You who are scarce one year wedded, whose health is like that of the horse, who could crush me with one hand! And at what will you spend your bright days? Is it enough to sit, like old Nicola, from early morn, on the steps of Rafael Vinatero? A twelvemonth gone, you laughed at the sot soldered to his wine-cup; yet have you come again, and yet again, and even yesterday once more, with unsteady feet to the bed of your innocent son. And we at the end of our silver!"

Antonio's thunderstruck eyes shifted abruptly; it had been his fond belief that his folly was undetected. Unwarned by her ebullition of yesterday, he was only the more paralyzed at this pointed attack upon himself. What evil spirit had seized the child, to turn her upon him thus? He had committed only a common indiscretion. Was he not always her lord, her utter reliance, in the last analysis, her hero, who could do no wrong? The man was too primeval in his look on life to see that he himself was cutting the ground from under her feet.

"Angelita, light of my eyes, sun of my soul, I am no sot," he protested, in anxious bewilderment. "Have I not sought daily a place to earn our bread? Is it my fault that the Chinaman, the Portuguese, and Italiaños, spawn sown in the American usurper's track, overrun this lost land of the Spaniard?"

"Aye, tell me how shall I swear to that seeking? I have but your poor word," she gibed, in bitter unlikeness to herself.

"When you would have the señora restore you, it was to me you came, and to Miss Jane, rather than ask face to face as a workman who seeks but his own." She caught her breath with a gasp as a fresh thought sapped her pride. "Was it that old Bill said true? Does it go forth, already half a year past, that the father of my treasure makes but one day's work in two? Nay, look not so guilty, and start! Much have I heard from old Margaret."

The dimpled, small hands clenched on her breast until their knuckles shone white; words rasped over her tongue in a choking torrent; all the pent-up doubt and misery of these latter days spoke in her voice, as the hoarse voice of a flood tells of its long-pent chafing.

"Mother Maria have mercy upon me!" she cried. "Well did Miss Jane warn my deaf girlhood ears that the shirking servant becomes with certainty an improvident husband! In the blindness of my heart I believed thee a god, subject to no law. Now am I punished; the sin of my youth is turned against me. Woe is me, how gladly would I wash even by the day for meat and meal, wert thou sick, O *mi marido!* I go to Miss Jane: it is said.

"To her will I bare my whole soul in contrition; on my knees will I beg bounty of her forgiveness. To you, your house is desolate henceforward!" Snatching her shawl-swathed baby from its cradle, she was out of the door, and across the shaking plank, before the slow-witted Antonio half compassed her intent.

Sobbing, stumbling, running, she had quite covered the path across the field, now almost obliterated by quick-growing mallows, before the astounded victim of her contempt took sufficient thought of his state to cry her return.

She sprang into old Margaret's presence with a face ghastly from exertion, and, stopping for no syllable of explanation, pushed through into that prim living-room from which Miss Crother had been wont to dispense justice in the days of yore. Frightened out of her wits by the child's wild gaze, the old woman trotted after, to see her mistress rise from her seat with startled eyes, and Angelita, the old, impetuous, trustful Angelita, fling herself on the carpet at her feet, one hand clutching the child, the other grasping beseechingly at Miss Crother's skirts.

"He love me; ever' day he tell me he love me," she struggled, breathless and broken. "Jus' love never buy black beans an' bread an' oil. When Doña Elena dismiss him, he cry aloud, 'I work no more.' To-day—jus' now—he sen' me look *por la labor* myse'f. My 'eart he bleed, I feel so shame. Eet ees *el padre* my *niño, el* breat', yes, hof my life. Yet weel I lif wit' heem no long-er, *mi* Señorita, *si* yo' tak' me agen een yo' 'ome."

Miss Jane, the calmly unapproachable Jane E. Crother of her acquaintance, trembled like a leaf under the violence of her awakened emotion. Who was she, what her empty life, that this poor creature should come to her as to one anointed? Signing to old Margaret to take the child, the mistress, stooping, gathered the child-mother into her arms. Then, casting to the winds the stern traditions of a lifetime, she spoke firmly from the late-learned wisdom of her lonely heart.

"The one place for a woman is with her husband, Angelita. And if he prove not all her faith has painted, far better her love should point him the right path than that each should struggle on alone.

"Hush! Do not cry so, little sister! You shall be my housemaid if you wish it. Come every morning with the light, and return in time to prepare Antonio's supper when he comes from toil."

"Nev-er no more! He no weel work. I go 'ome no more!" wailed Angelita from her refuge.

Miss Jane's staid lips quivered into a half-smile. "Hush! Hush! We 'll make him work, you and I. Mr. Wilson sends for him to-day; he is beginning to irrigate Monday, and your 'Tonio is practised at that," Miss Jane murmured assuringly.

"Better go now, and tell the poor fellow it 's all right. If you left him in anger, he will be in despair until his little wife's return."

"Nev-er no more!" sobbed Angelita, stubborn and piteous. "*Si* 'Tonio *mio* come no for as' me, I stay een thees 'ouse teel I die."

Once again the wistful little smile wrung Miss Jane's mouth-corners; and, lifting the girl's bent head by the chin, she turned her face toward the wide west window, whence could be seen a stalwart figure, slouch forgotten, surging his way toward the gate in leaping bounds.

THREE POPLARS

BY WITTER BYNNER

THREE poplars paused beside a brook
  Before the autumnal mountain.
Then bowed to me, and undertook
The dance of death, and shone and shook
  Like waters in a fountain.

Oh, high the happy bosom heaves
  When love is in the dancer!
But life falls quiet as the leaves,
And soon the dance of death bereaves
  A lover of his answer.

Lightly a girl had danced away
  Her breath and all her laughter;
A boy had followed her one day;
And a little fellow, at his play,
  Had seen and wandered after.

And now three poplars poised and shook
  Like waters in a fountain,
And, iridescent, undertook
The dance of death beside a brook
  Between me and the mountain.

THE PRICE AND WORTH OF FAME

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

Author of "The Upton Letters," "From a College Window," etc.

IT is a strange thing, and a thing that holds a very deep meaning, if only we can perceive it, that the rewards of life for which we toil are often, when they come, a very small part of the pleasure of it all. Yet generation after generation comes as freshly and ardently as ever to the pursuit of the same illusion. It is useless for the man of experience to say frankly to the young what his impression of the value of fame is. They will not, they cannot, believe him. If the toil-worn man of renown says as emphatically as he can that he would exchange all the rewards of life that he has fully earned for revived youth, for the power of seeing freshly, of believing ardently, of desiring fiercely, he cannot in any way make the youthful hearer realize that there is any truth in his words. Triumph, influence, authority, success seem splendid things compared with the unfulfilled hope, the restless longing, the thwarted desire of youth.

A strangely false note was struck in a letter from Professor Benjamin Jowett to Lady Tennyson when Tennyson was seriously ill, and Jowett wrote one of his curious philosophical letters, like the consolations of a later Latin rhetorician, containing sympathetic advice for the benefit of the bard. He suggested that Tennyson should comfort himself—it is clear that Jowett thought that Tennyson might be dying—by reflecting about all the good work he had done, and the fine influence he had had, and the high ideals he had maintained. It shows a complete misunderstanding of the artistic nature, and indeed of human nature, to recommend complacent recollection, conscious self-satisfaction, as a medicine for grief and fear. The misery of illness and helplessness to the writer and the artist is that the old glow of feeling and performance is irrecoverable. The work he has done—that is all behind him, and has no sort of interest about it. If he thinks of it at all, it is to reflect how much less he has done than he ought, and how much better it might have been done. He does not wish to think about his old performances at all; it is a mere relief to have accomplished them and to have done with them; and there are few moments so distressing to an artist as to see by chance some of his earlier work, and to say: "How much I have learned since then! How much better I could do it now! And yet, alas! I have lost something which I had then—I have lost the intrepid glow of youth."

Fame is often little more than a haunting shadow, bringing a sense of responsibility with it, a terror that one must inevitably flag and do less well than one's best. Perhaps there are moments in a famous man's life when his fame gives him a momentary satisfaction, when he receives deference from some one whom he admires, some fine fellow-craftsman,—*laudari a laudato,* as the old phrase sums it up: when he is praised by one who has earned praise,—or when some young and generous creature, all on fire with adoration, pays a debt of pleasure and inspiration by a few faltering, emotional phrases, there may come a sense to the famous man that he has kindled the flame and handed on the torch, and that he is not yet excluded from the brighter and braver circle of the world's young life. But unintelligent praise, insincere praise, praise from the wrong person, praise for the wrong reasons, praise which is homage to success, not the heartfelt gratitude of the kindled mind—this can be nothing but a nauseating sort of affair. I remember a famous man saying to me once that he could not resist the impulse to think meanly of the intellectual equipment of any one who praised his work to his face.

"Oh, so that 's the sort of person you are!" he was tempted to think. "Well, I know all about you, and where you stand." That is one of the odd phenomena of success, that before a man has earned it, he

thinks it would be so delightful to have his merit recognized and openly praised; and yet, when it actually occurs, it is wholly embarrassing and uncomfortable.

Perhaps a little fame is more comfortable to the owner of it than he is aware; it gives him a recognized position, it insures him a wider welcome, it puts him on a pleasant equality with other famous persons. But as a rule this does not represent itself to the successful person as the definite outcome of his success; it merely makes him think the world a kinder, pleasanter, easier place; fortune just shines upon him like the sun, and seems a thing that has no relation to his own efforts. Even so it has also its attendant shadow, because it makes other persons slightly nervous and alarmed in the presence of the famous man, less inclined to speak freely, less able to say what they think. Of course there are some people so vulgarly made as to enjoy the sense of importance this conveys, to like feeling formidable and tremendous; and sheer childish vanity is an ingredient of natures whose whole personality is not large or strong, but who have some one special faculty which has outgrown all the rest; yet I have known a good many writers, and I do not think that this vanity is often characteristic of first-rate men. First-rate men are usually those who have a real greatness of temperament, and from whom great work flows instinctively and easily, because they cannot do work otherwise; and these men, as a rule, are simple and modest enough, aware of good fortune rather than of merit. It is generally the second-rate natures, who have some deft and captivating trick of expression, and whose success is a constant surprise to them, who indulge in this sort of vanity, and are often enough even more vain about the things for which they have no aptitude and which they do do indifferently well.

As a rule, the man who works definitely and regularly at some one art or craft as a solid center of his life does not much desire to talk about it, and still less to have it talked about. It becomes a part of his daily existence, and not always a very joyful part; and he likes to put it aside, to break away from it, and to seek change and recreation in other parts and relations of life. He may like to discuss the matter technically with another craftsman; but he does not want the crude comments or the dull compliments of the irresponsible amateur. It means so much condescension, so much explanation, so much acceptance of elementary statements, so much good-humored self-restraint to talk to one who is virtually ignorant of both the principles and the practice of an art, that it is purely tiresome. I remember once seeing a great writer with an inquisitive amateur buzzing about him like a fly over a honey-pot, and admiring the paternal good nature with which the great man enunciated a few comprehensible platitudes for the sake of his tormentor.

After all, the pleasure of effectiveness lies almost wholly in the actual performance of the exploit, not in the complacent recollection of it. The fun is in the conception and in the expression. There are great writers, like Carlyle, who groaned and moaned over the mechanical trouble of their work, even when it was full, as afterward appeared, of zest and gusto, of anecdotes gleefully told, of conclusions emphatically formulated. But even Carlyle went on writing, and was very miserable when he was not writing, so that on the whole he probably enjoyed doing it; and it may be taken for granted that good work, well presented, stands for as much solid pleasure as perhaps anything in the world.

One of the torments of fame is the misery of not knowing when to stop working. There are a good many instances of people who would have been greater figures if they had known when to hold their hand, and whose later works weltered from them, tamer and muddier every year, and overwhelmed them in ultimate derision. There is nothing more pathetic than the pictures of effete academicians hung in good places and not attracting any notice but a compassionate smile. But this is the great problem for the active worker who has learned to enjoy work; his life becomes broken without it, a mere dull passing of the hours. He knows that his technic is just as good; he suspects, perhaps, that his inspiration has a little flagged, but he still hopes he has something left to express. This is particularly hard in the case of the writer who is often aware of mellowed stores of experience, which he wishes to present to the world.

It happens not infrequently that experience, brisk at the time, becomes solemn and sentimental in retrospect. Unfortunately, as with pears, mellowness is apt suddenly to degenerate into "sleepiness," as old English farmers designate overripeness, and the crisp fiber, with its fragrant juice, in a moment becomes a dark paste of unholy sweetness. That, it seems, would be the moment when it would be natural to wish to stop, to rest on the oars, and to reflect complacently how much farther one had rowed than he had ever dared to hope in the cool of the morning. If a man has enjoyed success too excitedly, reveled in the heady joys of influence and authority, abdication is a terrible business. But even if he has not made too much of fame, and has sipped it temperately enough, he may yet have acquired a regular appetite for work, and it is hard to see when or how he is to abandon it. If that abdication comes naturally and simply, it is a beautiful thing to see, and issues in a good-humored and sympathetic tranquillity, without envy or restlessness, which is a very noble example. But even more sordid facts may come in, and the aged artist or writer may still feel the need of earning money; and that can be a very tragic business, to see the slow manufacture of unsalable works of art, and the pitiful economies of a life that seemed liberal and careless.

Of course the truth of the matter is that the error is ever to mistake any sort of occupation or performance, whether it is business or money-making or politics or art, for the aim of life. These things are work, a part of life, but not the greatest part. Some of the greatest natures of all have frankly disregarded work, because life itself was too full and beautiful to be thus interrupted. Work is for many people not a part of life, but a refuge from it. If one loves observation and intercourse and talk and laughter very much, he goes to work with reluctance, like the boy to school; and some of the greatest of artists have worked reluctantly, deferring and delaying, and finishing in a tremendous hurry at the last minute something that emerges splendid and pure.

Many good artists have worked frankly for money, and have ceased to work when they have amassed it, because they as frankly preferred life to work; and it must be fairly faced that life is the nobler thing, because all that the artist does is to call attention to life, to interpret it, to remind one of it, to disentangle the beauty and nobility of it, perhaps to improve upon it; and then he may go on to point to something beyond it, and to show what the significance of it is. But it is still life and experience that are in view all the time, and so if the artist becomes aware, as time goes on, that his pleasure in life is waning, and that the interest has died out of it, and has become centered in his work, he must flee, if he can, and escape hurriedly from the dreadful obsession that is over him, as Lot escaped from the doomed city; because life has more continuity and urgency than art, and art at its best is nothing more or less than a criticism of life, whereas if art is followed for its own sake, it becomes only a criticism of criticism.

So, if a man becomes obsessed by fame, greedy of recognition, anxious to retain a hold upon the minds of others, he must realize that fame is for him as the siren's song, which is floated sweetly across the waters from the island of dead bones. If he cares for art truly and sincerely, it is only so far as he can thereby quicken his own spirit to the eager living of life, and communicate a sense of its mystery and greatness to others; so that, if his hold upon other hearts is relaxed, and if they turn to new prophets and inspirers, he must not crave to retain his power, but face life afresh himself, with the knowledge that it has not yet given up its secrets to him, and with the brave admission that he has allowed his art to disguise rather than reveal the meaning of life to him; and he must make what haste he can to recover his place inside the eager circle, and to embrace with whatever intensity he can the experience that still remains.

REMINISCENCES OF TOLSTOY

BY HIS SON, COUNT ILYÁ TOLSTOY

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE CALDERON

AT this point I shall turn back and try to trace the influence which my father had on my upbringing, and I shall recall as well as I can the impressions that he left on my mind in my childhood, and later in the melancholy days of my early manhood, which happened to coincide with the radical change in his whole philosophy of life.

In 1852, tired of life in the Caucasus and remembering his old home at Yásnaya Polyána, he wrote to his aunt, Tatyána Alexándrovna:

After some years, I shall find myself, neither very young nor very old, back at Yásnaya Polyána again: my affairs will all be in order; I shall have no anxieties for the future and no troubles in the present.

You also will be living at Yásnaya. You will be getting a little old, but you will be healthy and vigorous. We shall lead the life we led in the old days; I shall work in the mornings, but we shall meet and see each other almost all day.

We shall dine together in the evening. I shall read you something that interests you. Then we shall talk: I shall tell you about my life in the Caucasus; you will give me reminiscences of my father and mother; you will tell me some of those "terrible stories" to which we used to listen in the old days with frightened eyes and open mouths.

We shall talk about the people that we loved and who are no more.

You will cry, and I, too; but our tears will be refreshing, tranquilizing tears. We shall talk about my brothers, who will visit us from time to time, and about dear Masha, who will also spend several months every year at Yásnaya, which she loves, with all her children.

We shall have no acquaintances; no one will come in to bore us with gossip.

It is a wonderful dream; but that is not all that I let myself dream of.

I shall be married. My wife will be gentle, kind, and affectionate; she will love you as I do; we shall have children who will call you granny; you will live in the big house, in the same room on the top floor where my grandmother lived before.

The whole house will be run on the same lines as it was in my father's time, and we shall begin the same life over again, but with a change of rôles.

You will take my grandmother's place, but you will be better still than she was; I shall take my father's place, though I can never hope to be worthy of the honor.

My wife will take my mother's place, and the children ours.

Masha will fill the part of both my aunts, except for their sorrow; and there will even be Gasha there to take the place of Prashovya Ilyínitchna.

The only thing lacking will be some one to take the part you played in the life of our family. We shall never find such a noble and loving heart as yours. There is no one to succeed you.

There will be three new faces that will appear among us from time to time: my brothers, especially one who will often be with us, Nikólenka, who will be an old bachelor, bald, retired, always the same kindly, noble fellow.

Just ten years after this letter, my father married, and almost all his dreams were realized, just as he had wished. Only the big house, with his grandmother's room, was missing, and his brother Nikólenka, with the dirty hands, for he died two years before, in 1860. In his family life my father witnessed a repetition of the life of his parents, and in us children he sought to find a repetition of himself and his brothers. We were brought up as regular gentlefolk, proud of our social position and holding aloof from all the outer world. Everything that was not us was below us, and therefore unworthy of imitation. I knew that my father felt very earnestly about the

chastity of young people; I knew how much strength he laid on purity. An early marriage seemed to me the best solution of the difficult question that must harass every thoughtful boy when he attains to man's estate.

Two or three years later, when I was eighteen and we were living in Moscow, I fell in love with a young lady I knew, my present wife, and went almost every Saturday to her father's house.

My father knew, but said nothing. One day when he was going out for a walk I asked if I might go with him. As I very seldom went for walks with him in Moscow, he guessed that I wanted to have a serious talk with him about something, and after walking some distance in silence, evidently feeling that I was shy about it and did not like to break the ice, he suddenly began:

"You seem to go pretty often to the F——s'."

I said that I was very fond of the eldest daughter.

"Oh, do you want to marry her?"

"Yes."

"Is she a good girl? Well, mind you don't make a mistake, and don't be false to her," he said with a curious gentleness and thoughtfulness.

I left him at once and ran back home, delighted, along the Arbat. I was glad that I had told him the truth, and his affectionate and cautious way of taking it strengthened my affection both for him, to whom I was boundlessly grateful for his cordiality, and for her, whom I loved still more warmly from that moment, and to whom I resolved still more fervently never to be untrue.

My father's tactfulness toward us amounted almost to timidity. There were certain questions which he could never bring himself to touch on for fear of causing us pain. I shall never forget how once in Moscow I found him sitting writing at the table in my room when I dashed in suddenly to change my clothes.

My bed stood behind a screen, which hid him from me.

When he heard my footsteps he said, without looking round:

"Is that you, Ilyá?"

"Yes, it 's I."

"Are you alone? Shut the door. There 's no one to hear us, and we can't see each other, so we shall not feel ashamed. Tell me, did you ever have anything to do with women?"

When I said no, I suddenly heard him break out sobbing, like a little child.

I sobbed and cried, too, and for a long time we stayed weeping tears of joy, with the screen between us, and we were neither of us ashamed, but both so joyful that I look on that moment as one of the happiest in my whole life.

No arguments or homilies could ever have effected what the emotion I experienced at that moment did. Such tears as those shed by a father of sixty can never be forgotten even in moments of the strongest temptation.

My father observed my inward life most attentively between the ages of sixteen and twenty, noted all my doubts and hesitations, encouraged me in my good impulses, and often found fault with me for inconsistency.

I still have some of his letters written at that time. Here are two:

I had just written you, my dear friend Ilyá, a letter that was true to my own feelings, but, I am afraid, unjust, and I am not sending it. I said unpleasant things in it, but I have no right to do so. I do not know you as I should like to and as I ought to know you. That is my fault. And I wish to remedy it. I know much in you that I do not like, but I do not know everything. As for your proposed journey home, I think that in your position of student, not only student of a gymnase, but at the age of study, it is better to gad about as little as possible; moreover, all useless expenditure of money that you can easily refrain from is immoral, in my opinion, and in yours, too, if you only consider it. If you come, I shall be glad for my own sake, so long as you are not inseparable from G——.

Do as you think best. But you must work, both with your head, thinking and reading, and with your heart; that is, find out for yourself what is really good and what is bad, although it seems to be good. I kiss you.

L. T.

Dear Friend Ilyá:

There is always somebody or something that prevents me from answering your two letters, which are important and dear to me, especially the last. First it was Baturlín,

then bad health, insomnia, then the arrival of D——, the friend of H—— that I wrote you about. He is sitting at tea talking to the ladies, neither understanding the other; so I left them, and want to write what little I can of all that I think about you.

Even supposing that S—— A—— demands too much of you,[1] there is no harm in waiting; especially from the point of view of fortifying your opinions, your faith. That is the one important thing. If you don't, it is a fearful disaster to put off from one shore and not reach the other.

The one shore is an honest and good life, for your own delight and the profit of others. But there is a bad life, too—a life so sugared, so common to all, that if you follow it, you do not notice that it is a bad life, and suffer only in your conscience, if you have one; but if you leave it, and do not reach the real shore, you will be made miserable by solitude and by the reproach of having deserted your fellows, and you will be ashamed. In short, I want to say that it is out of the question to want to be rather good; it is out of the question to jump into the water unless you know how to swim. One must be truthful and wish to be good with all one's might, too. Do you feel this in you? The drift of what I say is that we all know what *Princess Márya Alexévna's*[2] verdict about your marriage would be: that if young people marry without a sufficient fortune, it means children, poverty, getting tired of each other in a year or two; in ten years, quarrels, want —hell. And in all this *Princess Márya Alexévna* is perfectly right and plays the true prophet, unless these young people who are getting married have another purpose, their one and only one, unknown to *Princess Márya Alexévna*; and that not a brainish purpose, not one recognized by the intellect, but one that gives life its color and the attainment of which is more moving than any other. If you have this, good; marry at once, and give the lie to *Princess Márya Alexévna.* If not, it is a hundred to one that your marriage will lead to nothing but misery. I am speaking to you from the bottom of my heart. Receive my words into the bottom of yours, and weigh them well. Besides love for you as a son, I have love for you also as a man standing at the cross-ways. I kiss you and Lyólya and Nolétchka and Seryózha, if he is back. We are all alive and well.

The following letter belongs to the same period:

Your letter to Tánya has arrived, my dear friend Ilyá, and I see that you are still advancing toward that purpose which you set up for yourself; and I want to write to you and to her—for no doubt you tell her everything—what I think about it. Well, I think about it a great deal, with joy and with fear mixed. This is what I think. If one marries in order to enjoy oneself more, no good will ever come of it. To set up as one's main object, ousting everything else, marriage, union with the being you love, is a great mistake. And an obvious one, if you think about it. Object, marriage. Well, you marry; and what then? If you had no other object in life before your marriage, it will be twice as hard to find one.

As a rule, people who are getting married completely forget this.

So many joyful events await them in the future, in wedlock and the arrival of children, that those events seem to constitute life itself. But this is indeed a dangerous illusion.

If parents merely live from day to day, begetting children, and have no purpose in life, they are only putting off the question of the purpose of life and that punishment which is allotted to people who live without knowing why; they are only putting it off and not escaping it, because they will have to bring up their children and guide their steps, but they will have nothing to guide them by. And then the parents lose their human qualities and the happiness which depends on the possession of them, and turn into mere breeding cattle.

That is why I say that people who are proposing to marry because their life *seems* to them to be full must more than ever set themselves to think and make clear to their own minds for the sake of what each of them lives.

And in order to make this clear, you must consider the circumstances in which you live, your past. Reckon up what you consider

[1] I had written to my father that my fiancée's mother would not let me marry for two years.

[2] My father took Griboyéhof's *Princess Márya Alexévna* as a type. The allusion here is to the last words of Griboyéhof's famous comedy, "The Misfortune of Cleverness," "What will *Princess Márya Alexévna* say?"

important and what unimportant in life. Find out what you believe in; that is, what you look on as eternal and immutable truth, and what you will take for your guide in life. And not only find out, but make clear to your own mind, and try to practise or to learn to practise in your daily life; because until you practise what you believe you cannot tell whether you believe it or not.

I know your faith, and that faith, or those sides of it which can be expressed in deeds, you must now more than ever make clear to your own mind, by putting them into practice.

Your faith is that your welfare consists in loving people and being loved by them. For the attainment of this end I know of three lines of action in which I perpetually exercise myself, in which one can never exercise oneself enough and which are specially necessary to you now.

First, in order to be able to love people and to be loved by them, one must accustom oneself to expect as little as possible from them, and that is very hard work; for if I expect much, and am often disappointed, I am inclined rather to reproach them than to love them.

Second, in order to love people not in words, but in deed, one must train oneself to do what benefits them. That needs still harder work, especially at your age, when it is one's natural business to be studying.

Third, in order to love people and to b. l. b. t.,[1] one must train oneself to gentleness, humility, the art of bearing with disagreeable people and things, the art of behaving to them so as not to offend any one, of being able to choose the least offense. And this is the hardest work of all—work that never ceases from the time you wake till the time you go to sleep, and the most joyful work of all, because day after day you rejoice in your growing success in it, and receive a further reward, unperceived at first, but very joyful after, in being loved by others.

So I advise you, Friend Ilyá, and both of you, to live and to think as sincerely as you can, because it is the only way you can discover if you are really going along the same road, and whether it is wise to join hands or not; and at the same time, if you are sincere, you must be making your future ready.

Your purpose in life must not be the joy of wedlock, but, by your life to bring more love and truth into the world. The object of marriage is to help one another in the attainment of that purpose.

The vilest and most selfish life is the life of the people who have joined together only in order to enjoy life; and the highest vocation in the world is that of those who live in order to serve God by bringing good into the world, and who have joined together for that very purpose. Don't mistake half-measures for the real thing. Why should a man not choose the highest? Only when you have chosen the highest, you must set your whole heart on it, and not just a little. Just a little leads to nothing. There, I am tired of writing, and still have much left that I wanted to say. I kiss you.

[1] Be loved by them.

HELP FOR THE FAMINE-STRICKEN

After my father had come to the conclusion that it was not only useless to help people with money, but immoral, the part he took in distributing food among the peasants during the famines of 1890, 1891, and 1898 may seem to have shown inconsistency and contradiction of thought.

"If a horseman sees that his horse is tired out, he must not remain seated on its back and hold up its head, but simply get off," he used to say, condemning all the charities of the well-fed people who sit on the back of the working classes, continue to enjoy all the benefits of their privileged position, and merely give from their superfluity.

He did not believe in the good of such charity and considered it a form of self-hallucination, all the more harmful because people thereby acquire a sort of moral right to continue that idle, aristocratic life and get to go on increasing the poverty of the people.

In the autumn of 1890 my father thought of writing an article on the famine, which had then spread over nearly all Russia.

Although from the newspapers and from the accounts brought by those who came from the famine-stricken parts he already knew about the extent of the peasantry's disaster, nevertheless, when his old friend Iványovitch Rayóvsky called on him at Yásnaya Polyána and proposed that he should drive through to the Dankóvski

District with him in order to see the state of things in the villages for himself, he readily agreed, and went with him to his property at Begitchóvka.

He went there with the intention of staying only for a day or two; but when he saw what a call there was for immediate measures, he at once set to work to help Rayóvsky, who had already instituted several kitchens in the villages, in relieving the distress of the peasantry, at first on a small scale, and then, when big subscriptions began to pour in from every side, on a continually increasing one. The upshot of it was that he devoted two whole years of his life to the work.

It is wrong to think that my father showed any inconsistency in this matter. He did not delude himself for a moment into thinking he was engaged on a virtuous and momentous task, but when he saw the sufferings of the people, he simply could not bear to go on living comfortably at Yásnaya or in Moscow any longer, but had to go out and help in order to relieve his own feelings. Once he wrote:

> There is much about it that is not what it ought to be; there is S. A.'s money[1] and the subscriptions; there is the relation of those who feed and those who are fed. *There is sin without end,* but I cannot stay at home and write. I feel the necessity of taking part in it, of doing something.

Six years later I worked again at the same job with my father in Tchornski and Mtsenski districts.

After the bad crops of the two preceding years it became clear by the beginning of the winter of 1898 that a new famine was approaching in our neighborhood, and that charitable assistance to the peasantry would be needed. I turned to my father for help. By the spring he had managed to collect some money, and at the beginning of April he came himself to see me.

I must say that my father, who was very economical by nature, was extraordinarily cautious and, I may say, even parsimonious in charitable matters. It is of course easy to understand, if one considers the unlimited confidence which he enjoyed among the subscribers and the great moral responsibility which he could not but feel toward them. So that before undertaking anything he had himself to be fully convinced of the necessity of giving aid.

The day after his arrival, we saddled a couple of horses and rode out. We rode as we had ridden together twenty years before, when we went out coursing with our greyhounds; that is, across country, over the fields.

It was all the same to me which way we rode, as I believed that all the neighboring villages were equally distressed, and my father, for the sake of old memories, wanted to revisit Spásskoye Lyutovinóvo, which was only six miles from me, and where he had not been since Turgénieff's death. On the way there I remember he told me all about Turgénieff's mother, who was famous through all the neighborhood for her remarkable intelligence, energy, and craziness. I do not know that he ever saw her himself, or whether he was telling me only the reports that he had heard.

As we rode across the Turgénieff's park, he recalled in passing how of old he and Ivan Sergéyevitch had disputed which park was best, Spásskoye or Yásnaya Polyána. I asked him:

"And now which do you think?"

"Yásnaya Polyána *is* the best, though this is very fine, very fine indeed."

In the village we visited the head-man's and two or three other cottages, and came away disappointed. There was no famine.

The peasants, who had been endowed at the emancipation with a full share of good land, and had enriched themselves since by wage-earnings, were hardly in want at all. It is true that some of the yards were badly stocked; but there was none of that acute degree of want which amounts to famine and which strikes the eye at once.

I even remember my father reproaching me a little for having sounded the alarm when there was no sufficient cause for it, and for a little while I felt rather ashamed and awkward before him.

Of course when he talked to the peasants he asked each of them if he remembered Turgénieff and eagerly picked up anything they had to say about him. Some of the old men remembered him and spoke of him with great affection.

[1] His wife's.

MY FATHER'S ILLNESS IN THE CRIMEA

In the autumn of 1901 my father was attacked by persistent feverishness, and the doctors advised him to spend the winter in the Crimea. Countess Panina kindly lent him her Villa Gaspra, near Koréiz, and he spent the winter there.

Soon after his arrival, he caught cold and had two illnesses one after the other, enteric fever and inflammation of the lungs. At one time his condition was so bad that the doctors had hardly any hope that he would ever rise from his bed again. Despite the fact that his temperature went up very high, he was conscious all the time; he dictated some reflections every day, and deliberately prepared for death.

The whole family was with him, and we all took turns in helping to nurse him. I look back with pleasure on the nights when it fell to me to be on duty by him, and I sat in the balcony by the open window, listening to his breathing and every sound in his room. My chief duty, as the strongest of the family, was to lift him up while the sheets were being changed. When they were making the bed, I had to hold him in my arms like a child.

I remember how my muscles quivered one day with the exertion. He looked at me with astonishment and said:

"You surely don't find me heavy? What nonsense!"

I thought of the day when he had given me a bad time at riding in the woods as a boy, and kept asking, "You 're not tired?"

Another time during the same illness he wanted me to carry him down-stairs in my arms by the winding stone staircase.

"Pick me up as they do a baby and carry me."

He had not a grain of fear that I might stumble and kill him. It was all I could do to insist on his being carried down in an arm-chair by three of us.

Was my father afraid of death?

It is impossible to answer the question in one word. With his tough constitution and physical strength, he always instinctively fought not only against death, but against old age. Till the last year of his life he never gave in, but always did everything for himself and even rode on horseback.

To suppose, therefore, that he had no instinctive fear of death is out of the question. He had that fear, and in a very high degree, but he was constantly fighting to overcome it.

Did he succeed?

I can answer definitely yes. During his illness he talked a great deal of death and prepared himself for it firmly and deliberately. When he felt that he was getting weaker, he wished to say good-by to everybody, and he called us all separately to his bedside, one after the other, and gave his last words of advice to each. He was so weak that he spoke in a half-whisper, and when he had said good-by to one, he had to rest for a while and collect his strength for the rest.

When my turn came, he said as nearly as I can remember:

"You are still young and strong and tossed by storms of passion. You have not therefore yet been able to think over the chief questions of life. But this stage will pass. I am sure of it. When the time comes, believe me, you will find the truth in the teachings of the Gospel. I am dying peacefully simply because I have come to know that teaching and believe in it. May God grant you this knowledge soon! Good-by."

I kissed his hand and left the room quietly. When I got to the front door, I rushed to a lonely stone tower, and there sobbed my heart out in the darkness like a child. Looking round at last, I saw that some one else was sitting on the staircase near me, also crying.

So I said farewell to my father years before his death, and the memory of it is dear to me, for I know that if I had seen him before his death at Astapova he would have said just the same to me.

To return to the question of death, I will say that so far from being afraid of it, in his last days he often desired it; he was more interested in it than afraid of it. This "greatest of mysteries" interested him to such a degree that his interest came near to love. How eagerly he listened to accounts of the death of his friends, Turgénieff, Gay, Leskóf,[1] Zhemtchúzhnikof[2] and others! He inquired after the smallest matters; no detail, however trifling in appearance, was without its interest and importance to him.

[1] A novelist, died 1895.

[2] One of the authors of "Junker Schmidt."

His "Circle of Reading," November 7, the day he died, is devoted entirely to thoughts on death.

"Life is a dream, death is an awakening," he wrote, while in expectation of that awakening.

Apropos of the "Circle of Reading," I cannot refrain from relating a characteristic incident which I was told by one of my sisters.

When my father had made up his mind to compile that collection of the sayings of the wise, to which he gave the name of "Circle of Reading," he told one of his friends about it.

A few days afterward this friend came to see him again, and at once told him that he and his wife had been thinking over his scheme for the new book and had come to the conclusion that he ought to call it "For Every Day," instead of "Circle of Reading."

To this my father replied that he preferred the title "Circle of Reading" because the word "circle" suggested the idea of continuous reading, which was what he meant to express by the title.

Half an hour later the friend came across the room to him and repeated exactly the same remark again. This time my father made no reply. In the evening, when the friend was preparing to go home, as he was saying good-by to my father, he held his hand in his and began once more:

"Still, I must tell you, Lyoff Nikolaievich, that I and my wife have been thinking it over, and we have come to the conclusion," and so on, word for word the same.

"No, no, I want to die—to die as soon as possible," groaned my father when he had seen the friend off.

"Is n't it all the same whether it 's 'Circle of Reading' or 'For Every Day'? No, it 's time for me to die; I cannot live like this any longer."

And, after all, in the end, one of the editions of the sayings of the wise was called "For Every Day" instead of "Circle of Reading."

"Ah, my dear, ever since this Mr. —— turned up, I really don't know which of Lyoff Nikolaievich's writings are by Lyoff Nikolaievich and which are by Mr. ——!" murmured our old friend, the pure-hearted and far from malicious Márya Alexandróvna Schmidt.

This sort of intrusion into my father's work as an author bore, in the "friend's" language, the modest title of "corrections beforehand," and there is no doubt that Márya Alexandróvna was right, for no one will ever know where what my father wrote ends and where his concessions to Mr. ——'s persistent "corrections beforehand" begin, all the more as this careful adviser had the forethought to arrange that when my father answered his letters he was always to return him the letters they were answers to.[1]

Besides the desire for death that my father displayed, in the last years of his life he cherished another dream, which he made no secret of his hope of realizing, and that was the desire to suffer for his convictions. The first impulse in this direction was given him by the persecution on the part of the authorities to which, during his lifetime, many of his friends and fellow-thinkers were subjected.

When he heard of any one being put in jail or deported for disseminating his writings, he was so disturbed about it that one was really sorry for him. I remember my arrival at Yásnaya some days after Gúsef's arrest.[2] I stayed two days with my father, and heard of nothing but Gúsef. As if there were nobody in the world but Gúsef! I must confess that, sorry as I was for Gúsef, who was shut up at the time in the local prison at Krapivna, I harbored a most wicked feeling of resentment at my father's paying so little attention to me and the rest of those about him and being so absorbed in the thought of Gúsef.

I willingly acknowledge that I was wrong in entertaining this narrow-minded feeling. If I had entered fully into what my father was feeling, I should have seen this at the time.

As far back as 1896, in consequence of the arrest of a doctor, Miss N——, in Tula, my father wrote a long letter to Muravyof, the Minister of Justice, in which he spoke of the "unreasonableness, uselessness, and cruelty of the measures

[1] The curious may be disposed to trace to some such "corrections beforehand" the remarkable discrepancy of style and matter which distinguishes some of Tolstoy's later works, published after his death by Mr. Tchertkof and his literary executors.

[2] Tolstoy's private secretary, arrested and banished in 1908.

taken by the Government against those who disseminate these forbidden writings," and begged him to "direct the measures taken to punish or intimidate the perpetrators of the evil, or to put an end to it, against the man whom you regard as the real instigator of it . . . all the more, as I assure you beforehand, that I shall continue without ceasing till my death to do what the Government considers evil and what I consider my sacred duty before God."

As every one knows, neither this challenge nor the others that followed it led to any result, and the arrests and deportations of those associated with him still went on.

My father felt himself morally responsible toward all those who suffered on his account, and every year new burdens were laid on his conscience.

MASHA'S DEATH

As I reach the description of the last days of my father's life, I must once more make it clear that what I write is based only on the personal impressions I received in my periodical visits to Yásnaya Polyána.

Unfortunately, I have no rich shorthand material to rely on, such as Gúsef and Bulgákof had for their memoirs, and more especially Dushán Petróvitch Makowicki, who is preparing, I am told, a big and conscientious work, full of truth and interest.

In November, 1906, my sister Masha died of inflammation of the lungs. It is a curious thing that she vanished out of life with just as little commotion as she had passed through it. Evidently this is the lot of all the pure in heart.

No one was particularly astonished by her death. I remember that when I received the telegram, I felt no surprise. It seemed perfectly natural to me. Masha had married a kinsman of ours, Prince Obolénski; she lived on her own estate at Pirogóvo, twenty-one miles from us, and spent half the year with her husband at Yásnaya. She was very delicate and had constant illnesses.

When I arrived at Yásnaya the day after her death, I was aware of an atmosphere of exaltation and prayerful emotion about the whole family, and it was then I think for the first time that I realized the full grandeur and beauty of death.

I definitely felt that by her death Masha, so far from having gone away from us, had come nearer to us, and had been, as it were, welded to us forever in a way that she never could have been during her lifetime.

I observed the same frame of mind in my father. He went about silent and woebegone, summoning all his strength to battle with his own sorrow; but I never heard him utter a murmur of a complaint, only words of tender emotion. When the coffin was carried to the church he changed his clothes and went with the cortège. When he reached the stone pillars he stopped us, said farewell to the departed, and walked home along the avenue. I looked after him and watched him walk away across the wet, thawing snow with his short, quick old man's steps, turning his toes out at a sharp angle, as he always did, and never once looking round.

My sister Masha had held a position of great importance in my father's life and in the life of the whole family. Many a time in the last few years have we had occasion to think of her and to murmur sadly: "If only Masha had been with us! If only Masha had not died!"

In order to explain the relations between Masha and my father I must turn back a considerable way. There was one distinguishing and, at first sight, peculiar trait in my father's character, due perhaps to the fact that he grew up without a mother, and that was that all exhibitions of tenderness were entirely foreign to him.

I say "tenderness" in contradistinction to heartiness. Heartiness he had and in a very high degree.

His description of the death of my Uncle Nikolái is characteristic in this connection. In a letter to his other brother, Sergéi Nikoláyevitch, in which he described the last day of his brother's life, my father tells how he helped him to undress.

"He submitted, and became a different man. . . . He had a word of praise for everybody, and said to me, 'Thanks, my friend.' You understand the significance of the words as between us two."

It is evident that in the language of the Tolstoy brothers the phrase "my friend" was an expression of tenderness beyond which imagination could not go. The words astonished my father even on the lips of his dying brother.

During all his lifetime I never received any mark of tenderness from him whatever.

He was not fond of kissing children, and when he did so in saying good morning or good night, he did it merely as a duty.

It is therefore easy to understand that he did not provoke any display of tenderness toward himself, and that nearness and dearness with him were never accompanied by any outward manifestations.

It would never have come into my head, for instance, to walk up to my father and kiss him or to stroke his hand. I was partly prevented also from that by the fact that I always looked up to him with awe, and his spiritual power, his greatness, prevented me from seeing in him the mere man—the man who was so plaintive and weary at times, the feeble old man who so much needed warmth and rest.

The only person who could give him that warmth was Masha.

She would go up to him, stroke his hand, caress him, and say something affectionate, and you could see that he liked it, was happy, and even responded in kind. It was as if he became a different man with her. Why was it that Masha was able to do this, while no one else even dared to try? If any other of us had done it, it would have seemed unnatural, but Masha could do it with perfect simplicity and sincerity.

I do not mean to say that others about my father loved him less than Masha; not at all; but the display of love for him was never so warm and at the same time so natural with any one else as with her.

So that with Masha's death my father was deprived of this natural source of warmth, which, with advancing years, had become more and more of a necessity for him.

Another and still greater power that she possessed was her remarkably delicate and sensitive conscience. This trait in her was still dearer to my father than her caresses.

How good she was at smoothing away all misunderstandings! How she always stood up for those who were found any fault with, justly or unjustly! It was all the same to her. Masha could reconcile everybody and everything.

During the last years of his life my father's health perceptibly grew worse. Several times he had the most sudden and inexplicable sort of fainting fits, from which he used to recover the next day, but completely lost his memory for a time.

Seeing my brother Andréi's children, who were staying at Yásnaya, in the *zala* one day, he asked with some surprise, "Whose children are these?" Meeting my wife, he said, "Don't be offended, my dear; I know that I am very fond of you, but I have quite forgotten who you are"; and when he went up to the *zala* after one of these fainting fits, he looked round with an astonished air and said, "Where 's my brother Nítenka." Nítenka had died fifty years before.

The day following all traces of the attack would disappear.

During one of these fainting fits my brother Sergéi, in undressing my father, found a little note-book on him. He put it in his own pocket, and next day, when he came to see my father, he handed it back to him, telling him that he had not read it.

"There would have been no harm in *your* seeing it," said my father, as he took it back.

This little diary in which he wrote down his most secret thoughts and prayers was kept "for himself alone," and he never showed it to any one. I saw it after my father's death. It is impossible to read it without tears.

It is curious that the sudden decay of my father's memory displayed itself only in the matter of real facts and people. He was entirely unaffected in his literary work, and everything that he wrote down to the last days of his life is marked by his characteristic logicalness and force. It may be that the reason he forgot the details of real life was because he was too deeply absorbed in his abstract work.

My wife was at Yásnaya Polyána in October, and when she came home she told me that there was something wrong there. "Your mother is nervous and hysterical; your father is in a silent and gloomy frame of mind."

I was very busy with my office work, but made up my mind to devote my first free day to going and seeing my father and mother.

When I got to Yásnaya, my father had already left it.

I paid Aunt Masha a visit some little time after my father's funeral. We sat together in her comfortable little cell, and she repeated to me once more in detail the oft-repeated story of my father's last visit to her.

"He sat in that very arm-chair where you are sitting now, and how he cried!" she said.

"When Sasha arrived with her girl friend, they set to work studying this map of Russia and planning out a route to the Caucasus. Lyovótchka sat there thoughtful and melancholy.

"'Never mind, Papa; it 'll be all right,' said Sasha, trying to encourage him.

"'Ah, you women, you women!' answered her father, bitterly. 'How can it ever be all right?'

"I so much hoped that he would settle down here; it would just have suited him. And it was his own idea, too; he had even taken a cottage in the village," Aunt Masha sadly recalled.

"When he left me to go back to the hotel where he was staying, it seemed to me that he was rather calmer.

"When he said good-by, he even made some joke about his having come to the wrong door.

"I certainly would never have imagined that he would go away again that same night."

It was a grievous trial for Aunt Masha when the old confessor Iosif, who was her spiritual director, forbade her to pray for her dead brother because he had been excommunicated. She was too broad-minded to be able to reconcile herself to the harsh intolerance of the church, and for a time she was honestly indignant. Another priest to whom she applied also refused her request.

Márya Nikoláyevna could not bring herself to disobey her spiritual fathers, but at the same time she felt that she was not really obeying their injunction, for she prayed for him all the same, in thought, if not in words.

There is no knowing how her internal discord would have ended if her father confessor, evidently understanding the moral torment she was suffering, had not given her permission to pray for her brother, but only in her cell and in solitude, so as not to lead others astray.

MY FATHER'S WILL. CONCLUSION

ALTHOUGH my father had long since renounced the copyright in all his works written after 1883, and although, after having made all his real estate over to his children, he had, as a matter of fact, no property left, still he could not but be aware that his life was far from corresponding to his principles, and this consciousness perpetually preyed upon his mind. One has only to read some of his posthumous works attentively to see that the idea of leaving home and radically altering his whole way of life had presented itself to him long since and was a continual temptation to him.

This was the cherished dream that always allured him, but which he did not think himself justified in putting into practice.

The life of the Christian must be a "reasonable and happy life *in all possible circumstances,*" he used to say as he struggled with the temptation to go away, and gave up his own soul for others.

I remember reading in Gúsef's memoirs how my father once, in conversation with Gusoryóf, the peasant, who had made up his mind to leave his home for religious reasons, said, "My life is a hundred thousand times more loathsome than yours, but yet I cannot leave it."

I shall not enumerate all the letters of abuse and amazement which my father received from all sides, upbraiding him with luxury, with inconsistency, and even with torturing his peasants. It is easy to imagine what an impression they made on him.

He said there was good reason to revile him; he called their abuse "a bath for the soul," but internally he suffered from the "bath," and saw no way out of his difficulties. He bore his cross, and it was in this self-renunciation that his power consisted, though many either could not or would not understand it. He alone, despite all those about him, knew that this cross was laid on him not of man, but of God; and while he was strong, he loved his burden and shared it with none.

Just as thirty years before he had been haunted by the temptation to suicide, so now he struggled with a new and more powerful temptation, that of flight.

A few days before he left Yásnaya he

called on Márya Alexandróvna Schmidt at Ovsyanniki and confessed to her that he wanted to go away.

The old lady held up her hands in horror and said:

"Gracious Heavens, Lyoff Nikolaievich, have you come to such a pitch of weakness?"

When I learned, on October 28, 1910, that my father had left Yásnaya, the same idea occurred to me, and I even put it into words in a letter I sent to him at Shamerdino by my sister Sasha.

I did not know at the time about certain circumstances which have since made a great deal clear to me that was obscure before.

From the moment of my father's death till now I have been racking my brains to discover what could have given him the impulse to take that last step. What power could compel him to yield in the struggle in which he had held firmly and tenaciously for many years? What was the last drop, the last grain of sand that turned the scales, and sent him forth to search for a new life on the very edge of the grave?

Could he really have fled from home because the wife that he had lived with for forty-eight years had developed neurasthenia and at one time showed certain abnormalities characteristic of that malady? Was that like the man who so loved his fellows and so well knew the human heart? Or did he suddenly desire, when he was eighty-three, and weak and helpless, to realize the idea of a pilgrim's life?

If so, why did he take my sister Sasha and Dr. Makowicki with him? He could not but know that in their company he would be just as well provided with all the necessaries of life as he would have been at Yásnaya Polyána. It would have been the most palpable self-deception.

Knowing my father as I did, I felt that the question of his flight was not so simple as it seemed to others, and the problem lay long unsolved before me until it was suddenly made clear by the will that he left behind him.

I remember how, after N. S. Leskóf's death, my father read me his posthumous instructions with regard to a pauper funeral, with no speeches at the grave, and so on, and how the idea of writing his own will then came into his head for the first time.

His first will was written in his diary, on March 27, 1895.[1]

The fourth paragraph, to which I wish to call particular attention, contains a request to his next of kin to transfer the right of publishing his writings to society at large, or, in other words, to renounce the copyright of them.

"But I only request it, and do not direct it. It is a good thing to do. And it will be good for you to do it; but if you do not do it, that is your affair. It means that you are not yet ready to do it. The fact that my writings have been bought and sold during these last ten years has been the most painful thing in my whole life to me."

Three copies were made of this will, and they were kept by my sister Masha, my brother Sergéi, and Tchertkof.

I knew of its existence, but I never saw it till after my father's death, and I never inquired of anybody about the details.

I knew my father's views about copyright, and no will of his could have added anything to what I knew. I knew, moreover, that this will was not properly executed according to the forms of law, and personally I was glad of that, for I saw in it another proof of my father's confidence in his family. I need hardly add that I never doubted that my father's wishes would be carried out.

My sister Masha, with whom I once had a conversation on the subject, was of the same opinion.

In 1909 my father stayed with Mr. Tchertkof at Krekshin, and there for the first time he wrote a formal will, attested by the signature of witnesses. How this will came to be written I do not know, and I do not intend to discuss it. It afterward appeared that it also was imperfect from a legal point of view, and in October, 1909, it had all to be done again.

As to the writing of the third we are fully informed by Mr. F. Strakhof in an article which he published in the St. Petersburg "Gazette" on November 6, 1911.

Mr. Strakhof left Moscow at night. He had calculated on Sófya Andréyevna,[1] whose presence at Yásnaya Polyána was highly inexpedient for the business on

[1] Five weeks after Leskóf's death.

[2] The Countess Tolstoy.

which he was bound, being still in Moscow.

The business in question, as was made clear in the preliminary consultation which V. G. Tchertkof held with N. K. Muravyof, the solicitor, consisted in getting fresh signatures from Lyoff Nikolaievich, whose great age made it desirable to make sure, without delay, of his wishes being carried out by means of a more unassailable legal document. Strakhof brought the draft of the will with him, and laid it before Lyoff Nikolaievich. After reading the paper through, he at once wrote under it that he agreed with its purport, and then added, after a pause:

"All this business is very disagreeable to me, and it is unnecessary. To insure the propagation of my ideas by taking all sorts of measures—why, no word can perish without leaving its trace, if it expresses a truth, and if the man who utters it believes profoundly in its truth. But all these outward means for insuring it only come of our disbelief in what we utter."

And with these words Lyoff Nikolaievich left the study.

Thereupon Mr. Strakhof began to consider what he must do next, whether he should go back with empty hands, or whether he should argue it out.

He decided to argue it out, and endeavored to explain to my father how painful it would be for his friends after his death to hear people blaming him for not having taken any steps, despite his strong opinion on the subject, to see that his wishes were carried out, and for having thereby helped to transfer his copyrights to the members of his family.

Tolstoy promised to think it over, and left the room again.

At dinner Sófya Andréyevna "was evidently far from having any suspicions." When Tolstoy was not by, however, she asked Mr. Strakhof what he had come down about. Inasmuch as Mr. Strakhof had other affairs in hand besides the will, he told her about one thing and another with an easy conscience.

Mr. Strakhof described a second visit to Yásnaya, when he came to attest the same will as a witness.

When he arrived, he said: "The countess had not yet come down. I breathed again."

Of his departure, he said:

As I said good-by to Sófya Andréyevna, I examined her countenance attentively. Such complete tranquillity and cordiality toward her departing guests were written on it that I had not the smallest doubt of her complete ignorance of what was going on. . . . I left the house with the pleasing consciousness of a work well done—a work that was destined to have a considerable historic consequence. I only felt some little twinge within, certain qualms of conscience about the conspiratorial character of the transaction.

But even this text of the will did not quite satisfy my father's "friends and advisers"; it was redrafted for the fourth and last time in July, 1910.

This last draft was written by my father himself in the Limonovski Forest, two miles from the house, not far from Mr. Tchertkof's estate.

Such is the melancholy history of this document, which was destined to have historic consequences. "All this business is very disagreeable to me, and it is unnecessary," my father said when he signed the paper that was thrust before him. That was his real opinion about his will, and it never altered to the end of his days.

Is there any need of proof for that? I think one need know very little of his convictions to have no doubt about it.

Was Lyoff Nikolaievich Tolstoy likely of his own accord to have recourse to the protection of the law? And, if he did, was he likely to conceal it from his wife and children?

He had been put into a position from which there was absolutely no way out. To tell his wife was out of the question; it would have grievously offended his friends. To have destroyed the will would have been worse still; for his friends had suffered for his principles morally, and some of them materially, and had been exiled from Russia. He felt himself bound to them.

And on the top of all this were his fainting fits, his increasing loss of memory, the clear consciousness of the approach of death, and the continually growing nervousness of his wife, who felt in her heart of hearts the unnatural estrangement of her husband, and could not understand it. If she asked him what it was that he was concealing from her, he would

either have to say nothing or to tell her the truth. But that was impossible.

So it came about that the long-cherished dream of leaving Yásnaya Polyána presented itself as the only means of escape. It was certainly not in order to enjoy the full realization of his dream that he left his home; he went away only as a choice of evils.

"I am too feeble and too old to begin a new life," he had said to my brother Sergéi only a few days before his departure.

Harassed, ill in body and in mind, he started forth without any object in view, without any thought-out plan, merely in order to hide himself somewhere, wherever it might be, and get some rest from the moral tortures which had become insupportable to him.

"To fly, to fly!" he said in his deathbed delirium as he lay at Astapova.

"Has papa considered that mama may not survive the separation from him?" I asked my sister Sasha on October 29, when she was on the point of going to join him at Shamerdino.

"Yes, he has considered all that, and still made up his mind to go, because he thinks that nothing could be worse than the state that things have come to here," she answered.

I confess that my explanation of my father's flight by no means exhausts the question. Life is complex and every explanation of a man's conduct is bound to suffer from one-sidedness. Besides, there are circumstances of which I do not care to speak at the present moment, in order not to cause unnecessary pain to people still living. It may be that if those who were about my father during the last years of his life had known what they were doing, things would have turned out differently.

The years will pass. The accumulated incrustations which hide the truth will pass away. Much will be wiped out and forgotten. Among other things my father's will will be forgotten—that will which he himself looked upon as an "unnecessary outward means." And men will see more clearly that legacy of love and truth in which he believed deeply, and which, according to his own words, "cannot perish without a trace."

In conclusion I cannot refrain from quoting the opinion of one of my kinsmen, who, after my father's death, read the diaries kept both by my father and my mother during the autumn before Lyoff Nikolaievich left Yásnaya Polyána.

"What a terrible misunderstanding!" he said. "Each loved the other with such poignant affection, each was suffering all the time on the other's behalf, and then this terrible ending! . . . I see the hand of fate in this."

THE END

ON THE ROAD WITH JAMES A. HERNE

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "Her Mountain Lover," "The Long Trail," etc.

ONE afternoon in January, 1888, Mr. Charles E. Hurd, literary editor of the "Boston Transcript," gave me two theater-tickets and asked if I had ever seen Jim Herne play. I told him I had not.

"Do so at once," said he; "for he is a realist after your own heart."

I accepted the tickets with pleasure, and that night witnessed the performance of "Drifting Apart," by James A. and Katharine Herne.

They were playing at that time on a second-rate, out-of-the-way stage in the South End, and their surroundings were cheap and tawdry, but I can still define the profound impression made upon me by their action and the play.

The plot of the piece was very simple. In the first act *Jack,* the middle-aged husband of *Mary Miller,* was shaving himself in preparation for a trip to the village to purchase some Christmas presents, and all through the scene, which was charmingly set, Herne moved unaffectedly, joking, chuckling, making quaint toilet preparations with a naturalism I had never before seen upon the stage; and Katharine was almost equally delightful as the wife. When at the close of the act her sailor husband returned with his arms full of bundles, helplessly intoxicated, the horror, the despair, which filled the heart of *Mary* formed a complete and piteous contrast to the delicious comedy which had preceded it.

The two acts which followed, being a dream, were less moving, but the fourth act, which brought *Jack* back to sobriety and restored the reality of the simple New England coast life of the opening scene, was almost equally colloquial. The play closed with satisfying glow, with *Jack* repentant and *Mary* forgiving.

This quiet naturalism, this unaffected humor, deeply moved and interested me, and I felt it my duty to write to Herne, thanking him for the pleasure he had given me. I also expressed my admiration of the acting of "Miss" Herne, and went on to say that by such writing as that in the first and last acts of "Drifting Apart" he had allied himself with the best local-color fictionists of New England, and deserved the encouragement and support of the same public.

A day or two later I received a modest and earnest letter from him in which he said:

"I am going on the road very soon, but when I return in May I shall be very glad to have you come out to my house."

The wish was fulfilled some months later, and in answer to a note of cordial invitation I hastened to call upon them at their home in Ashmont. It was a modest, unesthetic frame cottage such as a carpenter might live in, but Mrs. Herne met me at the door, looking quite like *Mary Miller* of the play, and presented to me her three little daughters, Julie, Crystal, and Dorothy, who made me instantly at home in the family sitting-room and library.

That first evening with them, filled with cordial explanations and tumultuous argument, is still vivid in my mind. It was in effect a session of congress, a religious revival, and a swift Irish comedy. Our clamor lasted far into the night, and I went away at last with a feeling that these people were my kind. I had never met such instant and warm-hearted understanding and sympathy. My head rang with their piquant phrases, their earnest and changeful voices.

At this time I was an active, I fear a pestiferous, advocate of Henry George's land theories, and at our next meeting, after we had discussed the drama and the newer forms of acting to the dregs, I switched the conversation to the single

tax. In the end I converted them both. Then we examined into the constitution of matter and Spencer's theories of evolution, and Mrs. Herne, who was not only a genuine humorist, but a thinker of intuitive subtlety and a lover of science, took the fullest part in all these excited debates. We beat our chairs and warred over the nebular hypothesis with entire unconsciousness of time.

This extraordinary family brought to me a wholly new world—a world of swift and pulsating emotion, a world of aspiration, of brave battle for an art. It is difficult for me to express in a few words how much they and their lovely children meant to me during the years which followed. They were at once a puzzle and an inspiration.

Herne, I soon discovered, was half-way on the road toward a truer, finer form of dramatic art, and the tragic result of his aspiration seemed to be that just in proportion as his writing increased in truth and his acting gained in subtlety he ceased to please the public, even the public he had already won in other plays. He confessed that he was sinking deeper and deeper into debt day by day, and my influence was not particularly helpful at this moment; for my criticism rendered him discontented with the plays which had hitherto given him comfort and a sense of security, and did not materially aid him in his effort to do something higher and finer.

He had made a great deal of money with "Hearts of Oak," his first play, which was part English and part American, but had lost heavily on his second play, "The Minute-Men," a picturesque study of colonial times, and was steadily dropping money on "Drifting Apart." Naturally he was discouraged, though never embittered.

"The managers all admit the good points of my play," he explained to me. "In fact, they say it is too good. 'The public does n't want a good play,' they say. 'It wants bad plays. Write a bad play, Jim. Not too bad, but just bad enough,' is their advice. Meanwhile I must play in theaters which are not suited to my way of doing things, and am obliged to insert into my play tricks and turns which I despise."

He related these experiences with a smile, but admitted that he was disheartened, and I at once offered to assist him in finding an audience and a better theater. I assured him that there was a public for his plays if he could but reach it, and bluntly added that he could do better work than he had done, and that no play could be too good. "I want you to write a play," I said to him, "in which there are no compromises at all."

Under the influence of my optimism he took heart, and began to revise "Drifting Apart" for the third time. It was supposed at one time that I worked with him on this play, but as a matter of fact I never suggested a line in any of his plays, although he read them to me scene by scene. In this case I followed his revisions almost day by day, encouraging him to cut out the very parts which his theatric advisers considered the most vital parts of the piece. As he wrote me afterward, I upheld his elbow.

"I never was as much encouraged to proceed in the work I have laid out to accomplish as I have been by you," he wrote. "You have, as it were, *indorsed my judgment* and showed me that it is possible to succeed and to force acknowledgment in spite of the opposition I have met with and the obstacles I have yet to overcome."

My admiration for Mrs. Herne's art was almost unbounded. I felt that she could play other and much more important parts than *Mary Miller*. There was in "Drifting Apart" a scene—in the dream—wherein a poor little mother sits holding her child in her lap while it dies of cold and hunger, and the exquisite restraint and the marvelous fidelity to nature with which Katharine Herne played this tragic episode convinced me that she was one of the great actresses of America. The music which accompanied this scene, a wailing little melody, came to embody for me all the pathos and defeat which lay in the failure of the play.

My happiest days in Boston were associated with this house. I loved the children, those three vivid and dramatic little tow-haired girls, and their mother's lambent wit and sudden, outflashing humor enthralled me. I had never known such people, for they were subject to all that is most typical of Celtic extravagances and change of mood. They brought me to know many other famous figures in their

strange world. They introduced me to William Gillette, Harry Pitt, Mary Shaw, Robson and Crane, Maud Banks, and many others of their friends, and before long I was not only thinking of writing plays, but planning a general reform of the stage through the formation of the first Independent Theater Society in America.

Having "discovered" the Hernes, I was eager to let all my friends know how fine, how important, they were. I dragged Mr. Howells down into the South End to see the play, and I insisted that Clement of the "Transcript" and Flower of the "Arena" should report upon it. Flower at once became quite as enthusiastic as I, and not only commented upon the Hernes editorially, but commissioned me to write an article for an early number of the magazine.

Soon all my literary friends knew what the Hernes were trying to do. As a publicity agent, without pay, I was indefatigable, I suspect, a nuisance, and yet my efforts proved to be of no financial value. The Hernes left the South End theater discouraged, but not defeated. Herne had in fact the most marvelous staying powers. He always bobbed up like the traditional cork. Just when I thought he was beaten to earth, he rose with a chuckle and went at it again.

My brother Franklin joined the company in the autumn, and during the next year we both shared the amazing dramatic ups and downs of "the road." I was present at the opening of the season in Troy, and met them again in Brooklyn. I suffered with them when the houses were small, and exulted with them when the sales were large. I traveled with them, spending long hours on the train discussing why the play did not appeal, and forecasting its chances of success in the next "stand." I know the desolating effect of the slow dropping of seats in a half-filled auditorium.

In after years, when the skies were fair, we were all able to laugh over these miserable experiences; but they were not funny at the time, or, at least, if they were funny, it was because Herne's irrepressible humor made them so. I suffered apparently more than he, for I was wholly unaccustomed to the abrupt changes of mood which mark theatrical life, or perhaps I was deceived by the readiness with which they both rose from depression.

Often I took their depressions, which always had in them a touch of exaggeration, to be despairs, while, on the contrary, their humorous sallies often concealed from me the more poignant of their griefs. Altogether this was a very sorrowful as well as a most beautiful friendship, and gave me deeper insight into the singular and passionate world of the stage in which they lived and had their being.

In the summer of 1890, James A., as I called him, decided to give up "Drifting Apart" and produce a new play upon which he had been working, called "Margaret Fleming." In this I was instantly and profoundly interested. A volume of Ibsen's plays had just been translated. "A Doll's House" had been produced at a matinée by Mrs. Richard Mansfield, and the discussion of an independent theater was in full swing. I told every one I met of Herne's new play, and did everything I could to get it put on; but all to no purpose. The managers of Boston as well as those of New York would not consider it for a moment, although up to that time it was by all odds the most original of Herne's plays.

One day at a luncheon given to Herne by Mr. Howells, the dramatic situation was thoroughly gone into, and James A., with boyish frankness, confessed that he was at his wits' end. "Every theater in Boston and most of those in New York have refused to consider my new play," he said. And to this I was able to bear corroborative testimony, for I had been personally rebuffed by five Boston managers.

Mr. Howells then spoke of a like case in Berlin, and related how Sudermann and his associates had secured a hall on a side street, and made production of their plays, then, "They brought the public to them by sheer force of their dramatic novelty," said Howells. "Why don't you do as they did—hire a sail-loft or a stable somewhere, and produce your play in simplest fashion? The people will come to see it if it is new and vital."

Poor Herne did not take fire at this suggestion, for he had reached almost the last ounce of his courage and pretty nearly the last dollar of his savings. But he went away with the idea revolving in his head, and after using every argument to get the

play produced on the regular stage, came at last to the plan of leasing Chickering Hall, a small music auditorium on Tremont Street, and set about remodeling it.

It seated hardly more than five hundred people, counting its small balcony, but it was the first of the so-called "Little Theaters" in America, and we all looked forward to the experiment with intense eagerness, for the reason that in this small hall Herne had determined to produce effects of intimate realism hitherto unknown on our stage. In all of the rehearsals of the play he and Katharine had this in mind. They always and everywhere schooled their actors in that colloquialism which, while not precisely the way in which persons would speak in a small room, nevertheless produces that effect upon the auditors.

To give up my work and serve as press-agent, without pay, of course, was my joy, and while Herne attended to the rehearsals and to the construction of the stage and the raising of the floor, I bustled about the city, interesting the young men of the press as well as all my friends in the new venture. Complimentary seats were sent to all of the most distinguished literary and artistic men and women of the city, and when one night in the early autumn the curtain rose, the Hernes had one of the most notable audiences ever drawn together for a dramatic entertainment in Boston.

Photograph by Gilbert and Bacon, Philadelphia

JAMES A. HERNE IN "SHORE ACRES"

The performance was worthy of the audience. Not merely Herne and Mrs. Herne, but every one of the actors seemed to be actually presenting the unexaggerated gestures and accent of life. Mrs. Herne was specially marvelous in the title-part, and the close of the play had a touch of art which up to that time had never had its equal on our stage. After having refused reconciliation with her husband *Philip Fleming, Margaret* was left standing in tragic isolation in the middle of the stage, and as the lights were turned out one by one, her figure gradually disappeared in blackness, and the heavy, soft curtains, dropping together noiselessly, shut in the poignant action of the drama and permitted a *silent* return of the actual world in which we lived.

There was a little pause, a considerable pause, before the applause came, and then the audience rose and slowly filed out. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Howells, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mr. and Mrs. Deland, Mrs. James T. Field, Sarah Orne Jewett, William Lloyd Garrison, Mary E. Wilkins, John J. Enneking, and many others of the literary and artistic personalities of the day, and as they passed through the doorway several of them who knew me spoke to me of the "wonderful play" and of the "marvelous acting," and to my inexperienced mind Herne had won. It seemed to me that the city must ring

JAMES A. HERNE

with applause of this courageous and distinguished performance.

Without question it was the most naturalistic, the most colloquial, and the most truthful presentation of a domestic drama ever seen on the American stage up to that time, and I am free to say I do not think it has been surpassed since. But, alas! while some of our most distinguished auditors came night by night, the general public could not be induced to flock in sufficient numbers to pay expenses, and at last, after four weeks of losing business, poor Herne was obliged to leave the cast and go back to New York under contract with a big commercial manager to produce a commercial success, "The Country Circus."

All seemed at an end, but Mr. Flower, who had become quite as vitally interested as I, joined me in an agreement to look after the interests of the play during Herne's absence, and together we helped Mrs. Herne extend the run another month.

Naturally the play was vigorously discussed. There were those who could see no virtue in it, and there were those who felt that it was the beginning of a new and higher type of drama.

Concerning Mrs. Herne's art there was no division. Praise was general. We could not then foresee the effect of it all, but we were satisfied. The experiment was worth while. It cost the Hernes several thousand dollars, but it lifted them into the honorable position they deserved.

Herne spent the winter in New York, working for a producing firm, and the following summer returned to Ashmont. For several seasons he had been in the habit of spending July and August at East Lemoyne, on the coast of Maine, and being a close observer, had become keenly interested in his gnarly neighbors. He had already begun to think of putting them into a play. In a letter to me I find this sentence, "I shall also try to do something more on 'The Hawthornes.'" And in all of his letters, as well as in those of Mrs. Herne, are humorous references to the curious and interesting characters they met along the coast.

On his return sometime in September he read to me the first act of "The Hawthornes." Later he spoke of it as "Uncle Nat," and finally as "Shore Acres." But the plot under all of these names remained the same. The action concerned two brothers, one, the elder, sweet, patient, self-sacrificing; the other, discontented, sullen, and resentful, eager to make money without labor. The play was in fact a bitter struggle over the question of "cuttin' the old farm up into buildin'-lots," and as he read it to me scene by scene the lines appealed to me strongly. It had something of the quality that made Mary E. Wilkins's stories vital and amusing.

It was by far the best play Herne had

ever done, for it was written out of love for the scenery of New England united to a thorough knowledge of coast characters. Yet Herne tried all winter to get his new play produced, and it was not until the following spring that the manager of the Boston Museum, being in sore need of something to fill out the tag-end of the season, yielded to Herne's plea and put "Shore Acres" on for two weeks.

Of course I was on hand as unofficial "man in front." The piece was an instantaneous success. It drew enormous audiences from the start, and before the end of the first week half the managers in New York City had written, offering their theaters.

MRS. JAMES A. HERNE AS *MARGARET FLEMING*
She designed the gown herself—1892.

Among the managers who anxiously wired for the play was Harry Miner, a well-known New York theater-owner, one of Herne's old acquaintances, and with him James A. signed a contract for the production of "Shore Acres" at the Broadway Theater the following autumn. Herne told me that in making out this contract he had insisted that the play should be kept on at least four weeks, no matter what the receipts were. "This is a most important proviso," he said, "for 'Shore Acres' must have time for the people to find out what sort of play it is."

Naturally, I was in New York to see the opening, for my brother was again in the cast. The play was greeted by a good house, of course, but fell off as usual the second and third nights, and as I was behind the scenes a great deal of the time I found Mr. Miner a very interesting study. The first night he was jubilant. He stood in front, glorious in evening dress, a shining figure. "We 've got 'em coming, Jimmy my boy," he said to Herne after the first act. But James A., whose face remained an impenetrable mask while Miner was looking at him, winked at me with full understanding of the situation. "Watch him to-morrow night," said he to me later.

Tuesday's house was light, and Wednesday's still lighter, and the big manager fell into the dumps. "We 've got to take it off, Jim," he mournfully announced.

"You 'll do nothing of the kind," retorted Herne. "You 'll keep it on four weeks, according to contract, if it does n't bring in a cent."

Miner was furious. He stormed about, declaring himself on the verge of ruin; but all to no effect. Herne's face was like a New England granite boulder.

"You 'll keep your contract," he calmly repeated.

Miner's attitude at last grew comical. He became sullen. For days he strode about the wings in gloomy silence. He was seen no more in the lobby, and he brooded over the contract as though Herne had done

him a grievous wrong. All his employees ultimately shared his attitude toward the company. The house became dank, depressing, tragic; and then, presto! the change.

At the end of the second week business began to increase. The house lighted up. Miner resumed his evening dress. He appeared in the lobby once more in dazzling splendor. He expanded. He seemed to be taller, larger. He stepped out confidently on his heels. He clapped Herne on the back.

"They 're coming back, Jimmy my boy," he shouted, forgetting all his resentment, all his hard words, all his tragical gloom. "We 'll be turning 'em into the street next week," he exultingly ended.

This was almost literally true. The play ran the remainder of the season at the Broadway Theater, and all the next year at Daly's, which was a phenomenal run in those days. This put Herne on his feet financially, as "Margaret Fleming" had established him artistically. He was now in the forefront of stage realists, quite independent of cheap theaters and cheap managers.

Meanwhile Katharine had bought a handsome house on Convent Avenue, Harlem, and my brother and I often were there of a Sunday, and when we all came together in those days the walls resounded with our clamor. Herne was a great wag and story-teller, one of the most marvelous masters of dialect I have ever known. He could imitate almost any nationality, and could dramatize at a moment's notice any scene or dialogue his wife demanded of him. He was also in deadly earnest as a reformer, and was always ready to speak on the George theory or the modern drama. He took his art very seriously, and was one of the best stage-directors of his day, though some of his methods were so far in advance of his time that they puzzled or disgusted many of his subordinates. He profoundly influenced the art of acting. There is no doubt of that.

He was not only a good father in the ordinary sense, but he was an accepted comrade to his children. He played with them as if he were of their own age, and was forever planning some new joke, some surprise for their amusement. And yet with all his apparent simplicity and humor he was a very complex and essentially a very sad man. In other words, he was a Celt. One of my friends, upon seeing him for the first time in private life, said, "His face is one of the saddest and sweetest I have ever seen." He was the Irish bard whose songs are compounded of laughter and the wailing keen.

Katharine Herne is not merely Irish, she is Irish born, and her laugh is one of the most infectious I have ever heard. Her speaking voice is very musical and expressive, and her face can pass instantly from gay to grave like a sunny field over which the cloud shadows swiftly pass. Mr. Howells once said of her art, "I have never seen so many subtle expressions appearing in the lines of a woman's countenance."

"The both of them," as an Irishman would say, were capable of enthralling spontaneous comedy, and they were forever guying each other at home and on the stage. Jim could not be trusted for a moment, but "K. C." usually gave him as good as he sent. Indeed, he was a little afraid of her keen wit, and often, when the verbal arrows flew a little too swiftly, quite frankly dodged.

He admired her profoundly, and generally remained silent during the call of a chance acquaintance or a stranger. It was only when in the presence of old comrades or very intimate friends that he gave up his attitude of smiling and interested reticence. At the same time his love and admiration for her did not prevent him from observing every peculiarity which could be turned into account against her, and one of his tricks was to rise quietly, solemnly at the moment when she was in the midst of an eloquent period, and gravely pretend to reverse a little switch at the top of her shoulder.

Sometimes she frowned for an instant at this, but usually she acknowledged the justice of the rebuke, and broke into a gurgle of laughter in full appreciation of the fact that she had been "going it again."

They both held from the first an exaggerated notion of my importance in the world of letters, and listened to me with a respect, a fellowship, and an appreciation which inspired me to better work. They called me "the dean," on account of my supposed learning, and often on Sundays after dinner Herne would say,

"Now, dean, for the salt-cellar." In this way he always referred to a discussion in which I used a salt-cellar to illustrate my theory of the constitution of matter: "Now, as a matter of fact, we do not know what matter is. We cannot say it is solid, neither can we say it is made up of molecules," etc.

We often talked till long after midnight, and as I stumbled down the long hill on my way to the elevated railway, my mind boiling with new conceptions, new ambitions, I hardly knew my way. Sometimes my brother was with me, sometimes not. We were all flaming with hatred of land monopoly in those days, and when we were not discussing realism in fiction or impressionism in poetry, we were declaring the merits of the single tax. Those were beautiful days to me and very successful days to the Hernes, and Katharine still refers to them as "the good Convent Avenue days. But dearest of all we hold the little home in Ashmont."

In a letter from Herne I find the following references to our first meetings:

> Yes, those Ashmont days were indeed glorious days. They laid the foundation of what success we have since achieved, by strengthening and encouraging us in our work, and making us steadfast to a purpose that we felt was the true one. And we believe that you, too, got something in your work and for your future out of them. They are gone, but not forgotten. They change, but cannot die.

In brief, this writing is an acknowledgment of the inspiration I drew from the home of Katharine and James A. Herne.

HOODOOED

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill," etc.

PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

GORDON LEE SURRENDER JONES lay upon what he confidently claimed to be his death-bed. Now and again he glanced furtively at the cabin door and listened. Being assured that nobody was coming, he cautiously extricated a large black foot from the bedclothes, and, holding it near the candle, laboriously tied a red string about one of his toes. He was a powerful negro, with a close-cropped bullet-head, a massive bulldog jaw, and a pair of incongruously gentle and credulous eyes.

According to his own diagnosis, he was suffering from "asmy, bronketers, pneumony, grip, diabeters, and old age." The last affliction was scarcely probable, as Gordon Lee was born during the last days of the Civil War, though he might have been eighty, for all he knew to the contrary. In addition to his acknowledged ailments, there was one he cherished in secret. It was by far the most mysterious and deadly of the lot, a malady to be pondered on in the dark watches of the night, to be treated with weird rites and ceremonies, and to be cured only by some specialist versed in the deepest lore of witchcraft; for Gordon Lee knew beyond the faintest shadow of a doubt that a hoodoo had been laid upon him.

Of course, like most of his race, he had had experiences in this line before; but this was different. In fact, it was no less a calamity than a cricket in his leg. Just how the cricket got into his leg was a matter too deep for human speculation; but the fact that it was there, and that it hopped with ease from knee to ankle, and made excruciating excursions into his five toes, was as patent as the toes themselves.

What complicated the situation for Gordon Lee was that he could not discuss this painful topic with his wife. Amanda Jones had embarked on the higher education, and had long ago thrown overboard

Drawn by F. R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'DEY 'S TWO KINDS OB HOODOOS'"

her old superstitions. She was not only Queen Mother of the Sisters of the Order of the Star, and an officer in various church societies, but she was also a cook in the house of Mrs. James Bertram, President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. The crumbs of wisdom that fell from the lips of the great Mrs. Bertram were carefully preserved by Amanda, and warmed over, with sundry garnishings of her own, for the various colored clubs to which she belonged.

Gordon Lee had succeeded in adorning only three toes when he heard a quick step on the gravel outside, and hastily getting his foot under cover, he settled back on the pillow, closed his eyes, and began laboriously inhaling with a wheeze and exhaling with a groan.

The candle sputtered as the door was flung open, and a small, energetic mulatto woman, twenty years Gordon Lee's junior, bustled into the room.

"Good lan'! but it 's hot in heah!" she exclaimed, flinging up a window. "I got a good mind to *nail* this heah window down f'om the top."

"I done open' de door fer a spell dis mawnin'," said Gordon Lee, sullenly, pulling the bedclothes tighter about his neck. "Lettin' in all dis heah night air meks my eyes sore."

The bedclothes, having thus been drawn up from the bottom of the bed, left the patient's feet exposed, and Amanda immediately spied the string-encircled toes.

"Gordon Lee Surrender Jones," she exclaimed indignantly, "has that there meddlin' ol' Aunt Kizzy been here again?"

Gordon Lee's eyes blinked, and his thick, sullen under lip dropped half an inch lower.

"Ef you think," continued Amanda, furiously, "that I 'm a-goin' to keep on a-workin' my fingers to the bone, lak I been doin' fer the past year, a-payin' doctors' bills, an' buyin' medicines fer you, while you lay up in this here bed listenin' to the fool talk of a passel of igneramuses, you 's certainly mistaken. Hit 's bad enough to have you steddyin' up new ailments ever' day, without folks a-puttin' 'em in yer head. Whut them strings tied on yer toes fer?"

Gordon Lee's wheezing had ceased under his severe mental strain, and now he lay blinking at the ceiling, utterly unable to give a satisfactory answer.

"Aunt Kizzy jes happen' 'long," he muttered presently. "Ain't no harm in a' ol' frien' passin' de time ob day."

"Whut them *strings* tied on yer toes fer?" repeated Amanda with fearful insistence.

Gordon Lee, pushed to the extreme, and knowing by experience that he was as powerless in the hands of his diminutive wife as an elephant in those of his keepers, weakly capitulated.

"Aunt Kizzy 'low'—I ain't sayin' she 's right; I 's jes tellin' you whut she *'low'*—Aunt Kizzy 'low' dat, 'cordin' to de symtems, she say',—an' I ain't sayin' I b'lieve her,—but she say' hit looks to her lak I 's sufferin' f'om a hoodoo."

"A hoodoo!" Amanda's scorn was unbounded. "Ef it don't beat my time how some of you niggers hang on to them ol' notions. 'T ain't nothin' 't all but ignorant superstition. Ain't I tol' you that a hunderd times?"

"Yes, you done tol' me," said Gordon Lee, putting up a feeble defense. "You all time quoilin' an' runnin' down conjurin' an' bad-luck signs an' all de *nigger* superstitions; but you 's quick 'nough to tek up all dese heah *white* superstitions."

"How you mean?" demanded Amanda.

Gordon Lee, flattered at having any remark of his noticed, proceeded to elaborate.

"I mean all dis heah talk 'bout hits bein' bad luck to sleep wid de windows shet, an' 'bout flies carryin' disease, an' 'bout worms gittin' in de milk ef you leave hit settin' roun' unkivered."

"Not worms," corrected Amanda; *"germs.* That ain't no superstition; that 's a scientific fac'. They is so little you don't see 'em; but they 's there all right. Mis' Bertram says they 's ever'where—in the water, in the air, crawlin' up the very walls."

Gordon Lee looked fearfully at the ceiling, as if he expected an immediate attack from that direction.

"I ain't sayin' dey ain't, Amanda. Come to think of hit, seems lak I 'member 'em scrunchin' 'g'inst my teeth when I eats. I ain't sayin' nothin' 't all 'bout white folks superstitions,—I 'spec' dey 's true, ebery one ob 'em,—but hit look' lak

Drawn by F. R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"'HUCCOME YOU PUT YER PILLOW ON THE FLOOR?' SHE ASKED"

you ought n't to shet yer min' ag'inst de colored signs dat done come down f'om yer maw an' yer paw, an' yer gran'maw an' gran'paw fer back as Adam. I 'spec' Adam hisself was conjured. Lak as not de sarpint done tricked him into regalin' hisself wid dat apple. But I s'pose you 'd lay hit on de germs whut was disportin' deyselves on de apple. But dey ain't no use in 'sputin' dat p'int, 'ca'se de fac' remains dat de apple 's done et."

"I ain't astin' you to dispute nothin'," cried Amanda, by this time in a high state of indignation. "I 'm a-talkin' scientific fac's, an' you 're talkin' nigger foolishness. The ignorance jes nachully oozes outen the pores o' your skin."

Gordon Lee, thus arraigned, lay with contracted brows and protruding lips, nursing his wrongs, while Amanda disappeared into the adjoining room, there to vent her wrath on the pots and pans about the stove.

Despite the fact that it was after eight o'clock and she had been on her feet all day, she set about preparing the evening meal for her husband with all the care she had bestowed on the white folks' supper.

Soon the little cabin was filled with the savory odor of bacon, and when the corn batter-cakes began to sizzle promisingly, and she flipped them over dexterously with a fork, Gordon Lee forgot his ill humor, and through the door watched the performance with growing eagerness.

"Git yerself propped up," Amanda called when the cakes were encircled with crisp, brown edges. "I 'll git the bread-board to put acrost yer knees. You be eatin' this soup while I dishes up the bacon an' onions. How 'd you like to have a little jam along with yer apple-dumplin'?"

Gordon Lee, sitting up in bed with this liberal repast spread on the bread-board across his knees, and his large, bare feet, with their pink adornments, rising like ebony tombstones at the foot of the bed, forgot his grievance.

"Jam!" he repeated. "Well dat dere Sally Ann Slocum's dumplin's may need jam, er Maria Johnsing's, but dis heah dumplin' is complete in hitself. Ef dey ever was a pusson dat could assemble a' apple-dumplin' so 's you swoller hit 'most afore hit gits to yer mouf, dat pusson is you."

Harmony being thus restored, and the patient having cleared all the dishes before him, Amanda proceeded to clear up. Her small, energetic figure moved briskly from one room to the other, and as she worked she sang in a low, chanting tone:

"You got a shoe,
I got a shoe,
All God's childern got shoes.
When I git to heaben, gwine try on my shoes,
Gwine walk all over God's heaben, heaben, heaben.
Ever'body 's talkin' 'bout heaben ain't gwine to heaben—
Heaben, heaben, gwine walk all over God's heaben."

But the truce, thus declared, was only temporary. During the long days that Amanda was away at her work, Gordon Lee had nothing to do but lie on his back and think of his ailments. For twenty years he had worked in an iron foundry, where his muscles were as active as his brain was passive. Now that the case was reversed, the result was disastrous. From an attack of rheumatism a year ago he had developed an amazing number of complaints, all of which finally fell under the head of the dread hoodoo.

Aunt Kizzy, the object of Amanda's special scorn, he held in great reverence. She had been a familiar figure in his mother's chimney-corner when he was a boy, and to doubt her knowledge of charms and conjuring was to him nothing short of heresy. She knew the value of every herb and simple that grew in Hurricane Hollow. She was an adept in getting people into the world and getting them out of it. She was constantly consulted about weaning calves, and planting crops according to the stage of the moon. And for everything in the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth she "had a sign."

Since Gordon Lee's illness, she had fallen into the habit of dropping in to sit with him at such hours as Amanda would not be there. She would crouch over the fire, elbows on knees and pipe in mouth, and regale him with hair-raising tales of "hants" and "sperrits" and the part she had played in exorcising them.

"Dis heah case ob yourn," she said one day, "ain't no ordinary case. I done

worked on lizards in de laigs, but I nebber had no 'casion to treat a *cricket* in de laig. Looks lak de cricket is a more persistent animal dan de lizard. 'Sides, ez I signify afore, dis heah case ob yourn ain't no ordinary case."

"Why—why ain't it?" Gordon Lee stammered apprehensively.

Aunt Kizzy lifted a bony black hand, and shook her turbaned head ominously.

"Dey 's two kinds ob hoodoos," she said, "de libin' an' de daid. De daid ones is de easiest to lift, 'ca'se dey answers to charms; but nobody can life a libin' hoodoo 'ceptin' de one dat laid hit on. I been a-steddyin' an' a-steddyin', an' de signs claim dat dis heah hoodoo ob yourn ain't no daid hoodoo."

By this time the whites of Gordon Lee's eyes were largely in evidence, and he raised himself fearfully on his elbow.

"Aunt Kizzy," he whispered hoarsely, "how am I gwine to fin' out who 't is done conjured me?"

"By de sign ob seben," she answered mysteriously. "I 's gwine home an' work hit out, den I come back an' tell yer. Ef my 'spicions am true, dat dis heah is a *libin'* hoodoo, de only power in de earth to tek it off am ter git er bigger trick an' lay on de top ob hit. I 'm gwine home now, an' I 'll be back inside de hour."

That night when Amanda returned home she found Gordon Lee preoccupied and silent. He ate gingerly of the tempting meal she prepared, and refused to have his bed straightened before he went to sleep.

"Huccome you put yer pillow on the floor?" she asked.

"I ain't believin' in feathers," he answered sullenly; "dey meks me heah things."

In vain Amanda tried to cheer him: she recounted the affairs of the day; she gave him all the gossip of the Order of the Sisters of the Star. He lay perfectly stolid, his horizontal profile resembling a mountain-range the highest peak of which was his under lip.

Finally Amanda's patience wore thin.

"Whut 's the matter with you, Gordon Lee Surrender Jones?" she demanded. "Whut you mean by stickin' out yer lip lak a circus camel?"

Now that the opportunity for action had come, he feared to take advantage of it. Amanda, small as she was, looked firm and determined, and he knew by experience that he was no match for her.

"'T ain't fer you to be astin' *me* whut 's de matter," he began significantly. "De glove 's on de other han'."

"Whut you 'sinuatin', nigger?" cried Amanda, now thoroughly roused.

"I 's tired layin' heah under dis heah spell," complained Gordon Lee. "I knowed all 'long 't was a hoodoo, but I neber 'spicioned till to-day who was 'sponsible fer hit. Aunt Kizzy tried de test, an', 'fore de Lawd, hit p'inted powerful' near home."

Amanda sank into the one rocking-chair the cabin boasted, and dropped her hands in her lap. Her anger had given place for the moment to sheer amazement.

"Well, if this ain't the beatenest thing I ever heard tell of in all my born days! Do you mean to say that that honery old cross-eyed nigger Kizzy had the audacity to set up before my fire, in my house, an' tell my husband I 'd laid a spell on him?"

"Dat 's whut de signs p'int to," said Gordon Lee, doggedly.

Amanda rose, and it seemed to him that she towered to the ceiling. With hands on hips and head thrown back, she delivered herself, and her voice rang with suppressed passion.

"Yas, I laid a spell on yer! I laid a spell on yer when I let you quit work, an' lay up in bed wid nothin' to do but to circulate yer symtems. I put a spell on yer when I nuss you an' feed you an' s'port you an' spile the life plumb outen you. I ain't claimin' 't was n't rheumatism in the fust place, but it 's a spell now all right—a spell I did lay on yer, a spell of laziness pure an' simple!"

After this outburst the relations were decidedly strained in the little cabin at the far end of Hurricane Hollow. Gordon Lee persistently refused to eat anything his wife cooked for him, depending upon the food that Aunt Kizzy or other neighbors brought in.

To Amanda the humiliation of this was acute. She used every strategy to bring him around, and at last succeeded by bringing home some pig's feet. His appetite got the better of his resentment, and he disposed of four with evident relish.

With the approach of winter, however, other and graver troubles developed. The

rent of the cabin, which had always been promptly paid out of Gordon Lee's wages, had now to come out of Amanda's limited earnings. Two years' joint savings had gone to pay the doctor and the druggist.

Amanda gave up the joys of club life, and began to take in small washings, which she did at night. Gordon Lee, surrounded by every luxury save that of approbation, continued to lie on his back in the white bed and nurse his hallucinations.

" 'Mandy," he said one morning as she was going to work, "wished you 'd ast Marse Jim ef he got a' ol' pair of pants he could spare me."

Her face brightened.

"You fixin' to git up, Honey?" she asked hopefully.

"No, I 's jes collectin' ob my grave-clothes," said Gordon Lee. "Dere 's a pair ob purple socks in de bottom drawer, an' a b'iled shirt in de wardrobe. But I been layin' heah steddyin' 'bout dat shirt. Hit 's got Marse Jim's name on de tail of it, an' s'pose I git to heaben, an' St. Peter he read de name an' look hit up in de jedgment book. He 's 'lowable to come to me an' say, 'Huccome you wearin' dat shirt? Dey ain't but one James Bartrum writ down in de book, an' he ain't no colored pusson.' 'Co'se I *could* explain, but I 's got 'splainin' 'nough to do when I git to heaben widout dat."

Amanda paused with her hand on the door-knob.

"Marse Jim 'll beat you to heaben; that is, ef he don't beat you to the bad place first. You git that idea of dyin' outen yer mind, and you 'll git well."

"I can't git well till de hoodoo 's lifted. Aunt Kizzy 'lows—"

But the door was slammed before he could finish.

The limit of Amanda's endurance was reached about Christmas-time. One gloomy Sunday afternoon when she had about finished the numerous chores that had accumulated during the week, she started for the coal-shed to get an armful of kindling.

Dusk was coming on, and Hurricane Hollow had never seemed more lonesome and deserted. The corn-shocks leaned toward one another as if they were afraid of a common enemy. Somewhere down the road a dog howled dismally.

Amanda resolutely pushed open the door of the shed, and felt her way toward the pile of chips. Suddenly she found her progress blocked by a strange and colossal object. It was an oblong affair, and it stood on one end, which was larger than the other. With growing curiosity she felt its back and sides, and then peered around it to get a front view. What she saw sent her flying back to the cabin with her mouth open and her limbs shaking.

"Gordon Lee," she cried, "whose coffin is that settin' in our coal-shed?"

The candidate for the next world looked very much embarrassed.

"Well, 'Mandy," he began lamely, "I can't say 'zactly ez hit 's any pusson's jes yit. But hit 's gwine be mine when de summons comes."

"Where 'd you git it at?" demanded his Nemesis.

His eyes shifted guiltily.

"De foundry boss done been heah las' week, an' he gimme some money. I 'lowed I was layin' hit up fer a rainy day."

"An' you mean to tell me," she cried, "that you took that money an' spent it fer a coffin, a white one with shiny handles, an' a satin bolster that 'll done be wore out, an' et up by moths, 'fore you ever git a chancet to use it?"

"Could n't you fix hit up in terbaccy er moth-balls ag'in' de time I need hit?" Gordon Lee asked helplessly.

But Amanda was too exasperated this time to argue the matter. Fifty dollars' worth of coffin in the coal-shed and fifty cents' worth of coal in the bin constituted a situation that demanded her entire attention.

For six months now Gordon Lee had remained in bed, firm in the belief that he could not walk on account of the spell that had been laid upon him. During that time he had come to take a luxurious satisfaction in the interest his case was exciting in the neighborhood. Being in excellent physical condition, he could afford the melancholy joy of playing with the idea of death. He spent hours discussing the details of his funeral, which had assumed in his mind the proportions of a pageant.

Amanda, on the other hand, overworked and anxious, and compelled to forego her lodges and societies, became more and more irascible and depressed. In some subtle way she was aware that

the sympathy of the colored community was solidly with Gordon Lee. Nobody now asked her how he was. Nobody came to the cabin when she was there, though it was apparent that visitors were frequent during her absence. Aunt Kizzy had evidently been busy in the neighborhood.

One night Amanda sat very long over the stove, rolling her hair into little wads about the length and thickness of her finger, then tightly wrapping each with a stout bit of cord to take out the kink. When Gordon Lee roused himself now and then to inquire suspiciously what she was doing, she answered with ominous calm:

"Jes steddyin', that 's all."

Her meditations evidently resulted in a plan of action, for the next night she came home from her work in a most mysterious and unusual mood. Gordon Lee heard her moving some heavy and cumbersome article across the kitchen floor, then he saw her surreptitiously put something into a tin can before she presented herself at the foot of his bed.

" 'Mandy," he said, anxious to break the silence, and distrusting that subdued look of excitement in her eyes, "did you bring me dat possum, lak you 'lowed you was gwine to?"

Her lips tightened.

"Yes, I got the possum, an' also some apples fer a dumplin'; but before I lays a stick to the fire I 'm goin' to say my say."

Gordon Lee looked at her with consternation. She stood at the foot of his bed as if it were a rostrum, and with an air of detached dignity addressed him as if he had been the whole Order of the Sisters of the Star.

"I done arrive' at a decision," she declaimed. "I arrive' at it in the watches of the night. I 'm goin' to cure you 'cordin' to yer lights an' knowledge. I 'm goin' to lif' that spell ef I has to purge my immortal soul to do it."

" 'Mandy," cried Gordon Lee, eagerly, "you mean to say you gwine to remove de hoodoo?"

"I am," she said solemnly. "I 'm goin' to draw out all yer miseries fer the rest of yer life, *includin' of the cricket in yer leg.*"

" 'Mandy," he cried again fearfully, "you ain't gwine ter hurt me in no way, is you?"

"Not effen you do as I tell you. But fust of all you got to take the pledge of silence. Whatsomever takes place heah in this cabin to-night ain't never to be revealed till the jedgment-day. Do you swear?"

The big negro, fascinated with the mystery, and deeply impressed with his wife's manner, laid his hand on the Bible and solemnly took the oath.

"Now," she continued impressively, "while I go in the kitchen an' git the supper started, I want you to ease yerse'f outen the bed on to the floor, an' lay with yer head to the north an' your han's outspread, an' yer mind on the heabenly kingdom."

"Air you shore hit ain't gwine hurt me?" again he queried.

"Not if you do 'zactly like I say. Besides," she added dryly, "if it comes to the worst, ain't you ready an' waitin' to go?"

"Yas," agreed Gordon Lee; "but I ain't fixin' to go till I 's sent fer."

It took not only time, but courage, for him to follow the prescribed directions. He had for a long time cherished the belief that any exertion would prove fatal; but the prospect of having the hoodoo removed, together with a lively curiosity as to what means Amanda would employ to remove it, spurred him to persist despite groans, wheezes, and ejaculations.

Once stretched upon the floor, with his head to the north and his arms extended, he encountered a new difficulty: his mind refused to dwell upon the heavenly kingdom. Anxiety as to the treatment he was about to be subjected to alternated with satisfaction at the savory odors that floated in from the kitchen. If the ordeal was uncertain, the reward at least was sure.

After what seemed to him an endless vigil, Amanda appeared in the doorway. With measured steps and great solemnity of mien, she approached, holding in her right hand a piece of white chalk.

"De hour has come," she chanted. "With this chalk, an' around this man, I make the mark of his image." Stooping, she began to trace his outline on the dull rag-carpet, speaking monotonously as she worked: "Gordon Lee Surrender Jones, I command all the aches an' the pains, all

the miseries an' fool notions, includin' the cricket in yer leg, to pass outen yer real body into this heah image on the floor. Keep yer head still, nigger! I pass 'em through you into yer symbol, an' from thence I draws 'em out to satisfy yer mind now and forever more, amen. Now roll over to the right an' watch what 's about to happen."

The patient by this time was so interested that he followed instructions mechanically. He saw Amanda dart into the kitchen and emerge with an object totally unfamiliar to him. It was a heavy, box-shaped object, attached to a long handle. This she placed on the chalked outline of his right leg. Then she stood with her eyes fixed on the floor and solemnly chanted:

"Draw, draw, 'cordin' to the law,
Lif' the hoodoo, now I beg,
An' draw the cricket
F'om this heah leg!"

And Gordon Lee, raised on his elbow, watching with protruding eyes, *heard* it draw! He heard the heavy, panting breathing as Amanda ran the machine over every inch of the chalked outline, and when she stopped and, kneeling beside the box, removed a small bag of dust and lint, he was not in the least surprised to see a cricket jump from out the debris.

"Praise be!" he cried in sudden ecstasy. "De pain 's done lef' me, de spell 's done lifted!"

"An' the cricket 's done removed," urged Amanda, skilfully getting the vacuum cleaner out of sight. "You seen it removed with yer own eyes."

"Wid my own eyes," echoed Gordon Lee, still in a state of self-hypnosis.

"An' now," she said, "what you need is somethin' to eat. I 'm goin' to git that supper ready jes as quick ez I kin."

"Ain't you gwine help me back in bed fust?" he asked from where he still lay on the floor.

"What fer?" she exclaimed. "Ain't the spell lifted? I 'm goin' to set the table in the kitchen, an' ef you wants any of that possum an' sweet pertater an' that apple-dumplin' an' hard sass, you got to walk in there to git 'em."

For ten minutes Gordon Lee Surrender Jones lay flat on his back on the floor, trying to trace the course of human events during the last half-hour. Against the dim suspicion that Amanda had in some way outwitted him rose the staggering evidence of that very live cricket that still hopped about the room, chirping contentedly.

Twice Amanda spoke to him, but he refused to answer. His silence did not seem to affect her good spirits, for she continued her work, singing softly to herself.

Despite himself, he became aware of the refrain, and before he knew it was going over the familiar words with her:

"Oh, chicken-pie an' pepper, oh!
Chicken-pie is good, I know;
So is wattehmillion, too;
So is rabbit in a stew;
So is dumplin's, b'iled with squab;
So is cawn, b'iled on de cob;
So is chine an' turkey breast;
So is aigs des f'om de nest."

Gordon Lee rose unsteadily. Holding to a chair, he reached the table, then the door, through which he shambled, and sheepishly took his old place at the foot of the table. Amanda outdid herself in serving him, emptying the larder in honor of the occasion; but neither of them spoke until the apple-dumpling was reached. Then Gordon Lee turned toward her and said confidentially:

"I wished we knowed some corpse we could sell dat coffin to."

THE SLAVS IN AMERICA

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin, Author of "Changing America," "The Changing Chinese," etc.

PICTURES BY W. T. BENDA

IN the dim east of Europe, far from the vertical beams of civilization, lies the melancholy Slavic world, with its 150,000,000 human beings, multiplying twice as fast and dying twice as fast as the peoples of the West. Since the curtain of history rose, the Slavs have been anvil rather than hammer. Subjugated by the Gauls in the first century B.C., by the Germans early in the Christian era, and by the Avars in the sixth century, they have played no master rôle in history, and their very name is a conqueror's insult. In the temper of this race there appears to be something soft and yielding. For all their courage, these peaceful agriculturists have shown much less of the fighting instinct than the Britons and the Norsemen.

At a time when western Europe was sending forth armies to rescue the Holy Sepulcher, much of Slavland lay still in heathen darkness. Human sacrifices and the practice of *suttee* did not disappear until the adoption of Christianity. Helmold, a priest of Lübeck, who in 1158 was sent to Christianize the Slavs, speaks of them as a "depraved and perverse nation," and their country is to him "a land of horror and a vast solitude." In 1108 the Archbishop of Magdeburg writes in a pastoral letter, "These cruel people, the Slavs, have risen against us. . . . They have cut off the heads of Christians and offered them as sacrifices."

Unlike the maritime peoples of the West, the Slavs had no easement from the colonizing of the New World. When the era of machine industry dawned, they were not able, as were the English, the French, and the Germans, to get into the sunshine by catering to the world's demand for cheap manufactured goods. Moreover, they have had to bear the brunt of Oriental onslaught. The Southern Slavs—of Servia, Bulgaria, Herzegovina, and Macedonia—fell under those Comanches of Asia, the Turks, so that only within the last thirty-five years have the spires and turrets of their submerged civilization reappeared above the receding Ottoman flood.

While the Bohemians and the Moravians, thanks to a great intellectual awakening, have come up abreast of the Germans, the bulk of the Slavs remain on a much lower plane of culture. In ignorance and illiteracy, in the prevalence of superstition and priestcraft, in the harshness of church and state, in the subservience of the common people to the upper classes, in the low position of woman, in the subjection of the child to the parent, in coarseness of manner and speech, and in low standards of cleanliness and comfort, a large part of the Slavic world remains at the level of our English forefathers in the days of Henry VIII.

According to mother-tongue, in 1910 there were in this country 941,000 Poles, 228,000 Bohemians and Moravians, 165,000 Slovaks from the southern slopes of the Carpathians, 123,000 Slovenes from the head of the Adriatic, 78,000 Croatians and Dalmatians, 56,000 Russians, 40,000 Bulgarians, Servians, and Montenegrins, 30,000 Slavonians, and 25,000 Ruthenians, to say nothing of 140,000 Lithuanians and Letts, who insist that they are a race apart. All told, there are 2,000,000 Slavs among us, and, if we heed the estimates of the leaders of the Slav groups, we should reckon at least 3,000,000. No doubt between five and six per cent. of the whites in this country are of Slavic blood.

Of the Slav arrivals since 1899 nearly three fourths are males. Among the immigrants from the Balkans, the men are from ten to twenty times as numerous as the women. Thirty-two per cent. have been illiterates, the proportion ranging from 1.7 per cent. among the Bohemians to 53.4 per cent. among the Ruthenians. Excepting the Bohemians, few of them

have had any industrial experience or bring any valuable skill. It is as if great numbers of the English of the sixteenth century had suddenly appeared among us.

OCCUPATIONS OF THE SLAVIC IMMIGRANTS

WHEN, about fifteen years ago, the great Slav invasion began, the American frontier was remote, shrunken, and forbidding. The new-comers were not in quest of cheap land, with independence, so much as of paying jobs from which they might hoard "big money" and return well off to their homes. They gravitated, therefore, to the mining, metal-working, and packing centers, where there is a demand for unlimited quantities of raw labor, provided always it be cheap. So these sturdy peasant lads came to be Nibelungs, "sons of the gloom," haunting our coal-pits, blast-furnaces, coke-ovens, smelters, foundries, steel-mills, and metal refineries, doing rough, coarse work under skilled men who, as one foreman said to me, "don't want them to *think,* but to *obey orders.*"

What irony that these peasants, straight from ox-goad and furrow, should come to constitute, as far as we can judge from official figures, three fifths of the force in sugar-refining, two fifths of the force in meat-packing, three eighths of the labor in tanneries and in oil-refineries, one third of the coal-miners and of the iron- and steel-workers, one fourth of the workers in carpet-mills, and one fifth of the hands in the clothing trade! On the other hand, they are only one seventh of the labor force in the glass-factories and in the cotton-mills, one ninth of the employees in copper-mining and smelting (who are largely Finns), one twelfth of our railway labor, and only a handful in the silk and woolen industries.

For these manful Slavs no work is too toilsome and dangerous. Their fatalistic acceptance of risk has much to do with the excessive blood-cost of certain of our industries. They are not "old clo' " men, junk-dealers, hucksters, peddlers, and snappers-up of unconsidered trifles, as are some of the people among us. They have no nose for the small, parasitic trades, but with a splendid courage they tackle the heavy, necessary tasks. Large of body, hard-muscled, and inexpert in making his head save his heels, the Slav becomes the unskilled laborer in the basic industries.

Unlike the Teutons and the Scandinavians of the eighties, whose chief location was the country beyond Chicago, the later Slavs have been drawn to Pennsylvania, in the hard-coal fields and the Pittsburgh district, and thence they have spread to the rising mining and metal-working centers throughout the country. So many are single men that they form an extraordinarily mobile labor force, willing to go anywhere for an extra two cents an hour. Although they do not build homes, and hence are dependent upon such housing as they can find, they do not stagnate in slums, save as the conditions of their employment impose congestion.

Bohemians and Poles come here to stay, so it is they who furnish the farmers. The Bohemian current began as far back as the fifties, and in 1900 a quarter of all the Bohemian-Americans were on the land. The Poles came later, and with less money, so that only one tenth were then in agriculture. The immigrants of the seventies sought wild, cheap land, and therefore the Slav settlements are thickest in the Northwest and the Southwest. One third of all the Polish farmers are in Wisconsin, while in Texas Bohemian cotton-growers are so numerous that in some localities even the negroes speak Bohemian! Of late raw Poles, working up through farm labor and tenancy, are coming to own "abandoned farms" in the Connecticut valley. Crowded with several other families in an old Yankee farm-house, the Pole is raising, with the aid of his numerous progeny, incredible crops of onions and tobacco. "In old Hadley," reports Professor Emily Balch of Wellesley College, "all up and down the beautiful elm-shaded street the old colonial mansions are occupied by Poles." In one year these Poles, who were only one fifth of the population, accounted for two thirds of the births.

EXCESSIVE ALCOHOLISM AMONG THE SLAVS

COMING from an Elizabethan world, the Slav is as frankly vinous as *Falstaff* with his "cup o' sack." He is a Bacchus-worshiper unashamed, and our squeamishness about liquor strikes him as either hypocrisy or prudery. He thinks, too, that without stimulant he cannot stand up to the grueling work of mill and mine. A

steel-worker, when besought to give up drink, replied, "No beer, no whisky, me no work." Hence an incredible amount of his wages goes to line the till of the saloon-keeper. In a steel town of 30,000 population, $60,000 are left with the saloon-keepers the Saturday and Sunday after pay-day. The Saturday brewery-wagon makes the rounds, and on a pleasant Sunday one sees in the yard of every boarding-house a knot of broad-shouldered, big-faced men about a keg of liquid comfort.

It is at celebrations that the worst excesses show themselves. What with caring for their large families and their boarders, the women usually lose their attractiveness early, and therewith their power to exercise a refining influence upon their men. A wedding or a christening-feast lasts an entire day, and toward the end men beastly drunk bellow and fight in the presence of the terrified women and children. During festivals, too, old feuds, kindled by drink, flare up in brutal and bloody rows. At such times one realizes that the poet Kollár's famous phrase, "the dove-blood of the Slav," does not apply to the exhilarated.

Still, their heavy drinking is spasmodic, and they are said to lose less time from work on account of intoxication than certain other nationalities. Says a Jersey City doctor practising among the Ruthenians: "They drink, but few die drunkards or hurt their health with alcohol. If a man does get drunk, he is likely to be violent. If he strikes his wife, she defends herself if she can; but she does not complain, for she knows he has 'a right to hit her,' and that makes a great difference." In Slavic neighborhoods, American influence first shows itself in the rise of a community sentiment against alcoholic excess and in a growing refinement in festal customs.

For crime the Slav betrays no such bent as the Southern Italian. Aside from petty thieving, noted in some cases, the complaints of people near a Slav settlement center upon the affrays that follow in the wake of convivial drinking. The Bohemians have about the same criminal tendencies as the Germans. The other Slavs reveal the propensities of a rude, undeveloped people of undisciplined primitive passions. Animosity rather than cupidity is the motive of crime. When the Slav seeks illicit gain, he takes the direct path of violence rather than the devious path of chicane; he commits robbery or burglary rather than theft or fraud or extortion. From crimes against chastity, and the loathsome knaveries that center in the social evil, he is singularly free. Morally, the stock is better than one would judge from the police records and from its reputation. No doubt, if the descendants of these immigrants have the proper training and surroundings, they will prove as orderly as the old American stock.

SLAVIC BRUTALITY AND RECKLESS FECUNDITY

Among the Southern Slavs, "every married man," says Vrčevic, as quoted by Professor W. I. Thomas, "strikes his wife black and blue at least once a month, or spreads a box on the ear over her whole face, or else people are likely to say that he is afraid of his wife." Their popular proverbs corroborate this, as for example: "He who does not beat his wife is no man." "Strike a wife and a snake on the head." "One devil is afraid of the cross, the other [the wife] of a stick." "The dog may howl, but the wife must hold her tongue." In one wedding-song the bride begs her husband, "Strike your wife only with good cause and when she has greatly vexed you." In another folk-song the young wife sings: "What sort of husband are you to me? You do not pull my hair, nor do you strike me!"

Although beating the wife with a wet rope is going out of practice, the Galician peasant, says Von Hupka, "still regards her as a thing belonging to him, which was made in the first place for his service." No wonder the Slav mother averages eight children. No wonder there is an appalling infant mortality, while a childbed death is too often the fate of the forspent mother. Little cares the stolid peasant. What is the woman there for? Nor is this view strange in the New World. In Hungary the Slovak women "bear a child a year. 'Always either bearing or nursing,' is the saying." But the annual child arrives likewise in the Slovak families of New York. The Slav wife in this country bears from two to two and a half times as fast as the wife of American

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

FAR FROM LAND

parentage. Her daughter born under the stars and stripes is seven eighths as prolific as her barefoot immigrant mother. The average Slavic charity case involves five persons, the German or Scandinavian case four persons, the American case three and one-half persons. A drunken Pole said with pride to the agent of a charitable society that was supporting his family: "Just think what I 've done for the State! I 've given it ten children!"

The Middle Ages are beginning to show among us. In twenty-one rural counties of Minnesota the Polish women have borne on an average seven children in the course of fourteen and a half years of married life. The full tale, no doubt, will come to nine or ten. Thanks to our child-pitying, child-saving civilization, the Polish mother will keep her brood nearly as well as her American neighbor with four or five. "The Irish for children," runs the proverb; and yet one Irish-American wife out of thirteen is childless, and one English-American wife out of twelve. But on the Minnesota farms only one Polish-American wife out of fifty-eight is barren!

In a county where the Poles, although only a third of the population, register fifty-eight per cent. of the births, an old farmer said to me: "The Yankees here are too lazy to have kids. The Poles have from ten to fifteen in a family, and in a hundred years the people here will all be Poles." A hundred years? Even thirteen years ago Father Kruszka reckoned that there were in this country 700 such Polish communities, averaging a hundred families each. So there are hundreds of centers from which the Middle Ages spread. Farm by farm, township by township, the displacement of the American goes on, a quiet conquest, without spear or trumpet, a conquest made by child-bearing women. The fathers forage, but it is the mothers who have to face anguish, exhaustion, and even death in the campaign to possess the land. Spending their women brutally, the Slavs advance; pitying their women, the Americans retreat.

How can woman's worth go on rising as this country fills with people who have the brood-mare idea of woman? Yet leaders in the cause of womanhood are doing their best to hold the door open for the very tribes who most despise and misuse their sex! On the other hand, the new immigration may well find favor in the eyes of those who look upon the bearing of ten children as woman's best lot, and are willing to see the low-standard stocks outbreed and push into oblivion the high-standard stocks.

SLOW ASSIMILATION

EASTERN Europe is full of half-drowned nationalities, which only of late are regaining self-consciousness. Bohemians, Slovaks, Poles, Lithuanians, Servians, and Bulgarians—each have had an "awakening," in which language revival and the study of national literature and history have played a great part. The immigrants who come with this quickened sense of nationality make it a point of honor not to drift selfishly with the American current and so lose touch with their struggling brethren in the old home. After refusing to be Germanized, Russified, or Magyarized in the old country, the patriotic Bohemian or Pole is bound to resist absorption here. It was the Irish-Americans who got the leverage for freeing Ireland. Now the Bohemians here are hoping to win home rule for Bohemia, while the Polish-Americans expect to find on this side of the water the fulcrum for the lever that shall free Poland. What, then, more natural than to cling to their own speech and traditions in home and church and parish school?

The vernacular press, of course, harps ever on the chord of "the national speech," so that the second generation may not drift away to the reading of American newspapers. The church, too, which carries matters with a high hand among the Poles, holds the immigrants away from Americanization. The good priests fear lest some of their flock may turn away from religion, while the greedy priests dread lest the flock become restless under priestly dictation.

Our million Poles outnumber all the rest of the Slavs in America, and the Poles are very clannish. When they settle in groups, there is little association between them and their neighbors. "In the communities visited," reports the Industrial Commission, "farmers of German, Scandinavian, Irish, Bohemian, Belgian, Swiss,

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

FIRST STEPS IN THE NEW LAND

and American origin were found living in juxtaposition to Poles. In virtually every instance the Pole was considered one degree lower than his neighbors. . . . Neither the Poles as a body nor the others desired to fuse socially, and the Bohemians felt well above their Slavic brethren." The farmers look down on the Poles as uncleanly, intemperate, quarrelsome, ignorant, priest-ridden, and hard on women and children. When a few Poles have come into a neighborhood, the other farmers become restless, sell out, and move away. Soon a parish is organized, church and parish school arise, the public school decays, and Slavdom has a new outpost.

The core of the large settlement is likely to be a rancid bit of the Old World: clerical domination to a degree not tolerated among other Roman Catholics, a stately church overlooking mean farmhouses, numerous church holidays, a tiny public school, built wholly out of state grant, with a sister in the garb of her order as schoolmistress, a big parish school, using only Polish and teaching chiefly the catechism, a high illiteracy and a dense ignorance among lads born on American soil, crimes of violence rather than crimes of cunning, horror of water applied inside or outside, aversion to fresh air, barefoot women at work in the fields, with wretched housekeeping as the natural result, saloons patronized by both sexes, the priest frequently urging his flock to "have as many children as God will give them," much loath motherhood, early death from excessive child-bearing, large families brought up by the third, fourth, or fifth wife, harsh discipline of children, political apathy, a controlled vote, and an open contempt for Americans and their principles.

Little better off are the Slavs clustered by themselves in some "mining-patch" in the coal-fields or in the industrial quarter of a metal town. The general population does not associate with them, and they have their own church, school, customs, and festivals. The men pick up a little English, the women none at all. It is really the children that are the battle-ground of old and new. Let them mingle freely with Young America, and no pressure from their parents can make them remain different from their playmates. They dread the nickname of "Hun," "Hunkie," or "Bohunk," as if it were poison, and nothing will induce them to use their home tongue or take part in the organized life of their nationality.

In the big rural settlement, however, the children can be kept from outsiders, and the parents, who want them to settle on the farm, usually have their way. A few of the more restless dive off the island into circumambient America. For a little time the second generation appears progressive; it dresses flashily and shows itself "sporty." But after it marries it loses spirit, settles down, and obeys priest and parent. Whether the system can hold the third generation remains to be seen.

Obviously, the bird-of-passage Slovak or Croat who has left a wife at home, and who roughs it with his compatriots in a "stag" boarding-house in a dreary "black country," is a poor subject for assimilation. His life is bounded by the "boarding boss," the saloon-keeper, the private banker, and the priest, all of them of his own folk. Aside from the foreman's cursing, American life reaches him only through the eye, and then only the worst side of it. But for the good pay he would hate his life here, and he goes back home with little idea of America save that it is a land of big chances to make money.

Without calling in question the worth of the Slavic race, one may note that the immigrant Slavs have small reputation for capacity. Many observers, after allowing for their illiteracy and lack of opportunity, still insist that they have little to contribute to our people. "These people have n't any natural ability to transmit," said a large employer of Slavs. "You may grind and polish dull minds all you want to in the public schools, but you will never get a keen edge on them, because the steel is poor." "They are n't up to the American grade," insisted the manager of a steel-works. "We have a 'suggestion box,' and we reward valuable suggestions from our men, but precious few ever come from immigrant labor." The labor agent of a great implement-works rates the immigrant seventy-five in ability as compared with the American. A Bohemian leader puts his people above the Americans in music and the fine arts, but concedes the superiority of the Americans in constructive imagination, organizing ability, and tenacity of purpose. "The Czechs," he

said, "are strong in resistance, but are not aggressive."

A steel-town superintendent of schools finds the bulk of the children of the Slavs "rather sluggish intellectually." They do well in the lower grades, where memory counts most; but in the higher grades, where association is called for, they fall behind. Of 23,000 pupils of non-English-speaking fathers, 43.4 per cent. were found to be behind their grade; the percentage of retardation for the children of Bohemian fathers was only 35.6 per cent.; but for Poles, the retardation was 58.1 per cent., and for Slovaks 54.5 per cent. While this showing is poor, there are good school men who stoutly maintain that it is still too soon to judge what the Slav-American can do.

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

AT WORK

THE ALARMING FUTURE OF SLAVIC IMMIGRATION

An outflow of political exiles comes to an end when there is a turn of the political wheel; but a stream squeezed out by population pressure may flow on forever. So long as the birth-rate remains high, the mother-country is not depleted by the hemorrhage.

"What has been the effect of emigration to America upon conditions in Bohemia?" I asked of an intelligent Czech.

"Bohemia," he replied, with emphasis, "is just as crowded to-day; the struggle is just as hard as if never a Bohemian had left for America."

"Will Polish emigration remain large?" I asked a leader of the Polish-Americans.

"Yes," he replied, "it will continue for a long time. The Poles multiply at an extreme rate, and there is no room for them to expand in Poland."

Still, these minor currents may be lost in the flood that is likely to roll in upon us, once the great central Slavic mass of 80,000,000 "true Russians" is tapped. "This," observes the Immigration Commission, "affords a practically unlimited source of immigration, and one which may reasonably be expected to contribute largely to the movement from Europe to the United States in the future. . . . The

economic conditions which in large part impel the emigration of these races [Russian Hebrews, Poles, Lithuanians, and Finns] prevail also among true Russians, and already they are beginning to seek relief through emigration."

So the tide from Slavland may swell, and the superfecund Slavs may push to the wall the Anglo-Americans, the Irish-Americans, and the rest, until the invasion of our labor market by hordes of still cheaper West Asiatics shall cause the Slav, too, to lose interest in America, even as the Briton, the Hibernian, the Teuton, and the Scandinavian have lost interest in America.

ANGELS AND MEN

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

HE said: "We have no kin.
No angel of us sees with fond surprise
Himself smile at him from his daughter's eyes,
And though new worlds we win,
Lonely and chill is our white angelhood,
Beside the warm, quick, quivering woof of blood
All men are knitted in.
Envy us not our palace-pomp enskied;
We have but heaven, and ye have home beside."

He said: "We have no tears.
But when 'mid our antiphonies we mark
Jehovah stoop, because down in the dark
Some sobbing prayer He hears,
And with His own hand lift the weeper's head,
To us who watch, so to be comforted
Outbids all griefs and fears,
And Michael even would snatch at man's distress
Might he but know man-wise God's gentleness."

He said: "We have no scars,
No knotted wounds Immanuel's touch may kiss
To sudden-thrilling, keen, deep-seated bliss,
But wistful 'mid the stars
We stand, and hear Him speak rapt, shaken words,
With His old comrades of the time of swords.
O Men, it is your wars
With Him and for Him make the Christ your own.
You and your Jesus here have scars alone."

THE OASIS

BY MARGARET DODGE

PICTURES BY L. A. SHAFER

THE big apartment-house next the corner sided on the back yards of the avenue. My rooms faced the back-yard colony. All the houses on the avenue were four-story affairs. They let the upper part for furnished rooms and the basements for business. The Irishman on the corner had no back yard, but he had a back room. All the derelicts from Blackwell's Island used to gather there when they got out, and make night hideous with their noises. Foley sold rum, and everybody hated him, even the derelicts.

The little French couple who kept the dyeing-and-cleaning establishment in the basement three doors below on the avenue were the only ones in the neighborhood who noticed Foley at all, but they noticed everybody. They could n't help it. His real name was Pierre, and hers was Marie, but we all called them He and She and Him and Her. Their back yard was very different from the others. Measured by the yardstick, it was the same size,—about twenty by twenty,—but these were not its real dimensions. All things are relative. In the heart of big, terrible old New York He and She considered their back yard a very large back yard indeed.

Next to Foley's on the corner was the plumber's shop of Hensen, the Swede. Hensen was a big, noisy, coarse-spoken fellow. He had lots of big, noisy, coarse-spoken friends. They used to drop in to see him very early in the morning, and he would light up his pipe and his shrill plumber's stove at the same time and go at it. Then people in the big apartment-house would slam down their windows and make hateful remarks to Hensen, but it did n't make any difference. The only time I ever saw him act at all decent was one day when he was over in her back yard mending a bit of broken drain-pipe. She hung around and watched him work, and they told each other funny stories, and he threw back his head and laughed, and showed his big, white teeth.

The yard next to Hensen was run by the damaged-dogs man, an old German with fierce whiskers and false teeth, who used to get drunk now and then, and brag about the Iron Cross the emperor had pinned on his breast. Kline's business was to patch up disabled dogs. He would fix them up like new, send them to their various homes, bring in another batch, and begin all over again. He had a license to keep dogs in the back yard, so he said, and nobody could dispute it. But Hensen used to growl at him about it over the back fence, and the old man would talk back. People in the big apartment-house also complained that the dogs made too much noise, especially the little "poms," with their needle barks, that Kline kept in the basement out of sight. While Kline disliked the rest of us for variously cursing his dogs, he used to hold up every new four-legged arrival over the fence for Her to see, for his back yard and hers were side by side.

The yard on the other side of hers belonged to a Hebrew. He ran a hand laundry in the basement, and his yard was always strung full of clothes. Levy had a pudgy son who used to ring all the bells in the big apartment-house and ask us why we did n't send our things to "father." Who ironed our shirts? Who did up our collars? Who washed our sheets? Did n't father do them good enough? But though the Hebrew was an industrious and an enterprising man, if he had depended on the trade of the big apartment-house for his daily bread, both he and his pudgy boy would have starved to death. We had wiped him off the slate because he cut down the two trees in his back yard so the birds could n't roost in them.

But He and She used to chat with Levy over the fence, and they sent him their "flat work" to do. In fact, they got on so well that one day I saw Levy's pudgy boy scratching her fox-terrier's head through a hole in the fence.

Beyond the Hebrew's place there were ever so many little tailor shops; but they were so far away that we never considered them a part of our neighborhood. An Armenian church backed up near to the rear of the big apartment-house. The Armenians held services from eight to twelve every Sunday morning. They used to chant in a weird, long-drawn-out, monotonous way, all on one key. Everybody except Him and Her objected to the Armenian's form of worship. When the service was in full swing, folks would call out insulting remarks to them and curse wickedly from behind closed blinds. But that did n't do any good, for the Armenians would only sing louder than ever.

He and She were devout Catholics, and seemed to have a profound respect for any religious service. Several times I have seen Him make the sign of the cross and bow his head while everybody else in the neighborhood was making catcalls at the Armenians.

But the general harmony of noises in the back-yard colony from the rumshop, the plumber's back yard, the old German's kennels, and the Armenian church would not have been complete without the cat. And grimalkin was there in full force. We used to throw water and things at the cats. Once I fired a bucket of water at a black cat right under my kitchen window; but he heard it coming and side-stepped. It never touched him. Most of it landed on my neighbor's handkerchiefs, which she had hung under my kitchen window. She was just taking them in when I threw the water at the cat. She threatened me with the "Board of Health."

Many of the feuds in the big apartment-house were started in just this way. Somebody was always getting drenched with the water meant for the cats. Our neighborhood lacked harmony. The plumber hated the damaged-dogs man, who in turn hated the Hebrew, and the Irishman on the corner hated us all. In this desert of back-yard life nobody liked anybody else, and in the big apartment-house the flat-dwellers held aloof from one another. We avoided our neighbors in a marked way, especially the girl on the third floor front, who was "no better than she ought to be." The only time we were at all civil to one another was when we met in the shop that He and She kept.

I suppose He had something to do with the shop, but the sign out in front read "Mme. Blank," and the casual passer-by might go in and out and never know anything about Him at all. But I knew Him, for I used to watch Him from my window. When one opened the shop door it was She who always darted out from somewhere in back. She knew you were there, for a big bell on the door made a terrible racket the minute you put your hand on the latch. I like to think that He had put the bell there for her protection, for the little fox-terrier with the black patch over his right eye was always first, standing in the middle of the floor and wagging his tail in a wary sort of way till he sized you up and found you to be all right.

She was very friendly, and loved to chat about other things than soiled gloves or lace collars or spotted waistcoats. She would advise you whether or not it would pay to have your last year's frock cleaned; She would look it all over and shake her head knowingly, as became the high priestess of the mysteries of "dry cleaning." Once She cleaned a blue voile dress for me, and another time I took in my Bagdad couch-cover; and She cleaned it and sewed up all the rips, and afterward colored a lot of twine and gave it to me in case the cover should rip again. She al-

ways cleaned my gloves. I think we all wore white gloves oftener than we could afford just to get them real dirty. Then we could have an excuse to go to the shop, and ring the bell, and meet the fox-terrier face to face, and have a pleasant chat with Her.

After I got acquainted with Her in the shop, the back yard took on a new interest. I used to look into it every morning when I drew up the shades. No matter how early it was, there was the fox-terrier lying in the sun under the window. He always looked up when I ran up the fence, which made a trellis-work for the vines to climb up. Last summer it was all covered with morning-glories. Right in the middle of the yard this year He planted a big red geranium, which bloomed every day after it got started. The fox-terrier loved to play around the geranium, and poke at its roots gently with his little black snout. The little fellow was possessed with the sheer joy of living, and having a back yard to run in right in the heart of New York.

Sometimes She would come out and help Him string a network of cords criss-

Drawn by L. A. Shafer

"ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK HE ALWAYS CAME OUT INTO THE YARD"

shade, and wagged his tail "good morning." Sometimes he would give one sharp yelp into the bargain, but that was only when he got to know me very well indeed. About eight o'clock He always came out into the yard and worked around, just as if He were back in France, I imagine. He used to wear a big straw hat and garden gloves, and would get down on his hands and knees and work around the sides of the wonderful yard, close up to the fence, sifting the earth through his fingers. Then He planted brown seeds just so far apart, and stuck sticks in the dirt to mark the places. He would rake and sweep, and put everything in the yard in order. When the seeds began to sprout, He tied bits of twine to the sticks, and fastened the ends to nails in cross from fence to fence on which they would hang laces and gloves and dainty things to dry. That was all the work He ever let Her do out there—just help Him with the crisscross cords. Her work was to tend the shop.

Against the house He built a lean-to for a sort of summer kitchen, and I often used to see them in the early evening sitting there on kitchen chairs, side by side, shelling pease or paring potatoes or picking over berries. When they did any of these things together, She always wore a perky little sunbonnet, and He kept on his big straw hat. I suppose they were making believe they were in the real country then. Just outside the two rear windows He laid a board platform about three inches from the ground. Then they

would have card-parties out there on warm evenings. The women would bring rocking-chairs into the yard, and rock and knit and sing while the men played cards.

Presently everybody in the big apartment-house began to take notice of this wonderful back yard. The woman up-stairs would look out of the window ever so many times on the evenings they had their card-parties. The dogs in the next yard would go over to the fence and listen and growl good-naturedly at the little fox-terrier, and Levy's pudgy boy would peek through the knot-hole in the fence and eavesdrop. Understand, we could see this little comedy from our elevated position in the apartment-house. The people in the tailor shops even used to stand in their windows and look over to see what was going on in the Frenchman's back yard.

Of a sudden the interest in the little French couple seemed to become more pronounced. He was building something new. It looked like a big job. Everybody wondered what it was going to be when He got through. He put a framework on the board platform just outside the two windows, ran it up a story, and roofed it over with tar-paper. Every six inches He drove a big, flat, shiny-headed nail that looked like a giant thumb-tack that held the tar-paper in the proper place. He also faced the bottom of the framework with tar-paper in the same way. The fox-terrier had great fun while He was doing this. The dog would pick up a stick which He had discarded, mistaking the act as a challenge to play, and rush around the yard with his nose high in the air, and wag his tail and growl, and slap his front feet down in front of Him as He worked. Then He would stop working just long enough to toss the stick across the yard, and the fox-terrier would pounce upon it, and bring it back, and stand with his head high up in the air, and wag his tail and growl; and He would have to do it all over again.

When He had finished the framework and tacked the stout tar-paper roof so that it was waterproof and to his liking, He put in the windows. In fact, when the little structure was finished, it was all windows. She hemmed thin, white curtains, and hung them, and at night they would draw them close. But during the day the curtains were spread wide apart.

One day She brought out two wicker rocking-chairs, and put them close to the windows of her sun-parlor. Then She got a small stand and put a potted plant on top, and some magazines and papers underneath. The chair She used to sit in had a fine, big cushion, with a quilted pad hung over the back. By the time they had finished their sun-parlor, all the flowers in the back yard were blooming fit to break their hearts, and the little fox-terrier was so happy that he frisked about all the time, and wagged his friendly little tail, and tossed his head so high that he threatened to dislodge the black patch over his right eye, and lose it altogether. And one day when the sun was shining, She brought out two gilt bird-cages and hung them on the clothes-line. After that the canary-birds sang out there all day long.

The damaged-dogs man used to stand with his head on one side and beat time with his hands and sway gently to and fro, and one day I saw a miserable woman tiptoe up to the window of Foley's back room and peek out to listen to the singing.

By and by curiosity seemed to take the place of quarreling in the back-yard colony. And now came the solution of the mystery that had been in the air—the mystery that seemed to wield a pacifying influence throughout the whole colony.

One afternoon She pulled her rocking-chair close to the window and began to sew on tiny garments, white and fluffy. She measured and pinned and cut and smiled. Then He came out and sat by Her, with his straw hat on the back of his head and his garden gloves in his lap. And the fox-terrier nosed at the little garments, and She cuffed him gently, and He and She both laughed, and the dog stood back and wagged his tail and looked puzzled. I heard the woman up-stairs cross to look out the window, then agitatedly walk back and forth.

Within an hour the girl at the switchboard called me up to find out if I had heard about it, and when I put out the garbage that night the janitress asked me if it was true. When I went down to the letter-box the next morning the girl who was "no better than she ought to be" was whispering in the hall with the woman who lived up-stairs. When they saw me

they hurried out. Some days later I heard that Foley had sent Him a bottle of wine, with his compliments, and two or three days after that, when I was in the shop, Hensen dropped in to see if there was n't something he could patch up for them. Levy's pudgy boy used to spend most of his waking hours watching through the knot-hole in the fence, and one day I heard the old damaged-dogs man offer Her one of his puppies to grow up with the baby, if She did n't think the fox-terrier would mind. The women in Her, and swore under his breath at the big dogs in the back yard when they started to bark. People took to shooing the cats instead of throwing water and things, and there was a great falling off in the calling out from the windows, and all the rest of it. Presently an air of hushed expectancy took the place of good-natured curiosity. Then He began to look worried.

The girl who was "no better than she ought to be" saw them take Her away to the hospital late one night when she was

Drawn by L. A. Shafer

"SHE MEASURED AND PINNED AND CUT AND SMILED"

the neighborhood took to wearing white gloves to market, so they could go into her shop oftener and talk about it. She said She was very happy and so was Pierre. She came into the big apartment-house one day and looked at rooms on the ground floor. She said She did n't want the baby to live in a basement when it came.

It was wonderful, the softening influence that "coming event" had on the neighborhood. Foley kept the windows in his back room closed tight, and Hensen never lighted his shrill stove till just before he was going to use it. Kline kept his basement windows shut that the needle barks of the "poms" might not annoy getting in. She told the woman up-stairs, and she told the janitress. The girl at the switchboard told me about it. Then everybody watched from the windows.

The only time we saw Him all that day was very early in the morning, when He spread the curtains in the sun-parlor wide apart, watered the potted plant that stood on the table, and tended the canaries. Then He went away. Late that night, when I looked out, everything was just as He had left it; only the canaries had gone to sleep, and the little fox-terrier was stretched out beside the red geranium, with his nose on his paws. Early the next morning things were just the same, so we knew He had n't been home all night.

The janitress thought there might be news by now. The girl at the switchboard said that the girl who was "no better than she ought to be" had sat by her window all through the night.

Later in the day I went around to the shop to get some gloves. The front shade was down, but the door was open, and the shop was full of strangers. He was talking at the 'phone, so I waited. The place did n't seem the same with the strangers about, and no sign of Her or the fox-terrier. I turned, without knowing why, and looked into the street. There was a cab standing there, big and black. He hung up the receiver, and I turned and looked at Him; and then I knew. He tried to speak to me, but all He could say was: "My poor madame! My poor madame!" Then He burst into tears. I looked to one of the women; she shook her head. The little fox-terrier slunk out from somewhere, sniffed about the place, put his tail between his legs, and disappeared into the back room. I crushed the ticket for my gloves in my hand and went back home.

Drawn by L. A. Shafer

"WITHIN AN HOUR THE GIRL AT THE SWITCHBOARD CALLED ME UP TO FIND OUT IF I HAD HEARD ABOUT IT"

I looked out the window. Everything was different now: the geranium was full of wilted blooms; the canaries were humped up on their perches; a piece of torn tar-paper flapped on the roof of the sun-parlor; an empty pail was on its side in the far corner of the yard; away over near the back door was an overturned wash-tub; and beside it was his big straw hat and garden gloves just as He had flung them down. It was like the other back yards now, little, untidy, ugly. It had become a part of the desert again.

The news spread quickly. Even the iceman, who came to the big apartment-house only every other day, wanted to know if the baby was alive. You 'd think his living depended on whether it was a boy or a girl. The baker who came over from Brooklyn twice a week knew about it, and he told the janitress that it was a fine, big girl. The girl at the switchboard called me up in a hurry to ask, did I know had they named it yet? And then the dumpy woman on the ground floor of the big apartment-house took on a new significance. It was she who started the subscription for the flowers for her funeral.

When I heard of it, I rang her door-bell, and she sent me to the corner grocery. They had established a sort of memorial headquarters over there. I found business at a standstill. The grocer and his wife were planning out a wreath. They let me look over the list, and I added my name to it. Foley's name came first, then Hensen's, then the damaged-dogs man's, and there was Levy, the laundryman's. Three of the little tailors in the next block had added their contributions, and so had an Armenian around the corner. The woman who scrubbed the halls of the big apartment-house was down for ten cents, and so was the janitress. The iceman's name was down, and the name of the woman upstairs and the girl at the switchboard. Near the bottom of the list was the name of the girl who was "no better than she ought to be." Her contribution was the biggest of the lot.

The women of the neighborhood made up a delegation and went to the funeral. The girl at the switchboard told me all about it. She said our wreath stood near the head of the casket and was four feet high. She said it was made up of white flowers and autumn leaves, with pink rosebuds at the bottom, and tied with white satin ribbon. She said that the girl who was "no better than she ought to be" came to the funeral alone, and she brought a big bunch of roses with her. He put them on the cover of the casket nearest of any to Her.

For a time the whole neighborhood talked of nothing else. The people in the big apartment-house who had never spoken to one another before gathered in groups in the halls and expressed their sorrow,—the one human touch had made

them neighborly,—and Hensen and the old damaged-dogs man whispered together about it over the back fence. After a little the flat-dwellers resumed their former relations of unspeaking aloofness.

And then early one morning a spry old Frenchwoman, dressed all in black, appeared in the sun-parlor with a duster in her hand. She opened all the windows wide, and wiped the dust away. She gave fresh water and seeds to the canaries. She patted the little fox-terrier, and he trotted around after her, wagging his friendly little tail. She righted the tub, and put it where it belonged, and hung his big straw hat on a peg by the door and laid his gloves on a bench just inside. Then she went to the far corner of the yard, picked up the pail, went into the house. She came out with it full of water, gave the red geranium and the vines a drink, and picked off all the withered blooms and leaves. She got the broom and swept all the walks. Once she looked up and saw me watching, and she nodded in a friendly way, and I nodded back. When she had fixed up everything just as it used to be, she went to the back door and beckoned, and He came out.

He looked around the yard indifferently, and the old woman patted Him smartly on the shoulder, and talked to Him in voluble French. He seemed to take a brace, to come back. He scratched the fox-terrier's back and pulled his ear playfully, and the little dog quivered with delight and renewed expectancy and broke away and dashed across the yard and brought back a stick for Him to throw. He took the stick and held it dreamily in his hand for some time. Then the old woman gave Him another smart slap on the shoulder. He straightened up, threw his head back, and flung the stick across the yard.

Her back yard is still the oasis in the desert. Her spirit seems to pervade it. At any rate, there is less acrimony in the air in the back-yard colony. And a week after She died the girl at the switchboard rang me up and told me that the girl who was "no better than she ought to be" had given up her flat and had gone back to live with her people in Port Jervis.

THE CAR THAT WENT ABROAD

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "Mark Twain, a Biography," "The Ship Dwellers," etc.

PICTURES BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

TO spend a day walking up and down the Rue Cannebière and drinking coffee and fancy liquids at the cafés is not seeing Marseilles—not in any large sense. Yet that is very likely what we should have done had it not been for the matter of securing certain licenses, triptychs, memberships, etc., and the clearing of our car of the customs, processes not to be hurried.

The examination of personal luggage was pleasant enough. We were asked to open one innocent-looking piece of our dozen or so, but nothing in it was pulled over. Everything was "chalked" without further question. Even two extra cans of oil, which by request of the steamer people we had removed from the car before boxing, were passed without comment, though certainly these were dutiable items. All was so easy and polite that I ventured to suggest to the interpreter that perhaps the official would just as soon go aboard the ship and "chalk" the car. He replied that a travelers' agency, or the express company, would be the proper people to look after an automobile clearance. He advised the express company.

This was disheartening; we had escaped the so-called octopus on one side of the Atlantic, only to find a long tentacle stretched across the sea to receive us. The interpreter added that for a fixed sum two carriages would take us and our belong-

ings to a hotel, and presently they were piling us in, and we were off through such clouds of dust as can be matched nowhere this side of Damascus. It rose behind us in walls that broke and overwhelmed us; it towered before us to the skies. "Marseilles, the pearl of the Mediterranean," was clearly a smoked pearl. We had miles of it, and hardly knew when we reached the hotel. There our drivers, after receiving the agreed price and a franc each for *pourboire,* demanded as much more, even threatening the "polis." I was suggesting, in one entire and two fractional languages, that it might be as well to bring on the "polis" at once, when somebody appeared from the hotel, and metaphorically flung those bandits into the outer dust.

It was better after that. We were taken to rooms, clean and inviting, with a balcony overlooking the ancient port, all at a price very reasonable, when one remembered home rates.

Besides facing the old port, our hotel looked on the end of the Rue Cannebière, which starts at the quay and extends, as the phrase goes, "as far as India," meaning that the nations of the East as well as those of the West mingle there. We understood the saying as soon as we got into the kaleidoscope. We were rather soberhued bits ourselves, but there was plenty of the other sort. Marseilles is a semitropic port, and this was the end of August. There were numerous white costumes, of both men and women, and sprinkled among them the red fezzes and embroidered coats and sashes of Algiers, Morocco, or the far East. And there were ladies in filmy things, with bright hats and parasols, and soldiers in uniforms of red and blue. The wide pavements of that dazzling street were literally covered, almost to the edges, with little tables, and all those gay people who were not walking up and down, chatting and laughing, were seated at the tables, with red and green and yellow drinks before them, and pitchers of ice, or tiny cups of coffee; and all the seated people were chattering and laughing, too, or reading papers and smok-

"TO SPEND A DAY WALKING UP AND DOWN THE RUE CANNEBIÈRE"

"OUR HOTEL LOOKED ON THE END OF THE RUE CANNEBIÈRE"

ing, and nobody seemed to have a sorrow or a care in all the world.

DINING AS THE NATIVES DO

A LONG tramway tour brought evening and an interest in restaurants. There were many hotels, including our own, but the dining-rooms seemed big and warm and expensive, and we were dusty and economical, and already warm enough. We would stop at some open-air place, and have something dainty and modest, and not heating to the blood. We thought it would be easy to find such a place, for there were perfect seas of sidewalk tables, thronged with people who at first glance seemed to be dining; but when we made timid and rudimentary inquiries of the busy waiters, they pointed toward the hotels. How different it all was from New York! Narcissa openly sighed to be back on "old Rue de Broadway."

We wandered into side streets, and by and by came to an open space, with a tiny green inclosure, where a few people certainly seemed to be eating. We were not entirely satisfied with the look of the patrons, but they were orderly, and some of them at least of good appearance. The little tables had neat white cloths on them, and the glassware shone brightly in the electric glow. So we took a corner position and studied the rather elaborate and obscure bill of fare. It was written, and the few things we could decipher did not seem cheap. We had heard about food being reasonable in France, but single portions of fish or cutlets at .45 and broiled chicken at 1.20 could hardly be called cheap in this retired and unpretentious corner. One might be in a better place—in New York. We wondered how these unfashionable people about us could look so contented and afford to order the liberal supplies that they had before them. Then suddenly a great light came. The price amounts were not in dollars and cents, but francs and centimes. The decimals were the same, only one divided them by five to get American values. There is ever so much difference.

The bill of fare suddenly took on a halo. It became almost unbelievable. We

were tempted to go; it was too cheap to be decent. But we were weary and hungry, and we stayed. We had those things which the French make well, no matter how humble the place: *pot-au-feu, bouillabaisse* (the fish chowder which is the pride of Marseilles), lamb-chops, Gruyère cheese, with a pint of red wine, and, yes —I nearly forgot—a lettuce salad, crisp and fresh; and we paid—I try to blush when I tell it—less than five francs, or something less a dollar for it all, including the tip, which was certainly large enough, if one could judge from the lavish acknowledgment of the busy person who served us.

We lingered while I smoked, and we noticed some curious things. The place filled with a democratic crowd, including evidently well-to-do tradesmen with their families, clerks with their young wives or sweethearts, single derelicts of both sexes, soldiers, and even workmen in blouses. Many of them seemed to be regular customers, for they greeted the waiters, and chatted with them during the serving. Then we discovered a peculiar proof that these were in fact steady patrons. In the inner restaurant were rows of hooks along the walls, and at the corners were racks with other hooks. Upon these were hanging not hats or garments, but dozens of knotted white cloths, which we presently discovered to be table napkins, large and white, like our own. While we were trying to make out why they should be variously knotted and hung about in that way, a man and a woman went in and, after a brief survey of the hooks, took down two of the napkins and carried them to a table. We understood then. The bill of fare stated that napkins were charged for at the rate of five centimes, or one cent, each. These were the individual lease-holdings, as it were, of those who came regularly. It was a fine example of French economy. We did not hang up our napkins when we went away. Possibly we should not come back; and, besides, there were no empty hooks.

THE AMIABLE OCTOPUS

I SURRENDERED to the octopus, gracefully, I hope. At all events, the surrender was complete. I began by undertaking those triptychs and licenses on my own account. I had a letter to the Marseilles representative of the Touring Club de France, and another to touring clubs in general, including, therefore, the local club of Marseilles. There I should be received with the generous right hand of fellowship, somebody would speak English, of course, and I would learn what to do. One often lights himself up in that rosy way when he has slept well and had a good breakfast and the streets look sunny and busy and all the world seems young.

It was quite different by noon. The resident member of the T. C. de F. was not sufficiently resident for my purpose, being off touring somewhere in the Tyrol. At least that is what I gathered from the deluge of French which met me at the gates of his villa. Neither was the open door in working order at the Marseilles local touring club. When I sounded the knocker, a little boy finally appeared, and said something about *midi*. But when I went again at *midi*,—that is to say, noon, —even the little boy was gone. Perhaps all this might have been different at another season, when some of these touring people pause for a little in Marseilles. As it was, I had a stranded feeling. I did not know where to apply next, and if I thought of the American consul at all, it was with the dim feeling that he had other things to do than bothering with a compatriot who did not even know the number of his car.

Drifting up the Cannebière, I came to a tourists' agency. I was ready to compromise, as it were. I entered, but did not linger. A chilly Englishman pushed a blank form in my direction. A mere glance showed me that it required all the information I did not have. I said that I would come back later; he said, "Quite so," and I was on the street again. I would not, for money, have confessed to that man.

I was on the down-grade now. I consulted a directory, and got the address of the octopus—that is to say, the express office. But it was closed when I got there, —everything closes for the luncheon hour in Marseilles,—so I went over to a flock of little tables across the street, bought a little pink drink and some buns and a French paper, and sat there, and pretended I was French, while I waited for the destroyer to come back. By and by I noticed that his place was open.

He was the jolliest octopus imaginable, a round-faced, perspiring man with light, curly hair and the friendliest smile in the world. He was French, of course, but he had a lot of happy-go-lucky English, and we were bosom friends at sight. One could tell a man like that anything; and when he heard how desperate my case was, it only amused him. He made a memorandum of the few things I knew, or partly knew, about my car; told me where, for a franc, I could have some little photographs made to paste on the various licenses and memberships, and said that as for the numbers needed, he would send a man trained to the business to take a few sections off the box and hunt them out.

In that man's atmosphere everything suddenly became as easy as nothing. When I mentioned the driving license, with the dreaded examination, he said there would be no examination; that the license would be issued on his request. It was incredible, but I believed him. No one could look into his cherub face and disbelieve anything he said. Heaven ought to make more Frenchmen like that, and now and then an Englishman. I even believed him when he said his charge for services would be no great matter. Besides, the feeling of being in safe hands was worth a good deal, and when one has scrambled one's affairs in my peculiarly gifted fashion, he must expect to pay something for the unscrambling, and be patient and look serene.

Only one thing was disturbing—the amount to be advanced for those triptychs. For a car weighing 2500 pounds, one must deposit in France about seven cents a pound, or $175; in Switzerland $95; in Germany about $45, or something more than three hundred dollars in all. It was only a deposit, of course, to be handed back if one took his car out of the said countries permanently before the end of a year; and when I reflected that I should become the creditor of all those nations, I felt better. I should have preferred the French credit to be smaller, for the French are a volatile people, and given to changing their government. It would be my luck, I told the octopus, to have them change it during the year and repudiate my claim. He advised staying close to the line, where one could get across and collect on short notice when trouble appeared. If one elected to stay permanently in Europe, he suggested dying in Germany, where it could be done $130 cheaper than in France, the difference in

"THE PLACE FILLED WITH A DEMOCRATIC CROWD"

the cost of the triptychs. Altogether we had a mighty good visit. Marseilles began to seem like home.

TRIPPING BY TRAM

Our little book said, "Thanks to a unique system of tramways, Marseilles may be visited rapidly and without fatigue." They do not know the word "trolley" in Europe, and "tramway" is not a French word, but the French have adopted it, even with the "w," a letter not in their alphabet. The Marseilles trams do seem to run everywhere, and they are cheap. Ten centimes, or two cents, is the fare for each zone, or division, and a division is long enough for the average passenger. Being sight-seers, we generally paid more than once, but even so the aggregate was modest enough, and the price is reduced if one pays at once for two or more zones. The circular trip around the Corniche, or shore, road has four of these divisions, with a special rate of fifteen centimes for the trip, which is very long and very beautiful.

We took the Corniche trip toward evening for the sake of the sunset. The tram winds through the city first, past many beautiful public buildings, always with deep, open spaces or broad streets in front of them, for the French do not hide their fine public architecture and monuments, but plant them as a landscape-gardener plants his trellises and trees. Then all at once we were at the shore of the Mediterranean, no longer blue, but crimson and gold with evening, the sun still drifting, as it seemed, among the harbor islands, the towers of the Château d'If outlined on the sky. On one side the sea, breaking against the rocks and beaches, washing into sheltered little bays; on the other the abrupt or terraced cliff, with fair villas set in gardens of palm and mimosa and the rose-trees of the South. Here and there among the villas were palace-like hotels, with wide balconies that overlooked the sea, and down along the shore tea-houses and restaurants, where one could sit at little tables on pretty terraces just above the water's-edge.

At the end of the zone we left the tram, and made our way down to one of those places, and sat in a little garden, and had fish, freshly caught, and a cutlet, and some ripe grapes and such things, and watched the sun set, and stayed until the dark came, and the Corniche shore had turned into a necklace of twinkling lights.

"LA BELLE LANGUE"

In time my French cranked a bit easier. I could ask for hot water and say *"ci*gar" so that I would be understood. One must give a sharp jerk on that word, or even in a place where nothing but cigars are sold they will stare at one and think you are asking the way to the railway station. In fact, the more unintelligibly you speak your French, the better they like it. When I took pains, they did not seem to get a word of it. When I could make it entirely unintelligible to myself, it nearly always meant something to them. Not always the things I meant it to mean, but I felt complimented, and took what they gave me. Then I said *"Merci, beaucoup,"* and tried somewhere else.

I went into a place to get a little salt. I asked for *sel* and *le sel,* but nothing happened. I went from one place to another. I got torrents of explanation or discussion or something, and a variety of merchandise, but no salt. I began to be dizzy and to doubt all things. The time for the universal language had come. Finally I had an inspiration, and asked for *du sel;* that is, "of the salt," or "some salt," and got it like a Frenchman. How could a mere variation in form make such a difference? But it did.

As to what others said to me, I began to imagine I detected a familiar sound here and there, and thought I might understand as many as three words together if they were not presented in such unexpected aspects. When one has made the acquaintance of a sentence at full face, so to speak, he can hardly be expected to recognize it when it comes at him with a sudden side-step. Then there are all those silent final consonants which make so many words sound so much alike. One really needs imagination to understand French. And he should be a mind-reader. The French articulation is a subtle thing. Their "r" is not like our letter of the same appearance. It is not manufactured in the same way or in the same place. Take the word *rue,* for instance. Even when we get the "u" right, which is diffi-

cult enough, we balk on the "r." We start the letter somewhere down toward the throat. The Frenchman does not do this. His "r" seldom gets behind his lips at all. There is a curious note of "w" in it, which is not really that, being only less like other things. When I try to do it, I choke, and the head of the family has to pound me on the back.

The French require more words than we do. That is because they are more polite in their forms. Where we have the sign "No smoking," their sign reads, "Prière de ne pas fumer," and that is a fair example. Even a French translation of an English book requires more pages or finer type.

"WE TOOK THE CORNICHE TRIP TOWARD EVENING"

THE LAND OF INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM

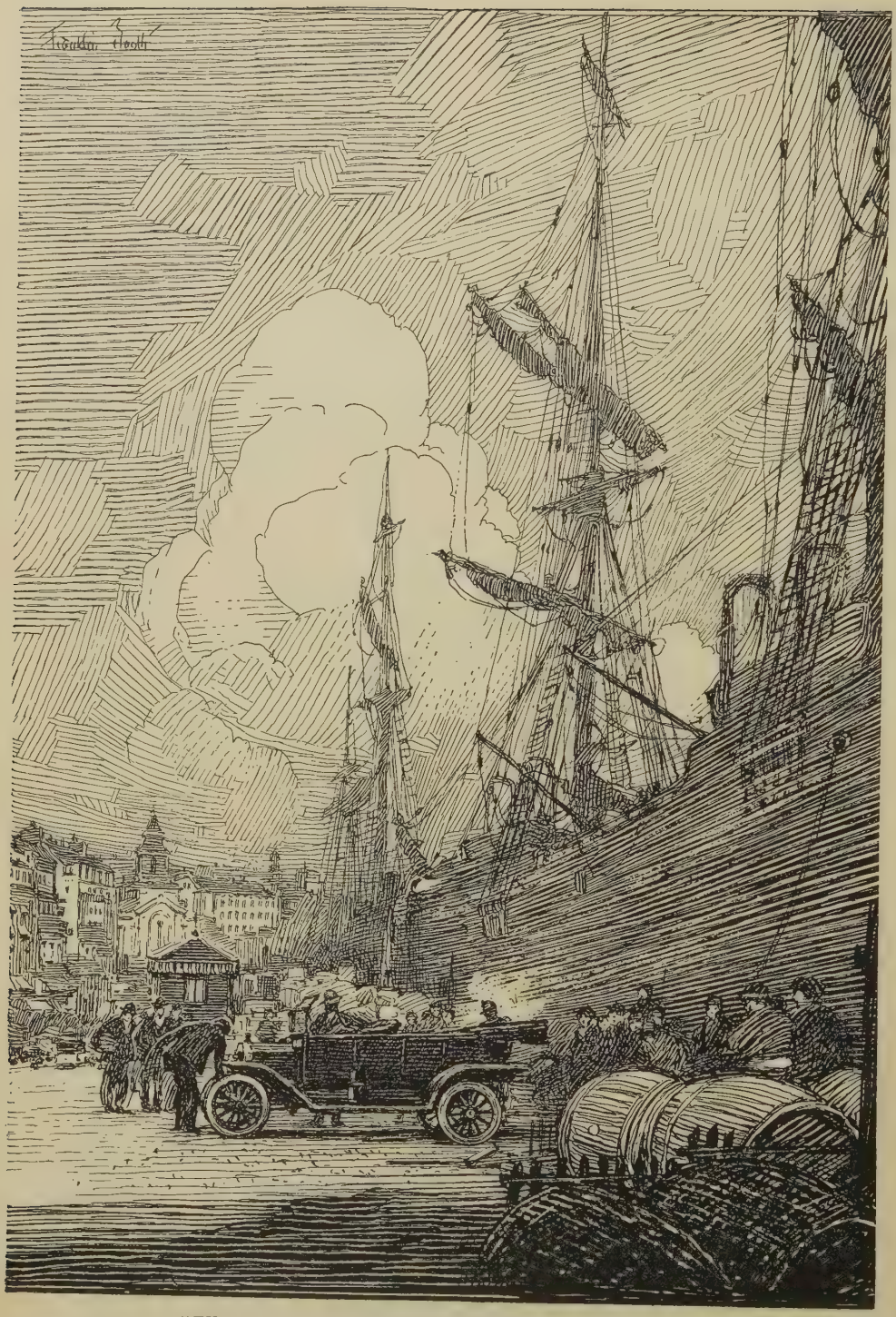
I BELIEVE that there is no country in the world where there is greater individual freedom than in France. Every one apparently does just about as he pleases. The gendarmes are not watching for infractions, and never seem to interfere with anybody. People tumble their dogs into the public fountains, and enjoy the parks with a freedom that would not for a moment be permitted in New York. Yet no one does anything really harmful. I mentioned these things to the American consul, who said:

"Yes, the French have great individual license, and are too proud of it to abuse it. Whatever they lack in political freedom they make up in personal liberty. That is the chief article of their faith. The gendarme seldom lays hands on a citizen. Where something really serious happens there are usually serious consequences; but it does not often happen."

Then he told me of a runaway youth whom he wished apprehended and held for American advices. The authorities said: "We will watch him for you, we will keep you posted as to his comings, his goings, and his doings; but we cannot lay hands on him. There is no warrant for so serious a step."

MONTE CRISTO'S PRISON

WE made one motor excursion by water to Château d'If by the little ferry that runs every hour or so to that historic is-



"THE CAR . . . RENEWED ITS SWEET OLD MURMUR"

land fortress. To many persons Château d'If is a semi-mythical island prison from which, in Dumas's novel, *Edmond Dantès* escapes to become the *Count of Monte Cristo,* with fabulous wealth and an avenging sword. But it is real enough, a prison fortress which crowns a barren rock twenty minutes from the harbor entrance, in plain view from the Corniche road. Château d'If is about as solid and enduring as the rock it stands on, and it is not the kind of place one would expect to go away from alive, if he were invited there for permanent residence.

It is not a place in which one wishes to linger. You walk a little way into the blackest of the dungeons, stumbling over the rocks of the damp, unleveled floor, and hurry out. You hesitate a moment in the larger cells, and try to picture a king there, and the Iron Mask; you try to imagine the weird figure of Mirabeau raging up and down, or fiercely writing his essay on despotism; then, a step away, the grim tribunal sorting out material for the guillotine from the nobility of France. It is the kind of thing you cannot make seem real. You can see a picture, but it is always away somewhere, never quite here in the very spot.

THE CAR IN COMMISSION

At the end of eight days of sight-seeing all our papers arrived. I was so loaded down with passes and licenses and triptychs and memberships that I walked lopsided, and felt as if I had a proprietary interest in almost everything. Then came half a day on the wharf, watching two strong men pry that almost impregnable packing-case loose from the car. They had been into it once before, getting the specifications, but now they finished the job, and left it a heap of lumber. The jolly octopus said he would take care of the remains for me, and if I had not learned to like him so much I would have given them to him. He was a boon, nothing less. He failed in nothing. At times he devoted the energies of his entire force to our service. He went with me himself through the hot sun to places where papers had to be witnessed and real French had to be spoken. Only once was there a hitch, at the city hall, where the *maire* did not want to sign my touring club card because I was not a French citizen. He could not identify an American, his clerk said. The octopus showed him the little photograph pasted on the card, and held it up for comparison. But the clerk shook his head and remarked something in French. I think he said he might identify a rabbit by that picture, but not me. We must go to the American consul, the octopus said.

That was the solution. The consul created me an auto-citizen of France, with residence at his office; the *maire* signed, and all was well. I was a complete French motorist at last. I had the membership card in the Touring Club de France, and the *carte gris,* and the *carte rouge,* and the International Pass, and the triptychs; also I had the bill for everything, receipted, and it cost, besides the deposits, for all licenses, fees, the labor of unloading and opening the box,—everything, in fact,—twenty-five dollars, of which the octopus, or his office, would get about ten for all the sweating and the running to and fro due to my lack of forethought and a general trust in Providence. It seemed a slender sum when I remembered what he did for me and how his brother across the sea proposed a tax a dozen times as large. We saved nearly half, I judge, counting freight and all, and might have saved more. I could have had a lighter box and known a few things about my car, which would have avoided going into it the first time, and would have saved two days at least in Marseilles.

Not that the delay was regrettable. Our ten-days' sojourn ended with the feeling that most travelers pass through Marseilles too hastily. We could go now with a good conscience. The car, released from its strong box, refreshed with a few liters of gasolene,—*essence,* the French call it,—and awakened with a gentle hitch or two of the crank, renewed its sweet old murmur. Then, the clutch released, it slipped noiselessly off the wharf, through the narrow streets to a garage, to await new numbers, a bath, and maybe a French lesson or two, so that to-morrow it might carry us farther into France.

THE FEAST OF THE GODS

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FROM a high tower I gazed at night
On a great city hazed with light,
And humming like a dynamo life's various, vibrant, human strain.
Domed by the blue and star-bright skies,
The crowds beneath my peering eyes
Seemed vast, dark shuttles, to and fro plying the threads of joy and pain.

Of joy and pain, of death and birth!
The whole refrain of this our earth
Thrilled me as though my nerves were wires tuned to the universal theme.
And the great light below increased
As if the gods were all at feast!
A thousand multicolored fires swam on the glamour of my dream.

For veils fell slowly from my sight.
I stood beneath a Roman night
Within a torch-lit, templed square. (God, and how long, how long ago!)
In the square's midst were tables spread.
A great proud awning flapped o'erhead.
And all the gods were feasting there, with servers hasting to and fro.

As from the ground, and all around,
There swelled a solemn chanting sound.
Yet all untouched their banquet lay. The gods moved not. Their feast grew cold.
Stranger their utter stillness grew,
Till piercingly I gazed, and knew
What powers had swayed that ancient day—*blank images of bronze and gold!*

And still that solemn chanting sound
Swelled on the air and wrapped me round,
Till shudderingly the vision passed. Once more my city sprang to light.
Its crowds like shuttles plied again
The multitudinous fates of men,
And ponderously I felt its vast and diverse pulses shake the night.

Despite the poet, sage, and priest,
There the old gods sat all at feast!
There in that haze of light below offered the best all men can give!
Blank images of gold and stone,
Hearing this whirling world intone
One psalter—will we never know these gods are dead, and cannot live?

Yet one transcendent voice supreme,
Too near for faith, too clear for dream,
Then from my city's tumult rose and stormed the silent stars above:
"This age with travail shakes the earth
Bringing a vaster God to birth.
Beyond a thousand overthrows He yet shall save us with his love."

Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE FEAST OF THE GODS

RACE

BY HUGH JOHNSON

Author of "Levant," "A Man and His Dog," etc.

ON a hummock in the very heart of the Great Candaba Swamp there lived, in a clean, white, palm-thatched cottage, a couple who had grown so old that their skins seemed simply skeiny gossamer, barely containing their almost ethe-realized spirits. Señor Don Luis Carafael was a Spaniard and a hidalgo, and his wife Eustachia a brown woman and a *tao,* and age and the swamp and too many years to remember had chiseled and attrited until there was little to mark race or caste or condition, yet no one could look at the high-ridged features of Don Luis and doubt, notwithstanding straw slippers and a shirt worn as the natives wear shirts, with the skirt outside, that here was a patrician.

The old man had been hunted and hounded. He was a Carlist, and at last had been chased out of Spain. He was in the army, and had been gazetted to a station in Mindanao where the authorities sent those of whom they hoped to hear no more. But they had reckoned without the undying zeal of the conquistadores. He drained their poison marsh. He put the fear of God and of the arms of Castile into the hearts of the fanatics he had been sent to oppose, and he built a city and a wall which to this day remain marvels of strength and beauty. Failing thus far, they sent a civil governor to tempt and heckle him into an indiscretion. The tempting was entirely satisfactory to every one except the governor, who ended the business in a formal scuffle, with a look of injured surprise in his glazing eyes and an etched and ancient Toledo blade in his vitals.

But Don Luis had to flee, and by devious routes he came back to Luzón, and so up the marshy Pampanga to its headwaters and the swamp.

It is no place for a white man, the swamp. It is fifty miles long and nearly as wide. It is a wilderness of spiny nipa-palms, not high, but dark and dense; a labyrinth of stagnant channels; a vast quagmire, with only two or three twisted chaplets of solid footholds to its heart, and these not ten men living know. But Don Luis found his way, and the people who came to see him were outlaws,—as he was, it is true,—river-pirates, with a price upon their heads; low-browed Malays, naked, savage, and primitive.

He supplied their forays with an element hitherto lacking, intelligence. They became the dread of that region, and about the person of Don Luis there rose a mist of rumor, legend, and tradition, shot through with shadows of fact, and the name that frightens children in the valley of Luzón is still the Old Man of the Great Candaba Swamp. Yet behind it all there was only a disappointed and, at heart, gentle old man who had been sinned against most grievously.

The American occupation offered him a sort of surcease, but too late. He was anchored fast to his swamp. He had married, and the marriage had brought him children, people of their mother's frailer and less compact fiber. He had seen them die in the swamp.

There remained a grandchild, Maria Luz. At twenty she was as complete an assembly of contradictions as could be found under the moon. From the patrician features and level brow of Don Luis himself there flowed back the wealth of a Pampangan woman's hair, black, soft, and cloudy, with just the wave at the temples that her too ascetic face needed to soften it—Don Luis's features, but—but eyes a thought too large and liquid, lips a hint too full.

The old man had had her at his knee since her first faltering step. She was his flesh and blood. It was she and the memory of her dead parents that kept him chained to his station, and that thought may have burned in his heart as he taught her everything that she should never have known. He was a scholar, and he had

spent over twenty years of his life as attaché at the Spanish legations in half the courts of Europe. Perhaps it was only a wish to live again in memory the brighter half of his life in his very old age, and that without thought of the hopeless isolation to which he was hoisting the beautiful little Eurasian girl that he loved far dearer than anything in this life, and he was too bitter to have left much faith in the next. Nothing could ever change the fact that though her skin was no darker than that of many a Sevillan duenna, it was not white, and no facility of thought and language could ever make it so. There was neither honor nor happiness nor place to be found for her among Don Luis's people, and as for her own, she had learned the very flash of his eye that told of contempt for them.

On her eighteenth birthday she was reading to him in English from a copy of Satterlee's voyages: "Honor they appeare to have notte. Truth for truth's sake, they doe notte know." He placed his thin old hand across the page.

"Three hundred years have made no difference, you see," he commented, "and three hundred more will make none." She sat considering this a moment.

"Father mine," she asked, without plumbing the depth of her own question, "what am I?"

His old eyes filmed, he shuddered as though for breath, then the egotistical old head went up.

"You," he said, "are my daughter. That is enough."

She was familiar with the blandishments of Epicurus, and she ate balled rice and oily little fish, raised with her fingers from a bowl on the floor. She had never seen a house of stone, a table set for dinner, or, save Don Luis, a white man.

When Washington left Newburg for Mount Vernon there was a Caldwell in the American army, and there has been one ever since, quiet, clean-cut, simple men, living decently within their incomes, which were small until Major Fred, in the great game of I-spy with Geronimo, this side and that of the Mexican border, scuffed a silver-and-copper ledge with his boot-heel, and happened that way some years after to see what he had found.

He had found the Neponset and Hecuba mines; so young Fred skipped West Point and went to Yale. Then he loafed abroad two years, came home, and said:

"Well, Dad, I 'm ready."

Father and son went to Washington to call on Mr. Secretary. Mr. Secretary pressed a button, and a young man from the office of the chief of staff came in, shook his head, went out again, and in his place came the general himself.

"Young Caldwell," said Mr. Secretary, "and he says he 's ready to take on the family yoke." The general shook hands and then *his* head.

"Sorry," he said; "no civilian appointments open, and won't be for two years. Vacancies are scarce as hen's teeth, and the law says they must go to the army first. Of course if you 'd enlist. Don't s'pose you 'd consider that. Might find you a clerkship to pass the time away."

"I 'd expected to," said Caldwell; "I don't want to be a dub."

The general gave him a keen, appreciative glance from his crisp hair, across his generous shoulders, to his slender legs and feet.

"Oh—ah—" the old fellow said in a new tone, "and the clerkship?"

"Clerk nothing! I beg your pardon, sir. Is n't there some service of sorts in the Philippines?"

"I speak for that young man," said the general when the Caldwells had gone out to a recruiting-office.

The Twelfth Infantry was having the devil of a time with the river-pirates. A lorcha with a cargo of valuables being poled down the Pampanga might be looted between two towns. The majordomo of the puffy rich man who owned the lorcha would wring his hands and weep, and say that ten thousand naked devils had descended upon him from the jungle; but the boatmen would look you squarely between the eyes and say:

"Ah nah-berry rough stahrm. Boat she berry musch speel. No can do. Me no sabe. Me mucho perde, Señor."

From which it might have been inferred that the policy of the Sherwood Forest men has not perished from the earth. But the provincial governor of Pampanga, a pursy Filipino, with a carnation in the buttonhole of his pongee coat, spread his fingers and said:

"That devil of a Don Luis!"

Though the wise chief of constabulary advised against it, saying:

"You could n't catch him; and if you did, you might strain the Pampangan nation through a germ-proof filter and not get enough evidence to hold him," they ringed the swamp with a cordon of small detachments, and on the eastern side, with a squad of twelve men, was Sergeant Fred Caldwell.

He took the duty seriously. He wanted to make his mark while still a soldier, and his apprenticeship was speeding eventlessly by. Even when his men were off duty, he prodded and sloshed about in the quagmire with a sounding-pole, and he had found and noted a tortuous pathway that wound into the swamp, but came to a dead stop on the shore of a lagoon, where, though he could walk out into the lake on a half-rotten log, there seemed no hope of a path around. He was standing there one morning when something softly pressed aside two elephant-ear palm-leaves on the water's-edge, as a butler pushes aside portières, and through the aperture silently slipped a black prow. Standing, one bare foot on the gunwale, head thrown back, hair flowing free, was what might have been a Naiad of the marshland, if Naiads wore print trade-cloth skirts. Caldwell stared, gracelessly slipped, and tumbled into the water. When he had been fished out, and sat dripping in the bottom of the proa, his silk shirt plastered to the folds of his clean muscles, the Naiad looked at him thoughtfully and spoke, in a book-conned English diction, with the faintest Castilian lisping of t's and s's, the quaintest eeing of i's and burring of r's:

"You are most magnificently wet, Señor."

Caldwell had not heard the sound of a woman's voice speaking English for eighteen months. The words impinged on numb ear-drums, too shocked to receive them.

"Great Gideon!" was all that he could remember of a rather generous vocabulary.

To this young man, born of the best stock his country afforded, reared under its cleanest and highest traditions, but lately living an abnormal soldier's life and starving for the companionship of his own kind, there came first querulous, insatiable curiosity, then sympathetic interest, and finally, as inevitably as rain falls and mist rises, love—love that was at once the deepest of all passions and the loftiest of emotions; love that, coming auspiciously wafted on the breath of every favoring breeze that blew, obliterated from mind everything save itself and its yearned-for object.

From the day that Caldwell stood with his arms tight-folded across his breast, as though to keep what stirred there from bursting forth, his voice scarcely audible from emotion, and said:

"I love you," and the girl, her utterly innocent and unabashed eyes gleaming their deep fires through a dew of tenderness, her thoughts fluttering like newly caged birds among the memories of all the wonderful things she had read of the classic loves of the world, cried:

"Is *this* what they tried so hard to tell and could not? Ah, *Madre de Dios!* I love you!" they lived a fortnight as in the faint azure of a midsummer-night's dream of gentle ecstasy. The swamp, its mystery steeped in a magical rain of flaky particles of silvery moon mist, its distance of dark tree-shapes softened to nodding sable plumes dipped in argent, its darkling waters sparkling on the hushed ripples with fairy phosphorescence, its velvet silence deepened by the fondest meaning, was a valley of enchantment, where they might meet and forget everything but happiness.

In his days Caldwell tried to be rational. He knew as much of the world as any man of his age, and he was twenty-five. He was not impulsive. He had had love-affairs, and he had lived the whole life of young men in cities. He saw his vision of Maria Luz in the life of his people, and he laughed most confidently. Her beauty, her intelligence, her sweet character, and her gentle graces, these would do credit to any man. The queer little gaps in her upbringing had left only surface chinks that could be glossed with alabaster in a year. That would be his task, and he could think of none more welcome. Its prospect aroused in him a comforting sense of protection—of prideful protection that brought a glow to his cheeks and a warmth about his heart.

He knew now the whole story of Don Luis, and the knowledge obtruded an ugly little vision of his own duplicity on his

view. His was not the sort of conscience that could be compromised. He must tell his colonel what he knew. He told her why he was there, and she laughed.

"Ver' well, Señor Sarjento. B'ing your men and take my poor old sire. Will you come beneath the surface, like the fish and the mole, or high over it perhaps, like the eagle? I give you every permission. Come."

"But I shall have to tell my colonel just the same," he said—"about you and us and *that*." He touched the gold band on her finger that had been his mother's ring.

"It is so wonderful, so beautiful a secret!" she said, sighing. "Must we tell *any one* yet? I have not. I have not even told my grandfather, and he loves me dearer than you do, Sarjento Americano." It was a statement made to be denied.

Caldwell thought that no one could follow him into the swamp. He imagined that no one knew why he came, that there had been no change in his manner and talk toward his men, and that no one of them wished him ill. The very next night the colonel, trotting into Callywag at the end of a tiresome day of inspections, found the detachment commander absent.

"But where is he?" he questioned the flunkyish, tobacco-chewing corporal who had hurried obsequiously out to take his horse. "Where does he find to go at night in this hole?"

"He goes," said the corporal, with a shrewd squint down his long, foxy nose, "out into the swamp to keep a date with a mestizo squaw that paddles down from Don Luis's dump to meet him."

"I believe," said the colonel, after a moment's thought, "that that is a lie."

But there came a striking indication of truth. The night passed and the day, and Caldwell did not return. The swamp had swallowed him.

CALDWELL hurried to the lake, as he thought, a little late. He reached the log from which he had fallen into the lagoon, and found, with some relief, that, after all, he was first at the trysting-place. He sat down at the shore end of the log, where the path ended, to wait for the silent pushing aside of palm-leaves across the hidden channel, and he had been there scarcely three minutes when he felt his right arm wrenched behind him with terrific violence, and held there with a menacing pressure at a spot where nerve lies over bone—a pressure that he knew better than to resist. His left arm was jerked back, and both were roughly tied with bejuco strands. He was pushed and carried to a dugout, and once through the channel and into a second lagoon, one of his naked captors suddenly spun the boat about dizzily, and the other bandaged Caldwell's eyes. Then they paddled tirelessly into the blackness.

When the blindfold was removed, Caldwell found himself in a spacious, many-windowed room. Books were everywhere. In a corner stood a shrouded harp, and beside it a pile of frowzy, yellowed music. A glass-doored case of ornamental swords occupied a prominent place between two windows. The room was lighted flickeringly with floating-wick cocoa-oil lamps, and at a dark, carved desk, on which were placed two candles in tall sticks, sat a very old man, with a tragic face and black and brilliant eyes.

He glared at Caldwell truculently, and Caldwell looked like MacMonnies's statue of Nathan Hale.

"So," the old man finally said with a peculiarly biting accent, "you are the man."

Caldwell, not knowing what to say, remained silent, and Don Luis eyed him with a characteristic narrowing of eye-slots that made his face very cruel. He clapped his hands after the manner of signaling Eastern servants, and two squat, swart men, naked save for twisted loincloths, shuffled in. There was unlovely suggestion in their heavy teeth, their prognathous faces, their deep-arched chests, and their prehensile great toes. They did not glance at Caldwell. Between them they bore a brazier, some irons, and a bellows. The glow of coals tinged their faces, intent over the brazier, red along the gnarly knottiness, and darkened splotches by contrast, in sinister, savage cheek-hollows.

"Speak!" snapped Don Luis.

"I 'll speak when you send those men away," said Caldwell, with scorn, "not before."

Don Luis raised his head in interest, then waved his hand to the men. A little of the cruelty left his face.

"Who are you?"

"A sergeant of the line."

"A *sergeant!*"—the old man bounded up,—"a common soldier!" Every word seemed a lash to his fury. "You low-bred dog! You came here; you met my daughter, an untaught innocent; you—like a Sevillan dragoon and a nurse-girl in a park!" He writhed under his own tongue. Agony groaned above the hoarseness of anger.

"Wait," gasped Caldwell—"wait," as though he would hinder some one dashing on to danger. "Have you said one word to your daughter? What do you imagine? Do you think—I love your daughter. I would have spoken to you had it been possible."

But the old man was beyond reason.

"You love her!" he raged. "You would have spoken to me! What do you suppose I am, a Pampangan tienda-keeper to sell the light of his eyes to a scurvy soldier for a handful of filthy pesetas?"

"You are paining yourself needlessly," said Caldwell. "I have offered her no hurt."

"You have been with her alone for fourteen nights. Do you think I am a fool?"

"I am an American," insisted Caldwell, "not a Latin."

Don Luis, mad with rage, rushed at him, with hands upraised to strike, but stopped at three paces before the level gaze of the boy's eyes. Rage turned to amazement, and amazement to hope. He turned and walked to his chair, weak and panting.

"Who *are* you?" he asked again. "Who was your father? Why are you here?"

Modestly Caldwell told him, and the modesty counted for more than the words.

"But what do you purpose? *Per Dios!* leave me. I must be alone."

It was a vastly different Don Luis that faced the boy when he came back.

"Be seated—those bonds, I ask your pardon. If you love my daughter, as you say, you will understand me, and give it." The bonds were cut away.

"Do you know what you have done? You have killed my daughter. Do you think that she was happy when you first saw her in the swamp?"

"I think she is happier now," said Caldwell; "I think that she will be happier."

"Ah, yes, the first is true; the second—in a measure. She must never be unhappy. Life is not worth bearing pain and sorrow. I have borne a great deal, and I know. She was very happy. She is happier. She shall be happier still. But it is the happiness we think of with the butterfly. And that is what she is like—some rare and beautiful hybrid moth, too frail to live, too much at outs with nature, whose changes require a thousand years of proving.

"She was happy fluttering here, so happy that I, who have become a nothing, was content to live awhile, happy, too, in watching her, rare in body, rarer in mind, a thing of beauty and—how does your poet say?—a joy forever. Some cold breath was sure to come. I knew it. It was left to you."

Poor Caldwell sat uneasy, uncertain whether he was being addressed by a violent madman in a moment of tranquillity, or listening to the babbling of a senile fool.

"You do not comprehend, Señor?"

"I confess that I don't."

"Don't? Ah, yes, do not. My English is rusty, Señor. Well, I did not expect you to understand. It has taken me years that I do not care to count and pain that I would rather not remember to understand myself. And I have said that you have killed my daughter, and I sit here quietly talking. That, too, is difficult to know? Well, I am very old and, being so, am very wise. You think to marry her?"

"I do," said Caldwell, shortly.

"She is my daughter, and by that right is of the nobility of old Spain. Yet is she what you Americans call—" he keenly studied Caldwell—"a *nigger?*"

The word, snapped out like a vicious whip-lash, brought Caldwell, hands clenched, face deathly white, eyes burning dangerously, to his feet, restrained only by an effort of will.

"Ah, be seated, my son. Do you think that I open old wounds as deep as the heart of me and pour the raw vitriol in for nothing, the pleasure of seeing you wince? And perhaps I err. Is it not so? Do they not so speak of these people?"

"Soldiers do sometimes. They do not mean that. They are speaking in the deepest contempt they know of an enemy;

that is all. We call Africans that. No one knows the difference better than you."

Don Luis smiled wryly.

"You speak the truth. No one does know better than I. They are not white; that is why—not white." He paused, quite overcome by a bolt of passion.

"See here," said Caldwell, touched to the quick, "this does n't make a damned bit of difference to me. I 'm the one to suffer, if there 's suffering to be done, not she. I 'm not doing this in passion, with my eyes shut. I know men—several of them—that have married Japanese women. It 's the same. There is even a man high in our diplomatic service who has married a Chinese woman. There are people who are proud to trace their lineage back to Indians. You are wrong, sir."

"Ah, yes," said Luis, smiling sadly, "it does n't make a damned bit of difference. I am growing old, but I like that. I remember it. I said it myself. Where does the diplomat live—in China? No doubt. And the husbands of the Japanese—they are fortunate that Japan is so pleasant a country. Do they ever sigh for home, I wonder, for the sunlight on the olive-trees of Seville, for the breezes from the mountains of León. Ah, *Dios!* but I wander."

"I have had enough," said Caldwell, suddenly rebellious; "I will not sit here and discuss this. Let us be content to differ. I do not desire to talk thus of the misfortune of a woman for whom I would give the eyes out of my head."

The steely look came back into the old man's face.

"You would give the eyes from your head, and I *shall* give the heart from my body. Fool, do you imagine I am thinking of you?"

Caldwell winced.

"I shall tell you, and you shall hear. I said that she was an exotic. I made her so. I could not live to see another of my flesh mated with a half-man, a canker in my heart and an abomination before the Lord. I put a white soul into her brown body, and I knew—lately I knew, that she must reach the age when she would feel the stir of life in her breast, and she would ask herself what this love meant. That was the breath that might have killed her, for she would never have done what you have done. No Malay that lives could strike the fire in her. She would have withered in her shell of beauty. I could not have endured that. I prefer that she should know, should have, her hour of perfect joy. The rest is worthless. I am glad that you came, that you are what you are."

He paused, and Caldwell remained silent.

"I tell you this. You could hasten to make this girl your wife. You could take her to your home across the sea. Her foot upon that shore, and joy and happiness and peace of mind would dodge and flit, like the end of the rainbow, five hundred meters on ahead. The shrugged shoulder, the upraised eyebrow, the lying word of regret—do you imagine, egoist, that you can be all in the life of such a woman, of any woman? And you would rebel, fight for her, grow weary. You would kill her in a year or ten of torture, and never strike a blow or speak a word in anger, every minute a space of hell for you, and worse than that for her. Or would you choose to come back to the swamp and be what here you see?" He bowed, spreading his arms.

"There is a woman dying in that room who has lived within the call of my voice for forty years. Have I not known the bond that dragged me here? Have I not wakened to find her by my side while thoughts that will damn my soul to hell ran through me? Did she not know? Rough-fibered though she is, she did. Yet she has been dear to me, faithful to the end. You know my story. Is there a sadder one? Will you live here and take up my life? No? What will you do?"

"I will do," said Caldwell, "precisely as I should have done had you not spoken."

"Kismet!" declared Don Luis, and clapped his hands. A servant came. "He will take you where you will find water—and clothing more fitting for a wedding."

Before Caldwell could answer, the old man had gone to pen a letter to the colonel of the Twelfth. He wrote:

> Your sergeant at Callywag is my prisoner. He shall be returned in two weeks' time.

Caldwell tried half-heartedly to return in the days that followed. There was no way for him through the swamp.

"I am going back," he said to Maria Luz when their fortnight was over. "I shall purchase my discharge. That will require a month, and then no more partings forever."

"I am so happy," she sighed, "that I cannot be sad; so happy that it seems that sorrow can never come back into the world."

He turned her face up to him in a way that he had learned to do. It was so wistfully beautiful, so placidly pure, that he felt himself unworthy, almost unclean, and there looked out at him a faith so profound, so questionless, that he went away knowing that the least unworthy suggestion to his mind must appear a sacrilege, and be put by.

Ten paces after he left the log at the trail-end, he was challenged, and he halted. It was the fox-nosed corporal.

"You 're it, me blushin' squaw-man," he scoffed. "The colonel has a word or two to say to you—*Lieutenant.*"

They took Caldwell, a close-guarded prisoner, to regimental headquarters, and the colonel cleared his office of orderlies and officers.

"Now, Sergeant," he said not unkindly, "let 's hear the whole of it. Leave out nothing." The colonel had been a comrade of his father at West Point and in the wars on the plains. Caldwell knew that he would have a sympathetic hearing. He began painstakingly with the story of Don Luis. He told of his meetings in the swamp, of his intentions toward his duty, of his capture—of everything save Don Luis's passionate warning.

"And so," he finished, "I married her."

"You what!" the colonel rose as though a hand had lifted his stiff body.

"I married her," said Caldwell, his jaw muscles taut; "it 's my affair."

"It 's your affair!" cried the colonel,—he was already pacing his office as he did when excitement became great with him,—"your affair. I had a letter from your father commending you to me. The chief of staff liked you; he 's written so to me. Your name was something, was n't it? The position of some twenty thousand Americans with respect to these people was worth considering, was n't it? Your future life among your kind was due a thought, I trust. And you have married an—a brown woman! What am I to say? What is there to say? You 've disgraced—"

"I suppose I must listen," said Caldwell between his teeth; "I 'm still a soldier."

The colonel seemed not to hear.

"I must think," he groaned. "Orderly, take him to the guard."

Don Luis did few things by halves. Caldwell, sleeping on the floor at the end of a thatched room, with a sentry, drowsing over a crutched rifle, on the porch just out of sight, felt his arm gently touched and a letter thrust into his hand. A slot had been quietly cut in the wall thatching, and the end of a bolo-blade was still working to enlarge it.

"Mi corazon de mi," the letter began, and murmured off into endearments; then some news, and then a strange little note of something that was not sadness, but that brought unaccountable sadness to Caldwell, began to be sounded. Suddenly the boy sat erect, his skimming eyes rushing over meanings, missing single words:

—and the swamp is not for health. You know that my father and my mother died when I was only a baby, within a week of each other. Candaba fever our old medico calls it.

I am happy, *mi Sarjento Americano*—so happy that if I were to ask for the dearest thought my sweetest dream could tell, it would be no more that I might go to sleep in your arms, *mi luz del dia,* and not awake. For all that I should have known then would have been you and my happiness. That is a selfish thought, I fear. If there is anything this side of heaven dearer than this happiness of mine, I am afraid of it, for the angels would be jealous, and knowing what I have known, it would be too sad to be less happy.

I am not in pain. I am like a healthful sleeper, drowsing among fluffy, rosy clouds, but Don Luis says that you should come to me at once, and—oh, my heart agrees a thousand times—

Caldwell drew in a deep breath, and the letter dropped to his knee; but a hand clutched his wrist, and a voice said:

"Silencio!"

A flap of the thatching wide enough to pass his body lifted. Without hat or coat,

and carrying his shoes in his hand, he wormed through and dropped to the ground. The sentry clattered up. There was a shot, an alarm, and the town woke with a stir. Following a dim, white back, Caldwell plunged toward the swamp. Something khaki-clad stood up in the darkness to stop him, but he crashed his fist into it, and ran on. In the skimming dugout one of the men said in Spanish argot:

"There is a letter, too, for the colonel, and a boat." Caldwell could learn no more.

He found Don Luis's study empty. He did not wait; he ran through a long corridor to the room that had been his wife's. It was silent there. The whole house seemed deserted. Candles in a ten-branched stick filled the room with a peaceful, gentle glow. The spread on the little bed was as smooth and as white as a drift on the peak of some forgotten mountain, but there was the face of Maria Luz, ineffable, and toward him stretched her arms.

"My dream, then," she murmured, with a restful little sigh of peace, "is all true."

Caldwell could not speak. He crushed his hot face down in the cool hollow of her shoulder, and there was a long silence, broken only once by a faint sputtering of the candles. A single tear-drop, pure like a perfect diamond, trickled down, and glistened on his dark hair.

The colonel was met in the swamp by an old man in the faded blue and tarnished gold of a Spanish general's uniform.

"It gives me pleasure, Señor Colonel," said Don Luis, "that you should honor the safeguard and parole of a caballero when so much is left to trust."

"I have seen your city," returned the colonel, "and I know your history. I trust that this will all end well."

"It shall," said Don Luis.

They stood silently at the end of the corridor. Framed in the casement of an open door they could see the face of Maria Luz, bent down above the kneeling form of her lover, and the crucifix above the bed.

"It was necessary that you should come," said Don Luis, "and see her—know the truth of what I tell." After a moment's silence he went on: "I have told you of her life—like the butterfly's, very like. You can see that she is beautiful. And her happiness was the joy of a child. I sheltered it. I kept it so. But we cannot be children always, Señor. This had to come—this that is the cream and essence of all. But what follows this? For the most of us, joy and sorrow borne together, and the life is worth while at the end; but for her? Ah, Señor, it was too cruel that she must pay with a lifetime of darkness for an hour of light. See how with a single thought all that is changed. I have given her a perfect life, Señor. Do you know a sweeter, happier one? And him—his shall be a great soul, seasoned by sorrow, purified by her memory. I am content, I contrive, I shelter, gently I draw the curtain."

The old warrior's talk was becoming wild. A sinister doubt flashed through the colonel's mind.

"*You,*" he stammered—"you have done that? You confess it?"

"Confess, Señor? You have not thought enough. I glory in it. Ah, God! *Mi hija!*"

There was a faint stir in the far room. A little smile parted the girl's soft lips.

"My dearest, dearest love!" she sighed drowsily, and then a man's sob that was a wail trailing out into the night of infinity after a fleeting soul.

The colonel turned his blanched face back to Don Luis. His silent anguish was more pitiful to watch.

"Come," he said, "that boy will know. He will—"

But Don Luis was smiling now.

"My sword," he said a little thickly, "my body—to you. I have kept my parole," and staggered back against the wall.

THE GEORGIA SONG-BIRD

BY FREEMAN TILDEN

Author of "The Hero," "The 'Yes-Man,'" etc.

I CONFESS my sin. Blame me how you will. Say that I have employed the fine arts for unworthy purpose; that I have traduced the good name of literary criticism; that I am unworthy to be the editor of the "Temple Magazine." Yet I must further confess that, were it to do all over, it would be the same. I should fall again.

It was not that I held lightly the responsibilities of editorship. Have I not, in these last five years, turned away, with a chilling firmness, though sometimes with a pang at the heart, starveling authors by the hundreds? Have I not shown the door to Civil War veterans, who with trembling hands laid before me their exclusive stories of the Gettysburg fight? Have I not dared the wrath of irate females with screeds on the evils of vivisection, strong drink, and androcentricism? Against beauty, persistence, cajolery, need, and menace I have been till now as constant as the sun.

What was there, then, about Miss Cleona Maclain?

Youth? No. I am susceptible, at forty-five, to the charm of twenty-one; but youth has brought futile manuscripts to my office before now, and taken them away again. Beauty? Beauty she had not, unless we may call by that vague name a curious medley of piquancy and timidity, of soft-brown, confiding tenderness and a kind of Yankee shrewdness, of girlish enthusiasm and mothering watchfulness—all expressed in the eyes of an otherwise plain face.

She had come to New York from Georgia—from Maclainsville, she said, as though one should instantly recollect the place—in midsummer, of all times when editors do not care to look at anything, and she had brought her poems, published and unpublished, with her. The editor of the weekly newspaper at her county-seat had thus far been her sole publisher. He had editorially called her the "Georgia Song-bird." Let us hope the good man meant it; or, if he did not, at least that he meant well. He had given her a letter, too, addressed to whom it might concern. In this missive he reiterated his confidence in the merits of Miss Maclain, and commended her to the outside world.

She had as much courage as she had little humor. Also, she was ignorant of many worldly things. She had never, somehow, happened across a single one of those pitiless jokes—ambrosia of the comic weeklies—about the rejection of poems and the ejection of poets.

What false information sent her first to the "Temple Magazine" I cannot conjecture. We do not use poetry, except a quatrain or the like, to fill a hole now and then. As to poetry, we are like a temperance hotel: we do not keep it in stock, but send out for it when we need it, usually to a literary agency upon which we can depend not to give us anything execrable.

I took the neat little scrap-book of published poems and laid that aside. In modern literature, what is done is done. Let dead poetry bury dead poetry. I was interested, if at all, only in the little parcel of unpublished work, written on faintly scented note-paper in a readable, angular hand.

I "read" them one after another: "To A Mocking-Bird," "Thoughts in a Vacant Farm-house," "His Will be Done," "The Old Darky's Song." This had originally been written "The Old Nigger's Song," but the word "darky" had been substituted, probably to assuage supposed Northern susceptibilities. All were bad, some worse than others. They lacked coherency, meter, and about everything else a verse can lack. They were of that pathetic badness that defies contempt and arouses pity.

I was aware, as I hastily turned the pages, of two expectant eyes fastened upon me. Before I had turned the last

sheet I had made up my mind what to say. It would be about like this:

"Miss Maclain, these are not good. I am sorry to have to say it, but I do it in justice to you and as an act of higher friendship. I see that you have a good mind. Do not abuse it by trying to write verses. You have many talents, perhaps, but not this one. Take the first train back to Georgia, and employ yourself in some useful work. There is nothing but disillusion, and possibly worse, for you in New York."

That is what I intended to say, but she threw me off the track by exclaiming:

"I don't believe you are reading them at all!" She had seen the leaves flying too rapidly.

"On the contrary," I replied, with a smile, "I have read them all. Name any one of them, and I will tell you the gist of it."

She took up the challenge, and named "The Cypress-Tree." I gave her an outline of the idea as I had caught it. Her eyes grew big.

"The truth is," I told her, "I do not read anything. I have no time. I merely skim through, and 'sense' the work. Very often I finish a novel of seventy-five thousand words in less than an hour."

"Is n't that wonderful!" she murmured, sincerely.

"It is despicable," I replied no less sincerely; "but there is no help for it. The loss is all mine."

Then, in a little flurry of confidence, she told me about herself. Dad and mother were dead, and she lived, none too happily, I imagined, with a sister. Times were bad; it was a once-important family gone economically to seed. There was the tradition to preserve, fine old archaism of doing nothing superbly. Working in a store or similar employment was socially impossible. The long and short of it was that Miss Maclain, with a few dollars beyond her fares, and her ineffectual verses, had come to conquer New York. Such innocence was almost incredible, but here she was. And worse, there was nothing in Maclainsville to which to return.

I twirled my pencil, and looked stupidly out the window of the twenty-third floor of the Amsden Building. Over on the Palisades, on the Jersey side of the Hudson, was an amusement park. A little black speck traveling along a network of steeplechase curves was a car full of laughing, shrill youths and maidens. Over there was play; over here was work, and a severe reality, and a little girl out of Georgia awaiting sentence for the crime of ignorance.

"I think I see something in these," I said.

It was not quite what she had expected. She thought better of her productions than that. A doubtful look came into her face.

"Perhaps I 'd better try somewhere else," she suggested.

"Where are you stopping?" I asked.

She was not stopping anywhere yet. She had come from the train to the magazine office, such was her zeal! But she thought of looking through the papers for a boarding-place. There must be plenty of them in a big city like this, she thought.

"Plenty, yes," I replied; "but no boarding-house is entirely good, and some are entirely bad, for one reason or another. Your baggage is checked at the railroad station, I suppose."

She nodded.

"Have you friends in New York?"

She shook her head.

"Not what you would call friends."

"Then you shall come home with me," I said. "We have a pleasant place fifteen miles out on the sound. I know Mrs. Westlake will be charmed to have you stay awhile with us until you get your bearings. We have plenty of room; it won't be the slightest inconvenience. Is that settled?"

"Really I don't know what to say," protested Miss Maclain, all flushed and embarrassed. "It does n't seem—"

"I assure you it is quite the proper thing," I said with finality.

She smiled faintly.

"You Yankees are so sudden! I met one down home once, and he was just like that."

That was all she said. But it was evident that there was some important thing unexpressed. I guessed that it concerned her poems.

"As for these verses," I told her, "I see five that I can use—at five dollars apiece, if that is satisfactory."

"Five dollars apiece!" she repeated, and flushed again. "Do you really think they are worth—"

"Our regular rate," I replied in my most businesslike manner. "Of course some magazines pay more. On the other hand, some pay less."

"It sounds like a very good price to me," she commented frankly.

"It does n't go very far, though, in New York," I replied.

On the five-twelve train for Benson Sands that afternoon Miss Maclain suddenly turned to me from looking out the window at the flying advertising landscape, and said:

"I can write one poem a day, I know. That ought to give me a very good income, ought n't it?"

For a moment I was tempted to blurt out the truth. An awful feeling of guilt swept over me. And yet why not give her a chance to see things for herself? It would not take many days to let her behind the scenes, to make her understand the folly of hoping to gain a livelihood with poetry—with *her* poetry.

But though I could not demolish the Spanish castle entirely, I had to warn her:

"Of course they might not all prove acceptable."

"That 's so," she assented, and looked not so cheerful for a moment. After a few minutes she was enthusiastic again, and asked, "Did you really like that line,

> "'The winds were sighing like a lover penitent'?"

"Very good," I answered; "very good indeed." What else could one say?

Mrs. Westlake was not surprised that I should bring home a dark-haired young priestess of poetry hailing from Maclainsville, Georgia. In fact, I suppose it is the harmless little brag of us New-Yorkers that we try not to be surprised at anything. And when I hurriedly told her the circumstances, the warm heart of my wife was stirred with pleasure. The boarding-house idea did not appeal to her, either. She had tried it herself, years before.

All in all, we had an unusual and merry evening. Cleona sang us some plantation melodies, improvised working-songs that she had got at first hand, and altogether new to us. She was pat in the negro dialect; but we were rather surprised that her own speech was not so expectedly replete with words and phrases like "you-all," "we-all," "right smart," and the rest of the paraphernalia of a successful writer of Southern dialect. A few quaint little tricks of speech she indeed had, and there was that pleasant difference in accent that cannot be reproduced in writing.

After Cleona had gone to her room, I related to Mrs. Westlake the circumstances of her visit to the magazine office.

"Should I have told her the brutal truth at once?" was my question.

"It would have been too cruel," was the cheering judgment of my wife.

"I shall have the magazine's check sent out here to her," I added; "and then I will draw my personal check for twenty-five dollars in favor of the magazine. It won't do to swindle my employers with that stuff."

"The magazine has plenty of money," replied Mrs. Westlake. "They ought to be glad to help the poor thing along to that extent."

It is hard to make the average woman see these things as we men do.

Next evening, when I arrived home from the office, the first thing I perceived was that there existed an *entente cordiale* between my wife and Cleona. They had their heads together about something. There were covert little sniggerings and meaningful looks. We had dinner, as always on fine summer evenings, on our broad porch. Cleona, in a filmy white dress, and a red Japanese climber fixed in her dark hair, looked better than merely pretty. And, such is the quick effect of youthful associations, Mrs. Westlake had lost five or six years during the day, and was most adorable to look at.

But the astonishing thing was the popovers. Popovers I have eaten at many homes, including our own. They are seldom very bad, often very good, and particularly good at our home. But these popovers were no product of the ordinary culinary art; they seemed about to defy the laws of gravitation. They were super-popovers; the kind that, eaten once, remains in the memory for discussion through the coming years. I asked lightly:

"A new receipt?"

Then came more sniggering and meaningful glances. I saw that it was the same receipt, but a new chef.

"You made them?" I asked, turning to Cleona.

She was not too advanced in years to giggle; so she giggled.

Perhaps I was a little fulsome in my praises. Mrs. Westlake asserted as much afterward, reminding me that for a man who talked so much about "literary restraint," I ought to practise it more handily. There is something in this. Bertha is the least jealous woman I know, and yet—

Next morning there was another surprise. This time it was an omelet, a most astonishing omelet. I should not like to attempt to say what was in that omelet. There were tomatoes and diminutive cubes of crisp bacon and I don't know what. It was of the persuasion of Spanish omelets, but no more like the Spanish omelets of commerce than the popovers had been like restaurant popovers. It was Cleona who had effected this incredible dish.

Then she told us that she *loved* to cook. She had studied under her mammy, the old black woman who for many years brought the Maclains to the edge of Gout Chasm, but never tipped them quite over.

"And she is the most helpful little creature that ever lived," Mrs. Westlake said to me at that time of fullest confidences, when lights are out. "She is a born housekeeper, neat as wax." When a New England woman, of generations of New England housewifery, uses that expression, "neat as wax," it means something tremendous.

"But she writes bad poetry," I groaned.

"That," rejoined Mrs. Westlake, positively, "can be cured."

I said I was afraid not. In my editorial career I had known chronic cases that not even the Gamma rays of radium could reach.

In the two weeks following I experienced, in our bungalow at Benson Sands, some of the gastronomic delights of which gourmets boast; and it was the master hand of Cleona that prepared the feasts. If ever woman was to the gas-range born, it was Cleona Maclain. She could take an ordinary ham, a plebeian, unsightly ham, and by her subtle kitchen alchemy transmute it to a work of art. She had a way of sticking it full of cloves.

The raised biscuits of Cleona were biscuits-plus. She worked magic with common corn-meal, producing layers of johnny-cake that melted to the eye's glance. She knew the mysterious Oriental secret of cooking rice, so that each grain should be intact and succulent.

We had friends to dine with us, and they went away with the green devil of envy in their eyes, and they came back again with the gleam of expectation in their eyes, also.

Meanwhile Cleona scorned her talent. She wished not to be reminded of it. Admitting that she "loved" to cook, she was ashamed of her affection, as a man hates to confess himself the slave of tobacco. Her ambition was literature, particularly that branch which begins each line with a capital letter. Every morning, not long after breakfast, Cleona took herself to her room and worked at poetry. Her diligence was unquestionable; her product was steadily growing worse. At the end of the first week with us she was able to show me three new poems. I promptly accepted them all, gave her an order on our cashier, and then refunded the money to the magazine. And then I felt that it was time to declare the truth.

"This can't go on," I said to Mrs. Westlake. "It 's not fair to Cleona. Already she is asking in what issue of the magazine her first work will appear. I think I should have a talk with her right away."

"She is so contented here," replied Mrs. Westlake, dreamily. "It seems such a pity."

"But she is building false hopes; and the longer the disillusionment is withheld, the harder it will be."

"But she is so helpful about the house," replied Mrs. Westlake. "And you know what experience we have had with cooks."

Did I know? Without a doubt I did. We had drawn upon Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Barbados, Poland, Nova Scotia, and possibly Mesopotamia, in our wild recruitment of cooks. We had run the gamut of ages, from girlhood to decrepit seventy; we had learned the rudiments of a dozen languages and dialects, including Slav, in the course of our experience; with the net result that for months we had had, in self-defense, no servants whatever.

"Not that I think of Cleona as a ser-

vant—of course not," said Mrs. Westlake; "but you know—"

I knew. So another week passed, and I weakly did nothing, and Cleona was still preparing table delicacies with her incomparable art.

The third week it was Cleona who reopened the subject.

"I don't seem to be able to do so much work," she said. "Somehow the ideas don't come to me as they used to."

"I believe it is often the way," I replied, "after a change of environment. You are in new surroundings now, and your mind is busy getting adjusted to them. In a few months everything will be going along smoothly again."

"And then sometimes I think," she added pensively, "that I have tried to write too much."

I hope my reply to this was not transparently eager.

"I meant to have spoken to you of that," I said. "A little done well gives much more artistic satisfaction than a great deal done loosely." After a silence, I added: "And, then, you are not really losing any time. You are making acquaintances and adding to your store of experience and knowledge. And you are quite welcome to stay here as long as you please, you know."

"You are so good to me, you and Mrs. Westlake!" she said; at which I retreated with a red face and the sensation that I had been struck in the face with a knout.

One Sunday Hal Burke came over to dinner with us. Hal is a mighty fine young fellow, full of energy and sprightly conversation, has all the gossip of the literary world at his tongue's end, knows stories about all the well-known authors, and tells them inimitably. He is the assistant editor of the "Open Window," a publication which devotes itself to current affairs, wholly clipped and edited from other publications.

Before introducing Hal to Miss Maclain, I had a chance to take him aside and say:

"I am going to introduce you to one of the nicest girls in the world. She is staying with us for the present. If the subject of poetry comes up, I want you to be very careful. She writes verses herself."

Hal's face assumed a mock-tragic expression.

"Awful!" he said. "Got one of them about you anywhere?"

I chanced to have one in my pocket at the time, and handed it over to him. He gave it a quick reading, and passed it back, with the comment, "Rot!"

"Of course it is," I replied; "but she does n't suspect it yet. Understand?"

Hal nodded.

"Shall I enthuse?"

"Mildly, perhaps."

The dinner was marvelous. Cleona had never effected anything quite so brilliant. Her exertions left a pink flush in her face that rivaled the roses on the porch. Hal was in fine form, and talked wittily and incessantly. It was evident that many of his allusions were wholly cryptic to Cleona. It was like introducing her into a new world—the world she had often dreamed of trespassing within.

After dinner Hal and I sat on the porch and smoked. I casually mentioned that Cleona had prepared the dinner."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "No poet could cook like that. Lady poets wear short hair, black-rimmed glasses, and catch their food out of delicatessens."

"But she is n't a poet," I reminded him; and after a moment's consideration, he admitted that it was so.

"Of course she does n't sell any of her stuff?" he asked suddenly.

"A little now and then," I replied nonchalantly.

Hal had more questions, but I found sufficient reason for leaving him at the moment. I went down and bought some chocolates at the drug store. When I returned, Hal was entertaining our poet so successfully that it seemed criminal to disturb them. So I joined Mrs. Westlake.

Hal Burke came to dinner several times at short intervals. We were always glad to have him with us. He is only twenty-five, but entirely level-headed, and that combination of youth and age can never be boresome.

But my own troubles were beginning now. I had not told Cleona in so many words that her poems would be printed in the "Temple Magazine," but it was natural for her to assume that they would. And by a similar reasonable assumption she came to the conclusion that, as I had told her we "made up" the magazine three months ahead, her first batch of poems

might be expected in the October issue. It was now the first week in September. Our publication day for the October issue was September 15.

She was too modest to bring the subject up very often, but on one occasion she asked, innocently enough, if it was the practise ever to illustrate poems.

"Very rarely," I hastened to say.

"I just happened to think of a picture that would go well with one of those poems you bought the first day I was in New York."

That was all, but the perspiration lay cold on my brow for minutes afterward. I began to wonder what the outcome would be. In wild moments I dreamed of inventing accidents that should destroy the manuscripts. There was the probability, however, that Cleona had kept copies. I believe I went so far as to invent a story about the destruction of the electrotype plates of the October issue, but this was far too technical. Cleona had never heard of an electrotype plate; besides, it would only postpone the revelation one brief month, to no purpose.

One afternoon, just before leaving the office early, I made up my mind to have an end to all deception. To this worthy, if tardy, end I formulated a little speech for the ears of Cleona. Even now I flatter myself that this speech was a marvel of diplomacy. If it failed of its purpose, I yet cherish the thought that it merited success. That it did fail of its purpose, by reason of being undelivered, was due to an astonishing circumstance.

It fell out this way: on reaching home I found Mrs. Westlake in the library, somewhat perturbed. My mind was full of Cleona, and at once I asked for her.

"Something 's wrong with the poor girl," said my wife, shaking her head dubiously. "It started with a letter that came on the noon mail, I think. She opened it down-stairs here, and gave a little sob, and flew up-stairs to her room. I have n't disturbed her since. We 'd better leave her alone till she is ready to come down."

Toward dinner-time Cleona came down-stairs rather limply. She had made a brave effort to disguise the fact that she had been weeping, but it was evident enough. It did seem a pity to add to what trials she was already undergoing; but with a speech already to deliver, one does not like to let it suffer from cooling. So I said:

"I 'd like to have a little talk with you, Cleona, if you don't mind."

She gave me a frightened glance, and I thought she trembled a little.

We went out on the porch and sat down.

"It 's about your poetry—" I began, to lose no time in arriving at the crux.

The tears began to flow at once.

"Then you know!" she cried.

This was something of a facer. I could not imagine what it was that I was supposed to know. So I said nothing.

"I don't know what you can think of me," she continued, "after you have been so kind—and everything!"

"Cleona," I said, "we must be thinking of two different things. I don't believe I know what you think I know. Tell me what it is."

There was a little ball of paper crumpled in her hand. She held it out to me, without lifting her head. I unrolled it, smoothed it out, and gasped a bit, I should say. It was a check from the "Open Window Magazine" for twenty dollars. And being one of those voucher-checks (no other receipt required), it bore testimony on the back that it was in full payment for all rights to three poems, as named; and then it named them.

"Well! well!" I cried. "The young lady is widening her field! Is this anything to weep about, Cleona? I should think you 'd feel just the opposite."

Suddenly her little head bobbed up and she eyed me in amazement.

"You don't care?" she asked.

"Care? Why should I care? I 'm tickled to death. Why *should* I care?"

And then it dawned upon me what was passing through the dear girl's mind. She was so innocent of literature as a business that she thought she owed absolute loyalty to the "Temple Magazine." She had not thought it regular, or even legal, to send her poems elsewhere without permission from me.

"I did n't know," she said, "that you let your writers write for other papers."

"The more the better, Cleona," I assured her. "I never dreamed but that you knew. But this about the 'Open Window'—how did it happen?"

She reddened.

"Mr. Burke—said—"

I stopped her. It was cruel to let her go on. A little flame of jealousy did, I confess, flare before my eyes as the truth swept over me. This young rascal Hal Burke, whose magazine had never in the world paid for a single poem, was sapping and mining our little home with the malicious forethought of stealing Cleona away. In an instant I saw being snatched from our table that appetizing array of popovers, omelets, waffles with which we had come to be on terms of intimacy. I saw, in a flash of clairvoyancy, that horde of unskilled, unwashed, unwilling cooks-to-be, and my stomach protested vehemently.

But, on the other hand, it suddenly occurred to me that this change of wind made my little speech unnecessary; that I no longer had the bitter task of disillusioning the Georgia Song-bird. I could very sweetly pass this on to another, provided Hal Burke meant business; and it was incredible that he did not.

"You go right ahead and sell the 'Open Window' all the poems they can use," I said. "The more you sell them, the better I 'll like it."

Just the suspicion of a pout agitated Cleona's mouth. I saw that I had been a little too transparent. "To the end of advertising," I chirped briskly. "We like to have our writers appear in other magazines. It is advertising, you see; and it helps everybody. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," said Cleona; but I had a fear that she did n't.

Next morning I went, instead of to my own office, to the editorial rooms of the "Open Window." Hal Burke was there, and greeted me with rather too much effusion, it occurred to me, although we always do find plenty of evidence to fortify our preconceptions.

I came to the point at once—one business man to another.

"You have bought three poems of Miss Cleona Maclain!" I said sternly.

Hal blushed; I say that for him.

"How—how do you know?"

"I saw the check. Come, no subterfuges! Let me see them!"

The disconcerted young man went into a pigeonhole, and drew out three manuscripts, written in a familiar hand.

I glanced through them, and then threw them down in front of him.

"Well," I said, "they 're rottener than anything I bought from her; I 've got that satisfaction."

"They 're about the worst I ever saw," Hal admitted. "She gets rockier and rockier as she goes on. In one place here she has rhymed 'much' and 'thrush.' "

"Are you going to use them in the 'Open Window'?" I asked.

Hal grinned.

"Then what is your game?" I persisted. "You paid for that awful stuff with an office check, and then made out your own check to the magazine, did n't you?"

"How the devil did you know that?" he cried, surprised.

"Leave that to me," I said mysteriously. "I am older than you are. What 's your game, I want to know?"

"I am going to marry Cleona," replied Hal, soberly.

"So you 've got it fixed! Did she say yes?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said the young man, nervously, "I have n't asked her yet. I thought—"

"You 'd buy a few poems first?" I filled in.

Sheepishly, he admitted the truth of the interpolation.

"Hal," said I, "I ought to challenge you to a duel. But I 'm getting a bit stiff in the joints, and you 're twenty-five. You are taking an unfair advantage of a friendly, unsuspicious man. I brought you to my home, introduced you into the very bosom of my family, and now—"

"I 'm stealing your cook!" cried Hal, jabbing his finger into my midriff, and bursting into a roar. "You can't fool me, Westlake. I 've been eating at your house Sundays."

He had me fair and square. The little rapscallion had been holding that over me as a trump-card. I held out my hand and said:

"Hal, she 's yours—if she wants you. We both know too much. Let 's forget part of it."

"Bully idea!" cried Hal.

And so they were married. That is the least important part of the affair to me, though to Cleona and Hal, I suppose, it loomed very big. A few days before the

grand event Cleona took me aside and, with a little tremble in her voice, said, "I don't know whether to ask it of you or not, Mr. Westlake [it was *Mr. Westlake* now, which shows something to the initiated], but if you could do it, it would be so good of you."

"I can't think of anything I would n't do for you," I said largely; and meant it, or almost.

"It 's about my poems."

Once more I experienced that palpitation of the heart that I had felt when Cleona asked me what issue of the "Temple Magazine" she should expect her first work to appear in. Did she still look forward to the October number?

"Could you arrange to give me back all my manuscripts without publishing them?" she faltered. "Of course I shall insist on refunding the money."

"Will I?" I shouted, and longed to take her in my arms and dance a wild jig.

"You can do it, then?" she said radiantly, reading the affirmative in my face.

"I would do it," I replied, "if the issue were already circulated, and I had to go through the country on foot to buy up the whole edition."

"You dear!" she cried, and I did not dodge.

"But why this change of heart?" I asked her, when I had recovered my poise. "Why don't you want your poems printed?"

"*I* do want them printed," she replied; "but Hal is such a queer fellow about some things. And of course I would do *anything* to please him. But he 's queer. You never could guess what he said. He said: 'I would rather my wife would n't be in the public eye at all. I don't want her to write poems for *everybody* to read.' Is n't that odd of him?"

I explained it to her. Hal sees so many literary people that he gets tired of them. It is a quite natural reaction.

BOOKS WE RE-READ

BY WARREN BARTON BLAKE

IMAGINE our predicament if books were like people, and if, having opened the house to Mr. Wells's "Passionate Friends" and Mr. John Masefield's rhymed novels about roughs, we were forever obliged to spend our afternoons with Lady Mary and her humanitarian adulterer, and our evenings with bruisers and ditch-diggers and boozers out of the Bye Street! That is the beauty of the book: you and you alone decide. "No, Plato," you say firmly; "I 'm not feeling philosophical to-night. I much prefer Conan Doyle." And when one's mind is for some reason on a higher plane, one sends *Brigadier Gerard* and *Sherlock Holmes* packing without one moment's embarrassment at the fact that their creator is a baronet, and invites in Goethe or Molière or Erasmus.

What is it that gives to some of these book friends a power to fascinate us the second time or the third, while others, some of them works we place academically higher than these preferred ones, we may keep on our shelves for half a century without once blowing the dust off their gold edges? Take that trifle of Xavier de Maistre's, the "Voyage autour de ma chambre." He had done something naughty—I do not care to remember just what—and was "confined to his room" in a sense more literal than the usual one; and to pass the time he described, in a travel style that nothing outside of Stevenson can rival, the contents of that little apartment. Short as the book is, I have never re-read it in serious fashion cover to cover; but again and again I have tasted a few pages, and always it puts me in good humor. Much of Stevenson is improved by this second reading, and some of Barrie. Some of Galsworthy, too.

Jane Austen is another of the authors who wears well. The classic appreciation of Jane Austen—classic partly because it means so much more, coming from the author of the totally different "Waverley

Novels"—is Walter Scott's journal entry for March 14, 1826:

> Read again, for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of "Pride and Prejudice." That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any one now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me.

This is handsomely spoken. And it is the feeling lesser men than Sir Walter must have in returning to "Pride and Prejudice." The other day I took the novel up after neglecting it for seven long years, and the charm was, if anything, stronger than at the last reading. Is there anything in literature more restful than Jane Austen's stories? Certainly this quality of theirs is not wholly due to the sense we have of the final and definitely ordered society which they reflect; and they have never impressed me as being restful by reason of dullness. Dullness is very far from restful to any one fairly widely read, and therefore fairly hard to please.

Despite homely passages that are undeniably wanting in action (in "Emma," for instance), I do not feel the temptation to skip that I succumb to in renewing acquaintance with Sir Walter. Religion without spirituality, duty without enthusiasm, affection without the heat of passion, virtue without a grimace—all that is what one finds in this country-side annalist. Yet one enjoys her as one enjoys a glass of mild ale and a seat in an inn after an all-afternoon walk in some English country-side, or a place by the fire and a cup of hot tea with an understanding woman to pour it (clever, but not too clever) after a day spent in crowded streets.

True, these similes are unworthy. Jane Austen is Jane Austen. One either delights in her or, like Emerson and J. H. Lewes and Charlotte Brontë, one just does n't. But if once you do delight, you do not get tired of her repetitions of plot and characteristics. You do not get tired, either, of your own occasional re-readings. John Ruskin was a good deal of a fool, especially when he asked some one, presumably his reader, "Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable-boy when you may talk with kings and queens?" The correct answer is *YES*. It is not wholesome to live too much with royalty; the fare is too rich for the untitled stomach. Moreover, you often learn more by talking with the stable-boy than by interviewing the college professor.

But I am, alas! no nearer than before to determining what is the secret of the books eternally young, what the secret of their power of endlessly pleasing and stimulating us. Other books that we are compelled to set high in any rank-list of literature are for once only. Charm, that indefinable gift of style and spirit, counts for much; but that is not all. A certain serenity of temper, an economy of passion and gesticulation, counts for much. In welcoming Anatole France to England not many months ago, Thomas Hardy commented upon the fact that M. France maintains even in his lighter works "the emphasis of understatement." That is, after all, a great part of the secret. Nowadays there is more stylishness in the magazines than style. We will never reread the "stylish" novels and poems the authors of which seem endlessly to bawl at us at the top of their lungs. As in conversation the most persuasive talker is not he who is most urgently shrill, so in this matter of companionable volumes—volumes always welcome as table-books, arm-chair books, pillow-books—it is those whose authors command backgrounds and middle-distances as well as vivid foregrounds, painters whose palettes command cool whites (like Chardin's) as well as burning tints of sunset and fire, that we love unendingly, and from which we draw refreshment and repose.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

SOCIAL SUN-SPOTS

BY CHARLES WIMLEY

PICTURE BY NOEMI PERNESSIN

SUNBURN stenciling is now the reigning fad of Newport. It started in this way: Mrs. Harry Fitz-Carrington, the well-known society leader, appeared at a tennis-match one afternoon in an elegant bodice of Porto Rican drawn-work. That evening at a dance her décolletée gown revealed a charming pattern of lines and squares, stenciled in pink upon the snow-white of her neck. It was ravishing. She was the object of the admiration of every man present.

Next morning the linen shops of Newport were ransacked for stencil designs,—rosettes, arabesques, geometric figures, flowers, birds,—anything that would make an attractive red-print. The telegraph wires to New York were kept busy with orders for new and wonderful patterns. Women of artistic talent canceled their bridge engagements to sketch original subjects. Those who were less gifted sent far and wide for book-plate designers and other skilled draftsmen. Meanwhile they went about thickly veiled and parasoled, carefully avoiding the sun except when they needed it for their red-printing, which process was accomplished by means of scientific time exposures, with the advice of able photographers.

The next dance was a glory of pink and white. New steps and colored wigs lost their attraction before the fascination of the stenciling. Every woman was a work of art.

But the crowning affair of the early season was the "Tattoo Ball" given by Mrs. Tidley-Cholmondeley. At this brilliant

gathering the greatest decorative ingenuity was displayed. Miss Vera Cathaway looked charming in a grape-vine pattern that was continued down her arms. Mrs. Frank Astorbilt disclosed an intricately wrought monogram four inches high. Lady Bathhurst was strikingly emblazoned with her coat of arms. Mrs. Harry Vandervan was adorned with "Sunrise on Fujiyama," designed for her by the Japanese artist Koka-Kola. But the first prize went to Miss Cynthia Sniggersham for her "Mona Lisa," and the second to Mrs. George Whiffleton for her panorama of the capture of Vera Cruz, a subject that, it must be confessed, revealed considerable talent and cuticle.

Whither this decorative movement will lead none can be sure; but Mrs. Burning Tassel, the well-known tattooed lady (formerly of Barnum & Bailey, and now of Tassel Hall), says that her experience as a teacher of red-printing at fifty dollars an hour inclines her to believe that sun-stenciled designs will be the clothes of the future.

THE SAFETY-VALVE

BY ROBERT EMMET WARD

"Well, but what did your grandfather say?"

"Why, Mary," said Margaret, half smiling, "I 'm a bit loth to tell yo'. . . . He was taken by surprise, and he said: 'Damn yo'!' "

—Mrs. Gaskell in "Mary Barton."

MY wife and I will never "fuss."
She, blessings on her! lets me "cuss."
However roused I am,
Return to calmness is not blocked
By her assuming to be shocked
When I let fly a "Damn."
The word may sound a little weird,
But, then, the atmosphere is cleared.

When we consider that the word
Which has to every one occurred
  In times of *sturm und drang*
Means nothing worse than "to condemn,"
And serves the tide of wrath to stem
  Better than "blow" or "hang,"
Why bottle up the boiling rage
We may so readily assuage?

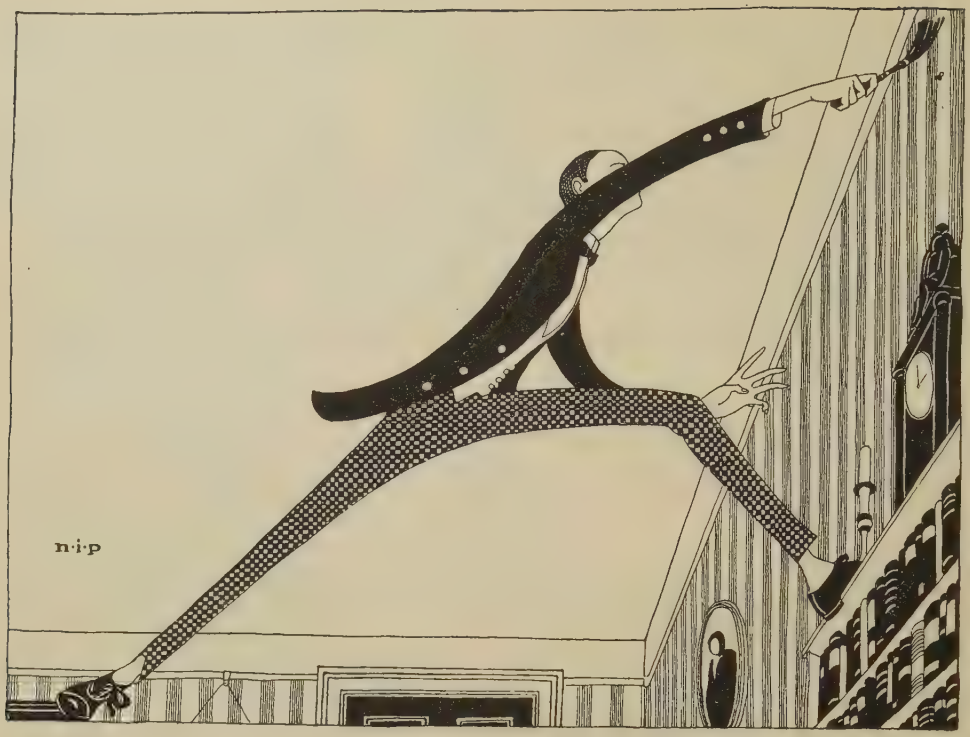
Good old Dame Nature points the way
To this procedure many a day
  While Summer saunters by:
She, as it were, steps on a tack;
She frowns with clouds of purplish-black,
  The lightning splits the sky,
Her thunderous *"Damn"* assaults the ear,
A growl or two, and all is clear.

So, should you see my wife and me
Upon our pleasant porch at tea,
  Enjoying, as we sip,
The brilliant rainbow arching through
Snow-peaks of cloud against the blue
  While fragrant vine-leaves drip,
Observe my bandaged thumb, and see
How Nature and myself agree.

Drawing by Hy. Mayer

TORRID TACT

SHE: "Arthur, you 're the shadiest nook I know."



HOME, SWAT HOME!

BY LAWTON MACKALL

PICTURES BY NOEMI PERNESSIN

THE dauntless cave-man no longer bounds after the lilting ichthyosaur from Rocky to Rocky, the valiant redskin no longer pursues the whiffling buffalo from prairie to prairie; but the intrepid flat-dweller still hunts the buzzing fly from room to room. The paleolithic club-wallop survives as the sanitary swat.

From mastodon-hunting to fly-hunting, such, in brief, has been the progress of civilization. The man of to-day, accustomed to plowing with a can-opener and raising vegetables with a dumb-waiter, leaves jungle-roaming to ex-Presidents and moving-picture producers, preferring to enjoy the pleasures of the chase at home. His delight is an intellectual one: he does not value game according to mere vulgar bulk; shooting a dinosaur with a cannon would seem to him an extremely crass performance. Even his great-grandfathers realized that trout afforded greater sport than cod.

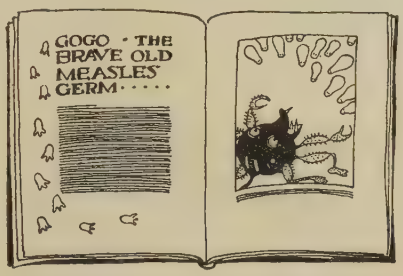
Primitive man hunted merely to obtain food. Modern man, believing in sport for sport's sake, swats for the swatting alone, for the glory of it. He scorns the use of sticky paper, classing such snares with seines and bird-lime; he will have nothing but the clean swat in the open. He can point to the trophies of the chase that adorn his walls, and tell you that every one of those flies was killed in a sportsmanlike manner.

Yet it is not purely sport for sport's sake that actuates him: there is a moral impulse as well. In swatting a creature that is hygienically undesirable, whose private life compels social ostracism, he satisfies his instinct for reform. Every down swat is an uplift, giving vent to the "Excelsior!" with which his head is stuffed.

On with sweetness and light! (*Swat, swat!* Missed him.) Sanitation forever! (There he goes under the table.) The morally unfit must be eliminated! (*Swat!*

No, there he is on the ceiling. Up, now, one foot on the mantelpiece and one on the victrola cabinet.) Per aspera ad astra! (*Swat!*) Got him!

Admirable as the sport is as a safety-valve for militant morality, and useful as it is in solving such problems as what to do with the Sunday paper, how to get rid of objectionable bric-à-brac, etc., it has grave dangers. For it may lead to a state of infatuation in which fly-swatting becomes a fixed idea. Victims of this mania swat at sight—swat flies on the dinner-table, on family portraits, on bald heads, anywhere. They cannot choose but swat. They carry concealed swatters with them when they go on the street. They swoop down upon baby-carriages in the park, and swat flies on the infants' faces. In advanced stages of the disease they even swat dotted veils and blueberry cake.

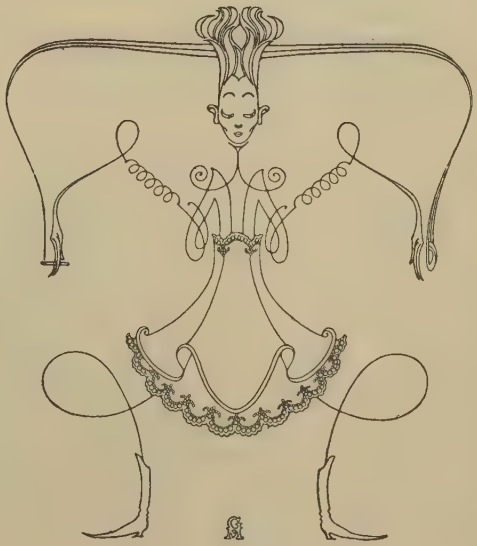


What will be the final consummation of the hunting instinct when evolution has completed its work? While guesses are uncertain, we believe that fly-swatting will eventually give way to germ-hunting; that the sporting man of the millennium will have in his biological kennels a pack of trained bacteria, and that with these he will hunt wild germs. In that happy age some super-Thompson-Seton (or will it be super-Seton-Thompson again by that time?) will write of Gogo, the Brave Old Measles Germ—how he kept fourteen leucocytes at bay, and fought desperately till carbolic acid overcame him. It will be a great battle.

TERPSICHOREAN SNAP-SHOTS

BY GUERNSEY MOORE

ANNA PAVLOWA



GERTRUDE HOFFMANN

COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

DECORATIONS BY OLIVER HERFORD

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That stream and valley, dale and field,
Efficiently remodeled, yield.

The dell where I shall hide thee, dear,
Must to the 'Change be fairly near—
An hour from town, if aëroplaned—
And thoroughly sub-tiled and drained.

For vine-wreathed cot I 'll build thee there
The Villa d'Este, copied fair,
With thirty baths, all water-filled
From subterranean wells I 've drilled.

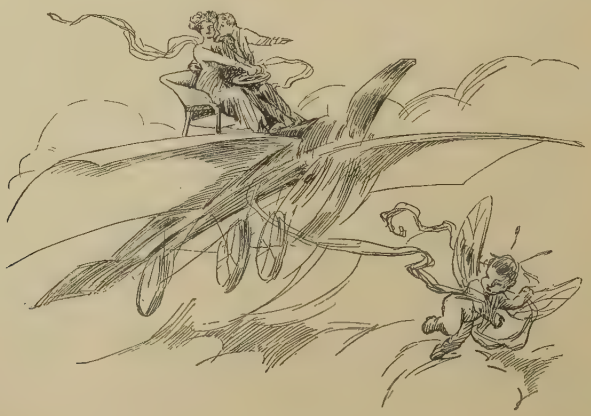
I 'll build—of course!—a theater
Where thou, with comrades amateur,
May'st work to elevate the stage,
Chief rural pastime of our age.

When in the dusk the fireflies flit
About thy lawns, thy windows, lit
From my great dynamo, will shame
Their poor, pale phosphorescent flame.

Sometimes thou 'lt stroll in dappled shade
Through woodland paths, macadam-laid;
And gather lilies, silver-cool,
From many a well-cemented pool.

The nut, the berry, sweet and wild,
Shall give thee of their flavors mild,
Judiciously eked out with quail,
With truffles, and madeira pale.

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That stream and valley, dale and field,
The Plaza or the Ritz can yield.



Drawn by Will Crawford

THE CLIMAX OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY

"But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire yelled, 'STRIKE TWO!'"

LEAVES FROM A FAMILY TREE

BY ETHEL BLAIR

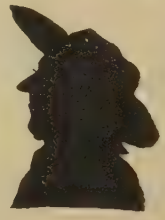
SILHOUETTES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

THESE portraits, Niece, must be to you
A sort of family "Who 's Who."

. . . . . .

This sweet ancestress, when first wed,
Was taciturn, her husband said.
Soon she was talking day and night;
Yet he evinced no great delight.

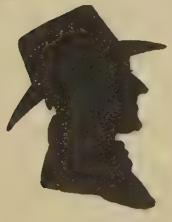
When these were in their courting days,
Her charming pout evoked much praise;
But when he found it never ceased,
Its glamour steadily decreased.
A sweetheart's moods add zest to life,
But seem just temper in a wife.



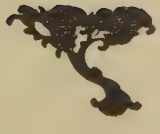
A stern life did this good wife live:
Her mood was the imperative,
Which made her husband, not from choice,
A being in the passive voice.
No matter which way he inclined,
His lady always changed his mind.

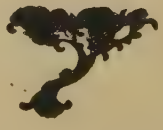
Your scholar uncle this, who said
None but a learnèd wife he 'd wed;
Who 'd give no thought to vanity,
And dress quite plainly. This is she.
Her store of learning was so scant
She thought cube roots were things to plant.

This uncle's ways were so urbane,
He caused his jealous wife much pain.
His lightest words seemed fraught with guile;
She read elopements in a smile,
And thought he planned a rendezvous
If he essayed a "How d' ye do!"



Last comes this man with drooping head,
Your priestly Uncle Paul. 'T is said
Right early hours a man must keep
If he would catch a priest asleep.
Observe his air of rest and peace;
He was a bachelor, my niece.





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DOÑA RITA'S RIVALS

BY MARÍA CRISTINA MENA

Author of "The Emotions of María Concepción," etc.

PICTURES BY F. LUIS MORA

WITH her packet of love-letters in her hand, Alegria returned to the roof—Alegria Peralta, the band-master's daughter, who had committed the error of loving above her. She should have known better than to imagine that she would ever be received into a family of hat, she who was of shawl.

Such distinctions are not to be ignored, for Mexico is the land of resignation. The females of a family of shawl—*de tápalo*—do not aspire to decorate their heads with millinery, for the excellent reason that God has not assigned them to the caste *de sombrero*. Their consolation is that they may look down upon those *de rebozo*. No maid or matron of shawl would demean her respectable shoulders with the rebozo,—it is woven long and narrow, and is capable of being draped in a variety of graceful and significant ways;—but, contrariwise, young ladies of hat, authentic señoritas, to whom the mere contact of a shawl would impart "flesh of chicken," delight to dignify the national investment by wearing it coquettishly at country feasts. Persons of rebozo—one never speaks of "families" so far down the social scale—are the women of petty tradespeople, servants, artisans. They, in their turn, have consolation.

As for the family of Jesús María Ixtlan, who had taught Alegria Peralta to love him, it was even more than of hat, as Doña Rita Azpe de Ixtlan had just reminded the young woman, in the course of the long and convincing speech whereby she had prevailed upon her to surrender her lover's letters and her own hopes—more than of hat, for by warrant of antiquity and inveterate usage it was of carriage.

Doña Rita, the mother of Jesús María, was waiting for Alegria on the roof of the populous "house of neighborhood" in which Peralta, the band-master, made his home. The girl had escorted her elegant visitor to the roof because it was quieter there than in the Peralta *vivienda* in the second patio, and was mercifully secluded. She foreboded humiliation from this unannounced and clandestine visit. Now that she had been brought to believe the incredible,—that Jesús María had bent like grass beneath the wind of tradition, and that all was over,—she bore herself remarkably well. Doña Rita was pleased to see her approach with a light step, holding her head proudly, although the blood had gone from her cheeks, leaving them the color of burned milk. She was a tall girl, slim and square-shouldered, not con-

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sidered handsome. Her eyebrows were too thick, her mouth was too large, and her temples and jaws were veiled with a fine, bluish down, shading into the line of her hair. However, her nose was delicately aquiline, and her eyes were of the type most admired in Mexico—very long and oblique, shadowed with heavy lashes; the irises were the color of cognac. There was a legend among the neighbors that she was talented; it was certain that she had a peculiar habit of pressing her hands to her temples.

She made that identical gesture now as she resigned her packet of letters and looked out over the flat roofs of the city, and something in the curve of her throat recalled to Doña Rita the memory of a young stag she had once seen at the edge of a forest. She felt sorry for the girl and made her a particularly gracious speech, praising her for her excellent sense, giving her a multitude of good wishes, and promising to commend her in her prayers. Then, leaving her on the roof, she slowly descended the stone steps, delighted with the reward of her intrepidity. She to have ventured alone and on foot into a neighborhood of shawl, and so to have saved her darling son! And the day, how well chosen! A baptism was being celebrated in the interior patio; the air thrilled with a tinkling of laughter and mandolins, and the rest of the house was deserted. She passed the porter's room and the charcoal-seller's without being seen. How God was on her side! It was true that she had lied to the girl, but with a motive how noble! And even although Jesús María had not delegated her to do this thing, on the contrary had not known of her discovery of his love, she felt assured that she could easily have brought him to the proper frame of mind if she had deemed it politic to take him into her confidence before dealing with his inamorata. Now, with the help of God and a little diplomacy, she could manage him admirably. How fortunate that an anonymous letter should have warned her of that folly in time for her to interfere!

When she reached the street, some men were lifting a woman from the pavement. Doña Rita was turning away, supposing it a case of drunkenness, when she heard one say, "It is Alegria Peralta." She almost cried out: "It cannot be! Alegria Peralta is on the roof!" but her throat suddenly dried. The dress looked familiar. They were carrying her into the porter's room. Doña Rita wished to follow, to find out whether she was hurt much, to proffer aid, and above all to ask her how she had happened to fall; but caution impelled her to walk away from that neighborhood as fast as she could. She entered the first church on her way, and prayed for a long time. Then she began to read the letters her son had written to that girl.

They made her tremble. She had lived until that hour to learn that a young woman of shawl might be capable of moving an Ixtlan to woo her with all the delicacy of his caste, and a little more; to learn that her studious, docile Jesús María was a poet. All her maternity, all the sex in her, vibrated to the passion of his phrases. Dried flowers slipped into her agitated hands, and perished there; and their particles drifted away in the gloom like ghosts of dead kisses. She wept. Why, why had she never divined and absorbed her son's heart, she who had adored him? She read on through later letters, born of ripened sympathies of heart and mind, and then through letters which told her that Jesús María was infected with that most dangerous of distempers, patriotism. Her child to be playing fearlessly with scorpions masquerading under specious titles—Reforma Electoral, Cumplimiento de Garantías Constitucionales, Civilización para los Peónes, Méjico para los Mejicanos! He, son of a general immortalized equestrianly in bronze, student at the military college, sole surviving hope of a line the perspective of which vanished among the lords and priests of an extinct civilization—he, Jesús María Ixtlan y Azpe, to be imperiling his future by concerning himself about the base fortunes of *los enredados!*

Last, although far from least in the table of social precedence, consolation of the unregarded persons of rebozo (*los enredados* are literally "the wrapped-ups"). They do not live in cities, these, but a few straggle in from neighboring pueblos with great baskets of country produce, which they sing in the patios in haunting, minor cadences. They are pleasing to the artist eye, and are full of

"ALEGRIA RETURNED TO THE ROOF"

sorrows. Strong, supple, ingratiating, skilful at fashioning curious and exquisite treasures out of nothing, they are natural minstrels and persifleurs, prone to humor, irony, hypocrisy, and the melancholy that complains as a requiem in their very dances. Easily moved to tears, sensitive in love, swift and treacherous in quarrel, with plastic gestures, and eyes as lovely as those of Jersey cattle, they are ignorant of all save the saints, who do not help them. Sometimes they are slaves in all but name, and sometimes they are bandits,—one chooses one's trade,—but for the most part they live in peaceable squalor, with song and suffering and

weaving of flowers, replenishing the earth. The social superstructure, with its mines, plantations, and railroads, its treasure-house cathedrals, and its admired palace of government, rests on their backs,—for they are the people, prolific of labor and taxes,—but otherwise they do not count, unless it be with God. He who would uplift them must brave the doom that may overtake a man in the secrecy behind prison walls.

Doña Rita delicately tore the incautious letters into small pieces, and those into smaller, and pulled off her gloves to tear more effectually, until her little thumb-nails had reduced all those pages of love to a heap of powdery flakes; and still her fingers burrowed there destructively, as she searched her brain for a policy that might attach to herself the wandering heart of her son.

Jesús María kissed his mother's hand, and was about to put on his cloak and hat when Doña Rita, who had made her toilet with the care of a coquette, asked him to play to her. As he hesitated for an excuse, she gaily took him by the arm, and led him into the *sala,* where, with such sprightly volubility as to disarm reluctance, she took his violin from its case, placed it graciously in his hands, and fluttered into a chair in a bewitching attitude of attention, with her profile toward him (her profile had always been admired). Unconsciously she was employing with him the arts by which she had striven, alas! without success, to keep his father, the general, at her side. She felt a great necessity of preventing him from seeing that girl to-night. Her rival! What if the accident she had met with should result in her becoming an incurable cripple? *Misericordia de Dios!* That might mean that Jesús María would become chivalrously entangled with her for life. Would God permit a faithful mother's intervention to end in a fiasco so diabolic?

Her son had executed an ornamental piece without making many mistakes, and was putting away his violin. She stopped him. Pale beneath her powder, she begged him not to leave her. She urged a hundred reasons of loneliness and affection, employed a hundred graces of appeal and persuasion. She grew magically younger. To-night she would be his sister, and they should have a fiesta, just they two. More music, and games of the ping-pong, yes, and even a waltz to the music of that barbarous *fonógrafo* from the United States. A late supper, too, and a bottle of champagne. The servants marveled greatly at that fiesta, and Jesús María went to bed a trifle intoxicated. It was very late, but not until, listening in the corridor, she heard her son begin to snore, did Doña Rita feel assured of her victory.

Next morning, after her son had left the house, she read in "El Imparcial" an account of how a young woman named Alegria Peralta had fallen, or else thrown herself, from the roof of the house in which she lived with her family; and how she had lingered several hours in great suffering, but without speaking, until she had sunk into a stupor destined to be continuous until death, which had released her before midnight. Doña Rita wept over this little tragedy of the ordinary, which had slanted so perilously into the orbit of her own existence. Her tears brought relief, and a sense of peace with herself. She was glad for the poor girl's sake that she no longer suffered. But her soul? If a suicide, she had died in mortal sin. *Qué audacia é impiedad!* Nevertheless, Doña Rita would have offered a prayer for her soul had she not felt that all her prayers were needed for her son.

He did not return home that night. She divined where he was, in the home of that family of shawl, mingling his tears with theirs. No doubt he would reproach himself for having failed to go to his love on that particular night of her great need of him, and unconsciously he might have a feeling of coldness toward the fond mother who had detained him. Never should he be reminded of the incident by seeing her again in the character she had assumed that night! No; on the contrary, her spirits must be very low, still lower than his own, so that he would be beguiled into ministering to her, and so perforce forget his bereavement, and reconcentrate his affections in a rightful channel. But upon what pretext could she achieve the desired lowness? On reflection, she decided in favor of sudden illness.

Doña Rita became ill with such energy that the old *nana,* her lifelong attendant, got her immediately into bed, with incan-

"HIS CONVALESCENCE ARRIVED"

tations to all the saints in paradise. And now the atmosphere of the establishment became redolent of camphor, ammonia, mustard, vinegar, arnica, and other proper evidences of infirmity, including various odorous simples known to the *nana,* and prepared by her, under strong encouragement from the afflicted one, in the form of steaming embrocations, fomentations, foot-baths, and cataplasms. Doña Rita, between her moans, caused a lamp to be filled with blessed oil, and to be burned significantly before a picture of the Virgin of the Remedies; and she ordered a pot of tea, in Mexico a desperate remedy, to be set boiling at her bedside, her intention being to swallow a quantity of it before the very eyes of her son.

But three days and nights passed, and he did not return. On the morning of the fourth day, when the entire household was tarantula-bitten from the nervousness brought about by the invalid, and when she herself felt ready "to finish with all,"

the *nana* suddenly appeared at her bedside with fear in her brown face. In response to Doña Rita's look of inquiry, she ejaculated cautiously:

"Don Chucho!" (Chucho is the diminutive of Jesús.)

Doña Rita gasped:

"He has arrived?"

"God has heard our prayers, *niña.*"

"Praised be the Holy Name! Quick, *nana,* my face-powder, the compress on my brow! The curtains, the tea—why move you not?"

"*El niño* Chucho, notwithstanding his arrival, continues to detain himself in the street, meditating there in a *coche* of red flag."

"What scandal!" (A red flag distinguishes the second of the three classes of licensed carriages.) "But why does he detain himself so? What passes with him?"

"Can it be, *niña,*" the old Indita whispered, tremulously signing herself, "that our little *niño* is bewitched?"

"*Imbecilidades!*"

Doña Rita sprang out of bed, "better than new," so the bewildered *nana* afterward asseverated, and rushed to the balcony; but all she could see below was a particularly shabby *cochero* vulgarly counting his money on the roof of a particularly shabby carriage. Vehemently she turned to the *nana.*

"Answer me now with yes and no, and without additional barbarities! What passes with my son?"

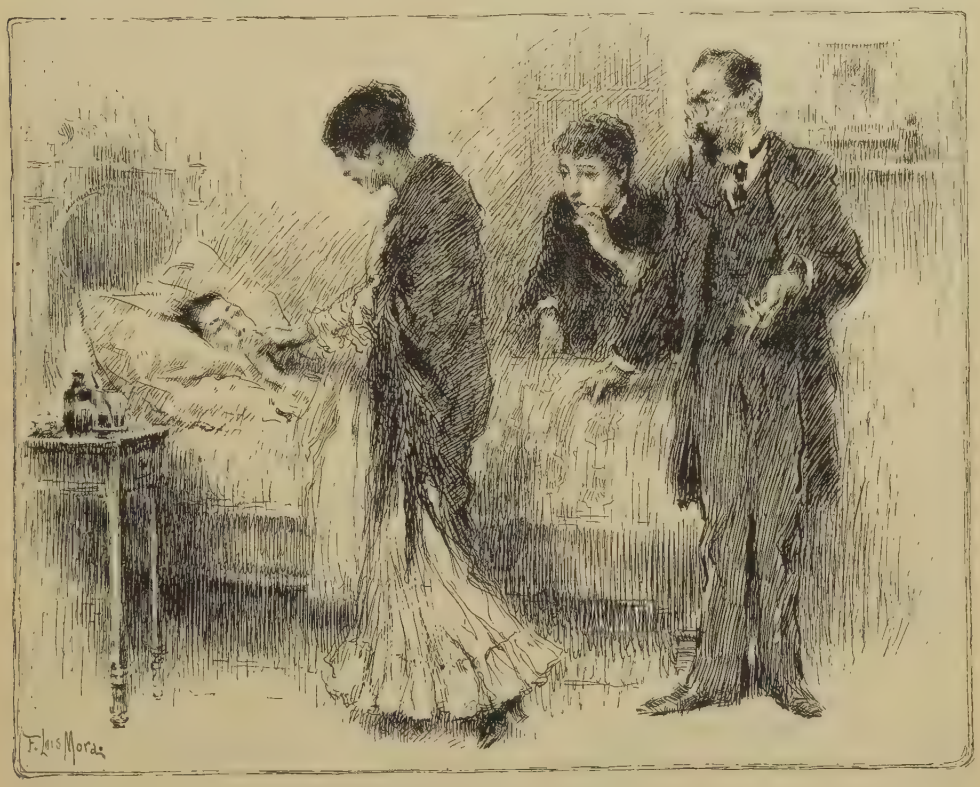
"As you ordain, *niña* of my soul, I will relate that which the *portero* has told me. He is a good man, and has done what God commands; but Don Chucho, whom I have watched over from the breast, seems to act with a mind not his own, resisting to be removed from the *coche* of red flag, and answering with strange voices. As for me, I am an ignorant old one, full of sins and without merit; but I know many charms against the different classes of magic, and if the *niña* wishes—"

Doña Rita was dressing. Something told her that her valetudinary days were over, and she was not deceived. Jesús María was to be the invalid now. He had returned home drunk, not drunk in the competent Northern fashion, but *borracho* in the poignant, morbific mode of Indian blood newly inoculated with alcohol in its ungentler tropic disguises. This condition, with its coefficient of devastating grief, brought havoc to a body of delicate mold and innocent habit. For the first time since his babyhood Doña Rita had her son all to herself. He was very ill for many weeks, during which time she joyously wore out her strength in loving and jealous service, dethroning the indignant *nana,* and sleeping fitfully, when she slept at all, on a stretcher beside his bed. Even in his babyhood she had never possessed him so richly. He was helplessly dependent on herself alone, thus appeasing for a time the supreme soul-and-life hunger of the implicit mother toward the man-child, and drenching her being in a wild sweetness such as she had never known. His convalescence arrived as a dear autumn to crown that dearest of summer-times. Laughably weak, he adored her first from his pillow and then from his chair, in which on bright days he would be rolled out on the corridor overlooking the patio, where he could see the peacocks dip their trailing feathers in the fountain.

One thing Doña Rita felt to be lacking to her happiness, but not for long. By arts of which she was a natural proficient, she soon extorted from him that which many women value above all other trophies of triumphant sex—the plenary confession of an adult male. She listened to the tragic tale of Alegria, as far as her son knew it, with an admirable air of startled sympathy and many piteous exclamations, edging closer to him, and taking his hand in order to drop a veritable tear upon it. It did not occur to her to reciprocate with a confession on her own account; on the contrary, she beguiled him into believing that if he had only confided in her from the beginning, she would have had an open mind to discover in the remarkable young woman, although of shawl, all the excellences of intellect and personality that he now eloquently dilated upon. Jesús María wept at the thought of how different everything might have been if he had not been so blind to the grandeur of his mother's soul, and he composed an exalted poem in which the spirit of Alegria was pictured kneeling at Doña Rita's feet upon the entrance of that lady at the portal of heaven. Doña Rita had him make her a delicate manuscript of the

poem on vellum, and she hung it at the head of her bed beside an antique rosary.

Having thus converted her dead rival into a powerful ally, she turned a cautious front toward her living rival, whose formidable name was Patria, and soon she was giving hospitable ear to her son's dreams for the regeneration of his unhappy country. At first she chose a vein of sympathy somewhat lighter than before, and varied by occasional sprightly darts to a semi-skeptical point of view, as by pointing out the indolent and pious resignation of the dear Inditos, and wondering naïvely whether education, property rights, and an audible voice in government might not spoil their Arcadian virtues and dispel their truly delightful picturesqueness. But even from his mother's lips Jesús María could not endure to hear the cant with which ramparted feudalism masks its crimes, and so she brought herself speedily to the point of declaring passionately for every reform in the program of the Young Scientifics, the secret group of which her son was a member. At some such moment, as his eyes dwelt upon her inspired and ever-manifest profile, he received the stimulus for another poem, "Mi Camarada," in which Doña Rita was visioned as the Mexican Joan of Arc. In secret the good lady prayed for an indefinite postponement of her début in that martial rôle, and gave particular care to her complexion.



"PRESSED HER HAND TO HIS FACE"

The first time Jesús María ventured out alone he was gone for two days, and returned in a worse condition than before, stammering piteously of Alegria. Before long the servants recognized kindly and fatalistically that *el niñito* was a lost one, *se fué á todos los diablos, pobrecito!* His mother, contemplating the wreck of her labor of love, divined the hand of that girl of shawl stretched forth from perdition to clutch him to herself, and solemnly she cursed her. Still she would find heart's-ease in the intervals of acute dis-

temper during which the poor profligate became once more her *bebecito, tierno retoño de su cuerpo*—tender sprig of her body.

In due time Jesús María was expelled from the military college. His father's name had less potency in the capital than in Puebla. The estate left by the general had consisted chiefly of debts, law-suits, and magnificent, but dubious, claims against the Government. Mother and son had come to the capital with the retainers, the peacocks, and the cumbersome carriage, tokens of the Ixtlan quality, partly for the all-important business of Jesús María's being trained for a career of arms, his mother's choice for him, and partly to enable his mama to smile the powers of the national treasury into paying the general's claims. But powers change, and treasuries grow empty, and generals' widows pass the age at which smiles are cogent. As times grew harder, even her widow's pension ceased to be forthcoming except in rare instalments. She had bought the house in which they lived, decayed and in a forgotten quarter, but of a grandeur, albeit cracked and faded, suitable to the peacocks and the carriage. Now she offered it for mortgage or even sale; but the land lay prostrate in the asphyxia of a money famine, and there was none to heed her. She sold the horses, one after the other, at the price of goats, and cast the cook and the coachman adrift with tears and a benediction. The indispensable *portero* did what odd services he could for neighbors, and was grateful for a handful of beans and a little lard. The *nana,* who was growing blind, performed all else that was needful, and descended to the coach-house every day to polish the general's carriage, and perhaps in her simplicity to pray to it. Revered fetish of caste, grown more august in dimly cloistered desuetude, no stranger would have bought it even had Doña Rita dared to conceive the awful thought of parting with it.

Jesús María obtained a clerkship in the post-office, and by a miracle of self-mastery kept it for five months. After that he descended precipitously, goaded by shame of his own weakness, broken in spirit by expulsion from the Young Scientifics, a serious and Spartan band, and haunted always by a wild regret, now tinged with superstitious fantasy, that he had not gone to Alegria in the hours of her mute passing. A day came when he lay with shrunken limbs, flushed face, and cracked lips, talking to his dead love as if she were in that room. His happy, hurried speech to her went on for hours; its sources seemed inexhaustible; though the doctor thought that very soon he would fall into sudden silence, never again to speak to the dead or the living.

On her way to fetch a priest, Doña Rita took a wrong turning,—her eyes, too, were failing, washed out with tears,—and presently she found herself at the end of a blind street; and afterward, in making toward the church, she struck into a very narrow street, in which harsh Spanish voices resounded. As she passed one house, a casement window was opened, and she saw through the grille a face which appeared to be that of Alegria Peralta. It was impossible, of course. Blaming her eyes and trembling from the shock, Doña Rita hurried on; but before she had passed three houses she turned back. The girl was still looking out of the window. Her likeness to the dead was extraordinary, but her expression was less pleasing; she looked sullen. When Doña Rita spoke to her, she pushed the window shut.

Next morning Jesús María sank into a stupor. All thought that the end was at hand; but Doña Rita, to the *nana's* amazement, went out very swiftly. Easily confused, she had to inquire her way to the narrow street, the name of which she had noted—Calle del Niño Perdido. People looked at her strangely as they directed her to it. As she entered that Street of the Lost Child, she saw the young woman of her search coming out of a hair-dresser's shop. Again Doña Rita spoke to her. The girl was startled at the reappearance of that wild-looking señora of hat, who seemed to pursue her, and she turned pale; and Doña Rita saw that her cheeks, where the paint ceased, were the color of burned milk. She said:

"Will you please come with me?"

"Where, Señora?" whispered the girl, shrinking.

"To my house. It is not far, and perhaps I shall not detain you long."

"Dispense me, Señora. I have not the liberty to go with you. By favor permit me to pass."

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

"WHEN SHE REACHED THE STREET, SOME MEN WERE LIFTING A WOMAN FROM THE PAVEMENT"

DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA

"I understand why you speak so. I can see what you are, and I wish to God it were otherwise. But it has no remedy. You have the face—the face that once bewitched him—my son, who is dying."

"Do I know your son, Señora?" the girl inquired in a low, troubled voice.

"No, but you are the counterpart of one that was dearer to him than his life. She fell from a roof. I can prove the truth of what I tell you; a broken-hearted mother does not lie. I am the widow of General Ixtlan. We are from Puebla. God will reward you for coming, and perhaps pardon your sins. Or, if you want money, I will give you some, although not very much. If you wish to arrange anything at that house or to change your shoes, I will wait for you."

"No," said the girl, "the people of that house would not let me go with you."

"You will follow me, then. What is your name?"

"I am called La Palma."

"Your name of Christian woman, not of sinner."

The girl hesitated, then said:

"I was Piedad."

"Piedad! It is sad when one must be ashamed of a name so blessed. But remember, if the señor, my son, opens the eyes and sees you, and calls you Alegria, then you must be Alegria."

"Yes, Señora; I will be Alegria."

When they reached the house the doctor was there, striving perfunctorily to goad the slackening life with stimulants. Slowly Jesús María opened his eyes. The false Alegria was looking at him. He smiled, and called her to him with broken words, and pressed her hand to his face for a little while, and then asked her to lie down beside him. That was far from being within the scope of Doña Rita's program; but the doctor, with a peremptoriness which could be excused only on the ground of professional enthusiasm, commanded that the strange young woman be permitted to obey. So Piedad lay down on the bed, and Jesús María whispered to her, and kissed her many times; but presently he got very tired, and gave a little sigh, and fell suddenly asleep, with his cheek against hers. The doctor cautioned her with a gesture not on any account to stir, and she held herself as still as the dead. Chancing to meet the fixed gaze of Doña Rita, she closed her eyes. After a while there passed a trembling over the dark sweep of her lashes, and a tear pushed out and rolled to the roots of her hair on the side away from the sleeping man. Another followed, while her throat worked silently, and then many more, flooding all her face. Doña Rita leaned over the bed, and with her handkerchief carefully stanched the drops that were wetting her son's cheek and mouth; but still the girl wept on, as if the springs of her life would run dry.

Soon after Piedad had started for the Street of the Lost Child that evening, after refusing to accept any payment for the service she had rendered, she heard swift footsteps behind her and a voice calling her name. It was Doña Rita, come to beg her to return with her, for Jesús María was weeping for the girl with sobs which shook his body. Now, Piedad was a unit in a system under official regulation, and she had a number, like a cab, in the archives of the Departamento de Sanidad Pública, and she knew not what her civic obligations might be in this particular emergency; so she quietly abandoned all her possessions, which were at the house in the Street of the Lost Child, and adopted the Ixtlan home as a sanctuary for as long as it would shelter her.

What anguish of spirit it cost Doña Rita to breathe the same air with this creature, sometimes of necessity even to touch her, and, worse than all, to see her caressed as a bride by Jesús María, cannot be described. However, it was impossible to shut the eyes to the truth that the girl was his medicine; that hour by hour her being enticed his from the edge of the grave. God sometimes ordains unworthy instruments to work His will in their blindness, and with that thought the mother strengthened herself to tolerate the obnoxious presence as long as might seem needful for the recovery of her son.

In those days Jesús María did not know his mother, and as her watchful figure in a corner seemed to trouble him with vague apprehensions, the doctor counseled her to efface herself for a little while. She obeyed with bitterness in her heart, and Jesús María absorbed peace from his hours, oftentimes quite silent, with her whom he called Alegria.

One morning, however, he looked at her with such new, perturbed eyes that she trembled and ran to call Doña Rita. And now he recognized his mother and also the *nana,* and both wept for joy. Doña Rita, her heart in a divine tumult at the thought that her son would once more be her own, caused Piedad to remain away from his room. He was very gentle, and his eyes acknowledged his love as of old; but there seemed to be something on his mind of which he feared to speak, and he would pause often to listen, looking doubtfully at the door, until he grew very hot and flushed, with a partial return of delirium. Thereupon Piedad was called in to stroke his brow with her fingers until he slept.

A day or two later he said suddenly to the girl in his mother's presence:

"I know you are not Alegria. I wish you to tell me, by favor, who you are."

She replied:

"I am Piedad."

He meditated for some time and seemed to sleep; but suddenly he said in a stronger voice:

"Piedad—little Piedad! What a great little daughter thou hast grown, Piedacita! Thou didst not promise to be so like her then. How long ago was it?"

"A year and a half."

Here Doña Rita mastered her consternation, and interposed with an affectionate fluttering; but he only smiled at her, and turned again to the other.

"How didst thou find me, little one?"

"I did not find you, Don Chucho," replied the girl, who was in tears and had not perceived Doña Rita's warning signal. "The señora your mother saw me first as I looked out at a window in the Street of the Lost Child, and God sent her again to seek me and bring me to your bedside, not knowing who I was, but only for the blessing of my likeness to my sweet sister, whose name I am unworthy to speak."

He did not answer her then, but seemed to commune with himself or with the unseen; and toward the fall of the afternoon he said without preface, as if she had only just spoken:

"I will answer for Alegria that, whatever thou hast done or suffered, thou art not unworthy to speak her name freely for comfort of thee and me, little sister."

"Now that you know the truth, Don Chucho," she said very simply, half looking in fear at Doña Rita, "shall I not go?"

He smiled at her and said:

"Thou knowest not this mother of mine, Piedacita."

With a feeble motion he beckoned to Doña Rita, who was as still as an image in a shrine; and she came, and the girl kneeled, and he placed his mother's hand on her head, saying:

"She is now thy mother, too. Consider how she found thee, as Pharaoh's daughter found the Jewish babe."

The girl cried softly, and so did he until he was stopped by a new thought.

"But, *Madrecita*—little mother of my soul—thou hadst never seen Alegria. How, then—"

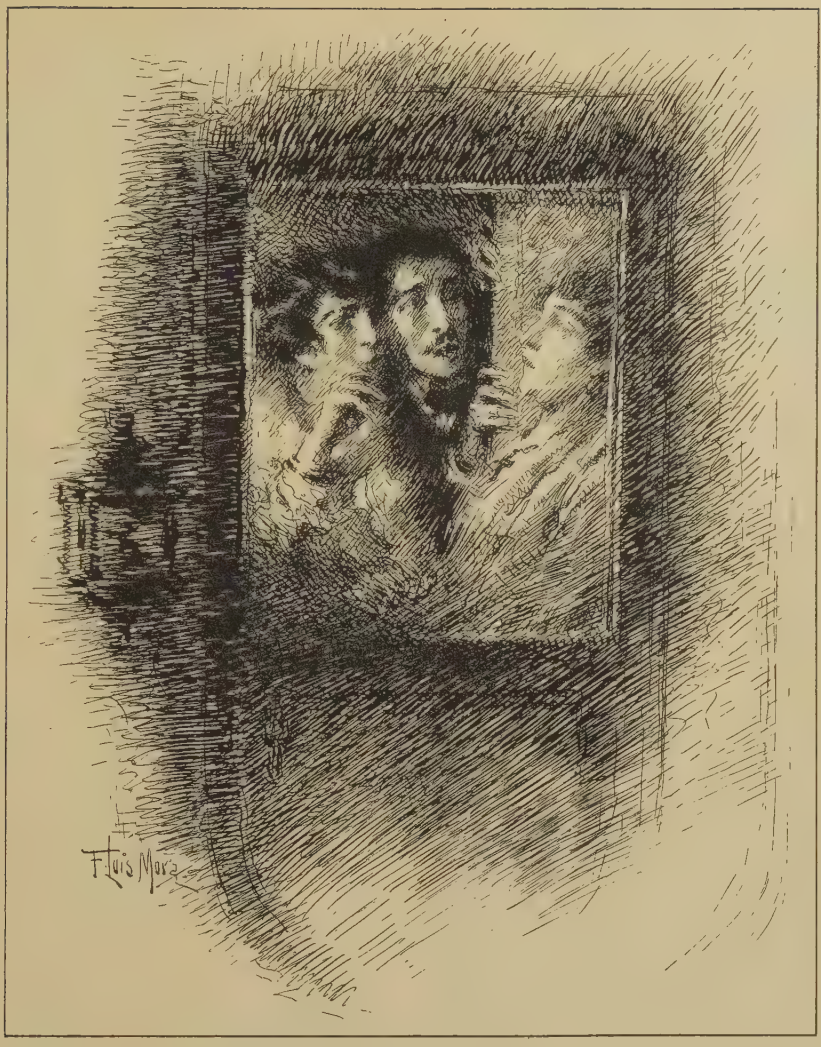
Without waiting for him to frame the question, she looked on high and answered in an unruffled voice:

"Oh, my son, canst thou not see in that the hand of God working for thy salvation? It is true that thou hadst described to me most minutely the features of thine Alegria, but that was not enough; it needed God to guide my lost steps into that street, and to illuminate mine eyes that I might know the face when I should see it in the window. And by that miracle, my son, God calls upon thee to believe."

"I believe one thing," said Jesús María, with a smile, "and that is that thou art a saint among women."

A SAINT among women—Doña Rita would have worn that distinction with complacency had it not implied an indefinitely continued tolerance of that girl both of shawl and of sin, her latest and greatest rival, whom by some ironic involution Doña Rita's own acts had caused to be installed in her son's very chamber. Brooding on this, she fell into a habit of jealous solitude, nursing her secrets, her deceptions, and her grievances, all of which corroded her heart. Day by day she saw the furrows marching upon her face and encamping about her eyes and mouth; and she could not bear to look upon the face of Piedad, which now shone with the cloudless enchantment of childhood.

Once she ventured to convey a warning



"HER FACE SERENE"

to her son, to the effect that girls like Piedad had a natural inclination toward that life, from which nothing could detach them for long; but the look he gave her, and the words he spoke in celebration of his little sister's purity of soul, were hard for that mother to hear. Purity of soul! Her religion, it was true, countenanced the doctrine that women had souls; but her intelligence forbade her to attach the slightest value to a man's judgment of such recondite accessories in the case of her sex. As for purity, she knew of only one standard which could be recognized without gross injustice to every woman of irreproachable life, else where the reward for conquering temptation? Her wrongs growing greater as she examined them, she reflected that every effort she had ever made to attach to herself an enduring love had ended in failure. If she had listened to much of the intercourse between Jesús María and Piedad, she might have obtained a glimmering of the truth that great love is great simplicity, with a stripping of all veils; but even at a distance the poor lady could not endure to hear the endless, eager pulsing of their voices.

Until one day she was startled by a third voice,—that of the violin,—and then she crept to listen unseen. Jesús

María was playing the Indian airs that he loved best. Then he sang a *danza* of his own composing, dreamy and pensive, as a *danza* must be, but wedded to verses of his own which throbbed with love of the mother-soil and a latent wistfulness for liberty over all its length and breadth. The girl's murmured wonder came from a heart much moved, and Jesús María wept as he told her how he had once dreamed of working for the regeneration of Mexico, but how he had failed in the test of manhood, and was now a broken creature whose dreams lay all behind him. But Piedad refused gaily to listen to that, and they began to discuss plans; and presently he was all on fire with a new scheme of patriotic service.

Los enredados, those children of time, how could their slumber of resignation be pricked into wakefulness more surely than through their music? Why might not he, the rejected, pull the rags of his life about him and set out to fertilize the soil of freedom with his songs? More songs such as he had just sung her—songs of revolution so disguised as to deceive the authorities, and so decorated as to beguile the Inditos' implicit discernment of poesy and wit; songs that would pass from mouth to mouth, from pueblo to pueblo, from valley to valley, from the table-land to the hot country, from the sands to the volcanoes, from the crumbling temples of the Mayas to the windy plains of the northern frontier; songs that he himself would sing and play and teach to old and young, wandering far and wide with staff and fiddle, like a minstrel of old, daring the jealous forces of feudalism and foreign capital, and spiritually armed for any fate, slowly, sweetly, and surely firing the heart of a people for great enterprises!

The girl laughed and cried at that picture of roaming under the roof of heaven, and her voice thrilled with understanding. But, alas! Doña Rita's interpretation of what she had heard was that the intruder, her rival, was inciting Jesús María to abandon his mother. She divined that if he ever did set out on that adventure, Piedad would inevitably accompany him. By and by her mind became fixed in the belief that the two were waiting and hoping for her to die. She no longer spoke to Piedad, and all her words to her son were steeped in acid. One of her studied habits was to refer to Piedad, as if inadvertently, as "La Palma," and then to correct herself hastily, with a thin, significant laugh. The two suffered much from the thought that her health was failing, as indeed it was, and Jesús María excelled himself in filial consideration, but to no purpose. She became minutely secretive in her ways, often whispered with the *nana,* and, telling herself that she feared poison, refrained ostentatiously from tasting anything offered her by Piedad or her son.

She blamed herself for having introduced the pollution of which she now despaired of ever ridding the house of Ixtlan, and she wished passionately that her son had died before her arrival at his bedside with that daughter of Judas. Tortured by the present, appalled at the future, her mind took refuge in the past. One day she was missed in the house. It was thought that she had gone to church and had remained long in prayer. Toward evening Jesús María, leaning on the arm of Piedad,—he was very weak,—set out on an anxious search of the churches, the parks, the streets, and appealed at last to the police. As darkness came, the two returned home, only to find that there was no news. But now the *nana,* after long meditation and muttering, took a candle and went slowly down among the shadows in the patio, and fumbled at a great door; and soon she uttered a long, mournful cry, which froze their hearts and fetched them to her quickly.

Doña Rita was seated in the carriage, her hands folded in her lap, her head against the faded upholstery, her face serene in the inviolable aristocracy of death.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

PART ONE: THE ROYAL SÉANCE

BY H. BELLOC

Author of "Robespierre," "Marie Antoinette," etc.

UPON the crest of the steep and thickly wooded hills that rise from the left bank of the Seine below Paris, you may find a village the old stones of which, and something spacious in its whole arrangement, are consonant with its name. It is called "Marly of the King."

There the great trees, the balustrade, and gates still standing recall the palace to which the French monarchy retired when leisure or fatigue or mourning withdrew it from Versailles; for it was a place more domestic and far less burdened with state.

To the gates of that great country house there came near ten o'clock, just after the hour when full darkness falls on a midsummer evening, a great coach, driving from Versailles. It was the coach of the Archbishop of Paris, coming urgently to see the king, and the day was Friday, the nineteenth of June, 1789. They were in the full crisis that opened the Revolution. The tall windows of the palace were fully lit as the coach came up the drive. The night air was cold, for those June days were rainy and full of hurrying cloud. The Archbishop of Paris and his colleague of Rouen, who was with him, were summoned by their titles into the room where Louis XVI sat discussing what should be done for the throne.

Two days before, upon the Wednesday, the commons of the great Parliament—the Commons House in that great Parliament which had met again after a hundred years, and which now felt behind it the nation—had taken the first revolutionary step and had usurped authority. The quarrel which had hampered all reform since this Parliament of the States General had met six weeks before; the refusal of the two privileged orders and particularly of the nobles to vote with the commons and to form with them one National Assembly; the claim of the privileged orders and particularly of the nobles to bar whatever the popular representatives might decide—all that had been destroyed in spirit by a new act of sovereignty.

Using the title that was on all men's lips and calling themselves the *"National Assembly,"* the commons had declared that the whole assembly was an indivisible body, and alone the organ of the nation. They had used with conscious purpose the solemn words, "Desires and decrees," which hitherto throughout all these centuries had never appeared above any

seal or signature save that of a king. They had put body into this spiritual thing by the enormous decision that no tax should be paid in the kingdom that had not their approval.

This was the blow that had summoned the council round the king at Marly upon this Friday night. For now two anxious days doubtful issues and conflicting policies had pulled Louis this way and that, whether to yield, whether to compromise, or whether to strike back.

It was a fortnight since the sickly child who was heir to the throne had died, and this retirement of the royal family to Marly, consequent upon such mourning, was confused by the numbness of that shock also. The king perhaps more than the queen had suffered in his powers and judgment; for Marie Antoinette, the most vigorous and lucid of those gathered in council at Marly, the least national, and the least wide in judgment, was active at this moment for the full claims of the crown.

With her at the king's side in the taking of this crucial decision stood other advisers. The king's two brothers, the elder and the younger, who, as Louis XVIII and Charles X, were to rule after the restoration, and who were now known under the titles of Provence and Artois, were in the palace together. Provence, the elder, very dull and heartless, was the more solid; Artois, the younger, empty, poor in judgment, was the least unattractive. They counted for their rank, and even Provence for little else.

Barentin was there, the keeper of the seals. He was a man of very clear decision, of straightforward speech and manner; a man with something sword-like about him. He thought and said that the king had only to move troops and settle matters at once.

There also, lit by the candles of that night, was the vacuous, puffed face of Necker, the millionaire. This man, famous through his wealth, which was ill acquired and enormous, an alien in religion as in blood, had become, by one of those ironies in which the gods delight, the idol of the national movement. He was pitifully inferior to such an opportunity, empty of courage, empty of decision, and almost empty of comprehension. No idea informed him unless it was that of some vague financial liberalism (rather, say, moral anarchy) suitable to the crooked ways by which he himself had arrived. Those protruding eyes, that loose mouth, and that lethargic, self-satisfied expression were the idol that stood in the general mind for the giant things that were coming. Behind such brass was reddening the creative fire of the nation. Such a doorkeeper did Fate choose to open the gates for the armies of Marceau and Napoleon. All his advice was for something "constitutional." In days better suited for such men as he Necker would have been a politician, and a parliamentary politician at that.

To these, then, thus assembled entered the archbishops with their news. The news was this: that before sunset, just before they had left Versailles, the clergy had rallied to the commons. The bishops, indeed, all save four, had stood out for the privileged orders; but the doubt in which all minds had been since the revolutionary step of forty-eight hours before was resolved. The clergy had broken rank with the nobles; for that matter, many of the wealthier nobles were breaking rank, too. Decision was most urgent; the moment was critical in the extreme, lest in a few hours the National Assembly, already proclaimed, already half formed, should arise united and in full strength over against the crown.

In not two hours after the arrival of the prelates the decision, nearly reached before they came, was finally taken by the king. He would follow Necker, and Necker was for a long, windy, complicated compromise. Necker was for a constitution, large, liberal, preventing the action of the popular life, preventing the yes and no of creative moods, leaving to the crown as much as would preserve its power to dissolve the States General and to summon a new body less national—and, above all, less violent. There is an English word for this temper, the word "Whig." But that word is associated in the English language with the triumph of wealth. Necker's muddy vision did not triumph.

That decision was taken upon this Friday night, the nineteenth of June, 1789—taken, I think, a little before midnight. Artois was off to bed, and Provence, too.

The council was broken up. It was full midnight now when wheels were heard again upon the granite sets before the great doors, and the hot arrival of horses. The name announced was that of Talleyrand, the Bishop of Autun, and the king, perhaps angrily, refused to see him.

This man, with eyes like a ferret and an intelligence as keen as it was witty and narrow, a brad-awl of a mind, as invincible at intrigue as in vice, given up wholly to the search for personal advantage, had about him all that the plain piety of Louis XVI detested, and all that Louis XVI's slow mind most feared. The king had made him Bishop of Autun against his every judgment, and only at the call of Talleyrand's fellow-clergymen, who loved their comrade's witty sallies against religion and his reputation of the brain. It was a reputation that had led Rome to consider the making of him a cardinal, and only Louis himself had prevented it. For Louis profoundly believed. It was Louis who had said in those days just before the Revolution, "I will give no man the see of Paris who denies his God."

Such was Talleyrand, thirty-five years of age, destined to compass the ruin of the French church, to ordain to the schismatic body which attempted to replace it, to be picked out by Danton for his very vices as a good emissary to Pitt, to be one of the levers of Napoleon, to be the man that handed the crown to Louis XVIII at the restoration. Such was the man, full of policy and of evil, whom on that midnight Louis XVI refused to see.

The king refused to see him with the more determination that Talleyrand had asked for a secret audience. Talleyrand sent a servant to the king's younger brother, Artois, who knew him well, and Artois, who was in bed, asked him to come to the bedroom to speak to him, which he did; and there in that incongruous place, to the empty-headed man lying abed listening to him, Talleyrand, till well after midnight, set forth what should be done. He also came, he said, hot-foot from Versailles, a witness, and he had twenty times the grip of any of these others, he said, to seize what had happened.

He offered, as such men do, a bargain. He had prepared it, as such men will, for immediate acceptance; "all thought out," as people say to-day of commercial "propositions." Let him form a ministry. (He had actually brought in his carriage with him certain friends who would support him in it!) They would rapidly summon military force, dissolve the assembly at once, erect a new one that would be at the service of the crown. Artois dressed, and went to see the king. But his brother gave him short shrift, and bade him tell Talleyrand to go. Then Talleyrand, with that look in his eyes, I think, that was noted so often when, later, he found himself thwarted in any one of his million plots and forced to creep round by some new way, went out to serve the Revolution.

At the same time there was sent through the night to Versailles the royal order, to be proclaimed by heralds, that no meeting of the Parliament should take place until the Monday when, in the commons' hall, the king would declare his will to all the three houses, clergy, commons, and nobles assembled; and that will, of course, was to be the muddled compromise of Necker.

These things done, they slept at last in Marly, and the very early dawn of the Saturday broke in a sky still troubled, rainy, and gray.

Bailly, the president of the commons, sitting at Versailles, was a man such as are thrown to the surface in times of peace. He was honest and rich, a little paunchy, sober, and interested in astronomy. He was not without courage of the less vivid sort. He was fifty-three years of age.

Bailly, the dignified spokesman of the commons in this awful crisis, was in his bed at Versailles, like everybody else except sentries, watchmen, and a few political intriguers, upon this very short summer night of dull, rainy weather. They knocked at his door and woke him to bring him a note. It was a very curt note from the master of the ceremonies at the court. It told him that the great hall in which the commons met was not to be used by the commons that day, that Saturday; for it was to be decorated for the royal session of all the estates, to be held there upon the Monday, when the king would address the States General together and tell them his will.

It is not a weak spur to a man of such an age, especially if he is well to do, to have his dignity neglected and his sleep interrupted as well. Bailly had thought the commons worthy of more respect and of better notice. When, therefore, the members came, most of them under dripping umbrellas, to the door that should admit them to their great hall, Bailly was at their head as indignant as such a man could be. He found the door shut, a paper pinned upon it, whereon was written the royal order, and a sentry who told him and all his followers that no one could come in save the workmen; for it would take all that day to prepare the hall for the royal meeting upon Monday. They let Bailly in to fetch his papers, no more.

The commons went off under their umbrellas in the rain, a straggling procession of men, mostly middle class, in good black knee-breeches and coat, in dainty buckled shoes not meant for such weather, Bailly leading them; they made off, this dripping lot of them, and made history quickly and well. They found in an adjoining street an empty tennis-court at their disposal, and there they met, organized a session, and took the oath, with one dissentient, that they would not disperse until they had achieved a new constitution for the French.

The French do things themselves, a point in which they differ from the more practical nations. For instance, Macmahon, the soldier and president, used to brush his own coat every morning. Barentin, the keeper of the seals, followed all this business, but he followed it in person. From the window of a house just across the narrow way he himself overlooked through the clearstory of the tennis-court the swarm of the commons within, the public audience that thronged the galleries or climbed to the sills of the windows. He saw the eagerness and the resolve. He scribbled a rough note to be sent at once to Marly—a note that has come to light only in the last few years, "Il faut couper court." That is, "End things up at once, or it will be too late."

The royal session and the king's declaration were postponed. They did not take place upon the Monday for which they were planned; they were put forward to the Tuesday, the twenty-third of June. What passed during those two days men will debate according as they are biased upon one side or the other of this great quarrel. Necker would have it in his memoirs that he was overborne by Barentin and, as one may say, by the queen's party; that his original compromise was made a little stronger in favor of the crown. To this change, like the weak and false man he was, he would ascribe all the breakdown that followed. I do not believe him. I think he lied. We know how he made his fortune, and we know how to contrast the whole being of a man like Necker with the whole being of a man like Barentin. Read Barentin's notes on those same two days, and you will have little doubt that Necker lied. That he muddled things worse through the delay and through the increasing gravity of the menace to the throne is probable enough. That he showed any vision or determination or propounded any strict policy is not morally credible. The document which the king was to read was drawn up wholly in his own hand, and he was wholly responsible.

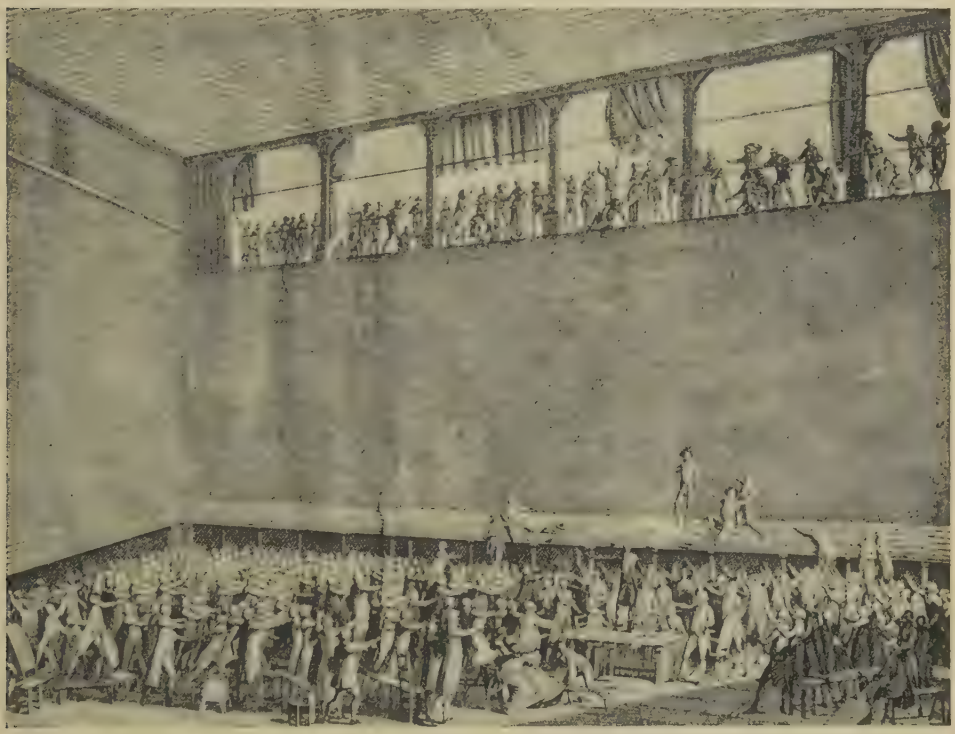
Now turn to Versailles upon the morning of that Tuesday, the twenty-third of June, 1789, the court having come in from Marly, and all being ready for the great occasion. Remember that in the interval the commons had met again; the mass of the lower clergy had joined them, not by vote this time, but in person, and two archbishops and three bishops with them, and even from the nobles two men had come.

It was therefore to be a set issue between the National Assembly now rapidly forming, that is, the commons triumphant, and the awful antique authority of the crown.

If one had looked from the windows of the palace of Versailles upon that morning, still gray and rainy, still cold in weather, out toward the scene where so much was to be done, one would have caught beyond the great paved, semicircular place, beyond the gilded, high railings of the courtyard, in the central one of the three avenues, the broad road leading to Paris, the roof of a great barnlike building, a long parallelogram of stone and brick, with an oval skylight atop. There was but little to hide it, for the ground about

was only beginning to be built over; young trees, just planted, marked each side of the road upon which one end of this building abutted. Within this hall, ungainly, and oddly apparent above the lower roofs about it and the unfinished lower buildings of the quarter, was to be acted a drama which deflected and, as some believe, destroyed the immemorial institution of personal government in Europe, and launched those experiments by St. Martin and the Street of the Works, had each their cordon of men. Small groups of soldiery, not patrolling, but watching, were distributed here and there.

The eye caught in the glistening, empty spaces of that wet, gray morning the red of the Swiss Guard and the blue and white of the militia. Beyond these uniforms there was little else; no crowd was yet gathered. Nor was there as yet any parade or any standing to arms.



THE COMMONS TAKING THE OATH IN THE TENNIS-COURT AT VERSAILLES

which the French people in arms proposed to change the face of Christendom.

Under the rain and in the cold air of that morning there was not much movement in Versailles. The great desert of hard paving-stones before the gilded railings of the palace yard was almost empty save of troops, and these, not yet arrived in very great numbers, seemed to be doing the work of a police rather than of an army. They were drawn up in lines that cut the Paris road and its approaches, guarding on all sides this hall of the commons. The side streets which led past the back doors of that hall, the Street of

The ear could no more judge Versailles that morning than the eye. The rain was too soft for any noise, the early life of the town too dulled under such weather to send up any echo from the streets. But there could still be distinguished from that quarter of a mile away the occasional sound of hammering where the workmen within the hall were finishing the last of its decorations for the ceremony that was to take place that day. It was a little before nine o'clock in the morning.

That large hall had its main entrance upon the new wide, bare Avenue de Paris, with its sprigs of trees. Years before it

CEREMONIAL COSTUME OF THE CLERGY, THE NOBILITY, AND THE COMMONS, THE THREE ORDERS IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

had been built to house the rackets and the tennis nets, perhaps the scenery of plays—all the material of the lesser pleasures of the court; for which reason it was still called the "Menus-Plaisirs," that is, the "Petty Leisures." It had stood for some forty years, and the things to be warehoused had come in by its principal opening upon this great main road.

By this main door you might have seen, under the rain, one after another entering as the morning wore on to ten o'clock. Some came on foot, most in the carriages of their equipage; but every individual, driven or walking, first halted at the line of armed men that barred the avenue, showed a card to prove that he was a deputy, cleric, or noble, and only then was let through. But though the public gathered slowly (in such weather!) the careful policing of the streets by these armed men was maintained, and the lines of red and blue still stood across the Avenue de Paris. They so came slowly up and in, the two privileged orders for one hour, six hundred in all.

The hour drew to its close. Before the bugles up in the low, wooded heights to the south had sounded for the ten o'clock meal of the camp, before the hour had struck from the clocks of the churches, files drew up to line the street on each side, and a guard stood before the porch.

Much farther down the road, beyond a second line of soldiery which barred access from that far side also, a small, but gathering, crowd of citizens showed far and small. Mixed with them and passing through them were figures hurrying toward a narrow side street which ran to a back entrance of the Menus-Plaisirs—men in knee-breeches and short coats, all in black, solemn. Those distant figures in black thus mixing with the crowd and getting in by a back way were the commons, the men who had just claimed to be all France, to be sovereign. They had not been permitted to come in by the main door of their hall; they were under orders to reach the place in this fashion by the meaner street behind it.

Even that back door was shut against them. Of the four thousand soldiers all told who formed the ornament, the patrol, and the barriers of those streets, one guard was set at this closed back door forbidding entry. The six hundred commons, crowded and pushing under their dripping umbrellas, began loud complaints, suggested protests, egged on their officials and in particular their president. He, Bailly, the middle-aged astronomer, full of rectitude, simple, and pompous, still called it an insult to be kept thus. But the guard had no orders and would not open. Such citizens as had assembled in the street mixed now with the commons, supported their indignation. The rain still fell.

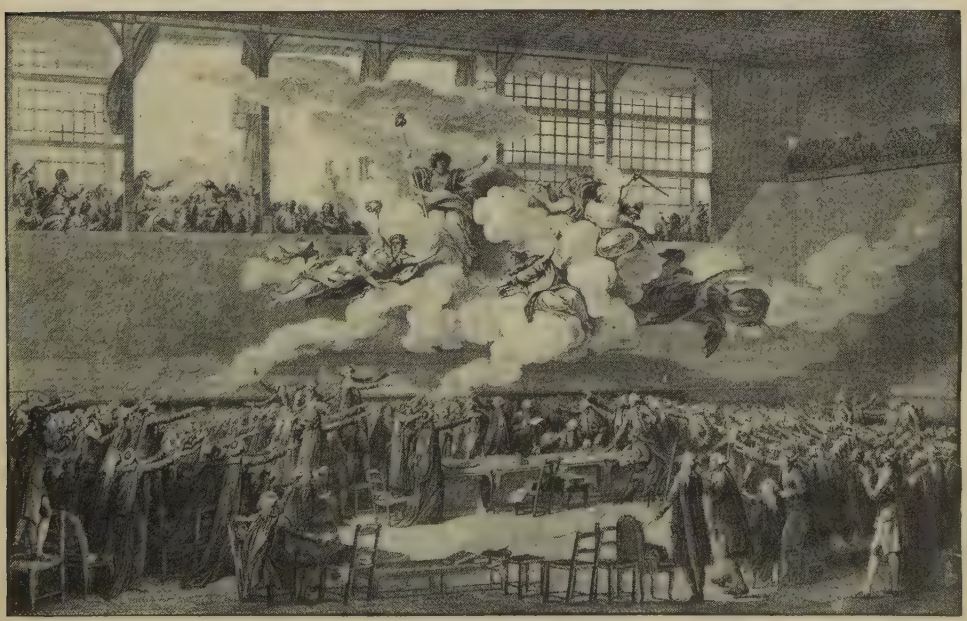
It was not until nearly a full hour had passed, until a commotion farther up toward the palace, and the shouted presenting of arms announced the arrival of the king that these six hundred, now at the limit of their restrained and profound exasperation, were at last admitted to the ramshackle wooden corridor that was their only vestibule. They folded their umbrellas, shook the rain from their cloaks, and, hat under arm, filed through the inner way which led to the back of the hall. Thus did they meanly enter it last, humiliated and angry, they who would be the nation itself.

The commons filed in two by two through the side door at the end of the great hall. They saw before them, under the great veiled, oval skylight of the place, the ranks of the clergy and of the nobles already assembled, rows deep, upon each side of the central gangway. They saw the throne, with its noble hangings roof high and spangled with lilies, upon the raised platform at the farther end. They saw the whole place draped and painted and upholstered as it had been for the great ceremony of the Parliament's opening seven weeks before. It was eleven o'clock.

Upon the king's right the queen, suffering somewhat from that theatrical dignity which had been the bane of her carriage at the court, and had so offended the French sense of measure, courtesied deep, and would not be seated while the king still stood. Before the throne the ministry sat in rank; but one chair was empty, and all men gazed at it. It was amazing that this chair should be empty, for it was the chair of the chief minister: it was Necker's chair.

What was about to be done was Necker's doing. It was he who had written the words the king was to read. But that very morning he had grown afraid. He had ordered his carriage to take him with the rest; then, seeing how feeling had risen, persuaded partly by his women, partly by a native duplicity, that something was to be gained by a dramatic absence and a show of displeasure at what he knew would clash with opinion, he had at the last moment shirked and remained at home. He betrayed the king by that shirking. He left it to be thought that he was not the author of his own words. Unlike most traitors, he reaped no reward.

Whether rumors of what was to come had leaked out or not we cannot tell. Some of that great audience afterward



Drawn by C. Mounet

ALLEGORY OF THE OATH-TAKING IN THE TENNIS-COURT AT VERSAILLES

said that they knew what was toward, and certainly among the two privileged orders there were a few who had heard the tenor of the speech. There were even one or two among the commons. But for the great bulk of those who waited curiously for the fruition of so dreadful a moment, the fruit of that moment was still unknown until the herald announced his cry, until the rustle of seating was over, and the king spoke.

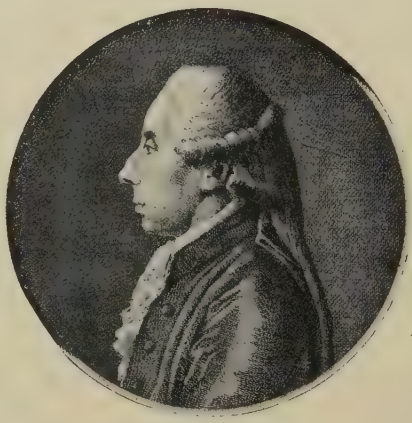
What he spoke in his simple, good-natured, rather thick voice was, for those who heard it, enormous. His first words raised the issue directly before men had well realized the shock—the royal authority was advising a reversal of all that had been done in the six days:

"I thought, gentlemen, that I had done all in my power for the good of my subjects. . . . The States General [not the *National Assembly*] have been open now near two months, and they are not yet agreed upon the preliminaries of their business. . . . It is my duty, it is a duty which I owe to the common weal, and to my realm and to myself, to end these divisions. . . . I come to repress whatever has been attempted against the laws."

He sat down, and every phrase in the five minutes or so of the declaration drawn up for him had seemed to the commons and their partizans a challenge.

The king's face, if witnesses may be trusted, showed some surprise. There is an air in assemblies which can be felt, though not defined, and the dense rows in black at the end of the hall were hostile.

Barentin came up the steps of the throne and knelt, as custom demanded, then turned and said in a loud voice, "The king orders you to be covered."



JEAN-SYLVAIN BAILLY, PRESIDENT OF THE COMMONS IN 1789

Bailly put on his hat, sundry of his commons followed his example. The privileged orders for some reason made no such gesture. In the passions of the moment it was thought that they deliberately insulted the third order, as though not caring for the privilege of remaining covered before the king, if the commons were to share that privilege. At any rate, Bailly nervously uncovered again, and those who had followed his example followed it once more. There was a little laughter, a little subdued challenging.

They ceased as the articles of the king's main declaration—Necker's document — were read for him by his minister.

There were twenty-five of them; each was short, and their delivery no great matter in time. But in effect they were capital. They maintained the separation of the three orders. They broke the unity of the National Assembly. They permitted common sessions only upon questions common to all.

Louis spoke again for a moment. Next were read the thirty-five articles Necker meant for a "liberal" constitution to the nation.

Those who have attended the ritual of assemblies know how superficial and imperfect is the effect of such a preliminary single reading. Men strain their ears for this point and for that, but they do not grasp the details of what has been put before them. What reaches from the lips of the reader to his audience is not, as in book-work, a precise and complete plan; it is only a general effect. Those thirty-five articles, droned out in the official accent, liberally as many of them were interpreted upon a further study, tolerably coördinated as they may have seemed to Necker and to those who drafted them in

the clique of the council-chamber, meant for the commons a direct challenge. And the commons were right. The French Revolution was not permitted for politicians' work of this kind. Flame is not made for pap. Yet challenging as Necker's futilities were to the ardor of the time, it was not they that determined the gravity of that short hour. What determined it was the last and third speech of the king.

Louis rose for the third time at the conclusion of this reading, and in brief sentences told them they had heard his will. He reminded them that they could do nothing without his specific approbation; he used the famous phrase that, if he were abandoned in his enterprise, "he would alone carry out the good of his peoples." His last sentence was this:

"I order you, gentlemen, to separate at once, and to-morrow to come each of you to the place set apart for your respective orders, there to resume your debates. To this effect I have ordered the grand master of ceremonies to prepare the places where you are to meet."

JACQUES NECKER, RECTOR-GENERAL OF FINANCES

During each brief interlude of the king's own speaking all had preserved a profound attention. During the reading of the articles there had been now and then a slight applause, especially from certain of the nobles at the article in favor of the old feudal dues, and to that applause there had come isolated cries of "Silence!" from the commons. Nothing else had disturbed the ease, the dignity, and the rapidity of this one hour pregnant with war. One hour, for it was eleven when the king first entered; as he rose to dismiss them and leave the hall it was noon.

When the king had passed behind the glorious, roof-high curtains of the throne, and so gone out, there was a noise of men moving.

All the three hundred of the nobility rose and followed him. A great number of the clergy—most of that order—came after. The hall was left desolate in its center; most desolate where its great empty dais, splendid with the purple drapings and the embroidered lilies of gold, and the empty throne dominated the floor below.

The far end and the dark aisles behind the columns were still filled with the commons in a crowd. Some remained still seated, some few more had risen; all were keeping silent, and only a very few crept shamefacedly along the walls toward the doors.

With the commons there now mixed such of the clergy as had dared to remain, and not a few of the public audience; of these last many lingered curiously, hanging on in the corners and sides of the place, watching for what was to come.

One could not see from that hall any part of the life without. Its windows were high. Its principal light was from the glazed, oval skylight in the roof, covered and tempered by a veil of cloth. One could not hear the crowd which had gathered outside in the broad avenue to see the king and his coaches go by, and which remained in great numbers to attend the exit of the commons when these should leave. That inner place was isolated. But the seven or eight hundred men standing at bay therein could feel all about them the great mass of soldiery upon the heights in the woods, the regiments marching in from the frontiers, the gatherings of mob and of armed men against them down the valley in Paris, two hours away —all the expectancy of arms.

CARTOON OF THE THREE ORDERS IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY FORGING THE NEW CONSTITUTION

Workmen entered to remove the hangings and to dismantle the hall. Still the commons kept their places, as yet undecided; no general decision taken, none proposed, but yet the mass of them unmoving, and by their mere unmoving refusing the command of the crown.

It was at this moment, before as yet the artisans had begun their business of ladders and hammering, that there came out from the robing-room and from behind the cloths of the throne a figure with which the ceremony of the States General had already rendered them familiar: it was young Dreux Brézé, elegant, a trifle effeminate, little more than a boy. He carried his white wand of the master of ceremonies, as he had carried it when the session opened, and his person was, by the costume of his office, all gold and plumes and many diamonds.

He performed his simple duty: he came up to Bailly, the president, and said:

"Sir, you heard the order of the king?"

Bailly answered in the silence, while men craned forward to hear:

"Sir, the Assembly stands adjourned only by its own vote. I cannot disperse it until it has debated upon that adjournment." A pompous rigmarole enough, but thick with coming years.

Said young Brézé:

"Am I to give that to the king as your reply?"

And Bailly answered:

"Yes."

Then, turning to his colleagues, Bailly had begun to give his reasons to them, when he found striding up to his side, and facing Brézé, the heavy vigor of Mirabeau. It was Mirabeau, so striding up, who in his powerful voice interposed. With no official right to mandate, he spoke most famous words, of which tradition has made a varied and doubtful legend, but which were in substance these:

"Go tell those that sent you we are here by the will of the nation." He added either that force alone (of bayonets or what-not) could drive the commons out, or, as some say, that such force was powerless.

Even as he said it, Brézé, having his answer from the official head of the commons, thus recalcitrant, moved away. The custom of the court was on him, and he moved out backward with his white wand. Of the men who saw that piece of ritual, some said within themselves that the thing was a sign, and that sovereignty had passed from the Bourbons.

When he had gone there was silence again for a little while. It was broken by the workmen setting to their labor of dismantling the hall. Bailly ordered them to cease, and they obeyed the order.

"VIVE LE ROI! VIVE LA NATION!"
A cartoon of 1789.

The genius of the French people for decision and for manifold coöperation appeared again and again throughout the Revolution, in debate, in street fighting, upon the battle-field. Nowhere did it appear more clearly than at this origin of all the movement.

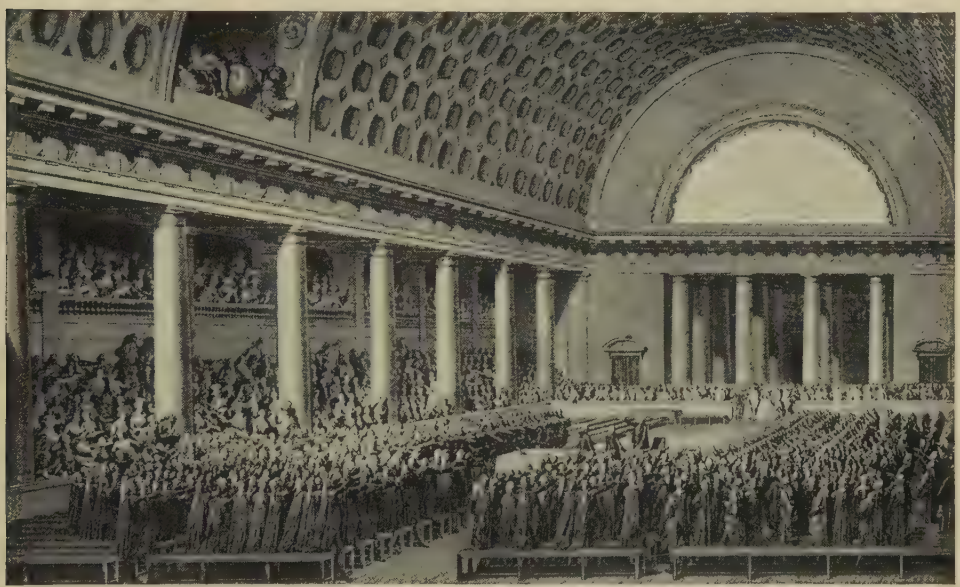
Without traditional procedure, with no waiting on initiative from above, at this moment spontaneous and collective action decided all.

One voice, proposing an adjournment until to-morrow, was voted down at once. Next Sieyès, with his firm, accurate mouth, pronounced a graven phrase expressing the mind of all: "You are to-day what you were yesterday." Immediately, upon the motion of Camus, a man too legal, but well able to define, the commons and such of the clergy as had remained with them voted unanimously their contradiction to the throne. They voted that all that they had passed, and all that they had done, they still maintained.

As the hands which had been raised everywhere to vote this motion fell again, the corner of French history was turned, and those curious to choose a precise point at which the outset of any matter may be set, should choose that moment of the fall of those hundreds of hands for the origin of modern Europe, its vast construction, its still imperiled experiment.

One thing more remained to be done, though the general sense of those present did not at first grasp its necessity; the proposal and the carrying of it proceeded from the vivid sanity of Mirabeau. He it was who proposed that they should vote the inviolability of themselves, the deputies of the nation.

To pass that decree meant that *if* the Assembly should win, it would have, for the punishment of any that had attempted to defeat it by force, the awful weapon which a solemn declaration of intention gives. But it also meant that if the commons were defeated, they had been guilty of treason.



THE MEETING OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT VERSAILLES, JUNE, 1789

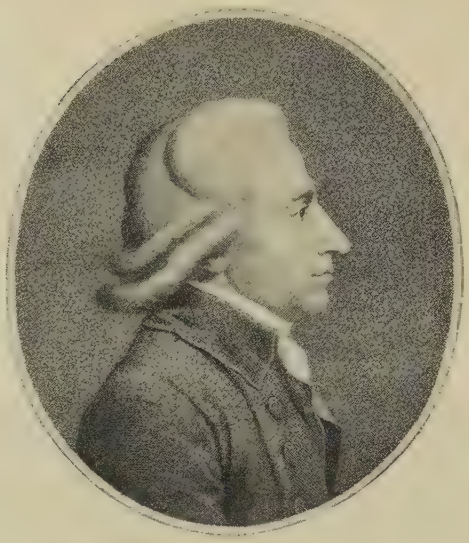
Bailly, perhaps from confusion, perhaps from timidity, himself hesitated, until Mirabeau, understanding well what force it is that governs men, said:

"If you do not pass this motion, sixty of us, and you the first, will be arrested this very night."

A column of troops had already been formed outside the doors, though the decision to act at once was, perhaps in fear of Paris, not acted on by the crown. Five hundred and twenty-seven men passed the decree, and of these thirty-four voted

"No," four hundred and ninety-three, "Yes." Its operative words are significant:

The National Assembly declares . . . that every individual corporation, tribunal, court or commission, which may dare during or after the present session to pursue, seek out, arrest, or cause to be arrested . . . a deputy upon the ground of any profession, advice, opinion, or speech made by him in the States General, no matter by whom such attempts may be ordered, are guilty of treason and subject to capital punishment.



EMMANUEL-JOSEPH SIEYÈS, DEPUTY FROM PARIS TO THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

This voted, there was no more to be done.

The many men who had thus risked all looked at one another; Bailly declared the session at an end. They came out upon the crowds that still waited in the lifting weather outside, that cheered a little, and that wonderingly followed the dispersion of the deputies to their homes.

The king and those who had left with him had lunched at the midday hour. They were past their coffee when the business of their antagonists was thus accomplished. The commons and the curious who had waited in the streets for their exit were late for luncheon that day.

In a week, and two days more than a week, the battle was won. The clergy in a body had come in, the nobles in batch after batch, the National Assembly was fully composed at last, and Louis himself, writing to the privileged orders—such as still refused—to bow to the commons, had accepted defeat, and his sovereignty was never from that moment full.

(To be continued)

THE LAGOON AT NIGHT

(VENICE)

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

IMMEMORIAL lagoon,
Where the drifted dusk lies deep,
Do lost years in ghostly shoon
Steal across your sighing sleep?

Is it wistfulness compels
Darkling waves to lift and gleam?
Do the campanile bells
Summon back an ancient dream?

Are they wings that fan your tide?
In the darkness can you see
All the angels, almond-eyed,
Heaven lent to Italy?

All the faces meekly fair
Only Botticelli knew,
And serene in native air,
Lippo Lippi's angels, too?

Night-blue water, deep and dim,
When your ripples tremble, are
Raphael's little cherubim
Winging toward their distant star?

THE CHURCH-GRIM

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Author of "The Secret Woman," "The Mother," etc.

YOU might n't know what a church-grim was, I dare say, and for that matter, they be a branch of knowledge very much out of the common and very near forgot. And I 'm properly sure I should n't have heard of no such fearful thing if I had n't actually seen one in my green youth, and heard tell of its great fame and powers. For these here church-grims go back to another age than ours, when the folk believed in all manner of dark contrivances that you never hear tell upon now; though whether the hidden powers be there still, or whether they 've vanished at the will of their Creator, be a question beyond us mortals to answer. But one thing is clear as light to any thinking man, and that is that when our ancient forebears lifted our churches, they had a very different set of opinions from us who worship in them to-day.

We was always very proud of our church to Whiteworthy, where I dwelt as a lad, and though the Widecombe folk laughed us to scorn, and would have it that their St. Pancras was far grander than our St. Christopher, yet, bating the tower, which be only a trap for the lightning, when all 's said, we were so fine as them, if not finer. Besides, there was a proper story about our place, how the lord of the manor in the seventh Henry's time, or some such far-away age, fell out with the powers, and had his property took from him, house and lands and all. Indeed, he only escaped with his head, by all accounts; but the story went that afore the storm broke, the good knight fell to his prayers, and St. Christopher himself appeared afore the holy table and bade the man bring his treasures to mother church, so as they might be took care of for the generations to come. Sir Tobias Hele was the hero, and the old story seemed to show as he was persecuted wrongfully, else the saint would never have appeared with his good advice. But there it stood, and not a few still believed that Sir Toby done what the saint told him; and as the ancient hero was buried in his own church, under a brass that people came miles to see, it all looked very proper and likely to be true.

But there was no old writings nor nothing to prove that Sir Toby had obeyed the saint, and so people believed or disbelieved according to their fancy. And some said that the story was true, but that the money had doubtless been taken away again after Sir Tobias's death; while others, including the Rev. Valletort, the vicar of Whiteworthy in my youth, held stoutly to it that the treasure was where Sir Toby put it, according to the direction of St. Christopher. Their reason was a good one: because, in the first place, Sir Toby was proved to be a bachelor, in itself a remarkable thing in them days; for bachelor men be a modern invention, if I hear aright, and in the old times they was so rare as white crows. And they did n't bear a very good character, neither, though to-day I could name a score of men, if I took thought, who carry the single state without suspicion, and are so respectable and well thought upon as me or you. Then, again, Sir Toby died a sudden death, as the church brass testified; and so it seemed a fair argument that he had n't time to shift his treasure from its hiding-place even if he wanted to do so.

A name clings to a district like mud to a hobnailed boot, and though he 'd been gone for scores and hundreds of years, yet there were Heles in Whiteworthy still, though, of course, only humble people on the land, for the most part. And there was a Tobias Hele, too, the son of Mary Hele; and she was a widow, and he was her prop and stay.

A very unusual fashion of man was this Toby, and people could n't believe his blood had run through his father's veins; for old Hele just broke stones and mended roads with them, and put his mark to a document when necessary, for he could n't

read to his dying day, nor yet write. But Toby Hele had a brain, and was a high-strung, nervy chap, with a hand like a gentleman and a quick way and an inquiring mind. In fact he might have made a name for himself and been the pride of his native village if he had n't been such a lazy good-for-naught; but his nature was blended of mixed material, and, no doubt, if the people had traced his havage [1] back for a few generations, they 'd have found some remarkable character had had a hand in Toby. His qualities were strong, but they balanced each other, and so left the man pretty much like other men.

And for some reason that was unfortunate for him. Because with his cleverness, if he 'd been industrious, he might have gone far; and if he 'd been proud and ambitious, none can tell what he 'd have reached up to. While, again, with his nimble wits and loose opinions, he only lacked one thing to make him a thorn in the side of the people and a dangerous character all round. And that thing was pluck. He was a coward, an accident that stood between him and a lot of wickedness, without a doubt. As a child he was a proper wonder at sending the other boys through the hedge to steal the apples, and he 'd find the brains every time, so long as some other young rip found the pluck; but along of this weakness, he never got himself into any serious trouble, and was generally left on the safe side of the fence both as a boy and a man.

People did n't like him very much, but they employed him, because he was a clever thatcher, and you can't do much harm to the community if your work only lies in putting straw on ricks and cottages. He was an artist in his way, and took a pride in his work; he also had a fancy for book-learning, and it was along of that he won over the Rev. Valletort, and got on his blind side afore he left the parish school. Because if a person was fond of learning, and took an interest in bench-ends and old stones and the inscriptions on bells, or any old rubbige like that, he might be as wicked as you please; but the Rev. Valletort would n't hear a word against him.

Toby Hele once found a splinter of flint up over on Hameldon, just a little piece fashioned in shape of an arrow-head, and made by the heathen old men afore the dawn of history. He took it to his reverence, and from that day forever the parson swore by him, and always took his part against the parish if need be. And if Toby had cut his mother's throat, the Rev. Valletort would have said 't was no great odds; because he held most steadfast' that a young youth who could find an ancient arrow-head and bring it to him must be a wonder, and something quite above law and order and common contrivances of that kind. And he properly spoiled young Hele, and poured his own learning into him until Toby knew as much about Dartmoor, and the roundy-poundies, and queer, silly things left lying about up there by the savages of old time, as parson did himself. And Tobias made his own discoveries, too, and took a great pleasure in showing them to visitors for money; for he was a curious mixture of the dove and the sarpent, you may say, and when he found out as these flint fragments was worth a bit, he always seemed to have a few things on hand for the summer visitors. You could always buy an ancient granite tin-mold or an arrow-head or such like curiosity from him, though whether they was as ancient as they looked, only he knew.

But the vicar held to him, and as he grew up into manhood, he went digging with his reverence by day, and read the lessons in church of a Sunday, besides taking round the dish for alms. And all this may have made a better man of him in some directions, though those who knew him best reckoned that he done these holy things for business rather than pleasure, and to keep in with the vicarage.

Then fate over-got Toby after the usual fashion, and he fell in love with a fine girl by name of Beth Mannaford. She was Timothy Mannaford's daughter, and he was a small farmer, with her for his one child. He only rented, however, and was always hard up. Beth liked Toby well enough, and it would have gone through and nothing said; but Mannaford always counted to be kept out of the workhouse by his offspring some day, because she was a very fine girl and fair to look on. So he reckoned that she must make a good match presently, and have a chimney-corner for him when he was too old to work.

[1] Havage, ancestry.

But he very soon saw there would n't be no chimney-corner at Toby Hele's, for Toby was poor himself and did n't offer Beth anything more exciting than to share his mother's cottage; so Mannaford turned Toby down short and sharp, and even pretended 't was proper cheek on Toby's part to look so high as Beth. Not that that deceived anybody, because, so far as money went, the girl was worse off than the man, and though a bowerly creature, she could n't be counted any particular catch, for she had a kick in her speech and a doubtful temper. But Toby wanted her with all his might, and she was determined to take him; so his wits set to work, and such is the power of love that it makes even a weak man braver than usual, and fires the coward to take risks he 'd never dream about in his every-day senses.

First, however, before he set out on any doubtful trick to come by money, Tobias went to his friend, the vicar, and was a good bit put about to find he drew a blank. For the Rev. Valletort, though a Christian to his toe-nails, was human, and could be as selfish as any miser when he was touched on the raw. And well he knew that Toby's usefulness to him would be gone forever if he took a wife and became a family-man. Besides, he was a bachelor himself, being far too taken up with old stones and old books to wed a wife; and so, when he heard Toby wanted to be married, but was refused the girl till he could show five shillings a week more money, the reverend took it in a very indifferent spirit and did n't offer any assistance, but advised Toby to put the thing away from him and not slight his natural accomplishments or hide 'em under such a bushel as marriage too often proves to be. So he got no comfort there, and was just turning over things in his mind and working himself into a rash and reckless spirit, when that happened at the church to quicken his wits and start him on a very dangerous adventure.

Parson got a legacy left him, and told everybody about it in his next sermon; for the man had n't a secret in the world, I do believe, and his sermons were more just friendly talks about himself and the people than right down proper sermons. Now he 'd mention this man or that woman by name over the pulpit; and now it would be the childer, or this or that doing in the parish; and now it would be the crops or the lambing, and so on; and once he asked Farmer Parsons right out if 't was true he 'd turned off young Billy Bassett for picking blackberries after Sunday-school; and farmer answered back afore the congregation that he had done so. Then his reverence explained the situation, and assured everybody that there was no harm for a lad or maid to pick a nut or blackberry on the Lord's Day, if they 'd been to church and Sunday-school first. And he hoped that Parsons would reconsider the subject. And farmer, who was a broad-minded man, replied that, if his reverence felt that way, he 'd take Billy back; which he did do.

So you may be sure that when he got his legacy of two thousand pounds, our parson told us all about it; and more than that, for he said how he was going to spend most of it, also. And some said he was right, but most thought he was wrong.

Upon the church he planned to squander very near every penny of that huge sum, and he got a faculty, or some such thing, from them in authority, and set to work to undo a lot that had been done a hundred year back or more.

"I 'm going to restore our beautiful church," he said in a sermon afore the work was begun, "and by that I do not mean to make the house of the Lord hideous, and sweep away the noble efforts of those who builded in Tudor times; but it is my wish to bring back out of this evil chaos the former chaste severity and purity of line before the so-called restoration of Anne's reign—a reign architecturally distressing to every right-minded antiquary."

He went on like that, and presently we found that, far from making the church any smarter and warmer and more comfortable, he was going to pull down a lot of mason's work between the old pillars, and throw out the old north aisle, which had been practically walled up for a century. Then there was an old painting over the east end,—at least scraps of it,—and this was whitewashed; and he was going to have the whitewash took off and the painting restored, if it could be done. And the bosses of the wagon-roof had rotted away; but he knowed they was carved in the arms of the ancient family of Hele, and meant to have 'em done again. In fact, his honor properly let himself loose

on the church, and presently, when a score of men got to work and he found his money was holding out well, he sprang still more notions, and started explorations in the walls and a lot of little games that had n't nothing to do with the sacred building, but only ministered to his own curiosity. It got on the nerves of some of the old members after a bit, because there was a lot of dirt in the holy building, and the drafts came in through the holes, and it looked as if law and order would never return to St. Christopher's. But parson told us all about it every Sunday; and now and then the workmen would find a bit of wrought stone or an old nail or what not, and his reverence properly glowed talking about these things, and always threw out great hopes of what the next week would bring forth. You see, he was after the treasure of Sir Tobias Hele, among other matters, and he most firmly clung to it that the dead man's stuff was hid in the church. So sure was he that he made a good few hopeful beside himself; and one, above all the rest, began to build in secret on that rainbow gold.

Toby Hele had got his own ideas on the subject; but he kept them to himself very close, and it was n't until after his fearful experience that we remembered he had been about in the church a lot at the time and always at the elbows of the workers. And sometimes when they were pulling down, or probing a bit of the old masonry, Toby would lend a hand, and sometimes he 'd watch of a night; for some man always watched while the work was going on. None thought anything of it, however, because it was supposed the vicar had appointed him to oversee the men, and not let them hide aught of value that might come to hand in their researches. So the work of pulling down and cleaning up went on, and all the Queen Anne mess was cleared out of the church, and the people fairly rubbed their eyes to see the north aisle, a sight that had been lost to three generations, if not more. But some of the old folk liked it little, because there was an echo in it, and now the church was made a third so big again, the hotting apparatus proved far too weak to warm it. So some was at the Rev. Valletort to get a new stove with mightier power; but he defied them, and said a stove was an abomination, in his opinion, and he 'd just as soon put new organs and reed-pipes in the place as a new warmer.

"There 's a lot too much talked about warmth and comfort in the house of God," he said in a sermon at that time, and he talked at old Simon White, the cord-wainer, who had started the grumble. "And I 'd have you to know, Simon, my friend, and any others who feel like you do, that we don't come to St. Christopher's to be warm and comfortable. Such mean creature enjoyments," he says, "can be got to home, where the weaker vessels among us may toast their feet and ease their backs, with a pipe and a glass of a night, and why not, so long as they only yield to these luxuries when the day's work is ended and no call of duty remains to be answered? But this is the terrible house of the Lord," says the reverend gentleman, "and the man or woman whose thoughts wander to their feet or their backs, or who feels a draft in their ear-holes when they ought to be waiting in fear and trembling to hear the whisper of their Maker in their hearts, that man or woman has mistaken the purposes of this place of worship. Their faith is weak; their danger is great; they stand in peril of a warmth, without comfort, that may endure through eternity."

In this valiant manner he would talk to us, and then, out of kindly consideration to the frailer people,—them that can't pray properly with a rick in the back or cold feet,—he explained that his work was nearly done. And so it was. But two yards of masonry remained to examine, and a week more was to see it accomplished; while as for the whitewash on the ancient picture, a skilled workman from Exeter had scratched it off, and there was revealed a woebegone creature, all eyes and legs, with a beard like a bush. And most people said they wished the whitewash back, for the forlorn object only made the grown-ups puzzle and the young ones laugh; but his reverence set high store upon it, and said that it was St. Christopher himself, standing thigh-deep in the flood, and all put there in the time of Queen Bess, or maybe earlier. There was a lot of fuss made, and learned men came from far ways off to see it, and some got properly hot about it, and argued against what his reverence said. But of course he knew best, and they went off

with their tails between their legs when he broke loose upon them in all the wonder of his learning.

Then came in Tobias Hele—the live thatcher, not the dead knight. He 'd got properly struck with the idea of the secret hoard, and long before they reached to the last bit of old wall, Tobias had poked about it and found out 't was hollow. And he 'd summed up in his mind the treasure was there; and he 'd gone a lot further than that also, and summed up in his mind the treasure was his.

You see, the Rev. Valletort had led him in a sort of way to that outrageous idea, because he 'd told Hele that no doubt he was descended through yeoman stock from the ancient lords of the manor, and taking into consideration Toby's nice build and delicate hands and gentlemanlike face, he had told him that it looked as if he was a set-back to the old, fine blood, despite the fact it had doubtless run in the kennel among common people for so many generations.

And so Toby, who only wanted a bit of nonsense like that to spur him on, solemnly pretended that he might count himself the proper heir to the treasure. But he had the wit to know that none would agree with him, and so it followed naturally he set out to get the stuff single-handed, without taking any man into his confidence. But a woman he took, and Beth Mannaford knew all about it, and she was very wishful for him to succeed, as she confessed after. Because money meant marriage for her, and though Toby knew enough to guess he would n't find Bank of England crowns and sovereigns hid in the church, he 'd worked hisself up to believing there might be plenty of precious stuff there he could turn into cash, if once he got his fingers to it.

And what he done was this: he took the night watchman's place. And somewhere after midnight, when all Whiteworthy was to bed and asleep, Tobias turned his attention to the hollow wall-chamber. 'T was to come down the next day, and he 'd got his lesson pat, no doubt, and was ready to explain that for interest in the subject he 'd fetched down the wall and saved a man or two his labor next morning. Of course if he 'd found any valuables, his purpose was to hide 'em for his own use; and if the vicar had raised a question, he 'd have told him he 'd made good search, and found the hole empty.

Yet what happened was very different, and no less a man than the Rev. Valletort himself told the rest of the tale. What he knew of it, that is; for nobody but Beth Mannaford ever heard the whole truth while Toby Hele lived. You see, the man wanted all his small pluck and more to bide in the church alone by night, with naught save a horn lantern for company; and certain it is that he 'd never have offered for such work if his great love for Beth and his hope of winning her with the treasure had not made him so brave as a robin just for the moment. But that happened then to scare a heaven-born hero, I 'm sure, and there 's few men living now in Whiteworthy, and not a man living there in them days, if you except the vicar himself, who would have faced what Toby faced and kept their courage, even if they kept their senses.

Anyway, he did n't keep either, and but for his reverence I doubt the man would have come out alive.

You see, parson, by good chance was called out to old Noah Westlake's death-bed, and Noah flickered long afore he went. In fact, 't was two of the clock and a rough winter's night before the ancient man gave up his spirit to its Maker. With that the reverend goes home, and takes the short cut through the lich-gate and among the graves. Tramping along slow, and not thinking of anything but his old parishioner, parson suddenly hears a dull sound in the holy building, and listens, and goes on the grass to make no noise. 'T was a muffled hammering he heard, and he knew in a moment that somebody was to work there. That pleased him rather than not, for he guessed that only Toby Hele was the man to work by night in that way; and so he peeped in the window, and there made out Toby, sure enough. Then parson was going round to the outer wall, where only a tarpaulin kept the weather out of the north aisle for the moment; but before he got there he heard the awfulest scream that ever echoed in the Lord's house. And then he heard another, and when he groped in, there was Toby flying down the church like a maniac, and waving his lantern, and yowling for mercy, and calling Heaven to save him from a fearful spectrum.

Parson seed the man was demented, and got hold on him, and called upon God to let the evil spirit out of the wretch; and presently Hele began to gibber and laugh like a luny, and his reverence seed the man's wits were wandering. He bided with him in the squire's pew, and talked and sobered him down after a good while; and then by fits and between his ravings the poor soul explained that he 'd just broke through the stonework to the hollow within, when what should he see but a dreadful ghost glaring out upon him!

" 'T is the keeper of the treasure, and I 've seen him, and I shall die inside the year. I know it, for nobody could see nothing like that and live," he whimpered to the vicar. And then he fell to weeping and wailing, and his bitter tears seemed to clear his brain a bit; for he swore to the reverend clergyman that he was only there in a proper and prayerful spirit, and never meant to take a threepenny piece of what he might find. Of course the vicar did n't doubt him, for he put complete faith in Toby to the end, and thinking the lantern light had deceived the man, or maybe he 'd unearthed an ancient gargoyle, or some such like fine thing, his reverence took the light and went to see for himself what had knocked the wits out of the younger man.

And he found the hollow in the wall about as big as the mouth of an oven, and there, sure enough, staring through it without any eyes, was a human head. A bit of hair was left on it yet; but for the rest 't was just a 'natomy, and vicar, with his far-reaching knowledge, understood in a moment that he stood afore a treasure. The dead creature that had shook up Toby so bad did naught but properly delight his reverence; and if he 'd found a barrel of gold and diamonds, he would n't have been half so pleased. In fact, he set to work there and then to pull down the masonry, and he made the trembling Tobias help him.

By the lantern they worked and found a proper rogue's roost of a hole in the wall, and the skull of a man stuck on an iron nail, and the rest of the bones of him in a heap down under. And the reverend fairly sang praises at this mournful sight, and could n't understand for the life of him why Tobias were n't equally joyful. For he said 't was the most interesting thing as had ever happened to him in all his interesting life, and next Sunday, of course, his sermon was full of it. But Hele was n't there to hear, for they had to take him to hospital after his adventure, and he bided there a good while, with the doctors working at him.

'T was just a grand, old church-grim, you see, that Toby had found, and the way of them is this, as the Rev. Valletort explained. Of old the custom was to have a watcher in every church, because in the good, past days the churches was a lot richer than now, and afore that dratted Reformation the holy places was full of plate and fine linen and silver candlesticks and such like things that the pious poured into 'em for their souls' sakes. So there was watch-lofts set up, where a trusty man bided by night to see that the thieves, who were commoner then than now, did n't break in to plunder. But presently some chap with a turn for invention bethought him that a dead watchman might be just so clever as a live one, and a lot cheaper. And of course everybody believed in ghosts in them days; so there came in the fashion of church-grims. They was generally evil-doers, cut off in the midst of their sins, or put out of the way by rope or ax for their wrong-doing. And no doubt it was reckoned by kindly men of a religious turn of mind that such unruly and wicked members might atone for their lives and get pardon for their crimes by the merciful goodness of the Lord, if they were walled up in the holy places, to watch till doom and the day of judgment. No doubt it was on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, and you may be sure that many a dead thief was walled up for his spectrum to scare away the living ones in those exciting times. But whether our church-grim done his work well before Toby Hele's time, I cannot say. Certain it is, however, that he got back on Toby, and the man was never the same again, for his hair went white afore he turned fifty.

We had the old bones carefully walled up once more, after all the parish and a brave rally of learned men had seen them, and out of evil came good even for Toby, too; for such was the man's collapse that he could n't sleep in his bed alone no more after the fearful adventure, and when the vicar heard how the affair had told upon him, for sheer gratitude to Hele for his

great discovery, and quite forgetting the church-grim must have come to the light next day, whether or no, he gave Tobias five shillings a week for his natural life, and thought better of him than ever as a martyr to learning.

And with an addition like that to his money, of course the man was in a case to wed. Which he did do, and went so straight as a line ever after, by all accounts.

Not till he came to his own death-bed did he confess he was up to no good on that far-famed night in St. Christopher's; but Toby did n't tell the story to Parson Valletort, because he, good man, had long been gathered to his fathers. It was to my own father that he told it a week before his end, and my father did n't blame the man overmuch, because, though at first sight it had looked as if he was rewarded for wrong-doing, instead of punished, as he deserved to be, yet, as father said, you had to remember the price. Toby's spirit was never stronger than a girl child's from that night; and besides, he was often heard to whisper that he had no luck with his wife, after all. Very like she thought the same of him, even if she had too much pride to confess it.

FROM THE LOG OF THE *VELSA*

COPENHAGEN: FOURTH PAPER

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

Author of "Clayhanger," "The Old Wives' Tale," etc.

PICTURES BY E. A. RICKARDS

ACROSS the great expanse of Kjöge Bay, Copenhagen first became visible as a group of factory chimneys under a firmament of smoke. We approached it rapidly upon smooth water, and ran into the narrowing bottle-neck of Kallebo, with the main island of Sjælland to the west and the appendant island of Amager to the east. Copenhagen stands on both, straddling over a wide connecting bridge which carries double lines of electric trams and all the traffic of a metropolis. When a yacht, even a small one, wishes to enter the harbor, this bridge is cut in two and lifted into the air, and the traffic impatiently champs its bit while waiting for the yacht.

Apparently they understand yachts at Copenhagen, as they do in Holland. At the outer barrier of the harbor we were not even requested to stop. A cheerful and beneficent functionary cried out for our name, our captain's name, our tonnage, and our immediate origin, and, his curiosity being sated, waved us onward. The great bridge bisected itself for us with singular promptitude. Nevertheless, the gold-buttoned man in charge thereof from his high perch signaled to us that our burgee was too small. We therefore, having nothing else handy to placate him, ran up a blue ensign to the masthead; but it looked so excessively odd there, so acutely contrary to the English etiquette of yachts, that we at once hauled it down again. No further complaint was made.

We were now in the haven, and over the funnels of many ships we could see the city. It was all copper domes and roofs; and we saw that it was a proud city, and a city where exposed copper turns to a beautiful green instead of to black, as in London. Splendid copper domes are the chief symptom of Copenhagen. After all the monotonous, tiny provincialism of the peninsula and of the islands, it was sensational to find a vast capital at the far end of the farthest island. We thought we were coming to the end of the world, and we came to a complete and dazzling city that surpassed, for example, Brussels in its imposingness. We turned westward out of the main channel into the heart of the town, and in a moment were tied up

to a smack, and the red-and-green bourse was leaning over us; the rattle and ringing and stamping of horses, lorries, tramcars, and taxicabs deafened us on three sides; and a bridge trembling with traffic barred our way.

Towers and spires rose beyond the bridge; crowds stood to gaze at us; steamers and warehouses filled the prospect to the north; and under our bows the petrol-engined gondolas of Copenhagen, each holding a dozen passengers or so, continually shot. We were in the midst of a terrific din, but we cared not. We had arrived, and we had arrived in a grand town; we knew that at the first glance.

In something less than half an hour one of us had gone forth and returned with grave tidings: "This is a most exciting city. I 've already seen lots of beautiful women, some with lovely tow-colored hair." The charm of distant Esbjerg was at last renewed. I went forth myself, into a very clean, fresh-looking city, with simple and lively inhabitants. In a trice I had gazed at the Thorvaldsen Museum (which I had no intention of entering, Thorvaldsen being for me on about the same artistic plane as the inexcusable Ary Scheffer of Dordrecht), the Christianborg Palace, which had an austere and kingly air, the very modern and admirable town hall, the old railway-station, which has been transformed into the largest cinema in the world, the floating fish shops and fish restaurants (made out of old smacks and schooners), the narrow, thronged shopping streets, the celebrated Tivoli establishment, and the yacht-like steamers that from a quay, which might almost be called the gate to Sweden, in the very middle of the town, are constantly setting sail for Scandinavia. From Copenhagen you go to Sweden as thoughtlessly as in New York you go from Forty-second to Sixty-ninth Street, or in London from the Bank to Chelsea, and with less discipline. If the steamer has cast off, and the captain sees you hurrying up the street, he stops his engines and waits for you, and you are dragged on board by a sailor; whereupon the liner departs, unless the captain happens to see somebody else hurrying up the street.

An hour in the thoroughfares of Copenhagen was enough to convince my feet that it was not a city specially designed for pedestrians. I limped back to the yacht, and sent the skipper to hire a carriage. He knew no more of the city than I did, indeed, less; he could no more than I speak a single word of Danish; but I felt sure that he would return with an equipage. What I desired was an equipage with a driver who could speak either English, French, or Dutch. He did return with an equipage, and it was overpowering. Rather like a second-hand state carriage, it was drawn by two large gray horses, perhaps out of a circus, and driven by a liveried being who was alleged to speak French. I shuddered at the probable cost of this prodigious conveyance, but pretended I did not care. The figure named was just seven dollars a day. We monopolized the carriage during our sojourn, and the days were long; but the coachman never complained. Possibly because he had no language in which to complain. We learned in a moment that his ability to speak French was entirely mythical. Then some one said that a misunderstanding had occurred at the livery-stables, and that German was the foreign language he spoke. But he did not speak German either, nor anything else.

From the height of his spacious and sedate vehicle we gazed down upon the rushing population of Copenhagen—beautiful women, with lovely tow-colored hair, and simple, nice-gestured men. The driver only made one mistake, but it was a bad one. We wanted tea, and we asked him to go to a tea-garden, any tea-garden. He smiled, and went. He took us up an interminable boulevard, with a special strip for cyclists. Thousands upon thousands of cyclists, all fair, passed and repassed us. He went on and on. One of the horses fell lame, but it made no difference. We could not stop him. And repetitions of the word for tea in French and German had no effect save to make him smile. We constantly descried what seemed in the distance to be tea-gardens, but they were not tea-gardens. We saw an incomprehensible colony of doll's-houses—well-kept suburban huts exteriorly resembling houses—in a doll's garden. We could not conceive the nature of this phenomenon, but it was not a tea-garden. Presently the carriage was stopped by a man demanding money. He wore no uniform, but conveyed to us that

he was an official of the town of Hillerup, and that strange carriages had to pay forty-eight öre in order to traverse Hillerup. It seemed a lot of money; but as it amounted only to sixpence, we paid. The man may have been a highwayman. We looked at the map for Hillerup, and found it miles away from Copenhagen.

We were now in serious need of tea, and helpless. The driver drove on. He conducted us through half a dozen seaside resorts on the quite unjustly celebrated "Danish Riviera"; he came actually to the end of the tram-line, and then he curved inland into a forest (more to pay). We were now angry and still helpless. The forest had no end, and the roads in it no direction. Desperate, we signaled to him to turn back. He would not. He informed us on his fingers that he would be arriving in twenty minutes or so. When he did arrive, we solved the mystery. He had confused the word for tea with the word for deer, and had brought us to a well-known country resort called the Deer Park. A few miserable tourists were in fact drinking cold, bad tea on a windy terrace overlooking a distant horizon, far beyond which lay Copenhagen. We swallowed the tea, the driver swallowed beer, and we started back. We had no overcoats, and the Baltic evening was cold. Trams overtook us flying at a tremendous pace into Copenhagen, and we were behind a lame horse. In the dusk we reached once more the desirable city, whose women never seemed more fair to us than they did then. This incident taught us that the yachtsman must be prepared for any adventure, even the wildest.

CAFÉS AND RESTAURANTS

THE most interesting thing, to the complete stranger, in a large foreign city that does not live on its own past is not the museums, but the restaurants and cafés, even in the dead season. We were told that August was the dead season in Copenhagen, and that all the world was at the seaside resorts. We had, however, visited a number of Danish seaside resorts, and they were without exception far more dead than Copenhagen. In particular Marienlyst, reputed to be the haunt of fashion, proved to be a very sad, deserted strand. Copenhagen was not dead.

We went for our first dinner to Wivel's Restaurant, signalized to us by authority as the finest in Denmark, a large, rambling, crimson-and-gold place, full of waiters who had learned English in America, of hors-d'œuvre, and of music. The band was much better than the food, but it has to be said that we arrived at half-

IN OLD COPENHAGEN

past seven, when Danish dinner is over and Danish supper not begun. Still, many middle-class people were unceremoniously and expensively eating—in the main hors-d'œuvre. The metropolitanism of Copenhagen was at once apparent in this great restaurant. The people had little style, but they had the assurance and the incuriousness of metropolitans, and they were accustomed to throwing money about, and to glare, and to stridency, and to the idiosyncrasies of waiters, and to being in the swim

Next we went to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which was just the restaurant of the standardized international hotel. Once within its walls, and you might as well be at Paris, Aix-les-Bains, Harrogate, Rome, Algiers, Brussels, as at Copenhagen. The same menu, the same cooking, the same waiters, the same furniture, the same toothpicks, and the same detestable, self-restrained English travelers, with their excruciating Englishness. The café on the ground floor of this hotel, overlooking a large and busy circular *place,* with the opera and other necessaries of metropolitan life close by, was more amusing than the restaurant. It was a genuine resort in the afternoon. The existence of Copenhagen rolled to and fro in front of its canopied terrace, and one might sit next to an English yachting party of astounding correctness and complacency (from one of those conceited three-hundred-ton boats, enameled white, and jeweled in many holes, like a watch), or to a couple of Danish commercials, or to a dandy and his love. Here we one night singled out for observation a very characteristic Danish young man and young woman with the complexions, the quiet, persuasive voices, and the soothing gestures of the North. It was an agreeable sight; but when we had carried our observation somewhat further, we discovered that they were an English pair on their honeymoon.

In a day or two, feeling more expert in things Danish, we wanted a truly Danish restaurant, unspoiled by cosmopolitanism. We hit on it in the Wiener Café, appanage of the Hotel King of Denmark, a long, narrow room, anciently and curiously furnished, with mid-Victorian engravings on the somber walls. The waiters had the austerity of priests presiding at a rite. Their silent countenances said impassively: 'This is the most select resort in our great and historic country. It has been frequented by the flower of Danish aristocracy, art, and letters for a thousand years. It has not changed. It never will. No upstart cosmopolitanism can enter here. Submit yourselves. Speak in hushed tones. Conform to all the niceties of our ceremonial, for we have consented to receive you."

In brief, it was rather like an English bank, or a historic hotel in an English cathedral town, though its food was better, I admit. The menu was in strict Danish. We understood naught of it, but it had the air of a saga. At the close of the repast, the waiter told us that, for the *prix fixe,* we had the choice between cake and cheese. I said, "Will you let me have a look at the cake, and then I 'll decide." He replied that he could not; that the cake could not be produced unless it was definitively ordered. The strange thing was that he persisted in this attitude. Cake never had been shown on approval at the Wiener Café of the Hotel King of Denmark, and it never would be. I bowed the head before an august tradition, and ordered cheese. The Wiener Café ought to open a branch in London; it was the most English affair I have ever encountered out of England.

Indeed, Copenhagen is often exquisitely English. That very night we chose the restaurant of the Hotel —— for dinner. The room was darkly gorgeous, silent, and nearly full. We were curtly shown to an empty table, and a menu was flung at us. The head-waiter and three inefficient under waiters then totally ignored us and our signals for fifteen minutes; they had their habitués to serve. At the end of fifteen minutes we softly and apologetically rose and departed, without causing any apparent regret save perhaps to the hat-and-coat boy, whom we basely omitted to tip.

We roved in the wet, busy Sunday streets, searching hungrily for a restaurant that seemed receptive, that seemed assimilative, and luck guided us into the Café de l'Industrie, near the Tivoli. The managers of this industrious café had that peculiar air, both independent and amicable, which sits so well on the directors of an organism that is firmly established in the good-will of the flourishing mass.

IN THE TIVOLI GARDENS—AMUSEMENTS DURING DINNER

No selectness, no tradition, no formality, no fashion, no preposterous manners about the Café de l'Industrie, but an aspect of solid, rather vulgar, all-embracing, all-forgiving prosperity. It was not cheap, neither was it dear. It was gaudy, but not too gaudy. The waiters were men of the world, experienced in human nature, occupied, hasty, both curt and expansive, not servile, not autocratic. Their faces said: "Look here, I know the difficulties of running a popular restaurant, and you know them, too. This is not heaven, especially on a Sunday night; but we do our best, and you get value for your money."

The customers were samples of all Copenhagen. They had money to spend, but not too much. There were limits to their recklessness in the pursuit of joy. They were fairly noisy, quite without affectation, fundamentally decent, the average Danish. Elegance was rarer than beauty, and spirituality than common sense, in that restaurant. We ate moderately in the din and clash of hors-d'œuvre, mural decorations, mirrors, and music, and thanked our destiny that we had had the superlative courage to leave the Hotel ——, with its extreme correctitude.

Finally, among our excursions in restaurants, must be mentioned a crazy hour in the restaurant of the Hotel ——, supreme example of what the enterprising spirit of modern Denmark can accomplish when it sets about to imitate the German *art nouveau*. The —— is a grand hotel in which everything, with the most marvelous and terrifying ingenuity, has been designed in defiance of artistic tradition. A fork at the —— resembles no other fork on earth, and obviously the designer's first and last thought was to be unique. It did not matter to him what kind of fork he produced so long as it was different from any previous fork in human history. The same with the table-cloth, the flower-vase, the mustard-pot, the chair, the carpet, the dado, the frieze, the tessellated pavement, the stair-rail, the wash-basin, the bedstead, the quilt, the very door-knobs. The proprietors of the place had ordered a new hotel in the extreme sense, and their order had been fulfilled. It was a prodigious undertaking, and must certainly have been a costly. It was impressive proof of real initiative. It intimidated the beholder, who had the illusion of being on another planet. Its ultimate effect was to outrival all other collections of ugliness. I doubt whether in Berlin itself such ingenious and complete ugliness could be equaled in the same cubic space. My idea is that the creators of the Hotel —— may lawfully boast of standing alone on a pinnacle.

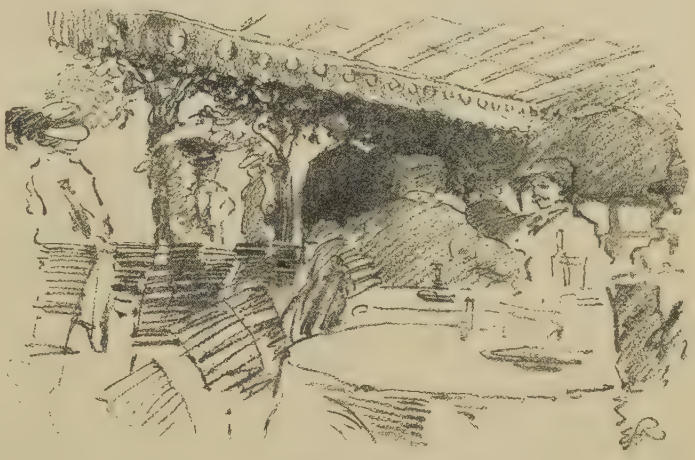
It was an inspiration on the part of the creators, when the hotel was finished to the last salt-spoon, to order a number of large and particularly bad copies of old masters, in inexpensive gilt frames, and to hang them higgledy-piggledy on the walls. The resulting effect of grotesquery is overwhelming. Nevertheless, the —— justly ranks as one of the leading European hotels. It is a mercy that the architect and the other designers were forbidden to meddle with the cooking, which sins not by any originality.

The summary and summit of the restaurants and cafés of Copenhagen is the Tivoli. New York has nothing like the Tivoli, and the Londoner can only say with regret that the Tivoli is what Earl's Court ought to be, and is not. The Tivoli comprises, within the compass of a garden in the midst of the city, restaurants, cafés, theater, concert-hall, outdoor theater, bands, pantomime, vaudeville, dancing-halls, and very numerous side-shows on both land and water. The strangest combinations of pleasure are possible at the Tivoli. You can, for instance, as we did, eat a French dinner while watching a performance of monkeys on a tight-rope. The opportunities for weirdness in felicity are endless. We happened to arrive at Copenhagen just in time for the fêtes celebrating the seventieth anniversary of the Tivoli, which is as ancient as it is modern. On the great night the Tivoli reveled until morning. It must be the pride of the populace of Copenhagen, and one of the city's dominating institutions. It cannot be ignored. It probably uses more electric light than any other ten institutions put together. And however keenly you may resent its commonplace attraction, that attraction will one day magnetize you to enter its gates—at the usual fee.

I estimate that I have seen twenty thousand people at once in the Tivoli, not a bad total for one resort in a town of only

half a million inhabitants. And the twenty thousand were a pleasant sight to the foreign observer, not merely for the pervading beauty and grace of the women, which was remarkable, but also for the evident fact that as a race the Danish know how to enjoy themselves with gaiety, dignity, and simplicity. Their demeanor was a lesson to Anglo-Saxons, who have yet to discover how to enjoy themselves freely without being either ridiculous or vulgar or brutish. The twenty thousand represented in chief the unassuming middle class of Copenhagen.

There were no doubt millionaires, aristocrats, "nuts," rascals, odalisks, and mere artisans among the lot, but the solid bulk was the middle class, getting value for its money in an agreeable and unexceptionable manner. The memory of those thousands wandering lightly clad in the cold Northern night, under domes and festoons and pillars of electric light, amid the altercations of conflicting orchestras, or dancing in vast, stuffy inclosures, or drinking and laughing and eating hors-d'œuvre under rustling trees, or submitting gracefully to Wagnerian overtures in a theater whose glazed aisles were two restaurants, or floating on icy lakes, or just beatifically sitting on al-fresco seats in couples—this memory remains important in the yachtsman's experiences of the Baltic.



A COPENHAGEN CAFÉ

ARISTOCRACY AND ART

THE harbor-master would not allow us to remain for more than three days in our original berth, which served us very well as a sort of grand stand for viewing the life of Copenhagen. His theory was that we were in the way of honest laboring folk, and that we ought to be up in the "sound," on the northeastern edge of the city, where the yachts lie. We contested his theory, but we went, because it is unwise to quarrel with a bureaucracy of whose language you are ignorant.

The sound did not suit us. The anchorage was opposite a coaling station, and also opposite a ship-building yard, and from the west came a strong odor out of a manufactory of something unpleasant. We could have tolerated the dust, the noise, and the smell, but what we could not tolerate was the heavy rolling, for the north wind was blowing and the anchorage exposed to it. Indeed, the Royal Danish Yacht Club might have chosen more comfortable quarters for itself. We therefore unostentatiously weighed anchor again, and reëntered the town, and hid ourselves among many businesslike tugs in a little creek called the New Haven, whose extremity was conveniently close to the Café d'Angleterre. We hoped that the prowling harbor-master would not catch sight of us, and he did not.

The aristocratic and governing quarter of the town lay about us, including the Bredgade, a street full of antiquaries, marble churches, and baroque houses, and the Amalienborg Palace, which is really four separate similar palaces (in an octagonal *place*) thrown into one. Here all the prospects and vistas were dignified, magnificent, and proudly exclusive. The eighteenth century had nobly survived, when the populace was honestly regarded as a horde created by divine providence in order that the ruling classes might practise upon it the art of ruling. There was no Tivoli when those beautiful pavements were made, and as you stand on those pavements and gaze around at the

royal grandiosity, speckless and complete, you can almost imagine that even the French Revolution has not yet occurred. The tiny, colored sentry at the vast, gray gates is still living in the eighteenth century. The architecture is not very distinguished, but it has style. It shames the —— Hotel. The Frederiks Church, whose copper dome overtops the other copper domes, is a fair example of the quarter. Without being in the least a masterpiece, it imposes by its sincerity and its sense of its own importance. And the interior is kept as scrupulously as a boudoir. The impeccability of the marble flooring is wondrous, and each of the crimson cushions in the polished pews is like a lady's pillow. Nothing rude can invade this marmoreal fane.

The Rosenborg Palace, not far off, is open to the public, so that all may judge what was the life of sovereigns in a small country, and what probably still is. The royal villas outside Florence are very ugly, but there is a light grace about their furnishing which lifts them far above the heavy, stuffy, tasteless mediocrity of such homes as the Rosenborg. Badly planned, dark, unhygienic, crammed with the miscellaneous ugliness of generations of royal buying, the Rosenborg is rather a sad sight to people of taste; and the few very lovely things that have slipped in here and there by inadvertence only intensify its mournfulness. The phantoms of stupid courtiers seem to pervade, strictly according to etiquette, its gloomy salons. And yet occasionally, in the disposition of an arm-chair or a screen, one realizes that it must, after all, have been a home, inhabited by human beings worthy of sympathy. It is the most bourgeois home I ever entered. In a glass case, with certain uniforms, were hung the modern overcoat (a little frayed) and the hat of a late monarch. They touched the heart of the sardonic visitor, their exposure was so naïve.

Even more depressing than this mausoleum of nineteenth-century manners was the museum of art. As a colossal negation of art, this institution ranks with the museum of Lausanne. It is an enormous and ugly building, full of enormous ugliness in painting and sculpture. It contained a fine Rembrandt—"Christ at Emmaus"—and one good modern picture, a plowing scene by Wilhelmson. We carefully searched the immense rooms for another good modern picture, and found it not. Even the specimens of Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Bonnard were mediocre.

The sculpture was simply indescribable. The eye roamed like a bird over the waters of the deluge, and saw absolutely nothing upon which to alight with safety. Utter desolation reigned. The directors of this museum had never, save in the case of Wilhelmson, been guilty of an inadvertence. Their instinct against beauty in any form was unerring. Imagine the stony desert of rooms and corridors and giant staircases on a wet Sunday morning, echoing to the footsteps of the simple holiday crowd engaged patriotically in the admiration of Danish art; imagine ingenuous, mackintoshed figures against the vast flanks of stiff and terrific marble Venuses and other gods; imagine the whispering in front of anecdotes in paint; imagine the Inferno of an artist—and you have the art museum, the abode and lurking-place of everlasting tedium.

Quite different is the Glyptothek, a museum whose existence is due to private enterprise and munificence. It is housed in an ugly and ill-planned building, but the contents are beautiful, very well arranged, and admirably exposed. The Glyptothek has an entrancing small picture by Tiepolo, of Antony and Cleopatra meeting, which I was informed must be a study for a larger picture in Venice. It alone should raise the museum to a shrine of pilgrimage, and it is not even mentioned in Baedeker! But the Glyptothek triumphs chiefly by its sculpture. Apart from its classical side, it has a superb collection of Meuniers, which impressed, without greatly pleasing, me; a roomful of Rodin busts which are so honest and lifelike and jolly that when you look at them you want to laugh—you must laugh from joy. And the Carpeaux busts of beautiful women—what a profound and tranquil satisfaction in gazing at them!

Some of the rooms at the Glyptothek are magical in their effect on the sensibility. They would make you forget wife and children, yachts, income tax, and even the Monroe Doctrine. Living Danish women were apposite enough to wander about the sculpture rooms for our delec-

tation, making delicious contrasts against the background of marble groups.

THE RETURN

We left Copenhagen with regrets, for the entity of the town was very romantic and attractive. Even the humble New Haven, where we sheltered from the eye of the harbor-master, had its charm for us. It was the real sailors' quarter, thoroughly ungentlemanly and downright. The shops on each side of the creek were below the level of the street and even of the water, and every one of them was either a café, with mysterious music beating behind glazed doors, or an emporium of some sort for sailors. Revelries began in the afternoon. You might see a nice neat Danish wife guiding an obstreperously intoxicated Danish sailor down the steps leading to a cigar shop. Not a pleasant situation for a nice wife! But, then, you reflected that he was a sailor, and that he had doubtless been sober and agreeable a short while before, and would soon be sober and agreeable again; and that perhaps there were great compensations in his character. At night Bacchus and Pan were the true gods of that quarter, and the worship of them was loud and yet harmonious.

We prepared reluctantly to depart; the engine also. The engine would not depart, and it was a new engine. Two hours were spent in wheedling and conciliating its magneto. After that the boat traveled faster than it had ever traveled. We passed out of Copenhagen into the sound, leaving a noble array of yachts behind, and so up the sound. Soon Copenhagen was naught but a bouquet of copper domes, and its beautiful women became legendary with us, and our memory heightened their beauty. And then the engine developed a "knock." Now, in a small internal-combustion engine a "knock" may be due to bad petrol or to a misplacement of the magneto or to a hundred other schisms in the secret econ-

IN THE GLYPTOTHEK—CLASSIC SCULPTURE AND MODERN WOMEN

omy of the affair. We slowed to half-speed and sought eagerly the origin of the "knock," which, however, remained inexplicable. We were engloomed; we were in despair.

We had just decided to stop the engine when it stopped of itself, with a fearful crash of broken metal. One side of the casing was shattered. The skipper's smile was tragical. The manliness of all of us trembled under the severity of the ordeal which fate had administered. To open out the engine-box and glance at the wreck in the depths thereof was heart-rending. We could not closely examine the chaos of steel and brass because it was too hot, but we knew that the irremediable had occurred in the bowels of the *Velsa*. We made sail, and crawled back to the sound, and mournfully anchored with our unseen woe among the other yachts.

The engine was duly inspected bit by bit; and it appeared that only the bearing of the forward piston was broken, certainly owing to careless mounting of the engine in the shops. It was an enormous catastrophe, but perhaps not irremediable. Indeed, within a short time the skipper was calculating that he could get a new bearing made in Copenhagen in twenty-four hours. Anyhow, we had to reconcile ourselves to a second visit to Copenhagen. And Copenhagen, a few hours earlier so sweet a name in our ears, was now hateful to us, a kind of purgatory to which we were condemned for the sins of others.

The making and fitting of the new bearing occupied just seventy hours. During this interminable period we enjoyed the scenery of the sound and grew acquainted with its diverse phenomena. The weather, if wet, was calm, and the surface of the water smooth; but every steamer that passed would set up a roll that flung books, if not crockery, about the saloon. And the procession of steamers in both directions was constant from five A.M. to midnight. They came from and went to every part of the archipelago and of Sweden and of northern Germany. We gradually understood that at Copenhagen railways are a trifle, and the sea a matter of the highest importance. Nearly all traffic is sea-borne.

We discovered, too, that the immediate shore of the sound, and of the yacht-basin scooped out of it, was a sort of toy sea-side resort for the city. Part of the building in which the Royal Danish Yacht Club is housed was used as a public restaurant, with a fine terrace that commanded the yacht-club landing-stage and all the traffic of the sound. Moreover, it was a good restaurant, except that the waiters seemed to be always eating some titbit on the sly. Here we sat and watched the business and pleasure of the sound. The czar's yacht came to anchor, huge and old-fashioned and ungraceful, with a blue-and-white standard large enough to make a suit of sails for a schooner—the biggest yacht afloat, I think, but not a pleasing object, though better than the antique ship of the Danish king. The

SCENE OUTSIDE THE FISH-RESTAURANT BOAT

unwieldly ceremoniousness of Russian courts seemed to surround this pompous vessel, and the solitary tragedy of imperial existence was made manifest in her. Ah, the savage and hollow futility of saluting guns! The two English royal yachts, both of which we saw in the neighborhood, were in every way strikingly superior to the Russian.

Impossible to tire of the spectacle offered by that restaurant terrace. At night the steamers would slip down out of Copenhagen one after the other to the ends of the Baltic, and each was a moving parterre of electricity on the darkness. And then we would walk along the nocturnal shore and find it peopled with couples and larger groups, whose bicycles were often stacked in groups, too. And the little yachts in the little yacht-basin were each an illuminated household! A woman would emerge from a cabin and ask a question of a man on the dark bank, and he would flash a lantern-light in her face like a missile, and "Oh!" she would cry. And farther on the great hulk which is the home of the Copenhagen Amateur Sailing Club would be lit with festoons of lamps, and from within it would come the sounds of song and the laughter of two sexes. And then we would yell, "*Velsa,* ahoy!" and keep on yelling until all the lightly clad couples were drawn out of the chilly night like moths by the strange English signaling. And at last the *Velsa* would wake up, and the dinghy would detach itself from her side, and we would go aboard. But not until two o'clock or so would the hilarity and music of the Amateur Sailing Club cease, and merge into a whistling for taxicabs from the stand beyond the restaurant.

Then a few hours' slumber, broken by nightmares of the impossibility of ever quitting Copenhagen, and we would get up and gaze at the sadness of the dismantled engine, and over the water at the yachts dozing and rocking in the dawn. And on a near yacht, out of the maw of a forecastle-hatch left open for air, a half-dressed sailor would appear, and yawn, and stretch his arms, and then begin to use a bucket on the yacht's deck. The day was born. A green tug would hurry northward, splashing; and the first of the morning steamers would arrive from some mystical distant island, a vessel, like most of the rest, of about six hundred tons, red and black funnels, the captain looking down at us from the bridge; a nice handful of passengers, including a few young women in bright hats; everything damp and fresh, and everybody expectant and braced for Copenhagen. A cheerful, ordinary sight! And then our skipper would emerge, and the cook with my morning apple on a white plate. And the skipper would say, "We ought to be able to make a start to-day, sir." And on the third day we did make a start, the engine having been miraculously recreated; and we left Copenhagen, hating it no more.

(To be continued)

LANDSCAPES

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE rain was over, and the brilliant air
Made every little blade of grass appear
Vivid and startling; everything was there
With sharpened outlines, eloquently clear,
As though one saw it in a crystal sphere.
The rusty sumac, with its struggling spires;
The goldenrod, with all its million fires—
A million torches swinging in the wind;
A single poplar, marvelously thinned,
Half like a naked boy, half like a sword;
Clouds, like the haughty banners of the Lord;

A group of pansies, with their shrewish faces—
Little old ladies cackling over laces;
The quaint, unhurried road that curved so well;
The prim petunias, with their rich, rank smell;
The lettuce-birds; the creepers in the field—
How bountifully were they all revealed!
How arrogantly each one seemed to thrive,
So frank and strong, so radiantly alive!

And over all the morning-minded earth
There seemed to spread a sharp and kindling mirth,
Piercing the stubborn stones until I saw
The toad face heaven without shame or awe,
The ant confront the stars, and every weed
Grow proud as though it bore a royal seed;
While all the things that die and decompose
Sent forth their bloom as richly as the rose.
Oh, what a liberal power that made them thrive
And keep the very dirt that died alive!

And now I saw the slender willow-tree,
No longer calm or drooping listlessly,
Letting its languid branches sway and fall
As though it danced in some sad ritual;
But rather like a young, athletic girl,
Fearless and gay, her hair all out of curl,
And flying in the wind, her head thrown back,
Her arms flung up, her garments flowing slack,
And all her rushing spirits running over.
What made a sober tree seem such a rover,
Or made the staid and stalwart apple-trees,
That stood for years knee-deep in velvet peace,
Turn all their fruit to little worlds of flame,
And burn the trembling orchard there below?
What lit the heart of every golden-glow—
Oh, why was nothing weary, dull or tame?
Beauty it was, and keen, compassionate mirth
That drives the vast and energetic earth.

Then, with abrupt and visionary eyes,
I saw the huddled tenements arise.
Here where the merry clover danced and shone
Sprang agonies of iron and of stone;
There where green Silence laughed or stood enthralled
Cheap music blared and evil alleys sprawled.
The roaring avenues, the shrieking mills,
Brothels and prisons on those kindly hills—
The menace of these things swept over me,
A threatening, unconquerable sea.

A stirring landscape and a generous earth,
Freshening courage and benevolent mirth—
And then the city, like a hideous sore!
Good God, and what is all this beauty for?

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

SHAKSPERE ON THE STAGE

BY WILLIAM WINTER

THE exact chronological order of "Twelfth Night" in the succession of the plays of Shakspere has not been ascertained. The comedy appeared in print for the first time in the First Folio, 1623. In 1828 the Rev. Joseph Hunter discovered among the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum a manuscript diary, the work of John Manningham, a law student in London near the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in that document he found an entry recording that a performance of "Twelfth Night" was given in the Middle Temple in 1601–02. The play accordingly must have been written before that time. On testimony too long for detailed rehearsal in this place, the belief is well founded that it was written in 1598–99.

It was Manningham's opinion, as stated in his "Diary," that the plot of "Twelfth Night" is "much like 'The Comedy of Errors' or 'Menechmi' in Plautus, but *most like and neere to that in Italian called 'Inganni,'*" "The Deceits." There is resemblance between "Twelfth Night" and two earlier Italian plays, entitled "Gl' Inganni," one of them by Nicolo Secchi, published in Milan, 1547; the other by Curtio Gonzaga, published in Venice, 1592, though the resemblance is hardly sufficient to warrant assertion that it is "most like and neere" to either of them. "Twelfth Night," however, bears a "most like and neere" resemblance to a third Italian play, discovered by Hunter, entitled "Gl' Ingannati." The story of "Gl' Ingannati" is also told by Matteo Bandello (1480–1562) in a novel published in 1554. Furness maintains that "Gl' Ingannati" is the source of the plot of Bandello's novel, a work to which, as bearing on this subject, attention was first directed by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox. Several editions of "Gl' Ingannati" were published prior to the appearance of that novel, a composition translated from Italian into French by Francis de Belleforêt, and Capell and other editors suggest that Shakspere derived material for his comedy from Belleforêt's version of Bandello's tale. It should be considered, though, that in 1577–78 a company of Italian actors performed in London, and also before Queen Elizabeth at Windsor, and that "Gl' Ingannati" was certainly included in the repertory of that company and was a popular play. Mention of "Twelfth Night" in the prologue to "Gl' Ingannati"—"the story is new, never before either seen or read, not drawn from any other source save from their industrious pates [those of the authors], just as you draw your lots on 'Twelfth Night'"—taken with other considerations, warrants belief that Shakspere was acquainted with that play and built his "Twelfth Night" on that basis.

EARLY PRESENTMENTS ON THE BRITISH STAGE

It is credibly supposed, but not recorded, that "Twelfth Night" was placed on the stage for the first time in 1599 or 1600 at the Globe Theater, Southwark, London, and acted by the lord chamberlain's company, of which the author was a member; but nothing is known of either the cast of the parts or the quality of the performance then given. Conjecture would assign *Sir Toby* to John Heminge, *Malvolio* to Joseph Taylor, and *Feste* to Robert Armin. Heminge's "line of business" is signified by the fact that he was the original performer of *Falstaff,* and Taylor's by the fact that he succeeded Burbage as *Hamlet,* and it is known that Armin customarily acted Shakspere's clowns. John Shancke was one of the actors in "Twelfth Night" in Shakspere's time, but the part he played is not named.

The first authentic record of a performance of the comedy is that made by Manningham, stating that it was acted on February 2, 1601–02, in the hall of the Middle Temple, one of the most stately old rooms that allure the Shakspere pilgrim in London. Halliwell Phillips says, relative to that performance:

> The representation took place at the Feast of the Purification, February the 2nd, one of the grand festival days of the lawyers, on which occasion *professional actors were annually engaged at the Middle Temple,* the then liberal sum of ten pounds being given to them for a single performance. . . . There is no doubt that the comedy was performed by the Lord Chamberlain's servants, and very little that Shakespeare himself was one of the actors.

Not till the period of the Restoration does the investigator of theatrical chronicles meet with designated actors in "Twelfth Night." Pepys mentions in his "Diary" that on September 11, 1661, he saw the play performed at the theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and found it tiresome. He calls it a "new" one. In 1663, at the same theater, it was again produced, and, according to Downes, "had mighty success by its well performance." The cast then included Thomas Betterton as *Sir Toby Belch,* Henry Harris as *Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek,* Thomas Lovell as *Malvolio,* Cave Underhill as *Feste,* the *Clown,* and Ann Gibbs as *Olivia.* The name of the performer of *Viola* on that notable occasion is not given, but it is likely that the part was played by sprightly Mrs. Davenport, young and handsome. "All the parts, being justly acted," says the sententious old prompter, "crown'd the Play."

BETTERTON AND HARRIS

The versatility of Betterton must have been wonderful. When we read of the gravity of his character, the sobriety of his life, the dignity of his manner, the majesty of his presence, the entrancing melody of his voice, the scope and variety of his copious, overwhelming tragic power, and the intrinsic, imperial authority and personal charm by which he could not only move an audience, but inspire it with awe and hold it spellbound and almost breathless in suspense, we can readily think of him as *Hamlet* and *Brutus, Othello* and *Macbeth,* but not easily as *Sir Toby Belch;* yet we possess contemporaneous testimony that he was equally excellent in all that he did. In what manner he acted *Sir Toby* we do not know, but we know that the character, although marred and obscured by inebriety, contains good elements, among them courage, sagacity, humor, and formidable authority, and we cannot doubt that Betterton, a diligent student of his author and his art, perceived, comprehended, and conveyed all that the character contains.

Harris also must have been an exceptionally versatile actor: he was the *Romeo* when Betterton played *Mercutio;* he was deemed perfection as *Cardinal Wolsey,* and yet the vacuous, addle-headed *Sir Andrew* did not come amiss to him. Lovell was the "old man" of Davenant's company, the *Polonius* when Betterton played *Hamlet,* and presumably a correct actor, though description of his acting has not been found. Underhill, highly praised in particular for his performance of the *First Grave-Digger* in "Hamlet," is defined as a stolid low comedian (Cibber says, "He looked as if it were not in the power of human passions to alter a feature of him," and "a countenance of wood could not be more fixed than his"), and as we read of him we are led to fancy that the essence of his presentation of the *Clown* was waggery,

droll, but deficient in delicate suggestion; and we know that there is more than jocularity in the character of *Feste;* that his temperament is agreeably whimsical, his demeanor sprightly, and that he veils, without concealing, his sapience with his caustic mirth. Ann Gibbs was one of seven female players in Davenant's company when he opened the theater in June, 1661, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, but her quality as an actress is unknown.

FLEETWOOD'S REVIVAL

THROUGHOUT the interval of about seventy-five years between the period of Betterton and that of Garrick "Twelfth Night" was neglected, but in January, 1741, at Drury Lane, then under Charles Fleetwood's management (Garrick did not become manager of that house till 1747), it was revived, with a notably fine cast, comprising Hannah Pritchard as *Viola,* Kitty Clive as *Olivia,* Henry Woodward as *Sir Andrew,* and Charles Macklin as *Malvolio.* Mrs. Pritchard is usually brought to mind as exclusively a tragic actress; but in her youth, a slender, elegant woman, she was deemed "incomparably" excellent in vivacious characters. Her countenance was pleasing, her voice deliciously musical, and her deportment graceful; her eyes were brilliantly expressive, and all her performances were characterized by controlled feeling and skilful art. Such an actress could not have been otherwise than lovely as *Viola.* Kitty Clive (Catherine Raftor), commonly acted comic parts, but she was a woman of decided character and vigorous mind, and she would easily have made the slight part of *Olivia* decisively effective. Woodward, in private life reserved and saturnine, but on the stage a consummate artist, a marvel of eccentric humor, especially able to cause laughter by means of his infectious laugh, made what Dr. Johnson calls "natural fatuity" both ruefully actual and comically absurd. Macklin, stern in personality and severely correct in method, must have been preëminently fine as *Malvolio,* possessed, as he was, of sterling talents and abundant resources, the intense power requisite for *Shylock,* and therewithal the pliant plausibility, grim sturdiness, and serio-comic variety requisite for *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant.*

VARIOUS PRESENTMENTS

AFTER Fleetwood's successful revival of "Twelfth Night" the comedy took its place among the favorite stock plays of the theater. On the London stage, in the last half of the eighteenth century, at least ten important presentments of it were accomplished, and on every occasion actors of the highest rank participated in the performance. At Drury Lane, April 15, 1746, the bewitching Peg Woffington acted in it as *Viola* for the first time, and charmed the public by her gay, sensuous assumption of the blithe and winning "boy," a form of artistic achievement in which she was supreme. The *Clown* was played by Richard Yates, who later, in 1763, gained distinction as *Malvolio.* Participant with Yates on the latter occasion were William O'Brien, a player of rare ability, as *Sir Andrew,* and John Palmer, afterward eminent in many characters, as *Sebastian.* In 1771, at Drury Lane, the cast of parts in "Twelfth Night" was particularly felicitous, presenting Thomas King as *Malvolio;* James Dodd, much admired and ingeniously described and commemorated by Charles Lamb, as *Sir Andrew;* Mrs. Abington as *Olivia,* in which character she sang a song; and Thomas Jefferson, the great-grandfather of our Joseph Jefferson (*Rip Van Winkle*), as *Orsino.* A later *Viola* was provided by Mrs. Yates. In 1777, at Covent Garden, the brilliant Mrs. Barry (afterward Mrs. Crawford), by turns piquant and pathetic, delighted the town as *Viola.* Subsequent admired performances of the part were given by Mary Robinson in 1783, and by the fascinating Dora Jordan. Dunlap, who saw Mrs. Jordan's performance at that time, records it with the remark that "Nothing could be more sweet" than her *Viola.* The epitaph, in Latin, on the gravestone of this actress, at St. Cloud, says that "in humor, in sweetness of voice, in acting sprightly girls and characters of the other sex she was second to none."

Robert Bensley, another of Lamb's special favorites, was Dora Jordan's professional associate as *Malvolio.* He first played the part in 1782; his personation still lives in the vivid, sympathetic, luminous pages of "Elia." Bensley had been a soldier before he became an actor; he

served in the British army in America at the time of the Revolutionary War, holding the rank of lieutenant. His demeanor was stiff and formal; his gait was "a martial stalk," and he indulged in a trick of glaring and of rolling his eyes. He was an actor of the artistic lineage of Quin, the sovereign representative of the school of "dignity and declamation." His person was commanding, and his mind was grave. All his peculiarities favored him as *Malvolio,* and it can well be believed that his performance of that part was perfect. He seems, indeed, to have furnished a model for his successors, among whom the most distinguished were John Henderson, 1783; John Bannister, 1797; Joseph Munden, 1801; John Liston, 1811; William Dowton, 1813; and William Farren, 1820.

SIR TOBY BELCH

THE most authoritative actor of *Sir Toby Belch* in the eighteenth century was John Palmer, evidently, from all accounts, one of the best "all-round" actors that ever trod the stage, while the most amusing *Sir Andrew,* if less correct than Dodd, was the eccentric John Edwin, an actor who was spontaneously droll, yet who, according to his biographer Pasquin, took the greatest care to be correct; though the sagacious John Bernard, who acted with him and knew him well, testifies that "he was always himself." Dunlap, a careful observer, if not always an accurate recorder, enjoyed the privilege in 1784–85, at Drury Lane, not only of seeing Dora Jordan as *Viola* and the beautiful Elizabeth Farren as *Olivia,* but of seeing Palmer as *Sir Toby* and Dodd as *Sir Andrew,* and to him we are indebted for an instructive glimpse of those comedians, a sort of vignette of the after-midnight scene in "Twelfth Night." He wrote:

> The picture presented when the two knights are discovered with their pipes and potations, as exhibited by Dodd and Palmer, is ineffaceable: The driveller, rendered more contemptible by the effect of liquor,—the actor's thin legs in scarlet stockings, his knees raised nearly to his chin by placing his feet on the front cross-piece of the chair (the degraded drunkards being seated with a table, tankards, pipes, and candles between them), a candle in one hand and pipe in the other, endeavoring in vain to bring the two together; while, in representing the swaggering *Sir Toby* Palmer's gigantic limbs outstretched seemed to indicate the enjoyment of that physical superiority which Nature had given him, even while debasing it by the lowest of all vices.

On the American stage, since Burton's time, *Sir Toby* has been acted by John Brougham, William Pleater Davidge, Charles Leslie Allen, Henry A. Weaver, William H. Crane, James Lewis, William F. Owen, Clarence Handyside, Rowland Buckstone, Louis Calvert, and others. The performance given by Lewis merits particular record and encomium, because of its preservation, without any sacrifice of humor, of an air of consequence befitting the social rank of the knight, and because of a tone of artistic decency governing his portrayal. It is an error of taste and judgment to make the scene of the midnight revel offensive with swinish grossness of drunken ribaldry. The spirit in which it should be played is that of jovial, vinous carousal. "It is a night of revels." Tipsy *Sir Toby* is bent on mirth; he knows *Sir Andrew* to be an ass, and he is intent on indulging himself in "a good time" and amusing himself by chaffing his "exquisite venom." To impersonate a coarsened gentleman, rioting, singing, quaffing "potations pottle deep," to indicate drunkenness, yet to avoid seeming to be literally and offensively drunk—this artistic exigency requires rare discretion and skill. This discretion was deftly used by Lewis, and while he was continuously jocular and "reeling ripe," he was never vulgar. His humor, indeed, lacked unction; it was dry and whimsical: yet he succeeded perfectly in denoting *Sir Toby's* physical exultation in animal pleasure, and he signified, in strongly comic relief, the selfish sagacity of the cynical man of the world who, even in vinous tumult, is still intent to make his fool his purse. He was correct and felicitous, also, in his amatory bearing toward *Maria,* whom the knight eventually marries. It was seen to be a pity that this *Sir Toby* should have unlaced his reputation for the name of a night-brawler, yet it was seen that, being what he had become, it was fitting he should marry the waiting-maid, fre-

quent the buttery bar, and round out his life in sensual indulgence.

In each succeeding generation certain actors have shown a natural aptitude for certain parts in Shakspere's plays, as Palmer did for *Sir Toby,* and in some cases have become identified with them, seeming to have been born to play them, as it can rightly be said that Edwin Forrest was born to play *Coriolanus,* and Edwin Booth to play *Hamlet.* In tracing the stage history of "Twelfth Night," the observer presently remarks the almost inevitable certainty with which its salient parts have found their way to actors intrinsically fitted for the veritable impersonation of them. It is not credible, indeed, that the characters in this comedy have not been often miscast,—I have witnessed some painful and not-to-be-forgotten instances of that misfortune,—but that is a harm which at one time or another befalls every play. On the occasions, whether on the British or the American stage, when "Twelfth Night" has been conscientiously treated, when the parts have been allotted with scrupulous consideration of aptitude, the performances, by reason of resultant admirable felicity and effectiveness, eliciting all the meaning of the play, have been indeed memorable.

Such is the testimony of reliable records of the old English and the early American theaters, and such also is the testimony that I am myself able to bear relative to the various presentments of the play which I have seen, from those effected on the Boston stage about sixty years ago—I remember with pleasure the first performance of *Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek* by that great comedian William Warren—to those accomplished in comparatively recent years in New York and in London by Adelaide Neilson, Henry Irving, Augustin Daly, Julia Marlowe, and E. H. Sothern. The careful student of theatrical history who has judiciously considered the biographies and closely scrutinized the portraits of actors of the past, is not surprised to find the names of John Philip Kemble and Joseph Munden identified with *Malvolio;* or those of William Parsons, Thomas Davies, Richard Suett, William Dowton, and John Fawcett closely associated with *Feste;* or to learn that Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Davison, Sally Booth, and Marion Tree were among the fine players of *Viola* of later date than Dora Jordan; or to find Mrs. Abington and Mrs. Mattocks (Isabella Hallam) recorded as excellent representatives of the proud and handsome *Lady Olivia;* and Jane Hippisley (Mrs. Green) extolled as the perfection of dash, sparkle, and mischievous mirth in the character of *Maria.*

EARLY AMERICAN PERFORMANCES

In the early days of the stage in America "Twelfth Night" was seldom represented. At the theater in Federal Street, Boston, opened February 3, 1794, under the management of Charles Stuart Powell, the comedy was acted on May 5 of that year, the cast including Snelling Powell, Miss Harrison (who later became Mrs. Powell), and Mrs. Abbott. In Philadelphia, William B. Wood, one of the most conscientious and correct of actors, gained fame as *Malvolio.* In New York the comedy was acted for the first time on June 11, 1804, at the Park Theater. The cast included several players then special public favorites. John E. Harwood, a fine comedian, played *Sir Toby.* John Johnson, also excellent in comedy, played *Sir Andrew. Viola* was performed by Mrs. Johnson (Miss Bache, granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin). The *Malvolio* was John E. Martin. Hallam acted *Feste,* and Mrs. Hallam *Olivia.* A creditable presentment of the play was effected at the Chatham Street Theater on August 10, 1824. One of the most distinguished of the early representatives in America of the part of *Viola* was Mrs. Shaw (Marion Trewar), and her performance (1836) was greatly admired, as indeed was almost every performance that she gave. She possessed dramatic genius, and was a woman of enticing beauty. The renowned comedian William Evans Burton effected a brilliant production of "Twelfth Night" at the Chambers Street Theater on March 29, 1832, acting *Sir Toby Belch,* in which part the critical judgment of his day declared him superlative. He died in 1860, literally in the arms of my old friend and comrade Dr. Charles Phelps, in whose personal care he had been left, and who has only recently passed away, dying, December 30, 1913, aged 81, after a long

and distinguished professional career. I remember him in *Cap'en Cuttle, Jem Baggs,* and other characters, and could never forget the charm of his acting. He touched, as few actors have ever touched, the springs of laughter and tears. Those persons who recall the exuberantly humorous and at times pathetic art of the late John E. Owens can form an idea of Burton's genius, because Owens was of his artistic kindred.

The cast with which Burton revived the comedy included William Rufus Blake as *Malvolio,* Lester Wallack as *Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek,* the dazzling brunette Lizzie Weston as *Viola,* and the charming Mary Taylor as *Maria.* Those names speak eloquently to readers acquainted with the history of the theater in New York. Blake, who became corpulent and unwieldy as he grew old, in his younger days was slender and handsome, and at all times in demeanor he was notable for dignity, and in vocalism for a clear, precise, crisp, incisive articulation. He had command of pathos, and his humor was rich and spontaneous. His superlative excellence appeared in his acting of such parts as *Mr. Hardcastle, Jesse Rural,* and *Geoffrey Dale* in "The Last Man." The record of his *Malvolio* places strong emphasis on his maintenance of severe austerity and on the involuntary comicality of his behavior when strutting, cross-gartered, before *Olivia.* Blake's contemporary compeer in this complex and exacting character was John Gibbs Gilbert, a great comedian, an actor who played all parts well and some parts so supremely well as to beggar description. On the old Boston stage his *Malvolio* was deemed incomparable.

ACTORS OF *MALVOLIO*

Other, mostly later, impersonations of *Malvolio,* generally efficient and in some instances exceptionally true and fine, were given by Henry Placide, Charles Fisher, John Dyott, William Pleater Davidge, George H. Griffiths, George Clarke, Barton Hill, Joseph Haworth, Edward Compton, Henry E. Dixey, and E. H. Sothern. Charles Fisher, an actor of astonishing versatility, for he was equally perfect in *Mercutio, Nicholas Rue,* and *Triplet,* to name only a few of his splendid performances, was originally true to Shakspere as *Malvolio;* but in later years he chose to lessen the saturnine quality of the character, and for the sake of the laugh, which is ever dear to the comedian, to make the humor of it somewhat jovial and chirrupy. Clarke placed due emphasis on the extravagant conceit of the steward, but followed the model that Fisher's later performance had provided. Barton Hill's performance was finely emblematic of fanatical vanity. Dixey was felicitous in showing the ridiculous proceedings of the "fantastical steward," but more felicitous in denoting *Malvolio* as intrinsically a type of insane egotism. His pauses of deliberation were comic, and his use of voice was expert. Sothern's personation was admirable for a correct ideal, authority, sincerity, and smooth execution, and in the letter scene and the yellow-stockings scene the humor of it was delightful.

Malvolio is the most conspicuous person in the play, excepting only *Viola,* who has the advantage over him of being a lovely woman and the central figure in a romantic, sympathetic love-story. The preëminence of that character so strongly impressed King Charles I, an ardent admirer of the works of Shakspere, that he altered the name of the play on the title-page of his copy,—the Second Folio,—drawing his pen through "Twelfth Night," and writing the name of "Malvolio" in its stead. *Malvolio* is not a comic person, though made the means of comic effect, but one of fanatical seriousness, a man in deadly earnest. *Olivia* justly defines him as "sick of self-love," and it is that "sickness" which impels him into absurd conduct, and renders it easy for his mischievous enemies to make him comically ridiculous. Sothern's fidelity to Shakspere and to nature, alike in his ideal and presentment of the character, was almost painful; it was literally so in the scene in the dungeon, when the unhappy man is mercilessly badgered by *Feste,* disguised as *Sir Topas.* Sothern embodied a *Malvolio* who might well write that incisive letter wherein he says, "I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury," a *Malvolio* worthy to be so prized that *Olivia* could promise to make him "both the plaintiff and the judge" of his own notorious abuse, and

that *Orsino* should "entreat him to a peace."

HENRY IRVING

THE best of all the performances of *Malvolio* given in our time was that given by Henry Irving—the best for the reason that the actor completely saturated it with the inflexible egotism, innate, immovable complacence, and rigid austerity which are the dominant and pervasive attributes of the character, and also because, with that scrupulous attention to details for which his art was remarkable, he invested it with numberless characteristics of apt eccentricity of feature, manner, and costume, all expressive of the man and all coöperative to impress upon memory a definite, abiding image of formidable character and substantial worth marred by vainglory and monumental conceit. His make-up of the head and face,—thin, light-brown hair, a scant, formal beard, a slight mustache, thin cheeks, sallow complexion,—

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

MR. JAMES LEWIS AS *SIR TOBY BELCH* IN "TWELFTH NIGHT"

his tall, gaunt figure, his sober vestment, his pompous walk, his peculiar use of his staff of office—all helped to intensify the effect of reality. He thus set the example and provided the model which have served to inspire later performers of the part.

Irving's production of "Twelfth Night," effected at the London Lyceum Theater, July 8, 1884, was shown in New York in the autumn of that year, November 18. It did not much interest the public either in England or America. Irving was critically censured for doing precisely what it is right to do; that is, for enlisting a certain sympathy with *Malvolio*—right because, while the self-deluded creature, through his intrinsic, inordinate, preposterous conceit deserves the ridicule to which he is subjected, he is, in the sequel, cruelly ill used. Ellen Terry, who appeared as *Viola,* did not please herself by her performance, as she has since publicly declared in her "Story of My Life," but she pleased many other persons. Her action was graceful and expeditious, her delivery of the text was finely intelligent, and while she did not express the gentle pathos of the part, she certainly expressed its brightness. Her emphasis was laid on brilliancy. "I never liked it," she subsequently wrote, relative to "Twelfth Night," and "I thought our production dull, lumpy, and heavy." Irving, she says, told her that he ought never to have attempted to present "Twelfth Night" "without three great comedians."

VIOLA

THE humorous part of this play, that which circles about *Malvolio, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Feste,* and *Maria,* is exclusively the creation of Shakspere. Those persons and the eminently felicitous treatment of them he invented. The characters of *Viola, Olivia,* and *Orsino* he deduced, elaborated, and indeed transfigured from the Italian story on which he built. All his dramatic persons, however, are English, *Viola* being radically so. The atmosphere about that lovely creation is almost exclusively that of poetry. The elements of soul, mind, character, temperament, and person combined in *Viola* make her the most piquant and, excepting the wonderfully feminine *Imogen,* the most subtly attractive of all his heroines. She is young, beautiful, gentle, spirited, arch without being coquettish, and loving without being insipid. She is not passionate. Her feeling is deep, not wild; her emotions do not distract her mind. She can be sorrowful, but not miserable. Her condition is pathetic because she has endured bereavement and because her love is involuntarily given where seemingly it is given in vain. The denotement of pathos in her rueful experience is the gleam of wistful sadness which now and then shows itself through the rosy flush of glee that suffuses the whole surface of her conduct. She is at heart grieved, but she suffers bravely, and will keep her grief to herself. The effect of sorrow on those who see it in other persons is determined by the manner in which it is borne by the sufferer of it, and sorrow is never so affecting as when it is discerned as existent beneath a veil of joy; when, as Coleridge has somewhere written,

> The tear slow travelling on its way
> Fills up the wrinkle of a silent laugh.

ADELAIDE NEILSON

THE one consummate impersonation of *Viola* shown on our stage within the last sixty years was that of Adelaide Neilson (1846?–1880), whose first performance of that part in New York was given at the Fifth Avenue Theater, May 7, 1877. The actress seemed intended by nature for the character, and in her embodiment of it art perfected what nature had ordained. Her *Viola* was incarnate April sunshine, an embodiment of exquisitely bright and tender womanhood, dazzling, yet deeply sympathetic, because, through an investiture of light and joy there was perceptible a certain sweet melancholy, a genuine sorrow uncomplainingly endured.

Person and temperament were completely united in that perfect achievement. The slender, lithe figure; the expressive face, so strongly indicative of sensibility, and yet so radiant with mirth; the large, dark, brilliant eyes; the lovely smile; the richly modulated voice; the exuberant vitality; the unconscious grace of movement; the authority of complete self-possession; the unerring knowledge of artistic means and of the right way to use them—all those qualifications for the part

were possessed by Adelaide Neilson, and she made Shakspere's conception of *Viola* an actual human being, entirely beautiful and never to be forgotten.

The great representative performance power of Shakspere's name and more than that of stage tradition and custom, reanimated the vogue of "Cymbeline" and "Twelfth Night." Her *Viola* did not reveal her signal power, but it fully exhib-

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON AS *VIOLA* IN "TWELFTH NIGHT"

given by this actress, the one that was accepted and admired by the multitude of playgoing persons, was that of *Juliet;* the more softly feminine and winning of her impersonations were those of *Imogen* and *Viola,* and it was her inspiring excellence in those characters which, more than the ited her charm. The more it was seen, the lovelier it was seen to be, yet, in retrospect, the more it is considered, the more difficult the task becomes of specifying the causes of the delightful effect which it produced. There is warrant in the text for spirited behavior on the part of *Viola,*

MISS ADA REHAN AS *VIOLA* IN "TWELFTH NIGHT"

and Miss Neilson's *Viola* was affluent in pretty bravado and demonstrative glee. The mock ruefulness and bubbling merriment with which she delivered the speech culminating with "I am the man!" were delicious both as an outburst of humor and a dramatic effect. The speech beginning, "Make me a willow cabin at your gate," was spoken in a kind of ecstasy, and it flowed from her lips in perfect music. The sad significance of her tones when she said, "I am all the daughters of my father's house," went directly to the heart, and her pause after "and all the brothers, too," with then a quick transition to the business in hand ("Sir, shall I to this lady?"), were wonderfully pathetic and expressive. I have somewhere read that Dora Jordan excelled in a similar treatment of the latter passage; but Adelaide Neilson was not a searcher for precedents or models. She studied, and she owed much to her diligence in study; but her intuitions were unerring, and she owed much more to them. She fully comprehended *Viola,* and she merged herself in the part. The performance was a golden pleasure, and it has become a precious memory.

ADA REHAN

THE excellent performance of *Viola* by Ada Rehan is not so distant that it has passed entirely from the public remembrance, though perhaps it is not as distinctly remembered as her matchless *Rosalind* is or her brilliant *Katharina.* She acted *Viola* for the first time on February 21, 1893, at Daly's Theater, when "Twelfth Night" was revived by Augustin Daly in the most sumptuous setting ever provided for it and with an exceptionally strong cast. Long before she joined Daly's company she had played in this comedy with Adelaide Neilson, and had become acquainted with the method of that actress in the treatment of *Viola,* and in assuming this character she wisely and rightly followed to some extent that excellent model, which she admired and could not forget. The spirit of her personation was the same, combining deep tenderness of feeling with glittering gaiety of demeanor, but the form of it was more massive, and the execution more emphatic. Her *Viola* was less a dreamer and more an executant than that of Miss Neilson. Her repulse of *Malvolio* ("No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer") struck a defiant note and exhibited an airy truculence. A little of the temperament of *Rosalind* was infused into that of *Viola.* When she said, "I am all the daughters of my father's house," her manner and the despairing sadness of her tone almost revealed her sex to the *Duke,* and, as *Orsino* turned toward her with a look of mingled surprise and inquiry, she, rapidly, confusedly, and also *comically,* added, "a-a-and all the *brothers,* too!" thus obtaining a laugh instead of a tear.

Those touches, slight, but significant, indicated that the actress had formed her own ideal of the part, and intended her personation to be in no wise deficient of the glitter of comedy. It was a performance not less brilliant than gentle. Its salient qualities were poetic condition, physical beauty, innate refinement, and ardent feeling artfully restrained. In this *Viola's* replies to *Orsino's* questions about *Cesario's* love ("of *your* complexion,"

"about *your* years, my lord") there was a delicious blending of roguishness and wistfulness. While listening to the song, "O Mistress Mine" (which in Daly's stage version of the comedy was sung for *Orsino,* instead of "Come away, Death"), she sat at the foot of the couch on which the love-lorn *Duke* was reclining, and at "Journeys end in lovers' meeting" she slowly turned her head toward that entranced sentimentalist, and bent her gaze upon him, with an expression of fond, almost abject, longing, touchingly indicative of perfect love. This was a beautiful use of art, but the supreme beauty of the performance was its manifestation of the magnanimity which makes the character so noble as well as so lovely—*Viola's* generous, gentle, sympathetic consideration for *Olivia,* the woman beloved by the man to whom she is herself devoted. In Ada Rehan's denotement of that feature there was a felicity all her own.

COSTUME, TIME, AND PLACE

In the opening scene (Daly's version), the sea-coast, Ada Rehan's *Viola* wore a loose, flowing white robe, trimmed with gold-colored fringe, not a well-chosen garment, because it augmented the size of a person who, though large, was one of the most beautifully formed and proportioned women ever seen on the stage. In *Viola's* first scene with *Orsino,* and until the end of the second act, she wore a costume of delicate purple color, silk tights, and shoes; her doublet, heavily embroidered with gold, was open at the throat, where it was edged with white. Her garb was completed by a silk sash, fringed with gold, and a small, plumed cap. In the third and fourth acts (Daly's version of the play was condensed into four, and as finally performed it omitted the dungeon scene) she wore a costume of similar design, of delicate, light-green color, and provided also with a short, arm-hole cloak of ribbed, light-brown velvet. Adelaide Neilson's dress was Grecian in fashion, the prevailing colors being blue and silver. Ada Rehan's dress was Italian. The place of "Twelfth Night" is—anywhere the imagination pleases. Illyria, 167 B.C., was a Roman province; in 1600, absorbed in Dalmatia, it was under Venetian rule. The dressing of the comedy has sometimes been Italian and sometimes Grecian.

OTHER PLAYERS OF *VIOLA*

It is not practical here to consider except in general terms the many presentments of *Viola* which have been made on the modern American stage. Mrs. Barrow (Julia Bennett), whom I remember as charming in the part, possessed voluptuous physical beauty, a richly musical voice, and thoroughly trained dramatic talent; Mrs. Hoey, long of Wallack's fine com-

MR. E. H. SOTHERN AS *MALVOLIO,* PAINTED BY ORLANDO ROULAND, FROM SITTINGS GIVEN BY MR. SOTHERN IN BOSTON, 1905

pany, was remarkable for elegance of demeanor and refinement of artistic style: both were accomplished comedians, and both were distinguished as *Viola.* Mrs. Scott-Siddons, whom Augustin Daly brought forward as *Viola* in the autumn of 1869, was measurably effective in her exhibition of the mingled consternation and arch enjoyment with which, in the disguise of *Cesario,* she perceives the perplexity of "poor *Olivia*" ("I am the man!"). But she was more notable as a handsome woman than as a thorough artist. She was descended from the illustrious Mrs. Siddons, and Fanny Kemble, that renowned woman's niece, said that "her features presented the most perfect living miniature of her great-grandmother's majestic beauty." There was, however, no majesty in either her appearance or deportment at any time.

MISS JULIA MARLOWE

Fanny Davenport, who had shown herself superlatively competent as *Maria,* while kindly in spirit and piquant in demeanor, as *Viola* overweighted the part and made it heavy. Marie Wainwright was a pretty *Viola,* agreeable in her roguishness and amusing in her assumption of "a swashing and a martial outside," but deficient of the requisite show of feeling.

Helena Modjeska, a great actress, while beautiful to the vision as *Viola* (her page dress was particularly rich in material and embellishment), neither aroused the imagination nor touched the heart. Her occasional air of rueful perplexity and sweet bewilderment was very winning, but she required a stronger character and wilder passions than appertain to the part. A peculiarity of her stage business was that she made her first entrance in a boat, from which she landed on the shore of Illyria. In *Viola's* chief scene with *Orsino* she sang, to a harp accompaniment, the melancholy song, "Come away, Death," which by Shakspere is assigned to the *Fool.*

Viola Allen, who acted the part amid deleterious surroundings, being hampered by association with a wooden *Orsino,* an inane *Sebastian,* a coarse and tiresome *Sir Toby,* and an impossible *Malvolio,* though aptly fitted for it by superiority of mind, sensibility of temperament, personal beauty, and proficient artistic skill, used a prosaic rather than a poetical method, sacrificing loveliness of quality and sympathy of effect in a mistaken endeavor to invest a creature of ethereal delicacy, the *Egeria* of a poet's imagination, with an atmosphere of realism, the literal life of every day.

The most correct and effective embodiment of *Viola* now before the American public is that given by Julia Marlowe, whose romantic facial aspect suits with the character, and whose art is so judicious and under such admirable control that she can create the illusion of truth without sacrificing the charm of poetry. *Viola* is a perfect ideal of beauty, and such an ideal, suitably presented on the stage, sinks into the mind, remains in the memory, and beneficently influences the conduct of life. In the charm of that ideal, intertwined as it is with scenes of merriment, which should never be made gross, and with a salutary rebuke of one of the worst of human frailties,—the love of self,—consists the abiding worth of "Twelfth Night," a comedy which will be valued as long as the world continues to value Shakspere on the stage.

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE STEAM-SHOVEL

BY G. L. TEEPLE

Author of "The Jimmyness of Jim"

PICTURES BY O. F. SCHMIDT

WHEN I called on my friend Reynolds not long since, I found him just clearing up his desk for a trip out of town to inspect one of his steam-shovels, a new model, which he had lately set at work on the new line of the Wisconsin Southern, near Blackwater. He invited me to go with him. I had been ill, and the trip, he said, would do me good.

I remembered Blackwater well—one of those tranquil little towns, so soothing to city eyes, seen like a picture in the distance, with spires pointing heavenward, sleeping among the green farms; but within unquiet, ambitious to boom, to hustle, to make a noise, to paint its everlasting tranquil blue sky with the black factory-smoke of real prosperity. For years the local prophets and wise men had predicted the new railway which was to bring this about. Now at last it was coming. The little town was as bustling and joyous as a June ant-hill after a late spring and a long winter.

We found the steam-shovel, a huge affair, with enormous boom strutting heavenward, at work in the side of one of those great bluffs that bestrew our southern Wisconsin country, the green reminders, geologists tell us, of ancient glaciers. And looking down upon it from the upper edge of the great pit it had dug, stood the figure of a little old woman, leaning upon a hoe.

She was dressed in rusty black, and her gray hair crept out beneath the edge of an odd, foreign-looking black cap. The wind had blown her dress a little into disorder, and fluttered loose wisps of her hair about her face, giving her an appearance of wildness. Yet there was something about her that looked familiar.

Reynolds gave her no heed. He was intent upon his steam-shovel.

There is something formidable about one of those huge machines, with its rhinoceros snout, roaring and wallowing and snorting at the bottom of the great pit it

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"'DON'T YOU HEAR?' HE CRIED. 'THE DYNAMITE! THE DYNAMITE!'"

digs, black with smoke and grime, sweating grease. It is like a monstrous and misshapen beast into which the spirit of some wandering devil of destruction has entered, powerful and insatiable, submitting to chains and the torment of labor for the joy of rending and devouring the green bosom of the earth. The woman watching it had a look as if she were indeed gazing upon some such monster.

She stood in the midst of a garden, I noticed, or what had been a garden, for half of it had apparently tumbled into the steam-shovel pit. Rows of potatoes and cabbages and cucumbers still remained, and here and there along the sides of the pit a stalk of Indian corn drooped over the edge, as if gazing down in search of its vanished brothers in the huge grave that had been dug for them. And all the while I was wondering what there was about the woman that looked familiar.

Then, as I looked at her more closely, I remembered. She was old Bertha, the German woman who had sold my mother vegetables when we had lived in Blackwater, years before. The garden, of course, must be her garden. I went up and spoke to her, and after some time she knew me. Her voice trembled, and the tears came into her eyes as she shook my hand. Now, my mother had been good to Bertha, yet I had hardly expected so much feeling as that.

"What 's the matter, Bertha?" I asked. "Are n't things going right with you?"

She waved her hand toward the steam-shovel, and shook her head sadly.

"Ach, sehen Sie nicht?" said she. Then she pointed back up the slope.

I turned and saw at a little distance, in a hollow under the saddle of the bluff, a small log-house half hidden by lilacs and tall sunflowers. She led the way to it. Reaching the doorway, she paused, turned, and pointed down the hill.

I looked. Directly below us was the steam-shovel, pointed squarely at the house. In line with it, down the slope, extended the middle of the long, straight pit, the new railway cut, which it had dug, marked by a narrow-gage track, already laid; and beyond that, and in line with it, ran a light trestle, the backbone of the new railway embankment, its near end already complete, and little trains of dump-cars, loaded with fresh earth from the pit, pushing it ever farther out. We stood squarely in the path of the steam-shovel's advance. In another week the little house, unless removed, would be tumbling into the pit.

Tears were standing again in old Bertha's eyes. She looked at me with a childlike, despairing appeal.

"Can you not stop it?" she said. *"Ach, lieber Gott!* can you not stop it?"

What could a man say to such a question? An old white oak stood by the door, with a rude seat fashioned against it. I led her to this seat.

"Tell me all about it first," I said.

Well, it began last summer, she said, soon after Wilhelm had died. Of course I remembered Wilhelm, her *Mann?* He was old and lame, and used to drive gray Gretchen with the cart, while she, Bertha, sold the vegetables from house to house. *Ein so guter Mann!*

Well, it began last summer just a month after he died. Mysterious men had come with queer little machines that stood up as tall as a man, only on three legs instead of two. Surveyors, they said they were—*Land-messers.* "They were measuring a line to the moon," one said when she had asked; and then the rest had laughed. That was all they would tell her. A line to the moon! She knew better than that. Why did they cover it up? It must be something bad. And they had measured right up through her garden. It made her uneasy.

But nothing happened till the autumn. Then other men came. They wanted to buy some of her land, they said; a strip, it seemed, just as wide as two streets. They showed it to her on a long blue paper which they unrolled on the kitchen table. Her house was there, a little square white patch on the blue ground, with an endless red line running through it. That red line, they said, marked the track of the new railroad, and it ran right through her front door!

She was bewildered. A railroad! And it was coming right through the house where she and Wilhelm had lived all the years! It was unbelievable. She did not know what to say. Wilhelm was gone. Now they wanted to take her house away, all that God had left her in the world. A railroad! She grew afraid. It seemed as

if she could see the locomotive already poking its cow-catcher in at the front door, shrieking at her with its whistle: "Get off the track! Get off the track!"

The men were very kind and polite. They told her how easy it would be to buy with the money a little place in town, near other German people. It would be much nicer than living so far in the country, where she had no German neighbors. But she shook her head. How could she leave her home? So long she had known it. She and Wilhelm had come there right from the *Vaterland*. She had grown into it as a garden-snail grows into its shell. No, no, they must run their railroad on one side.

They smiled at that. They explained to her. When she met a load of hay on her way to town in her little wagon, she turned out, did she not? She gave the big load the right of way. Of course. Well, just so her little house ought to turn out for the big railroad.

Still she shook her head. They could not move her. Then they grew grave. They explained to her that a railroad *must* have its way. The law gave it the right. She would have to sell her place to them whether she would or not. Better sell peaceably than be dragged into court.

Then old Bertha rose and stood before those men at her full height, for her spirit was not yet broken. Shame upon them to talk of dragging a poor old woman into court! It was not true, what they said—not true. This was America, the good land, where the strong one, *Gott sei dank!* was not permitted to rob a poor woman of her little home.

And so they went away. They ran, the cowards! They dared not stand before her, even an old weak woman like her, who told them the plain truth to their faces. But they came back, the rascals! with their smiles, their smooth words. They explained how it was. Her house was built in the notch, right in the saddle of the bluff. The railroad had to dig its way through this bluff. To go on one side of her house it would have to dig much deeper—much, much deeper. It would mean twenty thousand extra wagon-loads of dirt. Think of what it would cost to do that! Why, it would buy a dozen little homes like hers. And see what a fine price they were offering—double the true value, so generous was the railway.

But old Bertha was immovable. *Ach, Gott!* could they not understand? This was her home; it was all she had left; this it was that she and Wilhelm had toiled for through the years side by side—she and Wilhelm, who was now gone. She could not part with it. So they went away the second time.

But next day there drove up to the house a man whose face she knew—the city marshal of Blackwater. He had brought a paper—a "summons" he called it. She must go to the court-house at Staghorn in November,—the fifteenth it was,—when her land was to be "condemned"—that was what he called it—for the new railroad.

She was bewildered. She had not believed it at all, what those men had said; they were fooling her. And now they had sent the city marshal to drag her into court—her, an honest woman, who never had wronged one hair of any the least of God's creatures.

She protested, but the marshal would not stop. He thrust the paper into her hand and left her. She could do nothing but stand in the middle of the road and shake the summons at him as he drove away. She went into the house with fear falling upon her, shaken, not knowing what to do, turning the paper over and over helplessly in her hands. What trick was it they had got those lawyers to put upon her?

Ah, those lawyers! She knew them! Who better, since that lawsuit Wilhelm had had? Foxes they were, with pricked-up ears, and prying eyes that could find a hole in the tightest fence; setting traps for you of cunning words, leading you on and on into their net, as they had led Wilhelm that time.

But her cause was just. The Lord would help her. She would go to the *Pfarrer*, the good *Pfarrer*. Peering all day through his spectacles into those wise books of his, he knew everything. He would be a match for all the lawyers.

But—would you believe it?—the *Pfarrer* could not help her! Those railroad fellows had told her the truth, he said. Where their surveyors had marked out the line, that row of stakes she told about, leading up through her garden,

there the railroad would be builded. *Unglücklich war es, aber es muss sein.* The great American Government itself had said it. Houses that stood in the way must move.

But they must pay her full value, pressed down and running over. Better see a lawyer about that. Fox against fox. The Lord was indeed on her side, but there are times when you need a lawyer also.

Old Bertha listened with a heart that sank like lead. Could it be true, here in America, the good land? Was the home which she and Wilhelm had builded through the years of no more account than to be trodden underfoot by the great railway, as if it were only an ant-hill in a garden path?

She climbed the steep steps of the lawyer's office in dread, one hand clutching the stair-rail, the other gripped over the fold in her black dress that held her purse. Easy enough to get your pocket-book into a lawyer's office, but would you ever get it out again? Had they not robbed Wilhelm that time, *ach,* frightfully? They called it a "fee!"

But fox against fox, the *Pfarrer* had said. And this was a sharp one—sharp as a weasel's teeth, folks told her.

Yet he was a kind fox. He would surely get her big damages, at the worst, he said. And he might—yes, he might—make them run the railroad on one side. There were such cases.

But he shook his head very gravely when he said that. A railroad was so big and strong. It could bend the law itself. Yes, it could bend even the great American Government, sometimes.

And the court-house at Staghorn, *ach, lieber Gott!* it made you—what is it you Americans say?—*blue* just to sit in it. The windows so tall and narrow, shutting out the good sun; and all about the walls pictures of men in frames looking down at you *grausam* and *streng,* judging you before you could say a word, with lips shut tight so no word of mercy could leak through. And the judge on a high platform, walled in away from you behind a thick desk, and a great fierce-looking woman painted upon the wall above him, with her eyes bandaged, and a big sword in one hand, and a pair of balances, lifted up ready to throw, in the other. *Mein Himmel,* what a woman! With her eyes blindfolded so, there was no telling who would get hit. It made you uncomfortable even though you knew it was just a picture.

Then they put her up in a big chair on a platform; not the one the judge sat on, but another, where all the people, ten thousand of them, it seemed, stared at her as cold as stones. And the judge sat up big and severe on one side of her, and twelve strange men behind a railing on the other, and in front of her those sharp-eyed lawyers, clawing their papers and looking right through her, so that she made herself as small in the chair as she could. *Ach,* it was terrible! It was as if you were a mouse, squeezing yourself into the corner of a room,—a big, bare room,—with three or four big cats sitting up in front of you, with their sharp eyes and their sharp teeth and their sharp claws.

But she had prayed to God, as the *Pfarrer* had told her, for her cause was just, and He had put strength into her, so that as they asked her questions her heart came back. And her lawyer had made a fine speech; *ja wohl,* a grand speech. He spoke out big and bold, so that it lifted your heart right up, like one of the good *Pfarrer's* sermons on Sunday morning in the *Kirche.*

And at last she had stood right up herself, before them all, while he was questioning her. It was against the rules, he had told her; but she forgot that, with all those thoughts in her heart that had hurt her so through the weeks and months, as she had worked in her garden in the day and lain on her bed in the long night, and somehow no one stopped her once she had got started. And so she told them about Wilhelm, how good a man he had been to her,—never a woman had a better man,—and all the years they had lived together in the little house; and about little Karl, whom God had taken, just as he had grown to be a fine, big boy—so like his father! and how just a year ago Wilhelm had died, too, and she was left alone. But there was the home yet. God had left her that. He was still good. He had not forgotten her. And now they told her—yes, even the *Pfarrer* had told her—that the railroad could take her home away from her. But she had said no, no, it could not be so. How could it be,

here, in America, the good land, which God had made to be a refuge for the poor? Was not the railroad rich? *Gerechter Himmel,* rich as Pharaoh! And now these greedy great ones would swallow up her little farm. Would the great American Government permit that? Would the great American Government, so good and kind, that opened its doors so wide to the poor, and gave them land to make them homes for the asking, would it turn now and help the rich to rob them? *Ach, Gott!* it could not be! It could not be!

And all the people leaned forward to listen, the judge himself, and the twelve men, and the lawyers even, who had shot those sharp questions at her. And they all looked kindly at her, as if they had suddenly become her friends, so that the tears came into her eyes. And no one said anything for a moment.

Then her lawyer told her very gently that she might sit down. And he had helped her kindly down from the platform and out of the room, while the people clapped their hands until some man up in front rapped on a table and called out "Order! Order!" which seemed strange, for no one was disorderly at all.

And when they got outside, and she went to pay her lawyer, the matter being now done with, as she supposed, *sehen Sie,* he would take nothing at all! Not a pfennig! Not then, or at any other time, would he take one pfennig. It was *wunderlich.*

And after all that, they gave the railroad her land! Would you believe it? *Ach, Gott!* how could it be, here, in America? The judge and the lawyers and those twelve men they had seemed to understand. They had believed her. They had seen that she was right. It was so plain. But she lost. They had given her much money, the lawyer said, but she must sell her place.

She could not understand it. All the way home she was trying to think it out. Where had God been? He was good, but He had not helped her. She had fallen, and He had not lifted up her head. She passed the little white German church where she had sung so many times on Sunday morning "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," the brave old hymn—hymn of the mighty saint of God, Martin Luther, the great and good. But now there was no singing, and the windows were dark, and the doors were shut, and in the little churchyard was Wilhelm, and the wind was mourning in the pines.

Thus, or in some such fashion, sitting on the rude seat beneath the dooryard oak, old Bertha told her story. And all the while, chained in its pit below the garden, the monstrous and beast-like shovel snorted and heaved and roared, and rattled its iron harness, as it tore its insatiable way on toward us up the slope; while now and then, rolling over the crest of the river bluff, came the sullen thunder of dynamite, telling that even the everlasting hills were yielding up their rock foundations to the engineer's resistless cannonade.

Then, as we sat under the oak, a man approached. The right-of-way agent was coming, he said, and wanted to see Bertha at the resident engineer's office, a little distance down the line. There was some irregularity, it seemed. A last payment was due; he wanted to settle it. At Bertha's request, I went with her.

It took some time. On the way back we met a wagon coming down the slope. At sight of it Bertha gave a sharp cry. It was loaded with her household goods, a table or two, a bed, a stove, a few chairs, some crockery and kitchen stuff, and other small odds and ends. Thrown over all was a huge, old-fashioned German feather-bed, bellying with its feathers like a balloon-jib in the wind.

The driver looked at Bertha with a shamefaced air.

"I could n't help it, Mother," he said. "It was the boss's orders. The right of way has to be cleared to-day, you know. He said the *Pfarrer* was to come for you, and I supposed you 'd gone with him, findin' the house empty so. Queer, too, I thought, your leavin' the stuff that way."

Old Bertha hurried away, beset with fear, as I supposed, lest some little thing had been left behind. As we approached the house, we heard the sound of axes, and then, as we stepped into the clearing, a shout.

We looked. The old oak under which we had sat was toppling. A man was dealing it the last blows with an ax. Even as we looked, it fell with a crash.

Old Bertha burst into tears. The old tree was gone. So long she had known it!

Little Karl, before God took him, had played under it. Wilhelm had smoked on the seat there his evening pipe. All the years, like a faithful friend, it had stood beside the door. Now it was gone.

Recovering, but more nervous now than ever, old Bertha hurried on toward the house. As we approached the door, it burst open, and men came running out. They waved us back with their arms.

"Back! Back!" they shouted, still running toward us. "Do you want to be killed? Back!"

But Bertha, much excited, went on. "I must go in! I must go in!" she kept repeating.

One of the men seized her and dragged her away. "Don't you hear?" he cried. "The dynamite! the dynamite! Back, I tell you! Are you crazy?"

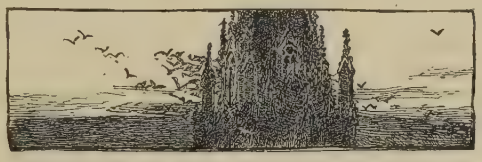
Bertha struggled in his grasp. "But the money! the money!" she cried. "It is in there. I must get it."

It was the money which the railroad had given her for the place, and which she had concealed under a loose board in the kitchen floor!

She did not comprehend. We had to seize her and drag her by force down the hill. At a safe distance we turned. The log-house, with its chimney, was lifting bodily into the sky. It dissolved into a thousand fragments. A mighty smoke rolled up toward heaven, and a heavy, jarring boom, as of a deep-buried cannon, smote upon our ears. The air shook with it. The fragments fell showering into the tree-tops beside the right of way. Then came silence. The little log-house, and Bertha's little treasure with it, had vanished from the earth.

Old Bertha sat upon the ground and wept, while we stood awkwardly about, not knowing what to say to comfort her. The men were sorry, but it was not their fault. She had been warned, and they had found the house empty and dismantled. The place must be cleared; the old house was not worth moving; dynamite was just the easiest way.

Then the *Pfarrer* came, and we helped the old woman into the carriage. They drove away, old Bertha still weeping, looking back to the place that had been her home, but where now there was only a great hole in the ground.



THE DAMAGED-DOGS MAN

BY MARGARET DODGE

Author of "The Oasis," etc.

THE damaged-dogs man's back yard was the dirtiest in the back-yard colony, but it was also the most picturesque. This dirty back yard was next to the Frenchman's, where all was neatness —red geraniums, morning-glories, canary-birds, sun-parlor, and the rest of it. There were no flowers in Kline's back yard. There was plenty of dirt, but vegetation did n't thrive there; the dogs would n't let it. If a blade of grass poked its head above the ground, one of the four-footed denizens pounced upon it instantly and gobbled it up. The damaged-dogs man said it was better than medicine for them. Surely dogs know how to hunt their own doctors.

This dirty back yard was full of rusty-coated, lame, or otherwise disabled beasts. At times, individually or in chorus, these "stranger" dogs expressed themselves in yips, growls, howls, or sharp yelps of pain. There was one dog there that had a penchant for doing the solo. His howl was long, lugubrious, a suggestion of remote coyote ancestors. For a moment the solo

would seem to hold the other dogs enthralled, then they would join in with their various "specialties." All unaware of this pandemonium only a few feet away, the golden-throated canaries in the Frenchman's yard lifted their voices in a wonder of ecstasy; but they had no more chance of being heard than a tenor in a boiler-shop. In fact they seemed to be doing pantomime. This was all very well for the dogs and for the canaries, but it was hell for the back-yard colony while it lasted. But the racket was never permitted to last long. At its height Kline would appear, and reach out for the big stick, and then quiet until something started the soloist again.

The Frenchman's back yard was neatness itself, but Kline's back yard looked as bad as it sounded. Even that of Henson, the plumber, was orderly by contrast. It was the epitome of the sordid, with its dog-houses improvised from packing-boxes, discarded window-blinds, and bits of old carpet; its clutter of pots and pans and pails; its broken-down refrigerator stuck on three crazy legs between the windows close to the back door. The Frenchman's porticoed back door suggested privacy, but Kline's grinned in your face with dirty frankness. The lower half of this door was made of weather-beaten boards, and swung out into the yard on rusty hinges. The upper half, nine-paned, swung in. Every time it was opened, the shadowy disorder of the basement was thrust upon you. It seemed to say, "I 'm dirty inside as well as outside, and I 'm absolutely honest about it."

The lower half of the door was held shut most of the time by a big wooden button, but the upper half was left open to give air to the dogs that were kept inside.

While these back yards were in most respects as wide apart as the poles, in purpose the Frenchman and Kline were kindred: one renovated laces, the other renovated dogs.

The people in the big apartment-house had paid small attention to the damaged-dogs man's back yard except to curse it as a nuisance. Everybody in the back-yard colony abused Kline, complained about his "doggery" to the board of health, to the police, even to the mayor. The little French wife of the glove-and-lace cleaner next door was the only one who had taken any interest in his dogs, the only one who had been kind to him. This meant a good deal to Kline, for the old German, despite his false teeth and fierce, radiant whiskers, was a sociable man,—the twinkle in his eyes showed that,—and it hurt like everything to be made an outcast on account of his dogs. One afternoon just a week before She went to the hospital, as the little Frenchwoman sat in her sun-parlor sewing on tiny garments, Kline came out of his basement with a baby "pom" on his hand, and called to her. Then he put the little dog on the top of the fence for her to see. She ran her forefinger over its neck and then up and down its back, and She played with its paws and pinched its little nose in fun.

Kline hesitated a moment, coughed, then blurted out:

"This is for the little Marie when she comes."

The little Frenchwoman laughed and said:

"You 're joking!"

"No," said Kline, very seriously; "I 've made up my mind—I 'm going to raise it for her," at which the little Frenchwoman smiled and nodded.

She was so accustomed to these light cordialities that she paid small attention to the incident, but I could see that Kline meant what he said all right. He had given his promise; I heard it from my window. I passed the news to the girl at the switchboard, and in no time at all the whole back-yard colony knew and rejoiced. Everybody loved the little Frenchwoman, because the little Frenchwoman loved everybody, and we all awaited with keen interest the coming of her baby. How did the back-yard colony know of the coming event? The answer is, How does a back-yard colony know anything?

But the tragedy that came a week later, when the little Frenchwoman made the one supreme sacrifice for her baby, grieved us so that we forgot all about such things as the damaged-dogs man and his promise.

But one day it got around that Kline was really raising the brown pom for the little Marie, and our attitude toward him changed instanter. After all, this sordid old man was going to keep his promise to the dead woman! Through the pup he became a social possibility. We all felt

socially connected through the little Marie. Not that we were given to pink teas in the back-yard colony. Our communication was mental, long distance; there was no personal contact even when we quarreled. But every member of the back-yard colony had fixed the social status of every other member.

The damaged-dogs man was quick to notice this change in the attitude of the flat-dwellers, and his heart responded. He was proud, but no man likes to be an outcast. It is n't human. Whenever he saw one of us looking out the window into his back yard, he would hold the baby pom up for us to see, with a nod in the direction of the Frenchman's house, and we all understood. Kline nursed the pup so well that it grew very fast, and so engaged the interest of everybody in the back-yard colony that the first day it ran alone without wobbling the girl at the switchboard called me up to ask did I know about it. No baby's first tooth ever got half the attention that the development of that pup's legs did.

On account of the pup, we began to take more notice of the old man himself. It was like the tail wagging the dog. Before this we 'd regarded him only as a nuisance or a butt. We had noted only his "naturalized" teeth and funny whiskers, or his grotesque conduct after he 'd come from Foley's on the corner. But Kline had something that gave him a curious dignity even in his cups: the emperor had pinned the iron cross on his breast. He always wore it, a talisman. What incongruity, we thought, the iron cross in such a place! There was one thing that had contributed in no small degree to our contempt for Kline: he was a henpecked man. For some time we had doubted whether to attribute to absent-mindedness or to cowardice his submission to the browbeating of his old woman. Or was he just lazy? For, you know, a good many men would rather stand anything than have a row, even though not afraid.

But presently we began to see tender qualities in the old German as he pottered about the dirty yard with a damaged dog or two sniffing at his heels. When strange dogs were brought into the yard, no sooner were they left alone than they dug holes near the Frenchman's fence. Failing to get out there, they would go and dig on the Swede's side of the yard. It looked as if they might dig out under the Swede's fence, for it bulged and sagged. But the old man always caught them just in time. None of them ever got away. Kline never beat or scolded the dogs when they tried to escape. Instead, he patted them on the head and tried to make them feel at home in his doggery. He would get a shovel and have them sit beside him and observe while he filled up the holes they had dug. The dogs never dug near the fences more than twice, for by that time they had become used to their new quarters and to the damaged-dogs man himself. Occasionally the "old-timers" would make the dirt fly in the middle of the yard just for sport. And when Kline discovered them at it, they would run away to the other side of the yard and wag their tails uncertainly and watch to see what he would do. And then when he had the dirt all smoothed back in place, they would steal up behind him and lick his hand or rub against the leg of his trousers to say they were sorry. And Kline would shrug his shoulders and mutter reprovingly or shake his finger at them.

Whenever the damaged-dogs man, with heavy German gutturals, would drive the big dogs into their kennels, we would all run to the windows, for we knew that the poms were coming out to play. Kline would open the back door and stand to one side, and a dozen or more little dogs would tear out from the basement into the yard, barking and capering about for all the world like a lot of school-boys let loose.

The top of the old refrigerator was the damaged-dogs man's medicine-chest. On it were bottles and thick, white earthen cups of sulphur ointment and spoons of different sizes. One day he doctored five four-footed patients in plain sight of everybody. First he rubbed them all over with sulphur-ointment; then from a bottle he poured a sticky brown mixture into a spoon. This was a sinister moment. The little dogs backed away with unmistakable aversion; but Kline made a dash at one of them, grabbed him, swung him round so as to get his head in chancery under his left arm, and with a dexterous jerk of the lower jaw and a thrusting of his thumb into the hinge thereof, opened the dog's mouth wide and held it open.

As the right hand slowly approached with the awful dose, the lower portion of the dog suspended in the air writhed and twisted, but Kline was relentless. Before he could yip, the beast had swallowed the dose. Then as Kline dropped him to the ground, he shook himself, stood off, licked his chops, and gave staccato yips of joy at the struggling of his successor in torment.

All the dogs were thoroughbreds. They came to Kline for all kinds of treatment, mostly mange. But he was raising the poms for sale. They were n't brought to the damaged-dogs man to be tuned up, as the others had been. His prize pom he had shaved from the shoulders to the tip of the tail, and the rear part of the little beast looked like a hairless Mexican. Whenever this dog came out for the air, he would shiver, and make guttural demands to be let in again, no matter how hot the day. Another of the poms had a remarkable coat, great, shaggy shoulders, and a wonderful tail, which he cocked to one side like the plume of a lady's hat—a regular dandy in a frock-coat. Yet despite his dandified appearance, he was a snarling creature, petulant, spoiled, hateful, and hated. Everybody was glad when he went into the house and the door was buttoned behind him. Any disaster, such as the forcing down his throat of a nauseous dose or a nip from an envious compatriot, that befell this gentleman was cause for unmitigated delight in the back-yard colony.

Presently the baby pom began to get his coat, and what a coat it was! His bushy hair stuck out all about his body till he looked square. He loved to gallop about the yard now in short, staccato bounces, like the brown, woolly creations that fakers sell on the streets just before Christmas. Most of his energy was expended in up-and-down movement, and resulted in little forward progress. He would bounce up to the kennels in his awkward way and peek in at the big dogs, and they would regard him with inquisitive dignity. Our interest in this little creature grew from day to day. Pierre had told the woman up-stairs that his mother was coming from France to take charge of the little Marie. He would bring her from the home where she 'd been living as soon as the old lady arrived.

The girl at the switchboard passed the word along.

As we watched with keen anticipation for the coming home of the little Marie, we realized what she meant to our neighborhood. Our changed attitude toward the damaged-dogs man showed that. He was just as dirty as ever, but his whiskers were n't so fierce, his false teeth were n't so sinister, his eyes were n't so hostile when he surveyed the back-yard colony which had made him an outcast. Clearly, we had been touched with the heart magic of her who had given her life for the little Marie, the woman who could see beauty where others could see none, who looked beneath the breast for the heart, who had loved everybody. We, too, began to see beautiful things in the desert of back yards, our only outlook.

And now that we had begun to see the beautiful, the iron cross that the damaged-dogs man wore lost much of its incongruity to us. To him it was a badge of honor, not a foolish decoration. The emperor had pinned it on his breast for bravery in soldiering. But through the intervening years it had been to him the symbol of all that was good, the tenderer qualities that go to make up manhood, the qualities to be reckoned with in every-day life. Suddenly this iron cross took on a magical significance to me. It seemed to be an Aladdin's lamp of power, of repression. I think it was suggested by the things I saw the old man do. If the dogs dug up the dirt, or barked at night and worried him with the fear that he might lose his license, and he was tempted to swear at them, he would glance down at the iron cross and be silent, or speak gently to them. If the old woman urged him to skimp them on food and make a little more money on them, he looked at the iron cross and remembered that they were helpless prisoners, and was generous. When Henson made harsh complaint to him about the dogs undermining his wall, the iron cross forbade a squabble. Instead of shouting any words at the Swede, Kline saw the justice of his complaint, and went to work with a shovel to repair the damage the dogs had done.

The iron cross dignified all honest work —the doctoring of the dogs and the other sordid details that filled Kline's life. After all, the iron cross was not a cause, but an effect. It had not created the qualities that were in the old man's make-up; it

simply manifested them. I began to suspect that he, too, had a heart like the little Frenchwoman's—an all-comprehensive heart that could even take in damaged dogs. And the supreme test of this was that the damaged-dogs man treated his defaulting "boarders" just as well as he did those that were paid for at the beginning of the week, for some of the dogs were virtually abandoned by their owners after a time, and left on the old man's hands.

As I grew to know Kline better, I often used to observe him standing in the middle of the yard surrounded by his more or less mangy boarders. He would look at these sorry creatures with a tender pride as if he saw beyond the mange the healthy, happy dogs that were to be. Taking a tip from Kline, I, too, began to see beyond the mange, to catch glimpses of the finer qualities that lay all about me in the back-yard colony.

While we of the back-yard colony had picked our winner in the pup that the damaged-dogs man was raising for the little Marie, our next choice was the "English gentlemen." We called them the English gentlemen because they reminded us of the English adventurer one sees in all parts of the world—tall, clean-limbed, and athletic. They were Airedale terriers. Their legs and necks were brown, but their backs were covered with wiry, black hair, for all the world like a cut-away coat. They were marked exactly alike, but one was a bit larger than the other.

A flunky brought them in late one afternoon when the pom pup had just reached the stage of young dogdom. I heard him tell the damaged-dogs man that they were overfed and overweight. How refreshing it was they did not have the mange. They became favorites immediately in their own yard as well as in the back-yard colony. As the damaged-dogs man bowed the flunky out, and they disappeared into the recesses of the dirty basement on their way to the front door on the avenue, the English gentlemen looked after them in wonder, then turned, and began to size up the place. They walked side by side all about the yard with an unmistakable air of caution. They sniffed the bottom of the Frenchman's fence, and pricked their ears in anticipation as they scented his little fox-terrier, which lay near the geranium in the middle of the yard fast asleep. They nosed Henson's sagging fence as though they thought to find an outlet by which they might escape before the old German returned. They looked askance at the kennels where the big dogs were shut up, and gave them a wide berth. The old ice-box next held their attention, but only long enough for them to find that it was no receptacle for food; then their interest in it vanished. They poked their noses into an old wooden pail in the middle of the yard, and bumped its squat sides and rattled its clumsy handle in grave inspection. They wrinkled their snouts in the air at the plebeian neighborhood. Then they turned like a shot, ears cocked, at attention. The damaged-dogs man stood at the half-door observing them. They watched his face, their stubby tails ready to wag or not to wag, as the case might be. Kline smiled at them, snapped his fingers, and murmured to them in soft, broken German. Instantly they were at the door, wigwagging their joy, licking his hands, and capering about. They had found a friend who understood them and whom they understood.

At their first meal the English gentlemen were quite infernally aristocratic. Kline used to crumble up dog-biscuit, put it into a tin basin, pour hot water over it, squash it through his fingers, and then give the steaming mess to the dogs to eat. We used to time a great Dane when he was eating his meals. It would take him just half a minute to clean up his basin. This fellow had a cute trick of taking out the larger pieces of biscuit gingerly, and laying them down on the ground beside him to cool while he licked out the pan. In this way he saved about a second.

The English gentlemen only sniffed at their supper. They would n't touch it. They would n't even drink out of the pail that the other dogs used. Kline observed this, but smiled with the wisdom of experience. He patted their heads as much as to say, "Never mind, old chappies, you 'll eat and drink to-morrow all right." And they did.

When he went into the house and left them for the night, the English gentlemen did nothing at all but sit down in the middle of the yard, side by side, in exactly the same position for a time. Then

they jumped up, wheeled around together, and ran about the yard, every movement of the one identical with that of the other, like a vaudeville team. They kept this up till bedtime, and then curled up on a thick piece of carpet that Kline had thrown out for them to use, side by side, in exactly the same position, and went to sleep; and you could n't tell which was which.

The back-yard colony grew very fond of the English gentlemen. I even went so far as to enter into a conspiracy with them, but it did n't turn out as I had expected. Under cover of night, with guilty stealth, I used to throw them bones, and they would crunch them down to the last splinter, and leave nothing to betray the act. Then they committed a fatal error. They would sit for hours right near the fence, and "point" my kitchen window with unblinking expectancy. For a few days the damaged-dogs man, I imagine, wondered at this new-formed habit, but he said nothing. Then one morning he rolled another big packing-box into the back yard and turned it up on one side against the fence. He brought a battered green blind from the basement and made a door of it, using strips of burlap for hinges. Then he threw old pieces of carpet over the top and sides of the improvised kennel, and after he had tested it and found it strong enough to hold them, he drove the English gentlemen in and locked them up. He kept them shut in for a week where there would be no danger of their overfeeding, and when they were let out again they got no more bones from my place.

And now Pierre's mother arrived from France, and the little Marie was to come home that evening. There was great excitement in the back-yard colony. Late in the afternoon Kline brought out a tub, and gave the pup a bath, and combed out his coat, and tied a blue ribbon about his neck, and the back-yard colony, watching from its various windows, connected this fact with the coming of the little Marie. Then some one called to him from inside, and he dropped the little fellow into a box beside the back door, and went into the house, and returned immediately with a customer who was looking for a pom for his little daughter. We all knew this, for he was an Englishman and spoke in high-pitched, strident tones that reached the full length of the colony. The damaged-dogs man nodded his head, and backed suddenly up against the box where the puppy was, as if to hide him, then called to the old woman. He gave her directions, and she drove the big dogs into their kennels, and went back into the house, leaving the door open behind her. Presently a horde of poms tore out, barking, and making a terrible fuss.

Kline tried his customer first with his prize pom, whose new coat had grown into a thick fuzz; but the man shook his head. As the other dogs were brought up and put through their paces by the old woman, Kline stood back against the box, hiding the baby pom. He knew that that was the dog the customer wanted, but he hoped he 'd choose another. There were conflicting thoughts in the damaged-dogs man's mind: on the one hand, the vacant rooms up-stairs, the unpaid board-bills of many of the dogs, and his waning credit at the grocer's; and against this was his promise to the dead mother of the little Marie. Just behind him in the box was the fuzzy, brown possibility of paying his score at the grocer's and giving his business a new lease of life, for Kline would never sell a dog for an unpaid bill. That was not in his code of ethics.

Attracted by his wonderful coat, the gentleman finally selected the dandy, and looked him over carefully. He examined the dog's teeth, turned back his ears, and looked into them, and firmly pinched the flesh on his thighs, and Kline's hopes rose as each new item seemed to pass muster. To his amazement and relief, the little beast did n't snarl at the gentleman. Feeling sure of the sale, Kline grabbed the dog, and brushed his coat back the wrong way to show how deep it was. Then he turned the beast upside-down, incautiously holding him by one leg. The dandy gave a sharp yelp, and snapped at the damaged-dogs man. I saw the gentleman start back, and shake his head, and the sale was off.

In his agitation Kline struck the box that held the pup and knocked it over, and the baby pom rolled out and then jumped up, bright-eyed and brisk, and shook himself till every hair stood on end. Then the little fellow fascinatingly cocked his head to one side and looked from one

to the other. The customer smiled, and picked up the dog. Why had n't Kline shown him at first? This was the one he wanted. The old man looked sheepish, and mumbled out some excuse. He had n't thought the gentleman wanted so young a puppy. And when the gentleman reminded him that was precisely what he had asked for when he came in, Kline's excuses were still more inarticulate.

"This is the one for me," said the customer.

Kline shook his head.

And now the old woman took a hand in the game. She grabbed her husband by the arm and shouted vociferously in broken German at him. She pointed to the empty rooms up-stairs. Kline was unmoved.

The gentleman raised the price, holding up his fingers in emphasis. Kline shook his head. The gentleman put up another finger.

The old woman in a frenzy grabbed the damaged-dogs man by the whiskers and shook her fist under his nose. The heart of every person in the back-yard colony stood still, for we were all watching the drama that was being enacted in the damaged-dogs man's heart. Our interest was tense. Kline must keep his word; by the iron cross he had promised the dog to the little Marie. He could not sell it.

But he did!

With miserable reluctance, and keeping his eyes averted from the windows of the big apartment-house, Kline picked up the little creature, plucked off the blue ribbon, hung it on a nail outside the back door, and put the pom back into the box. We heard him promise to bring the dog up to the gentleman's house on Ninety-fifth Street early the next morning. The customer took the money out of his pocket and offered it to Kline, but while the old man had sold the dog in our presence, he could not bring himself to take the price of his treachery openly. The gentleman could pay him the next day when the dog was delivered. The old woman scowled blackly at Kline for having let ready money slip through his fingers, but said nothing, and showed the gentleman to his carriage on the avenue.

We all knew the portent of her black looks, and waited for her to come back. But for once her wrath was too deep for words. She paid no attention to Kline, but drove the poms into the house and buttoned the door.

The damaged-dogs man sat down on an old tub in the middle of the yard, with his chin resting on his breast, which made his funny whiskers stand out more fiercely than ever. The big dogs whined in their kennels, and the English gentlemen scratched to get out. The baby pom curled up, a brown puff-ball, and went to sleep in his box, and the blue ribbon fluttered on the nail beside the back door; but the old man paid no attention. Thus he sat so long that we all thought he had gone to sleep. But presently his hand came up and touched the iron cross on his breast. He fondled it a bit, and looked down at it for many minutes. The symbol seemed to remind Kline of what he was—a man, a soldier, a gentleman, and particularly his own boss. No nagging shrew should come between him and his promise, even if the rooms were vacant and the dogs' board-bills were unpaid. Presently he lifted his head with stern resolution, got up from the tub, turned, and spoke a stern word of command.

The old woman appeared, looking at him wonderingly. With his finger he indicated to her to put the ribbon on the pup's neck. She did so, still wondering. Then he crossed to the Frenchman's fence, turned, and with an imperious gesture beckoned the old woman to him. She approached slowly, with the dog in her arms. Kline took it from her, held it high in the air, and with a grim smile of resolution turned it round and round like a street faker showing off his goods, while the whole back-yard colony watched. Then he called to the Frenchman, and, with a touching reminder of his promise to the little Marie's dead mother, passed the dog over the fence to the outstretched hands of Pierre.

Then the damaged-dogs man turned slowly, looked at the old woman, and pointed to the door; and without a word she went back into the house!

We do not call Kline "the damaged-dogs man" any more: we call him "the iron-cross man."

LOCUM-TENENS

BY IAN HAY

Author of "A Man's Man," "A Safety Match," etc.

THE rain lashed down, another gust of wind came whooping round a corner, and the motor-bicycle skidded skittishly right across the glistening road.

"Near shave that time, old soul!" observed Mr. Archibald Wade over his shoulder as the staggering machine started forward again with a flick of its tail.

The gentleman addressed, Mr. James Pryor, who for the last two hours had been enduring the acme of human discomfort upon the luggage-carrier, with his arms twined affectionately round his friend's waist, made no reply. Instead, he vacated his seat, and assumed a recumbent posture under an adjacent hedge. The motor-bicycle, unexpectedly lightened of half its burden, whizzed on its way, firing a salvo of exultant farewells from its exhaust.

In due course it returned, trundled by its owner, who addressed the prostrate James reprovingly:

"It was silly of you to fall off with white flannel bags on, my little friend. You are in a horrid mess."

"You look a bit of a tike yourself," rejoined the injured James.

"True, true," acquiesced Archibald, placidly, as he looked down upon his mud-splashed legs. "The fact is, it is a mistake to try and ride forty miles on a mobike in tennis things. In any case, this putrid back tire has just gone flat. Do you remember what the last mile-stone said?"

"Popleigh, one mile," growled James.

"That is splendid."

"What earthly use is Popleigh to us? We want to go to Tuckleford."

"Tuckleford is fifteen miles away. We can't get there, and we could n't play tennis if we did."

"I know, but—"

"But what?"

James hesitated and reddened.

"Well, if you must know, my best girl will probably be there."

"What, Dorothy? *The* Dorothy?"

James, with the rain streaming down his face, nodded dismally.

"Yes," he said; "that was why I suggested we should go."

Archibald considered.

"Take comfort," he said at length. "We will push this condemned sewing-machine"—he indicated the motor-bicycle—"to Popleigh. There we will obtain food and clothing, and I will repair the tire. In the afternoon, if it clears up, I will convey you to Dorothy."

"How can we get food and clothing at Popleigh?" demanded the irritable James. "Have you ever been in the place in your life?"

"Never."

"Then why on earth—"

"Do you remember the Old Flick?"

"You mean Flick Windrum of Trinity Hall?"

"The same."

"Yes. What about him? Became a dodger, did n't he? Curate in Kensington or something."

"Not now. I have just remembered that he wrote to me a year ago, saying that he had received a push-up—preferment. He now has a cure of souls in Popleigh. We will drop in on him and get our clothes dried. Then, hey for Dorothy!"

"Archie," observed James, not without admiration, "you are quite mad."

"I know," replied Archibald, complacently. "Come on."

THE motor-bicycle, now hand-propelled, drew up at the gate of Popleigh vicarage, which stood in a spacious garden, a riot of roses and honeysuckle, under the lee of an ancient Norman church. Simultaneously the summer storm passed, the clouds broke, and the hot July sun broke out hospitably.

Archibald wheeled the bicycle up to the front door and rang the bell. After

repeating the performance three times, he turned to his depressed companion.

"I wonder where the old sinner can be," he remarked.

"Nothing doing here," replied James, through chattering teeth. "Let 's go and find the village pub."

"Peradventure," suggested Archibald, upon whose receptive soul the ecclesiastical atmosphere was already taking effect, "he is upon a journey or sleepeth. What?"

He tried the handle of the door.

"Locked," he announced.

"Let 's go round to the back," said the practical James.

The procession, now steaming comfortably, moved off again. The back door was also locked. Upon the panel was pinned a fluttering scrap of paper that said, *tout court,* "Bak at 3."

"I wonder who wrote that," said James.

"From the spelling," replied Archibald, "I should say it was the Flick; but as it is on the back door and not the front, I suspect it was the cook. Flick has taken the little creature out for a brisk country walk, depend upon it. Still, I know he would resent any attempt on our part to give him the go-by, so we must get in. Let us find a window."

The windows upon the ground floor were all closed, but one stood open above the porch. With the assistance of the faithful James, Archibald clambered up the trellis-work, and presently effected his burglarious purpose. A moment later he opened the front door with a flourish, and admitted his reluctant companion. There ensued a tour of inspection.

"Dining-room!" announced Archibald, opening a door. "We will lay the table presently. Study—very snug! We will smoke there after lunch. Kitchen! Aha! this is where we commandeer supplies! But first of all, you, my dear James, will go up-stairs and have a warm bath, taking care to wet your head first, while I raid the Old Flick's dressing-room. Run along, or you will contract a rheum."

James, who seldom argued with his eccentric friend in this mood, departed meekly up-stairs. Twenty minutes later, emerging greatly refreshed from the bath-room, draped in a towel, he was confronted by a saintly figure in impeccable clerical attire.

"Pax vobiscum!" chanted Archibald, in a throaty tenor. "What do you think of my kit? It 's a hazardous feat, buttoning one's collar at the back." He revolved slowly on his toes. "Pretty good fit, on the whole. I expected to find it rather big for me, but Flick appears to have shrunk. James, I am *it!* Let us go down-stairs and find the harmonium and sing 'Greenland's Icy Mountains.' "

"Dry up," advised James, "and tell me where I can get some clothes. Do you mean to say that I am to make a holy show of myself, too?"

"Unfortunately not," replied Archibald. "This is the only parsonical outfit that I can find; probably it is what the Flick wears on Sunday. It 's a pity; if we could have found another, we might have gone on the music-hall stage together and called ourselves the Heavenly Twins. We could have worked up the Thirty-Nine Articles into a cross-talk dialogue—"

"Do you mean to say there are no more clothes in the house?" demanded the exasperated James, who was in no mood to bandy irreverences.

"There is nothing in the dressing-room; but root about a bit in the larder or the hen-house, and you may find something. In the last extremity you can lunch in that bath-towel. Meanwhile I will lay the table."

Archibald bounded down-stairs, his coat-tails flying. The disconsolate James tried another door. This time he found himself in what was plainly the spare bedroom. The blinds were drawn; the bed was draped in a dust-sheet; the jug stood upon its head in the basin. Under a heap of clerical vestments in the wardrobe he discovered an old blue flannel suit, evidently a relic of the Flick's secular existence. With this he returned to the dressing-room, and, having helped himself to a cricket-shirt and a pair of socks, proceeded to invest himself in his borrowed plumes. They were a tight fit, for James was a large man.

"I wonder what that lunatic is doing down-stairs," he mused. "I hope he has made up the kitchen fire, so that we can dry our things. I can't face Dolly in this rig. Hallo! What 's that?"

From the garden outside came the toot of a motor-horn, then a burring and popping right under the window, then silence.

Down-stairs, Archibald, depositing a

fine ham upon the dining-room table, tiptoed to the window and peeped through the curtain. Outside the front door stood another motor-cycle, this time with a side-car. Within the porch, through the latticework, he could descry two persons. One, a female, was disencumbering her head of a voluminous motor-veil; the other, a male, was ringing the front-door bell.

After a hurried glance at his own ensemble in the mirror over the mantelpiece, Archibald strode into the hall and opened the front door.

"Good morning," he said.

The male caller returned the greeting. He was a slightly built and rather romantic-looking young man, with dark and roving eyes. Archibald's first impression of him was that his hair required cutting.

"I trust you will pardon me," he said, "for coming to the door myself; but"—a new inspiration came upon him as he spoke—"my servant is up-stairs."

"Are you the incumbent of this parish?" inquired the young man in a rather hectoring voice.

"I am his *locum-tenens,*" replied Archibald, blandly. "Won't you come in?"

All this while the girl in the motor-veil had stood silent, with her large, blue eyes fixed rather apprehensively upon Archibald. She had a baby face and an abundance of fair hair. Archibald mentally diagnosed her as an impressionable infant, without sufficient knowledge or discrimination to be aware that one must never be seen in public with a young man whose hair requires cutting.

He ushered his visitors into the study. Even as he crossed the hall he was aware of the agitated and inquiring countenance of James, suspended in mid-air, like Mohammed's coffin, over the banisters of the upper landing.

"And now," he inquired, taking up his rôle with great gusto, as the couple seated themselves upon the sofa, "what can I do for you this lovely summer day?"

He leaned back in the Flick's swing-chair, smiling paternally. He was picking up the clerical manner very readily, he thought. That bit about the summer day was capital.

The young man with the long hair gave a staccato cough.

"We desire," he said, "that you should marry us."

"Quite so," replied Archibald, aware of a slight shortness of breath. "Er—to each other, I presume?"

The young man, after a brief stare, nodded his head.

"And when would you like the ceremony to take place?" continued Archibald, instinctively playing for time.

"At once," said the young man.

Archibald turned inquiringly to the girl.

"Is that also your wish?" he asked, smiling.

The girl, crimson to the collar of her blouse, whispered:

"Yes, please."

Up-stairs, pandemonium.

"I tell you it 's little Dolly Venner!" reiterated the distracted James, upon whose toilet Archibald had broken in with the news of the emergency. "My girl! And she 's doing a bolt with that long-haired bounder!"

"What is his name?"

"Lionel Gillibrand or something. I don't know much about him, but he has been hanging round her ever since she and I had a row last November."

"Oh, you had a row, had you?" said Archibald, becoming severely judicial. "What was it about?"

"I 've no notion. You know what girls are. We were half engaged, but only half; and I suppose I took things too much for granted. Anyhow, we had a bit of a turn-up, and she bunged me out for good and all. I have n't seen her since, and being down here with you, and knowing she would probably be at the tennis party, I had meant to go over to Tuckleford to-day and try to get her to make it up. And now she 's eloping with a fellow like an Angora goat!"

The unhappy young man raised clenched hands to heaven.

"Nothing could be more fortunate," remarked Archibald, calmly. "Your jacket will go under the arms if you do that, old son."

"Fortunate? What do you mean?"

"I purpose," announced Archibald, with great cheerfulness, "to extricate your little friend from her present predicament."

"Predicament? She 's doing it of her own free will."

"She may have started out of her own free will, but she 's scared to death now. This marriage shall not take place."

"What are you going to do? Refuse to marry them?" inquired James, with gloomy sarcasm.

"No, I don't think I shall refuse. If I do, they will only go to some one else, which would be a pity, because some one else might marry them, which I, not being a parson, can't do in any circumstances. Ergo, she is safest in my hands."

"That 's true," admitted James, more hopefully. "What are you going to do?"

"I have n't the faintest notion," replied Archibald, serenely, "but I have no doubt that something will occur to me. For the present I shall temporize. It won't do to put that little person's back up. I should say she was the sort who would cut off her nose to spite her face."

"She is," agreed James, with feeling.

"Meanwhile," continued Archibald, "I have invited them to luncheon. I shall probably think of something during the meal. I 'm afraid I can't ask you to join us—in the circumstances. But you shall come in and wait."

"Wait?" gasped the horrified James. *"Wait?"*

"Yes. It would add a spice of excitement to the proceedings. It is most unlikely that she will as much as look at you, much less recognize you: she is far too agitated to notice anything. Still, she might; and that is where the excitement would come in. You need n't play about the room. Just come in to clear away, and so on. I shall disguise you a little. There is a pair of blue spectacles lying on the study table,—Flick must have taken to glasses,—you can wear them. You might also wear a handkerchief tied round your jaw, and I 'll explain that you have got toothache or leprosy or something."

"How long is this tomfool entertainment to go on?" inquired James, bitterly.

"Till I think of something better, or until the Old Flick turns up. Well, come along when you 're ready."

Leaving his indignant friend to splutter out impotent refusals, the irresponsible Archibald descended the stairs in a restrained ecstasy of joyous anticipation, and entered the study with a benevolent smile. The lovers were holding hands upon the sofa.

"Now for luncheon," he said genially. "Lenten fare, I fear, but a warm welcome goes with it."

"This is not Lent," Mr. Gillibrand pointed out. He was a precise young man, besides having long hair.

"Some of us," said Archibald, gently, "keep Lent all the year round, Mr. Gillibrand."

Luncheon, considering the disasters which might have occurred, passed off surprisingly well. The distrait Dorothy seldom lifted her eyes from her plate, and entirely failed to pierce the disguise or even note the presence of her late beloved. James took courage. Held bound by a melancholy fascination, he remained constantly in the room, handing bread and ham and stone ginger, but refraining from speech.

"Had you a pleasant ride, Mr. Gillibrand?" asked Archibald.

"We had a fairly swift one, thanks," replied Mr. Gillibrand, languidly. "I wish I had had my car, though, instead of a hired motor-cycle. Still, we were doing thirty-five or forty through that last ten-mile limit, I should think."

"Leo is a dreadfully reckless driver," said Dorothy, with timid admiration. "I was terrified."

She smiled in a half-hypnotized fashion at the intrepid Leo, who replied with a proprietary ogle. Archibald disliked him more and more. He wore short side-whiskers, after the ultra-chic mode of the moment, together with a peculiar tie of art silk which was fastened in a large bow, after going twice round his neck and crossing at the back. He looked like what he was, an unsuccessful compromise between Chelsea and Montmartre.

"Forty miles an hour!" exclaimed Archibald, shaking a playful finger. "What will my parishioners say? I hope you did not run over any of them."

"We got two or three ducklings outside a cottage about a mile from here," replied the daredevil Gillibrand, nonchalantly. "A bumpkin of a policeman saw us, and had the impudence to blow his whistle."

"You ought to have stopped, Leo," said Dorothy.

Mr. Gillibrand replied with a languishing smile, which brought a blush to Dorothy's cheek and nearly converted a chocolate "shape," which James was handing

round, from a comestible into a missile. Simultaneously inspiration came to Archibald.

"Now, my dear young people," he announced, leaning back in his chair and fitting the tips of his fingers together after the traditional manner of stage clerics, "with regard to the—ah—pleasant ceremony which is to take place this afternoon, I have already explained to you that certain formalities will be necessary—connected with a special license, and Doctor's Commons, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and so on. Mere matters of form; but you know what red tape is! John!"

James, a little uneasy at being directly addressed, came to attention.

"Bring me the telegraph-forms from my desk, please," said Archibald.

"I purpose to telegraph to his Grace for the necessary permission," he explained as James departed. "As I say, it is a purely mechanical business; I need not even give your names. Thank you, Ja—John. Put on your hat, like a good fellow, and be ready to take this telegram to the village. Let me see: Cantuar, London, is sufficient address, I think. Now for the message." He scribbled a sentence, and handed the form to his dazed friend. "Can you read it, John?"

James glanced through the message. It said:

"Tell village policeman that man who ran over ducklings is here."

"Is that clear, John?" asked Archibald.

James uttered a muffled sound, and departed.

"A strange, reticent fellow," explained Archibald to his guests; "but a heart of gold, and suffers terribly with his tonsils. Shall we go into the garden? The birds are singing. Lovely, is it not?"

He cooed, and rose to his feet.

"The answer to the telegram," he said, "should be here within the hour, leaving ample margin for the ceremony. I also expect a clerical friend about that time. Doubtless he will be glad to assist me, and so make assurance doubly sure."

He led the way into the garden, comporting himself meanwhile in a manner suggestive sometimes of the Rev. Robert Spalding, sometimes of Mr. Fairchild, sometimes of a sprightly and well-nourished lamb. He was still in a condition of utter ignorance as to how this escapade was to end; but he intended, if all else failed, to heap the solution of the problem upon the unsuspecting shoulders of the Old Flick. Meanwhile, he calculated, the village policeman would add an artistic element of complication to the day's entertainment.

Suddenly, as he strolled with his guests down an aisle of high hollyhocks, he heard a crunching sound upon the gravel. Across the hollyhocks he perceived a small governess-cart, drawn by a fat, gray pony, grinding its way round the corner of the house in the direction of the stable. The driver of the cart had his back turned, but Archibald could see that he wore a soft, black clerical hat.

The Old Flick! The *deus in machina!*

"I rather fancy that is my dear friend Windrum," he said. "Permit me to leave you for a moment. You have doubtless much to discuss." He smiled archly. "The raspberries are at your disposal."

With a pontifical gesture of farewell Archibald turned and stalked majestically in the direction of the house. This would be a surprise for the Old Flick!

He entered the house softly. Before him in the hall stood the tall, black-coated figure of the gentleman to whom he was acting as understudy. His back was turned, and he was gazing dumbly through the dining-room door at the debris of the recent feast.

His attention was distracted from the spectacle by a shattering blow in the spine, followed by a thunderous greeting in a hearty voice.

He whirled round. He was not the Old Flick at all.

"Good afternoon," said Archibald, with a seraphic smile. "I consider it very kind of you to have called. Come into the study, won't you?"

The stranger, a severe-looking man of about fifty, wearing spectacles over which his beetling brows bent threateningly, followed the hospitable Archibald into the study, and shut the door with great deliberation.

"My name," he said, "is Septimus Pontifex."

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance, Pontifex," said Archibald, cordially. And reaching down a box from the mantelpiece, he offered Septimus one of his own cigarettes.

"May I inquire," said Mr. Pontifex in a low, vibrating voice, "what you are doing in my house?"

"Your house? Come, I like that!" replied Archibald, with an indulgent smile.

"You are pleased to be facetious, sir," retorted Mr. Pontifex, angrily. His spinal chord was still quivering from Archibald's playful slap. "If this house is not my actual property, it is mine in effect so long as I remain Mr. Windrum's *locum-tenens.*"

So that was it! Archibald surveyed the swelling figure before him thoughtfully. He had better explain at once. No; on second thought he would wait a little. This was evidently a quarrelsome and inhospitable fellow, very different from the Flick, unworthy of great consideration. What would be a good way—

He was recalled from his meditations by the alarming demeanor of Mr. Pontifex. For the last half-minute his gaze had been concentrated upon a small, crimson, circular object upon the right-hand leg of Archibald's trousers. It was a spot of sealing-wax. Now he pointed a trembling finger, and almost screamed:

"What do you mean, sir, by wearing my clothes? I recognize my trousers; do not deny it! I spilt that sealing-wax last night. I *know* they are mine."

"Really, Pontifex, really!" expostulated Archibald, gently. "I had heard stories, of course, but I had no idea it was as bad as this. No wonder the dear bishop was getting anxious! My poor friend, can't you do anything—anything? My heart bleeds for you."

He shook his head mournfully.

For a moment Pontifex gazed at him in speechless amazement, and then turned and walked swiftly out of the room and up-stairs. Presently he could be heard overhead, seeking confirmatory evidence in his rifled dressing-room.

Archibald lit a cigarette and waited.

Presently Septimus Pontifex came striding down-stairs again. He stood in the doorway.

"You are a thief, sir," he announced, "and an impostor. I do not know who you are or where you come from, but I presume that the motor-bicycle which I noticed in the stable is yours. I shall now lock you in here, and send for a constable."

"Do not put yourself to such trouble, my dear Mr. Pontifex," replied Archibald. "I have already done so."

He led the bemused Pontifex to the window.

"In fact," he added, "I think I see him coming."

DOROTHY was still enough of a child to appreciate being let loose among the raspberry-canes. But this afternoon her appetite was gone, which was not altogether surprising. Eloping is like riding a bicycle: you must go full speed ahead all the time, or you will begin to wobble. Dorothy was of a romantic disposition and barely twenty. She had been attracted by Mr. Gillibrand's dark eyes and lofty soul, and the fact that a peppery papa and a Philistine elder brother had described her Galahad as an effeminate young puppy and a mangy little swine respectively had been quite sufficient to persuade her that she loved him to distraction. But, as already indicated, you cannot take an elopement andante. Dorothy was wobbling badly. The sunny, peaceful garden did not soothe her at all. She wanted to cry.

Furtively, almost fearfully, she peeped through the surrounding foliage in search of her beloved. He was wandering—one had almost said slouching—among the rose-beds. Suddenly he raised his head and gave a startled glance in the direction of the house. Then he ducked, and running with incredible swiftness in the attitude of a red Indian on a war-trail, dived into a rhododendron-bush and disappeared from sight.

Dorothy was too astounded to move or even cry out. Then she heard the thump of elephantine feet moving deliberately over the grass, and the next moment there appeared before her a policeman, the largest policeman she had ever seen.

Now, although we are pleased to be humorous upon the subject of policemen in music-hall songs and the like, it is in a spirit of pure bravado. Secretly we are all afraid of policemen; our upbringing at the hands of unscrupulous under-nurses has insured that. Whether we are stealing jam or engaging in an elopement, the policeman is ever in our thoughts. Dorothy trembled guiltily.

The policeman addressed her. He was a stout, jolly-looking man, and in his leisure moments was much in request as a

minder of the baby. He was painfully aware of this infirmity, and in the execution of his duty endeavored to nullify it by assuming an air of intense importance and solemnity. He spoke in a deep monotone, and his language was formal and official.

"Afternoon, miss. I am informed that the gentleman what passed through Popleigh village about twelve-thirty P.M. today, riding a motor-cycle with side-car attached, is on these premises. Can you give me information as to his whereabouts?"

"He is somewhere about the garden, I think," gasped Dorothy.

The policeman thanked her, and passed on.

Dorothy watched him out of sight, and then turned and ran blindly. Leo was in deadly danger. Where was her kindly host? He must be informed at once. Perhaps he would be able to confound the policeman with a telegram from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

She fluttered breathlessly round the corner of a hedge, and ran straight into the arms of Mr. James Pryor. He no longer wore spectacles or bandages.

Dorothy started back, with a hysterical little cry.

"Jim!" she whispered. *"You?"*

"Yes," said Jim, simply, "just me."

Dorothy gave him both her hands.

"Jim dear," she said, "I 'm in trouble. I 'm frightened."

James looked round, and espied an adjacent summer-house.

"Step into the consulting-room," he said.

The Rev. Septimus Pontifex, too bewildered to speak, walked giddily across the grass. Archibald accompanied him. Ten yards behind, cautiously came an elderly female carrying three dead ducklings.

The policeman had just extracted Lionel Gillibrand from the rhododendron-bush, and having produced a note-book and pencil from the interior of his tunic, was embarking upon a searching, but stereotyped, inquiry into his prisoner's identity and antecedents.

"Your name and address?" he repeated.

"You have no right to ask me," persisted Lionel, uneasily. "The law cannot touch me in this matter."

"Your name and address?" reiterated the policeman, with the steady insistency of a man who has the whole British Constitution at his back.

"You had better give it, Mr. Gillibrand," advised the apoplectic clergyman.

Lionel complied sulkily.

"I say again," he added, "that the law cannot touch me in the matter. There was no compulsion or undue influence. It was a purely voluntary act."

The policeman, determined not to be obfuscated by irrelevant verbiage, plowed on.

"I must ask you to show me your license," he said.

In a flash Lionel's courage came back.

"Certainly," he replied triumphantly. "I have a special license."

The policeman scratched his ear in a puzzled fashion, and then resorted to sarcasm.

"Special?" he said slowly. "What may a special license be? Does it include liddle ducklin's?"

It was Mr. Gillibrand's turn to be puzzled.

"Ducklings?" he repeated, then added with sudden fury, "Are you referring to my future—"

"I 'm referrin'," said the policeman, doggedly, "to your license."

"I tell you I have a special license," shouted Lionel—"coming from the Archbishop of Canterbury." He turned to Archibald. "Have you got the telegram yet, sir?" he inquired feverishly.

"Not yet," replied Archibald.

"Touchin' this license," persisted the unimpressed policeman, "I don't see what the Archbishop of Canterbury has got to do with liddle ducklin's. But, Mrs. Challice, will you step this way?"

The elderly female with the corpses, who had been standing respectfully aloof, glided mechanically forward.

"I was a-sittin' outside of my door, sir—" she began rapidly to Archibald.

"You will be charged—" announced the policeman to Mr. Gillibrand.

"Hallo, what 's that?" exclaimed Archibald.

From the drive before the front door came a whirring and a popping.

"It 's my motor-cycle!" screamed Lionel.

"B.F., seven-oh-two," corroborated the

policeman, grimly. "I 've got your number. Here, *stop!*"

Gillibrand tore across the grass in the direction of the drive, with the policeman hard upon his heels, followed, *longo intervallo,* by the owner of the ducklings. He arrived in time to see his motor-cycle, carrying two passengers, swing out of the vicarage gate to the road, and speed away, with one derisive toot, in the direction of Tuckleford and home.

Still he ran—

THE two clerical gentlemen were left face to face. Mr. Pontifex cleared his throat and began at once.

"Sir," he said, "I insist upon an immediate explanation. You have broken into my house, you are masquerading in my clothes, you have apparently entertained a party of friends to luncheon in my dining-room—you have now involved me in a grotesque and inexplicable brawl between a village policeman and an escaped criminal, to whom you have apparently promised a dispensation from the Archbishop of Canterbury. If you can explain all these circumstances, I shall be extremely grateful to you."

Archibald laid a sudden hand on Mr. Pontifex's shoulder, and smiled upon him frankly and disarmingly.

"Sir," he said, "you are right. I owe you both explanation and apology. My name is Archibald Wade, and I have the reputation among my friends of being an irresponsible lunatic. If you wish for corroboration on this point, I refer you to our common friend Windrum, whose duties you appear to have undertaken for the moment."

"For a month, to be precise. He is away on holiday."

Thereupon Archibald told the whole story. He was a born raconteur, be it said. Long before he had finished, the severity of Mr. Pontifex's expression relaxed; his austere features twitched; his eyes began to twinkle behind his spectacles; and ultimately he was constrained to sit down upon a rustic bench and have his laugh out.

He was still laughing when the policeman returned, leading Lionel captive.

"I 've got him, gentlemen," panted the policeman. Then, severely, to his prisoner: "Trying to escape amounts to resisting of the police in the execution of their duty. That makes things more serious." Out came the note-book once more. "You will now be charged with driving through Popleigh village to the common danger, exceeding the speed limit, running over three liddle ducklin's, refusing to stop when requested to do so by a police officer, and resisting of the police by trying to run away."

"Do you mean to say," Gillibrand inquired slowly, "that that is all?"

"Enough, too," rejoined the policeman.

"But I thought you—"

Here Archibald intervened swiftly.

"Yes," he said, regarding Mr. Lionel Gillibrand steadily between the eyes, "that is all. If you have anything else on your conscience—well, forget it! See?"

Gillibrand was a poltroon, but he was no fool. He took the hint.

"All right," he said sulkily. Subsequently he was merely fined forty shillings and costs by an unromantic bench for running over three "liddle ducklin's" in Popleigh village.

Dorothy's name never came into the matter at all, and to this day her share in the transaction is known only to four persons, Archibald, Mr. Pontifex, Gillibrand, and her husband

BIPLANE No. 2

BY DONN BYRNE

Author of "Slaves of the Gun," etc.

THE burly sergeant of sappers gave the propeller a few violent twists, and jumped quickly on one side. The propeller revolved with a weird flapping that turned to a quick, loud hum and then to a buzz as of a myriad hornets. A little bugler ran alongside for a few yards; then the biplane rose.

From the firing-line a mile and a half ahead the rifles sounded like the ripping of a gigantic piece of silk. Orderlies' horses drummed the ground on their way to and from the commander-in-chief's headquarters. The report of the nine-inch gun burst like claps of thunder. As the biplane passed, a squad of artillerymen looked up and cheered. From one hundred yards below their cheer resembled the thin shouting of boys.

Stanton looked at his pilot huddled over the steering-wheel. In his thick woolen hood he had the appearance of an immense gray rat. The aëroplane went up steadily like a mounting bird.

They were to reconnoiter the enemy whose position they were attacking, and report by wireless. They were to make a general reconnaissance of the firing-line and of the reserves, and to find out where the definitely intrenched works lay.

It was Stanton's first aëroplane reconnaissance in combat, and he felt confident. He had examined his machine and wireless equipment thoroughly before starting. His pilot was one of the best fliers of the corps.

They were rising steadily still, going up in spirals. The clamor of fighting had faded into a faint murmur. There was a tang of gunpowder in the air. The machine quivered like a ship at sea.

They had now gone up three thousand feet. The pilot swung round in a circle and flew eastward. The sun was directly overhead. The quiver gave way to a fierce shaking and jolting. The motor chugged with hoarse, vibrant coughings. The framework of the machine rattled like a cart over a stony road. They were flying easily. Little puffs of wind struck them from time to time with playful buffets. There was an undulation from right.

The machine again began to mount steadily, and the pilot swung to the right. He throttled the motor and volplaned in a long gliding swoop. Then Stanton looked downward.

There was an immensity of green in wide, rolling billows and in little hills and hummocks. Here and there it swirled into a clump of trees or a group of houses. A village stood in the distance like the center of a whirlpool.

As they came nearer, Stanton could distinguish the batteries and guns and massed reserves, and then he saw the firing-line like a piece of loosely laid rope stretching ten miles. He saw the redoubts and batteries breaking it up into a grotesque pattern that a child might have conceived at play. Over it all there hung a faint bluish haze.

He got out his binoculars and swept the position. Along the flanks he could see dark blotches that were dismounted cavalry, and far in the rear the lines of ammunition and supply and hospital wagons massed like a little city. Between the flanks and the firing-line there were dark splashes that were reserves, and there were the huge nine-inch guns, and little black dots running to and fro in circles. It looked like jumbled pieces in an immense puzzle.

The biplane was rushing forward. The landscape flashed by underneath in a hazy blur. They wanted to get a general view of the field before reconnoitering in detail.

Stanton turned to his wireless and reported he was above the firing-line. He carried half a dozen carrier-pigeons in case of accident to the wireless. He glanced around at their cage. A gray tumbler returned his look with a pert, shining eye.

He felt somehow laden down with the importance of his mission. For one man to report on the position of an army of fifty thousand men with their horses and material of war seemed absurd. He wished he could talk to the pilot, but the noise of the motor and the rattle of the framework made it impossible.

And somehow he felt, too, that this should not be done, this spying from above. It seemed as though an unfair advantage were being taken. It was as though one kicked an opponent in the shins in a boxing-match. It was not playing the game.

The pilot throttled the motor and dropped a thousand feet. The air rushed upward in a steady blast. The canvas wings of the biplane shuddered with a creaking rustle.

Stanton could now see the firing-line plainly. With his binoculars he could distinguish every man. They cuddled into the long trench, and fired like so many automata. They shoved fresh clips of cartridges into their magazines and changed the sights mechanically. Officers dashed back and forward behind the men, shouting and gesticulating.

From time to time something would pass underneath that flashed as it went toward the redoubts. Shrapnel would shoot over in a long graceful curve, hang for a moment in the air, and burst in a flaming crimson rosette. The shells seemed to radiate sheaves of flame.

And there would be a long gap in the firing-line. The little black figures were scattered as though they had been thrown carelessly out of a box. Some lay on their faces as if asleep, some sprawled on their backs as if taking the sun, some were curled up like dogs dozing, and some figures were incomplete.

Then the corps would hurry along with their stretchers and take the huddled figures and bundle them in and hurry off. And a squad of reserves would come to take their places, and all would be as before.

The biplane had reached the middle of the line and was flying steadily forward. Occasionally a current of air brought them some of the din that was going on underneath. Once it was a sound as of drums beating, and a second time it was a crash as of a great house falling, and a third time they heard a shell burst with a thunderous roar.

But these noises came seldom. Most of the time they heard nothing. The figures and action moved as in a cinematograph.

In the distance Stanton could see the firing-line of the attack. They lay on their stomachs in the short grass and crept forward. The line seemed to bulge and curve like the writhing of a giant worm.

Occasionally a platoon would dash to its feet and rush forward for fifty yards. Then they would fall flat and begin firing. Stanton could see the officers shouting, and throwing out their arms like semaphores. He could see the platoon leaders raise their whistles to their mouths. He could hear neither order nor blast. From the muzzles of the guns there came pinpoints of bright yellow fire.

The firing-line was losing heavily. Men were dropping all around. Some of them would spring to their feet, straighten themselves out with a jerk, and topple backward. Others would struggle to their knees, and collapse in limp, shapeless heaps. Others would lie down across their rifles as if they were tired and could not go on. Stanton knew they were dead.

The line would close up and move onward. Here and there a platoon of reserves rushed forward and scattered into the vacant places. The men were firing calmly and steadily, thrusting the cartridge-clips firmly into the magazines, and changing the sights of the rifles every third or fourth rush. Occasionally a man left the line and crept back to one of the huddled figures; he would take the dead man's cartridge-belt and dash to his place.

To Stanton there was something lacking. He missed the crackle of the rifles, the shriek of the shells as they passed, and the crash of their explosion. He missed the hoarse shouting of the captains and the yells of agony when the shrapnel burst. He missed the blasts of the whistle and the buglers' call. Below there was no passion of combat. Each man seemed actuated in cold blood to kill some other man. They seemed to calculate silently. There was something horribly sinister about it. His skin contracted at the back of his neck.

The redoubts were perspiring hells. Men rushed to the ammunition-cases and returned, tottering under loads of shrapnel. The men at the howitzers took them eagerly, slapped the shells into the breach, and fired. Flame licked in and out of the

muzzles in little crimson tongues. Occasionally an officer would pick up his field telephone for instructions. They could see him shouting and gesticulating. Then the gunner would change the sights.

The men rushed faster and faster to the ammunition-boxes. The howitzers were like ravenous animals that demanded feeding. Piles of empty yellow cartridge-cases grew beside every gun.

Until now they had been working calmly and collectively. The attack was pressing relentlessly onward. They scurried about like mice that were stalked into a corner by a cat.

A battery of four guns dashed forward behind the firing-line. Stanton could see the six horses at each gun straining like dogs. Their legs curved in the air. Their necks were distended. The riders stood in their stirrups and lashed at their flanks.

The first rider on one of the guns twisted about in his stirrups and dropped his whip. He dived suddenly over his horse's neck. The limber jolted as the wheel passed over him.

A chaplain passed along the firing-line; suddenly he crumpled up and fell forward. An officer tripped over him in running.

The pilot had come to the end of the firing-line and was rising. Stanton turned to his wireless and began rapping out his message. The mechanical tapping of the key soothed him. He was glad he was no longer looking down. He wondered if the grim old chief in his trench would press that terrible attack if he could see the whole panorama of battle.

Stanton doubted if he knew the human end of it at all. To the old marshal war was a thing of blue-prints and telephones, and mechanism that pulsed by well-oiled levers when a trigger was pulled, and struck the cap on a shell with a sharp little hammer. He saw the firing-line only as a long, straight line that advanced relentlessly and that curved around like pincers.

Stanton could picture him standing in his greatcoat, scratching his short gray beard, and waiting while the telegrapher type-wrote the aviator's message.

They were now turning the flank of the line. Stanton could see his own men creep nearer and nearer the glacis. The edge of the line seemed in a frenzy.

The pantomime beneath grew faster. The men's arms moved with jerks as they loaded and fired. Stanton could imagine the glistening beads of sweat on their foreheads, and their cursing as they slammed the cartridge-clips into the magazines.

A machine-gun squad dashed over the line. The men pulled at the spokes of the wheel with short, spasmodic jerks. They trained the gun and began firing. A shrapnel hung in the air for a moment and burst. When the flash cleared, there was a jumble of stiff bodies and twisted steel. One man limped away, using his rifle as a crutch.

The scene grew blurred. The pilot was mounting. Cold air swirled about Stanton's legs. The sun struck at the back of his neck in pin-pricks. The frame of the biplane pulsed with the vibration of the motor. A bird flashed by like a bullet.

Here in the air it was hard to understand the reason for fighting. Stanton could not associate himself with the frenzied troops. Up among the winds it was impossible to conceive the pitting of muscle against muscle. It seemed a petty business. It was like two school-boys punching each other's head. It was as a battle of ants.

The air encompassed the steel fabric of the biplane with a firm, steady grasp. At times it was as if they were gliding down a well-oiled plane, and again as if they had been shot from a rifle, and again as if they were bounding on a spring-board.

Stanton was enjoying himself. Life exuded from every pore. All trammels seemed to have been removed from him. Beneath him lives went out like snuffed candles every time a platoon fired or an artillery-man braced himself against the lever of his gun.

They began dropping in a spiral. The air rushed upward like the blast of a furnace. It whined through the stanchions of the wings. Underneath they saw the masses of cavalry along the flanks of the defense. They stood out in a dark blot. The men were dismounted, ready to jump into the saddle at the bugle. The guns were harnessed to the teams, and the riders were in position, like charioteers waiting the signal to race.

Stanton mapped out their position and began tapping his key. In a few minutes the message would flash from the commander's trench to the batteries, and shells would burst over the massed hussars and

dragoons. Stanton could picture the panic that would follow. Horses would rear and scream in agony, and paw the air with their hoofs. Troops were scattered right and left. The wounded chargers would bolt or fall backward, or sink heavily on their sides. Men would be caught beneath them.

As they veered toward the center of the field, there was a flash, and the first shell broke. In the distance Stanton noticed a dismantled windmill. Groups of officers hung about it. Every minute an orderly rushed from it, and took his saddle with a leap. Figures moved in and out like bees in and out of a hive. An officer stood in the balcony and watched a distant heliograph that twinkled like a lighthouse.

Stanton knew it was the commander-in-chief's headquarters. He wondered what chance there was of dropping a shell over it.

From a clump of trees near the mill six sharp-shooters scurried out. They dropped on their knees and fired upward. Then they sprang to their feet and ran forward, knelt and fired again.

Stanton knew they were aiming at the biplane.

He could n't help grinning. They looked so ridiculous. As the machine whizzed out of range they stood and gaped.

Stanton wondered how they expected to hit a machine moving at fifty miles an hour one thousand feet above them. He noticed an automobile lurching over the grass ahead of them. From above it looked squat like a crab. It swayed from side to side as it advanced.

The chauffeur stopped his machine with a jerk. A couple of khaki-clad figures sprang to the ground and busied themselves with the body of the car. They moved about deftly and quickly. Stanton wondered what they were doing.

They stripped off a canvas cover. A long, black gun thrust its snout skyward. The pilot of the biplane swung around and sped back on his course.

Stanton covered the gun with his binoculars. It crept around on its tripod in a dead line with the biplane. Suddenly the shell shrieked past them.

If it had struck them, Stanton knew, little pieces of steel would have dropped like snowflakes, strips of gray canvas would have eddied among the air currents, and two crushed bodies would have plunged downward in two black streaks.

They were out of range now, but Stanton was badly shaken. He wished he were on earth again.

He would like to have led a company against the trenches. There was some glamour left in a bayonet-charge. The last fifty yards dash, the figures in front rising with clubbed rifles, the minute's panting, sweating, cursing mêlée, that was a man's work.

But this was a battle of mechanisms, the squat, sinister machinery below and the flying racer above. He felt that he was no more than a necessary screw or nut in the fabric.

They had risen well above the field now. The action spread itself out in a definite geometric design. Stanton knew the crisis was at hand.

The attackers had gained the glacis, and were dashing forward in quicker spurts. Another two hundred yards and they would fix bayonets for the final rush. The line was curving about the defense's flank. Cavalry was being massed to support the rush.

The defense had now no time to remove dead or wounded. The stretcher squad had given way to men racing from the wagons with cartridges. As a man fell, his file thrust him aside, and an ammunition-bearer crawled over him to take his place.

Stanton could see that the attackers' artillery was smashing up the defense. The field was spangled with shrapnel. Shells threw up clouds of dirt as they crashed into the redoubts. An ammunition-wagon exploded in a red blotch.

Reserves were hurrying to the firing-line in dense, black swarms. Batteries raced from the center of the field, dismounted, aimed, and fired. Shrapnel burst over a gun as the biplane passed, and Stanton saw a wide, black circle and curling wisps of brownish smoke where the woodwork had taken fire.

The biplane swept backward over the field. The pandemonium of fighting had passed. They whizzed over the reserves. Stanton was looking for the road that was marked on his map.

Squads of sharp-shooters scurried along

the ground and fired upward. They were running as fast as they could, but they seemed to crawl.

To the right, near a clump of trees, a dirigible was anchored. From above it looked like a monstrous caterpillar. It had moved over the attackers' camp the night before under cover of darkness, dropping tons of nitroglycerin, and where brigades of men had been, and accoutred horses, and batteries of shining guns, there were now waste places.

From below came a continual fire upward. They knew that the aëroplane was sending wireless information to headquarters, and that it was directing the terrible fire from the batteries. The sharp-shooters hurried from the reserves. Away in the distance the Krupp gun was racing forward on its automobile.

Stanton was no longer amused at the frenzied scurrying of the sharp-shooters. They gathered below like midgets. He could see little pin-points of flame from the muzzles of their rifles. The pilot made half a circle, and began racing toward the firing-line.

A bullet tore by with a zip. It was like the angry humming of a bee. Stanton noticed little round holes in the canvas wings.

The aëroplane bounded forward like an animal whose feet touched the ground. Once it lurched perilously as it skirted an air-pocket. It righted itself in a moment.

Stanton began tapping his notes. It would be his last message. In a minute and a half they would be over the batteries; in five they would be past their own firing-line; in ten they would descend.

He noticed that the rattle of the frame was not so loud now. The motor seemed to chug with less violence. The pilot throttled his engine and began to volplane. He turned around.

"Bullet through the petrol-tank, sir," he shouted.

Stanton could hear him. The rattle of the frame had given way to a sharp metallic quiver. The tearing force of the air became a gentle fanning.

"Can't you reach the lines?" Stanton asked.

"No, sir; I can only volplane down."

They were now nearing the batteries. If they volplaned, they would drop well within the firing-line.

They were moving forward slowly, using up the last few drops of gasolene. The pilot was still turned, waiting orders.

Behind him Stanton heard the cooing of the pigeons. He leaned back, and opened the bars of the cage. They fluttered out with a quick whir of wings.

They could reach the ground, of course. The pilot was one of the best in the corps. He had raised his goggles, and his keen gray eyes bored through Stanton.

After all, there was no disgrace in being a prisoner of war. What else was there?

The biplane was beginning to settle now. He would have to decide at once. He looked at the pilot's eye again. It was very like the eye of the grim old commander in the trench.

He wondered how he would act. Then he knew.

"Shall I volplane, sir?" asked the pilot.

"No," he said—"no; turn her over."

There would now be no chance for the enemy's mechanics to patch her up. He was glad he thought of that.

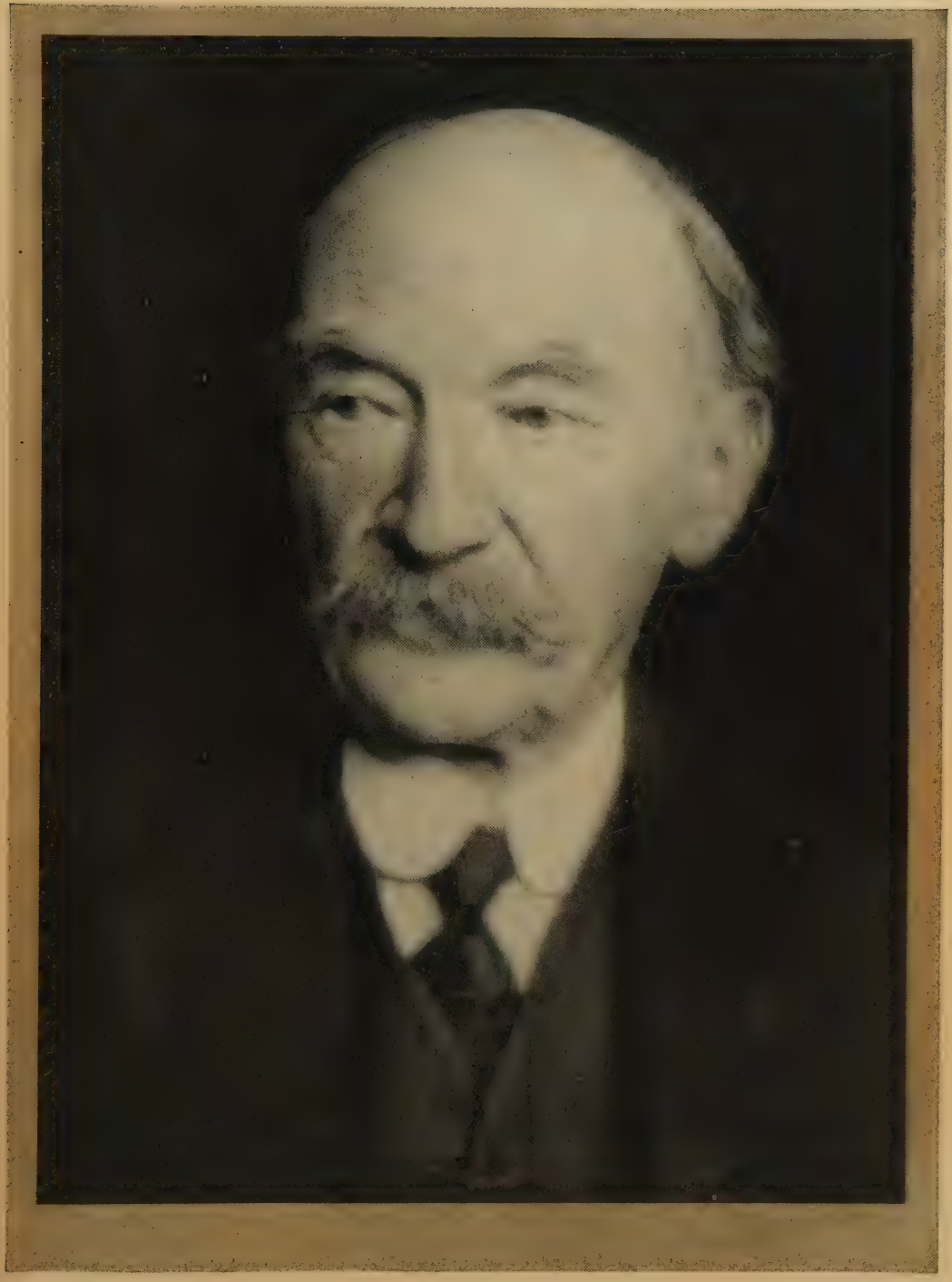
Anyway, if he were leading a charge, there would be an even chance against his life. He wished the wireless were working, so that he could have wired good-by.

The field beneath was floating upward. They sank through the air as into a cushion.

The old general, he knew, would be sorry. He was one of his favorites. If the old chap knew what Stanton was doing, Stanton thought, he would have nodded his head in grim approbation.

The pilot nestled himself in his seat and grasped the steering-wheel. Then he threw himself sidewise with a quick lurch.

Stanton was looking downward. The field swung around like a pendulum. He felt violently sick. He braced himself and looked down again. Batteries, horses, and men flew upward as from a catapult.



Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

THOMAS HARDY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

THE CAR THAT WENT ABROAD

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "Mark Twain, a Biography," "The Ship Dwellers," etc.

THERE are at least two ways to leave Marseilles for the open plain of Provence, and we had hardly started before I wished we had chosen the other one. We were climbing the Rue de la Republique, or one of its connections, when we met coming down, on the wrong side of the tram-line, one of the heaviest vehicles in France, loaded with iron castings. It was a fairly crowded street, too, and I hesitated a moment too long in deciding to switch to the wrong side myself and so sneak around the obstruction. In that moment the monstrous thing concluded to cross to its own side of the road, which seemed to solve the problem. I brought the car to a standstill, and waited.

But that was another mistake; I should have backed. The obstruction refused to cross the tram-track. Evidently the rails were slippery, and when the enormous wheels met the iron they slipped—slipped toward us, ponderously, slowly, and as inevitably as doomsday. I was willing to back then; but when I switched the lever, I forgot something else, and our engine stopped. There was not enough gravity to carry us back without it; neither was there room or time to crank. So there we were, with that mountain closing in upon us like a wall of Poe's uncanny room.

It was fascinating. I don't think one of us thought of jumping out and leaving the car to its fate. The truck-driver was frantically urging his team forward, hoping the wheels would catch, but only making them slide a little quicker in our direction. They were six inches away now, five inches, three inches, one inch, the end of the hub was touching our mud-guard. What we *might* have done then, what might have happened, remains guesswork. What did happen was that the huge steel tire just then reached a joint in the tram-rail and as unhurriedly lifted itself over as if that was what it had been intending to do all the time. I had strength enough left to get out and crank up, but none to spare. There was a little more paint off of the front end of the mud-guard, but that was nothing. I have whetted those guards on a variety of things, including a cow, in my time. At home I had a real passion for scraping them against the door-casing of the garage while backing out.

Still, we were pretty silent for several miles. I had to think up a plausible excuse for getting into that mess, and while I was explaining what I should do the next time, we passed a road that turns off to Arles, and were on the way to Aix, which we had once visited by tram. Never mind; Aix was on the way to Arles, too, and when all the roads are good roads, a few miles more or less of motor travel do not count. Only it is such a dusty way to Aix, and we were anxious to get into the cleaner and more inviting byways.

URBANITIES OF THE ROAD

We were presently at the outskirts, and when we saw a military-looking gentleman standing before a little house marked "l'Octroi," we stopped. I have learned enough French to know that *l'octroi* means toll-house, and it is not considered good form to pass one of them unnoticed. It hurts the *l'octroi* man's feelings, and he is backed by the army of France. He will let you pass, and then in his sorrow he will telephone to the police-station just ahead. There you will be stopped with a bayonet or a club or something, and brought back to the *l'octroi,* where you will pay an "amend" of six francs, also costs, also for the revenue-stamp attached to your bill of particulars, also for any little thing you may happen to have upon which duty may be levied, and also for other things; and you will stand facing a half-opened cell at the end of the corridor while your account is being made up—all of which things happened to a friend of mine who thought because a *l'octroi* man looked sleepy that he was n't proud. Be-

ing warned in this way, we said we would stop for a *l'octroi* man even if he were dead; so we pulled up, nodded politely, smiled, and said, "Bonjoor, Messoor," and waited his pleasure.

You never saw a politer man. He made a sweeping salute, and merely glanced into the car fore and aft, gave another fine salute, and said "Allez"; whereupon we understood, and "allezed," with counter salutes and further smiles.

THE AVENUE TO ARLES

Inquiring in Aix for the road to Arles, we made a discovery; namely, that the name is not always pronounced "Arl" in the French way, but "Arlah," which is Provençal, I suppose, the remains of the old name "Arelate." One young man did not seem even to recognize the name Arles, though curiously it happened that he spoke English—enough at least to direct us when he found it was his Provençal *Arlah* that we wanted.

So we left Aix behind us, and with it the dust, the trams, and about the last traces of those modern innovations which make life comfortable when you need them, and unpeaceful when you want something else. The one great modern innovation which bore us silently along those level roads fell into the cosmic rhythm without jar, becoming, as it seemed, the sort of superhuman activity such as we shall know, perhaps, when we get our lost wings again.

I don't know whether the Provence roads are modern or not. I suspect that they were begun by the Roman armies a good while ago; but in any case they are not neglected now. They are boulevards —no, not exactly that, for the word boulevard suggests great width. They are avenues, then, ample as to width, smooth and hard, and planted on both sides with exactly spaced and carefully kept trees. Leaving Aix, we entered one of these highways, running straight into the open country. Naturally, we did not expect it to continue far, not in that perfectly ordered fashion, but when with mile after mile it varied only to become more beautiful, we were filled with wonder. The country was not thickly settled; the road was sparsely traveled. Now and then we passed a heavy team drawing a load of hay or grain or wine-barrels, and occasionally, very occasionally, we saw an automobile. In America, where good roads are fewer and cars more plentiful, such a road becomes an automobile procession.

It was a fair, fertile land at first. There were rich, sloping fields, vineyards, olive-gardens, and plumy poplars, and an occasional stone farm-house that looked ancient and mossy and picturesque, and made us wish we could know something of the life inside its heavy walls. We said that sometime we would stop at such a place and ask them to take us in for the night. But on reflection we realized that such a request might involve a knowledge of real French, or Provençal, and that it would be well to wait a little—say, a few years —before making it.

Now and then we passed through a village, where the streets became narrow and winding, and were not specially clean. At Salon, a larger and cleaner place, we stopped to buy something for our wayside luncheon. Near the corner of a shaded little square a man was selling those delectable melons such as we had eaten in Marseilles; at a shop on the opposite side of the way was a window full of attractions—little cheeses, preserved meats, and the like. I gathered up an assortment, then went into a *boulangerie* for bread. There was another customer ahead of me, and I learned something, watching his transaction. Bread, it seemed, was not sold by the loaf there, but by exact weight. The man said something, and the woman who waited on him laid two loaves, each about a yard long, on the scales. Evidently they exceeded his order, for she cut off a foot or so from one loaf. Still the weight was too much, and she cut off a slice. He took what was left, laid down his money, and walked out. I had a feeling that the end and slice would lie around and get shop-worn if I did not take them. I pointed at them, and she put them on the scales. Then I laid down a franc, and she gave me half a gill of copper change. It made the family envious when they saw how exactly I had transacted my purchase. There is nothing like knowing the language. We pushed on into the country again, stopped in a shady, green place, and picnicked on those good things for which I had spent nearly four francs. There were some things left over, too; we

could have done without that extra slice of bread.

The sun was dropping to the western horizon, but we did not hurry. I set the throttle to a point where the speedometer registered fifteen miles an hour. So level was the road that the figures on the dial seemed fixed there. There was nothing to see but the unbroken barren, the perfectly regular rows of sycamores or cypresses, and the evening sky, yet I have seldom known a drive more inspiring. Steadily, unvaryingly, silently heading straight into the sunset, we seemed somehow a part of the planetary system, little brother to the stars.

It was dusk when we reached the outskirts of Arles and stopped to light the lamps. The wide street led us into the business region, and we hoped it might carry us to the hotels. But this was too much to expect in an old French, Provençal, Roman city. Pausing, we pronounced the word "Hotel," and were directed toward narrower and darker ways. We had entered one of these when a man stepped out of the shadows and took charge of us. I concluded that we were arrested then, and probably would not need a hotel. But he, also, said "Hotel," and, stepping on the running-board, pointed, and I steered under his direction. I have no idea as to the way we went, but we came out into a semi-lighted square directly in front of a most friendly looking hostelry. Then I went in and aired some of our phonograph French, inquiring about rooms on the different *étages* and the cost of meals, and the landlady spoke so slowly and distinctly that I became vain of my understanding.

So we unloaded, and our guide, who seemed to be an attaché of the place, directed me to the garage. I gathered from some of the sounds he made that the main garage was *complet,*—that is to say, full, —and we were going to an annex. It was an interesting excursion, but I should have preferred to make it on foot and by daylight. We crossed the square and entered a cobbled street—no, a passage—between ancient walls, lost in the blackness above, and so close together below that I hesitated until I remembered with a glow of satisfaction that I was sober. It was a place for armored men on horseback, not for automobiles. We crept slowly through, then came to an uphill corner that I was sure no car without a hinge in the middle could turn. But my guide signified that it could be done, and inch by inch we crawled through. The annex —it was really a stable of the middle ages —was at the end of that tunnel, and when we came away and left the car there I said I should probably never see it again.

MISTRAL

ADJOINING our hotel—almost a part of it, in fact—is a remnant of the ancient Roman forum of Arles. Some columns, a piece of the heavy wall, sections of lintel, pediment, and cornice still stand. It is a portion of the Corinthian entrance to what was the superb assembly-place of Roman Arles. The square is called *Place du Forum,* and sometimes now *Place Mistral,* the latter name because a bronze statue of the "Homer of Provence" has been erected there, just across from the entrance to the forum.

Frédéric Mistral, who died on the twenty-fourth of March, was of course still alive at the time of our visit to Arles. He was the light of modern Provence. We began to realize something of this when we saw his photographs and various editions of his poems in the windows of Marseilles and Aix, and hand-bills announcing the celebration, at St.-Remy, of the fiftieth anniversary of Gounod's score of Mistral's great poem "Mireille." But we did not at all realize the fullness of the Provençal reverence for "the master," as they call him, until we reached Arles. To all Provence Mistral is a god, an Apollo, the "central sun from which other Provençal singers are as diverging rays." Whatever Mistral has touched is glorified. Provençal women walk with a new grace because Mistral has sung of them. Green slopes and mossy ruins are viewed through the light of Mistral's song. A Mistral anniversary is celebrated like a Declaration of Independence or a Louisiana Purchase. They have even named a wind after him. Or perhaps he was named after the wind. Whichever way it was, the wind has taken second place, and the people smile tenderly now, remembering the master, when its name is mentioned.

He loved Provence. When he was awarded the Nobel Prize, he forgot that he might spend it on himself, and bought

and restored an old palace, converting it into a museum for Arles. Then he devoted his time and energies to collecting Provençal relics, and to-day, with its treasures and associations, the place has become a shrine. Everything relating to the life and traditions of Provence is there—Roman sculpture, including one very celebrated Venus, sarcophagi, ceramics, fresco, furnishings, implements; the place is crowded with precious things. Lately a room of honor has been devoted to the poet himself. In it are cases filled with his personal treasures; the walls are hung with illustrations used in his books. On the mantel is a fine bust of the poet, and in a handsome reliquary one finds a lock of hair, a little dress, and the cradle of the infant Mistral. In the cradle lies the manuscript of Mistral's first and greatest work, "Mireille." Provence has produced other noted men, among them Alphonse Daudet, who was born just over at Nîmes, and celebrated the town of Tarascon with his *Tartarin*. But Daudet went to Paris, which was perhaps a sin. Not but that Provence is proud of Daudet,—he, too, has a status at Nîmes,—but Provence worships Mistral.

THE ROME OF FRANCE

THERE is no record of a time when there was not a city at Arles. The Rhone divides to form its delta there, loses its swiftness, and becomes a smooth highway to the sea. We knew little of Arles except that it was a place where there was the ruin of a Roman arena, and we expected not much of that. It was only a little way from the hotel, we were told, and all at once we were right upon it, had entered a lofty arch, climbed some stone stairs, and were gazing down on one of the surviving glories of a dead empire.

What a structure it is! Built about the end of the first century, in the beginning, stags and wild boars were chased and put to death there. But then Roman taste improved. These were tame affairs, after all. So the arena became a prize-ring in which the combatants handled one another without gloves; that is to say, with short swords, and were hacked into a mince instead of mauled to a pulp as in our more refined modern way. To vary the games, lions and tigers were imported and matched against the gladiators with pleasing effect. Public taste went on improving, demanding fresh novelties. Rome was just then engaged in exterminating Christians, and the happy thought occurred to make spectacles of them by having them fight the gladiators and the wild beasts, thus combining business with pleasure in a manner which would seem to have been highly satisfactory to the public, who thronged the seats and applauded and laughed and had refreshments served. Sometimes, when the captures were numerous and the managers could afford it, Christians on crosses were planted around the entire arena, covered with straw and pitch, and converted into torches. These were made night exhibitions, when the torches would be more showy; and the canvas dome was taken away so that the smoke and shrieks could go climbing to the stars. An attraction like that would always jam an amphitheater. This one at Arles has held thirty thousand spectators on one of those special occasions.

Only bulls and worn-out horses are tortured here to-day. It seems a pretty tame sport after those great shows of the past. But art is long, and taste is fleeting. Art will keep up with taste, and all that we know of the latter is that it will change. Because to-day we are satisfied with prize-fights and bull-fights is no sign that those who follow us will not demand sword-fights and wild beasts and living torches. These old benches will last through the ages. They have always been familiar with the sport of torture of one sort or another. They await quite serenely for what the centuries may bring.

We were directed toward the Roman theater, near at hand. But here the ruin is ruin indeed. A flight of rising stone seats, two graceful Corinthian columns still standing, the rest fragments. More graceful, more Greek, in its architecture than the amphitheater, the theater yielded more readily to the corrosions of time and the vandalism of the conquerors. As early as the third century it was partly pulled down. Later it was restored, but not for long. The building bishops came, and wanted its materials and ornaments for their churches. Not much was left after that, but to-day the fragments remaining have been unearthed, and set up, and give a hint at least of its former glory.

One wonders if those audiences who watched Christian slaughter at the arena came also to this chaste spot, and it would be interesting to know what plays they saw. Plays, classic productions, are sometimes given here to-day, I have read, but it is hard to believe that they would blend with this desolated setting. The bull-fight in the arena is better.

Mistral's museum, of which I have spoken, is just across the square, and I must give a word at least to two other such institutions of Arles, the Musée Lapidaire, a magnificent collection of Pagan and early Christian sarcophagi and marble, mostly from the ancient burial-field, the Aliscamps, and the Musée Réattu, named after an Arlesian painter of note. His collections have been acquired by the city of Arles, and installed in one of its most picturesque old buildings, the ancient grand priory of the Knights of Malta. One finds it hard to believe that such museums can be owned and supported by this little city, ancient, half-forgotten, stranded here on the banks of the Rhone.

The population of Arles is given as 30,000. It makes very good sausages, and there are some railway shops that employ as many as 1500 men. Some boat-building may still be done here, too. But this is about all Arles can claim in the way of industries. It has not the look of what we call to-day a thriving city. It seems, rather, a medieval setting for the more ancient memories. Yet it has these three splendid museums, and it has preserved and restored its ruins, just as if it had a J. Pierpont Morgan behind it, instead of an old poet with a Nobel Prize, and a determined little community too proud of its traditions and its taste to let them die.

THE WAY TO AVIGNON

THERE is so much to see at Arles. One would like to linger a week, then a month, then very likely one would not care to go at all. The past would get hold of him by that time. He would leave his automobile standing in that prehistoric stable collecting dust, and go wandering among these ancient streets and more ancient ruins, feeling himself at last a sort of ghost of the vanished years.

There had been rain in the night when we left Arles, much needed, for it was the season of drought. It was mid-morning and the roads were hard and perfect, and led us along sparkling waysides and between refreshed vineyards and gardens and olive-groves, blue mountains always on the right and coming closer, or perhaps it was only that the air was clearer. It seemed a good deal like traveling through Eden, and it may be doubted that the automobilist's heaven is much better.

I wish I could do justice to Provence, but even Mistral could not do that. It is the most fruitful, luscious land one can imagine. Everything there seems good to eat, to smell of, to devour in some way. The vines were loaded with purple and topaz grapes, and I was dying to steal some, though for a few francs we had bought a basket of clusters and other luncheon supplies in Arles. It finally became necessary to stop and eat the things; those grape-fields were too tempting.

THE JOYOUS, ECONOMICAL WAYSIDE LUNCH

I DO not know anything in the world more enjoyable than an automobile roadside luncheon. One does not need to lug a heavy basket mile after mile until a suitable place is found, compromising at last because flesh rebels. With a car, a mile, two miles, five miles is a matter of a few minutes. You run along leisurely until you reach the brook, the shade, the seclusion that invites you; then you are fresh and cool and deliberate. No need to hurry because of the long tug home again.

Furthermore, it is economical. Unless one wants hot dishes, one can get more delicious things in the village shops or along the way than he can find at the wayside hotel or restaurant, and for half the amount. Our luncheon to-day, which we ate between Arles and Tarascon, consisted of tinned chicken, fresh bread with sweet butter, Roquefort cheese, ripe grapes, and some fresh cakes, plenty and all of the best, at a cost of less than a dollar for our party of four. And when we were finally ready to go, and had gathered up and secreted every particle of paper or other refuse, for the true motorist never leaves a place unsightly, we felt as pleased with ourselves and the world, and with the things of the infinite, as if we had paid two or three times as much for a meal within four walls.

It is no great distance from Arles to Tarascon, and leisurely as we traveled, we had reached the home of *Tartarin* in a little while. We were tempted to stop over at Tarascon, for the name has that inviting sound which always belongs to the localities of pure romance—that is to say, fiction. So it has come about that Tarascon belongs more to Daudet than to history, and right across the river is Beaucaire, the name of which, at least, Booth Tarkington has preëmpted as his own. After all, it takes an author to make a town celebrated. At Tarascon we drove slowly, in order to take in a little of the quiet old streets, and presently found the highway to Avignon. It is altogether easy, by the way, to keep to the road in France. You do not wind in and out, with unmarked routes crossing and branching at every turn. You travel a hard, level way, often as straight as a ruling-stick, and pointed in the right direction. Where roads branch or cross there are sign-boards. All the national roads are numbered, and your red-book map shows these numbers, the chances of mistake being thus further lessened.

We had practised a good deal at asking in the politest manner the way to any elusive destination. The book says that in France one generally takes off his hat in making such an inquiry, so I practised that until I got it to seem almost inoffensive, not to say jaunty, and the formula, *"Je vous demande pardon,* but—*quel est le chemin pour—"* whatever the place was. Sometimes I could even do it without putting in the "but," and was proud, and anxious to show it off at any opportunity. But it got rusty with disuse. You can't ask a man *"Quel est le chemin"* for anywhere when you are on the straight road going there, or in front of a sign-board which is shouting the information. I succeeded in unloading that sentence only twice between Arles and Avignon, and once I forgot to take off my hat, and when I did, the man did n't understand me. That was just out of Arles, and I imagine the French up Avignon-way understand their own language better than they do at Arles. Of course no language is a fixed quantity, but is changing every hour, and down at that ancient place they would be likely to get behind. Shakspere has been dead only three centuries, but if he should rise and walk into an English-speaking crowd, he would find himself wallowing in a philological sea.

With the blue mountains always traveling at our right, with level garden and vine-land about us, we drifted up the valley of the Rhone, and found ourselves in mid-afternoon at the gates of Avignon. That is not merely a poetic figure. Avignon has veritable gates and towering, crenelated walls and ramparts, all about as perfect as when they were built, nearly six hundred years ago.

WITHIN THE WALLS OF AVIGNON

We had heard Avignon called the "finest existing specimen of a medieval walled city," but somehow one does not realize such things from hearing the mere words. We stopped the car to stare up at this overtopping masonry, trying to believe that it had already been standing there three hundred years when Shakspere was writing plays in London. Those are the things we never really believe. We only acknowledge them, and go on.

Very little of Avignon has overflowed its massive boundaries; the fields were at our backs as we stood in the great portals. I say stood, because we noticed the word "l'Octroi" on one of the towers. But, as before, the *l'octroi* man merely glanced into our vehicle and waved us away. Some day, perhaps, we shall know what he was looking for, though, after all, the mystery may be more interesting.

We were facing a wide, shaded avenue of rather modern, even if foreign, aspect, and full of life. We drove slowly, looking, as we passed along, for one of the hotels set down in the red-book as "comfortable, with modern improvements," including *"gar, grat,"* that is to say, "garage gratis," such being the custom of this land. Narcissa, who has an eye for hotels, spied one presently, a rather imposing-looking place with a long, imposing name. But the management was modest as to terms when I displayed our T. C. de F. membership-card, and the *"gar, grat"*—this time in the inner court of the hotel itself—was a neat place, with running water and a concrete floor. It was not very ancient for medieval Avignon, but one can worry along without antiquities in a hotel.

We did not hurry in Avignon. We

only loitered about the streets a little the first afternoon, practising our French on the sellers of postal-cards. It was a good place for such practice. If there was a soul in Avignon besides ourselves with a knowledge of English he failed to make himself known. Not even in our hotel was there a manager, porter, or waiter who could muster an English word. I don't see how an unaccomplished person could get along there. He would have to do like the lady I once saw in a Chinese restaurant. She wanted bread to eat with her chop-suey. The Chinaman did not know bread by that name, so she said it quite loudly for him. Still he did n't seem to get it, so she spelled it for him, *"Bread,* you know—b-r-e-a-d, bread." That of course made it quite clear. At all events, she got the bread, though she got a spoon, a napkin, a fried egg, and a cup of tea first. I forgot to try that in the little shop I went into for a shawl-strap. It was a leather place, but I could n't remember "shawl" and I could n't remember "strap." I could point to straps of another kind on the wall and make circular motions with my hands, but I got only a leather belt. Then I did the carrying motion, and got a suitcase. This was getting warmer, and I took a pencil and made a drawing. The clerk looked at it from different angles, and finally went and brought out two preserved snake-skins. The case required heroic treatment. I began to take off my coat, and he began to get behind the counter. But when he saw me take the belt and put it around the coat and go through the motion of carrying it, he came out smiling. He had plenty of those things. He called them *courroie—"courroie du châle."* It came out all right, but not every one would have my talent for sign-language.

IN THE CITADEL OF FAITH

We are not very thorough sight-seers. We do not take a guide-book in one hand and a pencil in the other and check the items, thus cleaning up in the fashion of the neat, businesslike tourist. We seldom even have a program. We just wander out in some general direction, and make a discovery or two, and look it over, surmise about it, and pass judgment on its artistic and historical importance, just as if we knew something of those things; then when we get to a quiet place we take the book and look up what we have seen, and quite often, with the book's assistance, reverse our judgments and go back and get an altogether new set of impressions, and keep whichever we like best. It is a loose system, to be recommended only for its variety. But the procedure was somewhat different at the palace of the popes. We knew where we were going then, for we saw its towers looming against the sky, and no one could mistake that pile in Avignon. Furthermore, we paid a small fee at its massive arched entrance, and there was a guardian, or guide, to show us through. It is true he spoke only French, —Provençal French,—but two gracious Italian ladies happened to be going through at the same time, and, like all cultivated people of the Continent, they spoke a variety of tongues, including American. The touch of travel makes the whole world kin, and they threw out a line when they saw us foundering, and towed us through. It was a gentle courtesy which we accepted with thankful hearts.

We are always saying how small the world is, and we had it suddenly brought home to us at the end of our tour of the palace. We had turned to thank our new friends and to say good-by. One of them said, "You are from America: perhaps you might happen to know a friend of ours there," and she named one whom we did know very well indeed—one, in fact, whose house we had visited only a few months before. How strange it seemed to hear that name from two women of Florence there in the ancient city of Avignon, under those everlasting walls!

THE OUBLIETTE[1]

(BEING ANOTHER OF FRANÇOIS VILLON'S NIGHTS)

BY GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

Author of "Shadows," "The Romaunt of the Rose," etc.

PICTURES BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

I

THE night of the Consecration of the Candles, the night of the Purification of Our Lady, the second night of the second month of 1462. Candles by the dozen, the score, the gross, the hundredweight, in gold and silver, brass and copper, stone and pewter. In the *ville,* tiny perfumed tapers, like the fingers of the lovely ladies who lighted them; in the abbeys, tapers chaste and virginal, like the cold fingers of the nuns; in the churches of the city, cathedral candles chilly and severe, higher toward heaven in that vaulty, drafty air; in the houses of the poor, yellow, squatty dips of tallow, smoky, smelly—more apt to be cursed than consecrated, impossible of purification. To the stranger in the street all were alike, with their sparkling tips and golden gleaming, and the carillon of St. Landry, the choruses of St. Merri, all the brazen voices of all the little saints, and the loud and lofty clangor of Our Lady in her own church of Notre Dame, rang out joyous greeting to them all.

Through the streets wound long processions of acolytes, priests at their heads, choir-boys at their heels; of fasting vestals with virtuous abbesses, gowns and faces as white as their flickering tapers; of gold-laced captains leading their troops; merchants, their apprentices; aldermen, their gilds—all bowed of head and bare of foot, swords gone from scabbards, tucks from girdles, clubs from belts, the army that wielded them an army of lights.

But one by one every light had winked and gone out, every bell had ceased to boom; and the moon, peeping timidly through wreaths of white smoke and finding its million rivals departed, rose high above red roofs and black gables, sheer and sharp-pointed, revealing a later procession, a company of soldiers patrolling a prisoner. As it lighted up the Street of the Lantern, dark save for a candle in the confessional of the church of the Madeleine and a patch of luminous shadow from the Fir Apple opposite, the tavern door had opened suddenly, with a reveler rolling out singing a ribald song.

Master François Villon, observing him, was filled with envy and a gentle melancholy. He, too, might have been drunk and disorderly had he gone to the Pomme de Pin that night instead of remaining at work in his attic. And now he was the prisoner of the procession, soldiers on all sides of him. Ahead strode the officer, his black velvet set off by buttons of gilt, his baldric broidered, his girdle chased. Boots of Cordovan leather wrinkled smartly about his calves; resting upon the embossed hilt of his two-edged sword was a gantlet of white doeskin worked with threads of gold. From the splendor of this person's attire, the poet, who was also a philosopher, salvaged some scant consolation.

"At least they did not send a common fellow for me. Even a sergeant of the watch is dirt to this popinjay. Which would indicate that even in this wretched city there is some one who appreciates poetry." This was said to no one in particular. The poet had exhausted himself in efforts to unriddle the reason for his arrest, the place or person that awaited him. But they paid him the compliment of good listeners, leaving him the conversation, and devoting themselves to their marching. Now they had crossed the Little Bridge, had passed the Point of the Changers, were on the right bank, where in the distance the Fort l'Evêque lighted up the river. Nearer the Grand Châtelet

[1] Published in collaboration with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

darkened it as it darkened the hearts of its prisoners. Of this gloomy pile, as of the university on the bank far beyond, the poet was an alumnus.

"I perceive you are taking me home again," he said, pointing, although his heart was heavy within him. But the procession passed on to gloomy La Grève, where it must detour to avoid the gallows set in the center of the square. As the moon capped the garrets and gables of the town hall, one of the narrow, winding streets became a skein of silver, and an obelisk within the walls of the Cemetery of the Innocents a ghostly guardian. The poet's gaze, leaving this, encountered the pillory of the Halles.

"A cheerful journey," he commented sourly. "Is this your delightful answer regarding what awaits me? We have had a prison, a pillory, a gallows, a cemetery. And now, *bon Dieu!* there is mine ancient enemy, the wheel of the Croix du Trahor. I am to be prisoned, pilloried, broken on the wheel, then hanged and buried. Is that all? Conceal nothing from me."

He faltered. They had come to the caldron of the hog-market. Here coiners were boiled alive; and though his brain evolved more bitter badinage, adding to the forecast of his fate an experience with this grisly calorimeter, he could only lick his lips and eye it silently. On they went through the deserted streets of the dark city. Towers and turrets and the overhanging housetops dripped melted snow; the unpaved streets were mud to the tops of their ankles. A cold wind blew up from the river, hanging sign-boards creaked dismally, and at the arched entrance of an alley dangled a long man. This foolish fellow had amateurishly imitated Cousin Henriot, having executed sentence upon himself for the crime of poverty. His eyes were turned upward to the stone saints of a clock-tower, larger editions of those famous leaden statues that encircled the cap of the king.

"If they can do no better for him in heaven than they did on earth, they had better take up a business they know more about," said Villon, cocking his eye at the dead man's smock, his patched and gaping hosen, his frozen toes thrust through the rags that bound his feet. And then he coughed suddenly, harshly, and loudly.

The Rue St. Martin stretched before them, a wilderness of windows barred and doors bolted. At midnight it was best not only to be within, but to offer no temptation to those without. More than once, as they passed on, the poet's keen eyes distinguished a dark shape that dived deep beneath some semicircular doorway or pointed arch, to crouch close in friendly darkness, as well he knew, and also that teeth chattered, and fingers clenched on club or tuck. Once on a patch of snow within a spear-head railing the poet saw the shadow of a halberd enlarged to the size of a headsman's ax. As they passed the adjoining wall, a lanthorn's orange light fell full upon a fallen man, face downward in a trickling black blot, the owner of the halberd stirring him with its pole, the lantern-bearer with his toe, while others of the night-bird catchers giggled or grinned. Above this brotherhood of man rose the Sisters of God, stately towers of an abbey, with gables like a clump of dark-pointed pines. A light that ever and anon leaped above a line of quavering shadows in the distance, taken with the gaudy sash wound about the waist of the fallen man, told the story. This street led to that Egyptian evil, that open, unbandaged sore upon the city that festered the night, that unholy sanctuary of truands and cutthroats, the Court of Miracles.

It seemed as if fate were combining with his captives to impress upon Villon the little value set upon human life in his Majesty's city of Paris. "Bah! rat-catchers!" he flung behind him.

From the Street of St. Martin across the Rue Tintarget, up that of St. Denis into the broader Rue St. Antoine they passed. If two of these saintly streets were the veins of the *ville* carrying off dirt and scum through such as La Grève and its gibbet, Antoine's was the major artery. Here were ghostly gardens pale in the darkling moon, under trees that waved over housetops like ancient physicians with hands on pulses bidding patients sleep. Here were walls and walls and walls; pointed Gothic arches; porters' lodges over gates; abbeys, great *hôtels,* palaces. In the middle of this city of spires, slim and white and fire-tipped, a Candlemas candle magnified a thousandfold, the Astrologers' Column revealed its far-reaching gardens,

its lighted window-slits, behind which poisons were studied and the secrets of the stars, the beacon of this night-bound shore. Beyond it, in the mighty palace of St. Pol, princes held revelry. Opposite, on the right of the great Antoine artery, rose the palace of the Angoulême prince and the turrets of the Tournelles, a palace brought straight from fairy-land by some jinnee of the lamp, all dark below, but above a grove of gargoyles, a flock of weathercocks, a land of lanterns.

On, on, and on they passed, the moon mocking their speed above forests of shining spires and gleaming gables, their journey's end one that would neither shine nor gleam; one that the sunniest day left as dark as the brow of the Black Man himself, the ugly pile of a Bastille. And then to a shrilling upon the officer's silver whistle, down clanked drawbridge and clanged portcullis, and up passed the procession under the ugly snouts of fire-drakes and other fiery ordnance fowl, up and into the donjon-keep. Flambeaux in cages of iron showed walls sticky with moisture, their sickly green a verdure that knew no health of sun, no light of day.

Beneath one of these flaming links, where a bored officer in a Scotch bonnet of the royal body-guard kicked his heels against the wet walls, his presence proving that the king was within the fortress, the procession changed leaders. Then up again, with a jingle of keys to follow and a jailer in black jerkin and trunk-hose striped with purple to thread the way through chilly passages, to cling ahead to spiral stairways that wound around the king's inclosure. This striped spider paused before a doorway cut into the stones of a low, arched gallery. The door opened inward to the tune of squeaking bolts and shrieking hinges. Villon, to whom none addressed a word even now, bowed his head and bent his back, stumbled down three steps into the dark inclosure, slipped, and fell upon his face. The key turned again, the bolt was shot back and Master Francis, the poet, was honored with a sleeping chamber under the same roof that sheltered Master Louis, the king.

II

His nerves were none of the strongest, and by design, aided by accident, the journey had unmanned him. La Grève, with its ghastly gibbet, the grisly caldron of the hog-market, the wheel of the Trahors cross, the cemetery, the suicide, the slain truand of the Filles-Dieu, were all familiar horrors enough, taken singly, to one of his town and time, especially to him who had written himself in eternal fear of that ill sun that tans when men are dead. But he had never realized their menace so vividly until as a prisoner those silent men led him he knew not whither nor for what. His life had been crowded with offenses against the law. He knew the inside of many prisons; once he had been sentenced to hanging by the neck till he was dead. But the silence, this sinister Bastille, where men were racked apart, buried alive, burned while living! A fit of shuddering took him.

"You are cold. Come to the fire," said a voice from the darkness. The poet leaped as high as any deer done to death, then sank to the straw of the floor, face clutched 'twixt trembling palms. Bars and bolts are valor's mightiest foes, and at this sound from nowhere, this fearsome innuendo of a fire, there uprose, stark and terrible, the wraiths of the old wives' tales: red-hot pincers that tore living flesh, men who hung in chains over the roasting flames; all the terrors of secret dungeons where even Cæsar or Charlemagne would have been daunted and dismayed.

Clenching teeth and fists, Villon forced back his fear and opened his eyes. No horror beset his gaze. It was only that, coming out of the flare of torches into the darkness, he had not seen at the farther extremity of the cell a basket of live coals swinging from an iron crane, its red glow revealing a pallet of straw, a log for pillow, a man wrapped in a long robe, with a face half hidden by its high-peaked hood. He was not a young man or a strong one. Villon took heart, and for the first time since officer and silent squad had entered his garret he remembered that it had been cold all day with a persistent north wind that made it difficult for poets to keep their wits from wandering and their ink from freezing.

So he went forward to the fire, and as he toasted his toes, peered at his fellow-prisoner, who had already paid him that compliment, one, be it said, that the poet

deserved, for his eyes were bright and luminous, his forehead was broad and high. His features were comely and unusual enough to distinguish any countenance in that land of fire and sword, that age of doubt and despair—features seen oftener in the romance country, in Provence and along the Italian border, where the Renaissance was creeping from its cocoon, a brilliant butterfly from an ugly egg.

"I am glad to have your company," said the older man. "It is lonely here. But I am accustomed to loneliness, so it does not matter very greatly. The body can only breathe and eat and sleep, and all those things may be done in a prison."

"Myself, I am benefited by the change," yawned Villon, stretching himself lazily upon the straw. "It was very cold in my garret. There is a fire here. To afford fires, I must go to taverns, sometimes to worse places. Of late I have had a strong disinclination to practise the only paying trade I know. I have been writing my will, in rhyme and reason, fitting into it certain ballads I have composed at other times in the last few years. So my mind has been occupied to the detriment of my body; I have not lain soft or eaten my fill for months. But I had sworn to accomplish this work the last time I enjoyed his Majesty's hospitality. These are troublous times, and 't were ill to die with too much left unsaid. One does not rest quiet in one's grave."

"His Majesty's hospitality?" echoed the other. "You have been here before?"

Villon shook his head.

"Nay, Sir Stranger; I rise in the world. I am recognized. Before I was but a vagabond who snatched a gold scent-box from a bishop's quean, having its need for food and drink. For which the bishop—may the devil dust off for him the hottest spike in hell!—threw me into a dungeon where the high-water mark of the Loire could be measured upon my waist every noon, and all summer long fed me upon moldy crusts, and left me without drink save only that filthy river-water. Oh, hell-hound of a Thibault! oh, lecherous and treacherous D'Aussigny! may the foulest fiend with toe-nails the whitest-hot kick you from one end of the bottomless pit to the other!"

"Blasphemer!" said the other in loud tones, and as he sprang up, Villon saw that his hood was a high-pointed cowl, his mantle a monastic gown, his habit that of a Carthusian monk. His long, skinny hand, outstretched, menaced Villon.

"Who but pestilential rogue or Hussite heretic could so bespeak a prince of the church?" he charged harshly. "Had I known so foul a fellow was to share my solitude, I would have protested. Blasphemer and thief! And unrepentant even in the shadow of death."

It was Villon's turn to leap up and stretch out a threatening hand.

"Sanguelac!" he roared. "Death?" Monk's and poet's eyes met above the glow and glare of the iron basket.

"Death," repeated the monk, solemnly. "Some time since an officer came to me and asked that I prepare a man to die."

"But for *what?*" demanded Villon, frantically. "What is the accusation against me?"

Quickly there ran through his mind the thoughts of his offenses. Had Petit Jean confessed to the robbery at Malamort? Jean had been absent from the taverns these last few days. That had been Villon's only offense since leaving Meung jail; the golden service, sold, had served for food and fire these last two months. But stay! There was the matter of the slain knight on the St. Denis road, slain in self-defense, true, but of that the law took no count when commoner killed nobleman. But how came it? None had seen. All this in the brief instant before the monk answered him.

"Of your crime I know nothing; but, an I understood rightly, your sacrilegious life is done by to-morrow's sunrise. The chaplain of this prison is with the king's confessor in the chapel; the Valois sleeps here to-night. So I am to shrive you, unhappy man. Turn your thoughts to holy things."

As Villon listened, blind rage and terror filled him; but he sat very still, studying the burning coals, for there was a certain pride in him. This monkish fellow who scorned him should see how little a philosopher needed his platitudes, how well a poet, not a thief, could face the fear of death. And though all was black within him, the hold he kept upon himself forced the fear from his face. Yet he spoke not, for his lips seemed frozen.

"I am only the holder of political beliefs that displease the Valois," the monk continued, with seeming pity. "If I die, it will be by cord or poison, secretly, but with honor and glory; for I do only the bidding of my liege lord. Though I misdoubt Louis will dare slay one of my order for fear of the wrath to come. Even so, I fear nothing; I go to a better country. But you—"

"You could scarcely go to a worse one," interrupted Villon, viciously. "You have scorned me as a thief. I am; but a thief in a land of thieves. Better be that, a free thief, than a servant of thieves. I am a scholar of the University of Paris, and because I did not choose to be priest or monk, violating my vows as does this Thibault D'Aussigny with his mistresses and his drunkenness, I must become the jackanapes, the jester, the merry-andrew of some great lord, a teller of lewd tales, a *procureur* to his pleasure. Then I should be honest and sleep soft and well-fed and warm. Some great lord! Examine his pretenses. Go into his villages, his mud-huts, see his villeins with their iron collars, observe the peasants who till God's soil and render him its fruits. And if they resent cold misery and hunger, they are *jacquerie* to be shot down by archers and harquebusiers. If by ill chance a rose grows in some such dung-heap, the first young springal in silk and velvet may carry her off from father or husband; and if they dare resist, they are rebels and food for corbies. Great God! mighty, merciful Lord!" He ground his teeth and spat.

"A thief, you say. But that is because my shoulder has never been augustly honored by the accolade. Had I been belted knight, I might engage in any baron's quarrel. Then calling myself vavasor of one, plunge my hand into the pouch of any in his enemy's fief, carry off his liegemen's precious chattels, sell his serfs into other slavery, burn his house over his head. Or great lords' quarrels being scarce, I hie me to a caravan of merchantmen with offers to protect them from robbers; and they, knowing to refuse means I will gallop ahead and play the robber myself, pay me what I ask. Or if I am a needy seignior with domains through which such caravans must pass, I spy them from my topmost turret, mail me and my men, take horse and collect toll as lord of the highway. And if they are armed and will not, I attack and slay."

He paused for want of breath, for he had spoken loud and violently, shaking clenched fist the while.

"But I am only a scholar, and therefore a sacrilegious scoundrel. I have heard such talk before from many honest men. Honest! Ha! Especially in our sovereign city of Paris, where honest men abound. Louis of Valois calls himself king of it? It is his little joke. There are a hundred kings. The bishop is king of his diocese, the bailiff of his bailiwick, each of the hundred-odd seigniors is a king in his seigniory. Has not each different laws? But to violate any is to be rogue and rascal. And every little king prisons and tortures and hangs, collects highway-fees, and otherwise administers justice. Justice, quotha? The high and the low; and, so to do, must have archers and crossbowmen, swordsmen, axmen, men at arms, cutthroats for captains as well as for foes. And these swagger the streets along with provost's archers and king's guards and the sons of the seigniories, all booted and sworded, and brawl and wench and maim and kill. Let us be thankful for these honest men who defend our good city against such ragged rascals as myself."

He had forgotten the fate that was soon to end all arguments—had forgotten everything except the monstrous injustice of a career that, outside ignominious servitude, had had little choice between starvation and larceny. He was again the orator of the Pomme de Pin, where he, too, was a king; where those who listened —students, housebreakers, picklocks generally, the Coquillards of which he was captain—called themselves the children of Francis Villon, and hoisted him aloft on their shoulders when he burned them up with the fire of his discourse.

"I was poor, and a priest would have me for his successor. He sent me to the university, where I starved and chilled over my studies until I saw other priests, greedy gormands, drunken swine, lewd debauchers. But I dared not forget my fear of God and take the solemn vows they broke so readily. Nor could I foully jest and play the ape to wallow in rich lords' kitchens, much as I love cakes and

ale and all the things of the flesh. I saw my fellow-students who had acclaimed my gift of poesy, who had followed my lead in thought, go back to their seigniories, or to rich abbacies and chaplainships, and since I was too honest to be a priest, must I also be too honest to *live?* So I set up a seigniorship of my own: I took toll of the toll-takers. But I have taken nothing from poorer men; I have stolen only that I might live, and sing the songs that God gave my soul. And so I say, if I am a thief, I am a thief in a time of thieves, a thief in a land of thieves, a better man than those honest fellows who rob the helpless and torture the weak and hang the hungry man."

The Carthusian's chin was between his cupped palms, and his eyes were set upon the poet—disquieting eyes, steady of stare.

"Go to, good man!" said Villon, rudely. "You do not alarm me by your looks. Perchance I am not in the right, but the world is in the wrong. What boots it for the bubble to attempt to go north when the tide goes south? Lay my crimes at the door of law, or, rather, at the feet of the princes of church and state, great lords who have no need to rob and slay. Let *them* show mercy and kindness, and the locks could be wrenched from all the jails, aye, and from men's hearts, too, and all the thieves in France could be lodged in this single Bastille of St. Antoine, the hangman and the headsman set to milking cows. I am to die. Be it so. Then I will soon be judged by the Sieur God. I am glad, very glad, for I am aweary of the judgments of man."

He ceased his speech and stared into the fire. The Carthusian was also silent, studying him. Several times he essayed to speak, but seemingly saw himself ill advised. So the silence endured until a live coal leaped and fell beside the poet, sizzling the straw, causing Villon's meditations to lapse as he stamped it out. His eyes again met the monk's and gave him the excuse he waited for.

"Suppose you were not to die?" he suggested softly.

Villon's eyes darkened, his hands trembled.

"Take care, good man," he said fiercely, his fingers twitching. "If I find you have made sport of me to amuse your solitude, by God's splendor I 'll take your gullet between these ten finger-bones and give my headsman some reason for his red ax."

The monk's mien was almost majestic.

"There is a way to escape," he said. "An I find you worthy, I may take you with me." He paused, to add significantly, "Otherwise, I have only to wait for dawn to escape alone."

The sinister emphasis of these words chilled Villon despite his suspicions that the monk had some hidden motive for wishing to frighten him. One takes fright at shadows in shadowland, at death's counterfeit when death itself is nigh. So he studied the fellow in sore perplexity. The eyes were stern, yet not unkind; the forehead narrow, but high; the lips loose and thin, yet short of cruel, though the many lines that seamed the face added craftiness and some sadness to its natural secrecy. The poet knew something of physiognomy, although he had his knowledge by no such name, nor, indeed, other than instinctively, the tortuous ways into which he had lived having often given his life no greater value than the good faith of those he must trust. So he had early learned to read a language that lying lips could not gainsay.

Now he saw a man who had power and, better, a purpose. Whatever he said or did, it was to some end worth discovering; possible friend or enemy only in so far as human clay could be kneaded into shapes that served that end—shapes that were no whimsies of idle or impulsive moments, but parts of a system long premeditated. Villon was aware of the same curiosity as when he had lifted strange books, quaint or mystic in the designs of their binding. For the moment the *literatus* was uppermost in the poet, the fate of a single human atom, even though the atom was himself, seemed of less importance. He squatted down tailor-like on the monk's side of the fire, so close that he could watch his eyes.

"This Valois, this king with the mind of a merchant, this monarch without majesty, this Louis who dresses like his own burgesses and has a barber for confidant and a hangman for friend—" So had the monk begun when Villon interrupted.

"I have no quarrel with him," the poet demurred. "He has started better than most, by freeing certain unfortunates in the jails—"

"Of which you were doubtless one," said the monk, indifferently, almost indulgently. "Endeavor rather to judge him as a man of France, not as a grateful thief, released only because of his foxing. That he, the first of princes, covets the good-will even of thieves, is that not ill? To satisfy his lust for power, or, as he says, to give peace to France, he sets in peril the power of holy church by imperiling the dread and fear of kings. He goes slinking through the streets and into public taverns like that heathen idolater Harun-al-Rashid. Often he reveals himself as what he is, so that the common people see no great potentate, but a fellow in shabby clothes like themselves. He eats with burgesses of the cities and encourages them to maintain what they presumptuously call their rights, increasing his power by aiding their parliaments to deny their liege lords' divinely given powers. Not content with rousing rebellion against his own vavasors, he scruples not to do as ill where princes of the infallible pontiff hold temporal power. Even the awful sovereignty of the holy father constrains naught of this man's craft and guile. Openly he discountenances violence, taking hands in friendly grasp that he plans to cut off. And this is preserving peace to France!" The monk's voice rose high and scornful, and his eyes searched the poet's, which gave no sign save interest in his tale.

"Nay, this coward king discredits war, mocks even the holy crusades as the hysteric debauches of half-civilized savages, half of whom, says this blasphemer, thought Our Lady was a Valkyr and St. Michael Thor of the Thunder. But shame on me for repeating such sacrilege! His crafty conniving is accomplished through agents of low degree, educated sons of villeins, low-born scholars of the university, even, sorrow I must say it, some of the ambitious *haute noblesse,* who should scorn such villainy. These agents, by promising his secret aid, stir up revolt in the seigniories, the baronies, the bishoprics, the free cities, especially in the tributary dukedoms. Louis would cripple first the lords, then take from holy church all but spiritual sovereignty. Willingly he grants more power to the people's parliaments; does he not control them? More, he follows the example of the accursed and heretical English, training common men to the use of these new-fangled harquebuses and fire-drakes, these guns and cannon which will break down even the military supremacy of knights and nobles. And these common people, who outnumber noblesse as the sands of the sea outnumber its rocks, will be the army of the king, not feudal followers of vassals and vavasors. He will forego all," went on the monk, excitedly, "his nobility, his princely blood, his debt to Burgundy, which sheltered him when he was dauphin and a fugitive, even his reverence to holy church and his own royal honor, if it brings peace to France. Such is his ignoble contention. But before his poisonous dragons' teeth bring up armies of villeins and vagabonds, the holy see may yet proclaim Philip of Burgundy a true and lawful sovereign and no vassal to a traitor. Then we shall see what Philip's rebellious Flemings, fanned on by the Valois to believe themselves another Swiss Confederation, will say to that."

His voice had risen high, and as if in answer, there sounded upon the farther wall what seemed to be a signal: a rapping as sharp and distinct as if done with a sword-hilt against the stone.

"Yes," said Villon, whose eyes had neither blinked nor shown expression since the monk had begun to explain, "all these things are of vast import, no doubt, and of great assistance to one desiring to 'scape headsman or hangman." The other eyed him earnestly, seeking to read the thought the words concealed; but the poet's expression still betokened only intelligent interest. It seemed he had not heard the rapping out beyond at all.

"This much assistance," growled the Carthusian, annoyed at the poet's imperturbability. "To counter the efforts of the Valois, other agents are needed in Paris, men at once ambitious, unscrupulous, and with wit enough to ape a class above them; of personable port and mannerly bearing, and with sufficient Latinity to read messages and write them. Clothed as one of the *haute noblesse,* your beard shaven and your locks trimmed, I perceive that you might pass undetected. None would know the former homeless vagabond. Such service as you might render would be far less perilous than your thieving has been."

He began to show signs of impatience.

"My own escape is at hazard," he added sharply. "My friends are ready for me to go hence; you heard their knocks on yon wall. Will you go with me on such terms or stay and be hanged?"

The stoicism of Villon's face, the steadiness of his stare, altered no whit.

"Your *friends?* And you a prisoner in St. Antoine? They may be ready and then again ready, but how will that aid you? This is very solid masonry, many feet in thickness. Those window-slits are too narrow to give egress to a sizable eel."

"Man," said the monk, "a cause like ours has adherents in the court itself, within the very reach of the Valois. There are trap-doors and catacombs, subterranean ways and secret stairways, in every fortress, in every castle. You doubt me?" he added stormily.

"How might a common man know such secrets," asked Villon, smiling.

Suspended from its rosary of black beads a crucifix dangled below the Carthusian's cord. With an angry look, he raised this heavy piece of iron and struck the wall sharply four times. The former signal was repeated from beyond. "At the second four, lest there be some error, one of the stones of this cell will swing on an axis. We have only to drop a few feet and follow our guide. The passageway leads to the cellars and into the catacombs. The guide will conduct us to safety. Well?"

"A single guide?" asked Villon, as though he feared so perilous an undertaking with no greater guard.

"Did your lordship expect an army?" sneered the monk.

But the sneer faded as Villon's eyes lighted up. A profound student of facial expression himself, the Carthusian shrank back, hand upraised; but with a single bound the poet pinned him against the wall, and, snapping the rosary, snatched the iron crucifix which then menaced its owner, an iron club in an enemy's hand. For enemy the poet was, if one might judge from looks of fierce dislike.

"Speak low," he warned. "A single guide, you said, and in darkness? Do not call out. His blood is enough without adding yours."

But even in this extremity the Carthusian preserved his calm.

"You mean to go without me? The guide knows my voice; he will not lead you." For answer Villon, smiling faintly, nodded at his heavy iron club.

"You are a patriot, then?" asked the other, his sneer returning. "To a land that by your own words has given you only starvation and jail? You return to your haunts, once more to be hunted down? Or to wander afar, exiled from your friends?"

Villon shook his head, smiling.

"To serve King Louis, monk. I have found a way to gain his ear at last. I have sent him petitions, not one, but many; but who was I that he should bestow his patronage upon me? He released me from Meung jail; that was enough for a notorious scape-gallows. But now that I have a way to serve him, he will listen fast enough: he is wise, that fox of the Valois, that leopard of France. Men may call him what they will, but in days to come it will seem he was one of two sane persons in a nation of madmen, the other his servant Francis."

He louted low and rapped upon the wall as he had heard the other do. Things being now distinguishable in the darkness, he saw the middle of the cell rise like a wraith from the sea, rise and fall, and the light of the glowing coals revealed a shadowy void. A flagstone had turned and upended.

"Now," whispered Villon, soft-voiced and soft-footed as any cat. "Doff that cowl and robe, Sir Priest, or this holy cross will give you everlasting life more speedily than you hoped. Off with them, and pray for the soul of the traitor below. He has no such alternative. And think on this, Master Monk. A man may be a thief because he hungers and thirsts, he may kill that he may live; but, by my lustihead! he may not be a traitor unless he is a dog. Carry that message to the badger of Burgundy from the men of Paris. And tell him all true men of Paris serve the Valois, fox and leopard mayhap, but for all that the father of his people and a man after my own heart. Come, no more delay!" he whispered even lower than before, and raised the heavy iron crucifix.

Smiling strangely, the monk obeyed; the cowl was lifted off his head, the robe uncorded from his waist. As both fell to

the ground at Villon's feet, he saw a man in garb most unclerical: doublet and hosen and a high-pointed hat where the monkish hood had been. And the doublet, though frayed and worn, had on the breast thereof in tarnished silver threads the fleur-de-lis of France; while encircling the brim of the high-crowned hat were many leaden images, our Lady of Embrum to the fore. Vanished the sneer and the sour and sinister smile; came in their place a homely wink and a thin high laugh. The eyes of the poet bulged like the buttons on the jerkin of a greedy jester.

"Louis the Fox? Louis the Leopard? Why not Louis the Spider, Master Villon?" asked Louis the King.

Villon took a backward step, one and yet another. Louis sprang and gripped him.

"'Ware the opening behind you!" he warned, dragging the poet from the very verge of the black void. "There is a drop of a hundred feet to the stones below." Still holding the poet's scruff, he snatched the cross and struck the wall. The flagstone fell into its place, and the poet to his knees.

"The king!" he murmured brokenly, his teeth chattering, a chill sweat on his brow, his body rough with goose-flesh, as he realized the trap he had escaped so nearly.

III

Louis laughed again. It was a situation to his taste. The cell-door opened, and Oliver le Dain, barber in name, prime minister in fame, entered from the adjoining chamber, where were the levers that controlled the dread oubliette. A slight frown clouded his face as he saw that the poet had survived the test; for Oliver feared to lose any of his power with his royal confidant, and this poet, for all he was vagabond and starveling, he knew for a better man than himself, one on whom the king's learning would not be wasted. But he banished his look of discontent as he came out of the shadows and into the circle of light, where the king, looking very like the plain burgher of Paris he professed to be, sat chuckling and eying Villon, who had by now regained his native confidence and had ventured on a wry smile.

"I have a crow to pick with you, Gossip," said Louis as Oliver approached. "I should have seen this fellow's first petition before he wasted six months in Master Thibault's jail. Had we his services when we were dauphin, he might have helped us much when our rebellious Paris at first refused us welcome. Had I not read the poems our Cousin Charles sent us prettily bound by his Fougère, Master Villon might have languished there anon and the kingdom lost him altogether. As it nearly did to-night, had he proved traitor. One with wits so keen were too dangerous an enemy to have in our city, Master Poet. It is not the foes without that I fear. That is why I go about with Oliver here and with Tristran and drink at the taverns and watch and listen. It ill beseems a king, they say. Let them say."

He put a hand within his doublet and took out a small book of black-letter. "We have improved somewhat on Cousin Charles," he said, opening it. "His script was daintily limned enough, and many were its varicolored inks and a great deal too much of gilt. But I prefer the homelier way, the way of my Hussite heretic for whom I sent to Mainz, the 'prentice of Faust the printer. Printer—sounds it strange to your ears, Master Villon? It shall sound loud in the ears of ignorance anon. See what this Gutenberg has wrought. Observe, Master Poet, you have been honored beyond all the men of France. It would have been my right to have taken your life, for I have given you immortality. Yours is the first book to be printed in France."

He gave into Villon's hand a volume in vellum, open at its title-page. There in bold black letters the poet's own name stood stark on the white page.

Twitching for a far different reason than before, his fingers turned the pages, and he saw the ballads of his youth, those of his "Little Testament," not only in the filaments and traceries of his own delicate French, but on each opposite page the Latin nuances of Charles of Orleans and of the king himself. A thrill of pride chilled his spine and burned his eyes. No longer was he Villon the vagabond, but one whom no bishop or lord or king might scorn: Villon—the king had said it himself—the immortal.

Eagerly he drew from his breast his

"THE MOON . . ROSE HIGH ABOVE RED ROOFS AND BLACK GABLES"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

"Greater Testament," and gave it into the hands of his royal patron. Louis's eyes sparkled as he held the thick roll of manuscript close to the glowing coals, chuckling again as some impudence of the poet caught his eye.

"We shall have rare sport with this," he said. "I am glad it was upon your person, as Oliver must have descended into the oubliette with his dagger in case the fall had not done its duty. So your work would not have been food for mice and rats or have rotted with your bones. You think me too harsh with traitors? But it is not I, but France, Master Villon. One live traitor means a hundred, mayhap a thousand, dead men on the field, harmless peasants, peaceful burghers. That is my way of making war—to scotch the serpent in the egg. An I did not spread terror, there would be too many traitors. Were I only Louis the scholar, every pillory and gibbet you saw to-night would come down. But a king may neither love men nor hate them: he may only rule wisely, and be judged not by his deeds, but by what comes of them. And if France passes to my son a richer country and a happier people, only fools will say I have done wrong."

He yawned. The third watch had long passed. From the windmills of Montmartre, under the walls of the prison, the thin echo of a cock's crow came through the high, barred window-slits. It was very still outside; one could hear the watchmen in the Rue Antoine calling the hour and "All 's well."

"All is indeed well, Master Villon," said Louis, these echoes arousing him from reverie. "Peace on earth. A good omen, Oliver, by our Lady of Embrum." He crossed himself sleepily and rose. "Thieve no more, Gossip Villon. It must not be said of my reign that I neglected letters and the arts. Oliver, give him my purse, shave him, shear away those elf-locks, find him proper gear. And do you, Master Francis, go to some reputable inn and give the name of Loges, by which you were born, representing yourself as a knight of Picardy or Poitou or Provence—what you will. Oliver will instruct you how you may serve me. Our friend the traitor monk spoke truth concerning the holy see and Burgundy. There is also that thrice-damned League of Public Welfare. Private Cutthroats. You will write fewer poems and more history, Gossip. Attend him, Oliver. Then to me in my bedchamber."

Holding the second and greater "Testament" of Villon close to his breast, he raised up its author, who would have kneeled.

"That is well enough for public show. The sheep must be taught to hold in honor those their scatterwits can respect only by goodly measure of gaud and show. But in private my friends kneel only to God, Our Lady, and her saints—some of them. By this true cross of St. Lo, with which you threatened your lawful monarch, some achieved their saintship by easier ways than mine. Good-den to you, Knight of Poitou or Picardy or Provence."

"God save you, *beau Sire!*" returned the poet, thickly. Louis laid hand on the door, then turned and stood, scratching his ear.

"But concerning this knighthood," he said thoughtfully. "To assume the gilt spurs and banderole without the accolade is deemed a crime by certain of our subjects who administer the high justice and the low. Your neck will be periled enough in our service without that. Henceforth the poet Villon lives only in my Hussite heretic's prints. It shall be as if he died, no man knowing how nor why. He who leaves this Bastille to-night is the Chevalier des Loges, knight by the hand of his king. Oliver, your sword. Francis, you may kneel, after all."

"'LOUIS THE FOX? LOUIS THE LEOPARD? WHY NOT LOUIS THE SPIDER, MASTER VILLON?' ASKED LOUIS THE KING"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

FÊTE GIVEN TO RODIN BY HIS FRIENDS

RODIN'S NOTE-BOOK

COMPILED BY JUDITH CLADEL AND TRANSLATED BY S. K. STAR

INTRODUCTION BY JUDITH CLADEL

PART FOUR

THE residence of Rodin, the Hôtel Biron, is situated at the extreme end of the Rue de Varenne, in the Faubourg St.-Germain. The long, straight street is lined on both sides with old mansions that lend distinctive nobility to this district of Paris. The street is solemn, the quiet austere. Only rarely a carriage rumbles by. Like the tide of a river, the air sweeps down this street from the Boulevard des Invalides, which at its other end opens upon the Esplanade des Invalides, like a great lake.

Now and then one catches glimpses of the spacious courts, the steps, the peristyles, and the ornate, but at the same time simple, pediments. Most of these mansions were, and many of them still are, inhabited by families associated with the history of France.

The northern façade of the Hôtel Biron and the courtyard through which one enters are hidden behind a high convent wall, for in the nineteenth century the old residence of the Duc de Biron was transformed into a religious school of the Sacred Heart. There the daughters of the aristocracy were educated. In consequence of the law of 1904 relating to the religious orders, the mansion was vacated, and taken possession of by the state, which rented it in apartments. Rodin, ever in

search of old buildings, in which alone he can think and work in comfort, soon became the main tenant.

To ring the bell one must reach high. With difficulty one turns the handle of the door, which swings slowly. It is a portal made for coaches to pass through. Under its monumental arch one seems as insignificant as an insect. To the right of the court is the old chapel of the religious community. Its somber character stands out against the neighboring secular buildings. The cold style of Charles X, in which it is built, forms a strange contrast to the charming structure of Jacques Gabriel, the celebrated artist who in the eighteenth century endowed Paris with many works of art, among others this pavilion of the Rue de Varenne, the Hôtel Biron. Nevertheless, had it not been for Rodin, this building would have been torn down.

It is a vast mansion, extremely simple, and built on the lines of an elongated square. Its great charm is due wholly to its correct proportions and to the grace and variety of its beautiful, tall windows, some straight, others rounded, and surmounted by an inconspicuous ornament, the signature of the artist. All of them are enlivened by little squares of glass, which are to a window what the facets are to a diamond.

The spacious vestibule is paved with black and white marble, its ceiling supported by six strong columns. A charming stone staircase rises here. All is in the style of Louis XV, a style that is dignified when it is not delightfully elegant and coquettish.

The house was to be torn down, and sold as junk; but Rodin was on guard. Ever since he had learned that this masterpiece was condemned his heart bled, and for the first and only time in the course of his long existence an outside interest took him from his work. He wrote letters, took legal steps, called to his assistance artists, people of culture, and men in politics. M. Clémenceau, then president of the cabinet; M. Briand, who succeeded him; M. Gabriel Hanotaux, one of his great friends; M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, Under-Secretary of State of Fine Arts, all listened to his indefatigable pleading. Finally his plea was heard, and the Hôtel Biron was classified as a historical monument, henceforth inviolate. Then the speculators had to abandon their idea of filling the park with hideous modern structures, and of disfiguring in six months this unique Quartier des Invalides, to construct which the architects had given years of work and all their intelligence.

Rodin's admirers soon conceived the idea of converting the Hôtel Biron into a museum for the master's works, which they pledged themselves to defend with a tenacity equal to that which Rodin had just displayed.[1]

I KNOCK at the door of the studio and rapidly pass through two large rooms containing no furniture, only busts of bronze and groups of marble. When I enter the study, Rodin is not here; I glance about. All the details of this room are familiar to me, but they always seem new, because

"THE TEMPEST"
FROM THE SCULPTURE BY AUGUSTE RODIN

everything is in harmony here, with a harmony which varies according to the day and the hour.

[1] We are happy to announce that a few weeks ago this was achieved by the state pronouncing the Hôtel Biron a permanent museum for Rodin's works. The greatest credit is due Judith Cladel, who was the first to stir in this movement, and who has been untiring in her constant appeals and efforts.—THE EDITOR.

It is a morning in spring. The bright light sheds its rays on the various antiquities that the master has assembled here: Empire chairs, with faded velvet coverings; a Louis XIV arm-chair of gilded wood and cherry-colored silk, in which one might fancy Molière seating himself to chat with Rodin, who, ever ready as he is with a bit of raillery, would surely not have failed in repartee.

On a round table there is a Persian material, and some Japanese vases filled with tulips and anemones. On the mantelpiece are bronzes from the far East and a statuette of porcelain in marvelous blues that Rodin calls his "Chinese Virgin." On the walls, close together like the stones in a mosaic, are many of the master's water-colors. Their well-chosen tones harmonize with and intensify those of the flowers, the fabrics, and the ceramics of bygone days.

Scattered pedestals support huge bronze busts, which call to mind the warriors of the Middle Ages, and some unfinished pieces. They consist of small groups that, under the eye of the master, seem to grow out of the white marble, and in the golden sunlight look as soft as snow.

On this table, where Rodin takes his meals and writes, is a Greek marble, a little torso without arms or legs; I know it well, for he showed it to me while murmuring words of admiration. This is his latest passion.

I enter the garden, where he is enjoying a moment of rest, for he has been working a long while. Due to his habits as a good workman, he rises at five every morning.

I pass through one of the big doors which open upon the park. The beautiful view always captivates me anew. The light, the air, the expanse of sky, the magnificent groups of trees, this rustic solitude in the heart of Paris, take one by surprise, inspire and elevate the spirit. Rodin is here, smiling and in good humor.

We are on the terrace that overlooks the expanse of green and forms a sort of slanting pedestal for the pavilion. Below stretches a broad alley, almost an avenue, overgrown with a rich carpet of grass and moss, which loses itself in the distant wood. Fruit-trees, growing wild, form impenetrable screens on both sides of this alley.

Photographed by Bulloz

PORTRAIT OF MRS. X——

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY AUGUSTE RODIN

The grandeur of this park is largely due to the age of the trees. Stepping to the edge of the balustrade, I can see toward the right the dome of the Invalides, standing alone, outlined against the sky, like a burgrave on guard under a helmet of gold.

The northern façade of the pavilion has a severe character. It is the façade which visitors and passers-by see, and for this an elegant simplicity suffices. But this other side, bathed in the midday sun, is meant for friends. All the delicate splendor that the architect conceived is expressed in these stones. This sculptured pediment, this balcony with its console of flowers, and the graceful windows, with their semicircular transoms, are models of elegance. The

Hôtel Biron is not large, but it is imposing. The blockheads who inhabited it during the last century, blind to its beauty, deaf to its appeal, demolished and sold the wrought-iron balustrades of the windows, balconies, and staircases, but they were not able, thank Heaven! to destroy its innate beauty.

"Let us go to work," said Rodin. I go back to the statues; Rodin begins to draw. In a little while he will model. During his hasty luncheon he has the little Greek torso placed before him, and he makes notes all the while.

True genius is as changeable as nature. It finds as many ways of expressing its ideas as it finds subjects. But what always remains the same is the desire to be sincere. Yet the artist, with the best of intentions, is often the victim of his own sincerity. Rodin is no exception to this rule, for even he has had his portraits rejected. "There is no resemblance!" they declare, while, on the contrary, the resemblance is too true. With his keen insight he penetrates too far beyond the mere flesh of the model. People are frightened at seeing their hidden personality brought to the light of day, are taken aback at being compelled to know themselves. They consider the sculptor indiscreet and dangerous.

If, in his portraits of men, he pries to their very souls, if he reveals without pity those of his own sex, his equals, his companions in life's struggle, in his portraits of women he is discreet and respectful. With delicacy he unfolds their delicate mystery. He does not say anything which is not true, but frequently he does not express the whole truth. Genius is ever in quiet complicity with womanhood, and leaves it in that half-obscurity which is its greatest power.

In the bust before us of Mrs. X——,[1] one wonders what he refrained from expressing. Surely neither the unusual beauty of the woman nor her air of an archduchess.

I remember the day when I saw this bust for the first time. It was in the Salon, placed at the head of a high staircase. The marble was brilliant. Something regal and also lovable attracted those who came toward it. Resplendent in beauty, the shoulders emerge from the folds of a wrap with the proud grace of one who is to the manner born. The small, well-shaped head, supported by the plump, though delicate, neck, is half turned to the slightly raised left shoulder. The hair is drawn up high to form a crown, throwing forward some light strands that shed their soft shadows over the forehead, like a thatching of moss. The beautiful eyebrows, too, lend mystery to the glance of the eyes, so full of sweetness and understanding. The small ear is partly hidden under the waves of the well-groomed hair. The lines of delicate symmetry which run from the chin to the ear, and from the ear to the shoulder, and the coronet of hair, give the bust its distinguished look of race.

Photographed specially for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE by Limet

A STUDY IN PLASTER BY RODIN

Here we see, too, the firmness of beautiful flesh, hardened by exercise, radiating that spirit of joyous life that springs from a thoroughly healthy body, as we feel it in some of the Tanagra figurines. The quiet reserve which stamps the refined Anglo-Saxon is revealed, but not overaccentuated. The nose is straight and slightly raised at the tip, the mouth frank and regular. Those same changing shadows which beautify flowers, when the sun strikes them through the leaves of a tree, play over this countenance, and bathe it in a variety of delicate tones from the eyes to the chin.

[1] See Rodin's Note-book in THE CENTURY for May for another aspect of this portrait.

But beneath this placid beauty there is a restless soul eager to act, to express its goodness. The chin and the throat retain their look of youth, even of something childlike for those whom she loves; but the thoughtful brow is slightly wrinkled, as if from the intelligent search for happiness.

Photographed by E. Druet

THE REPRESENTATION OF FRANCE IN THE MONUMENT TO CHAMPLAIN

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY AUGUSTE RODIN

This bust, almost Greek in its simplicity, is one of the most purely beautiful that has come from Rodin's hands.

When we note the facility with which these works are produced, seemingly a natural growth, like vintage and harvest; when we contemplate these fruits of knowledge, we are too apt to overlook the laborious efforts involved, and to forget that a life has been given, drop by drop, in achieving this result in small steps of progress. Even when we know all this, we often prefer to give the credit to external causes, which appeal more strongly to our superficial minds, rather than to that endless patience that is, and always will be, the secret of genius.

I watched Rodin model the head of Hanako, the Japanese actress. He rapidly modeled the whole in the rough, as he does all his busts. His keen eye and his experienced thumb enable him to establish the exact dimensions at the first sitting. Then the detailed work of modeling begins. The sculptor is not satisfied to mold the mass in its apparent outlines only. With absolute accuracy he slices off some clay, cuts off the head of the bust, and lays it upside down on a cushion. He then makes his model lie on a couch.

Bent like a vivisector over his subject, he studies the structure of the skull seen from above, the jaws viewed from below, and the lines which join the head to the throat, and the nape of the neck to the vertebra. Then he chisels the features with the point of a penknife, bringing out the recesses of the eyelids, the nostrils, the curves of the mouth. Yet for forty years Rodin was accused of not knowing how to "finish"!

With great joy he said one day, "I achieved a thing to-day which I had not previously attained so perfectly—the commissure of the lips."

In making a bust Rodin takes numerous clay impressions, according to the rate of progress. In this way he can revert to the impression of the previous day, if the last

pose was not good, or if, in the language of the trade, "he has overworked his material." Thus one may see five, six, or even eight similar heads in his studio, each with a different expression.

Hanako did not pose like other people. Her features were contracted in an expression of cold, terrible rage. She had the look of a tiger, an expression thoroughly foreign to our Occidental countenances. With the force of will which the Japanese display in the face of death, she held this look for hours.

Little by little, under the sculptor's fingers, the mask of clay reflected all this. It cried out revenge without mercy, the thirst for blood. A baffling contrast this —the spirit of a wild beast appearing on the human countenance.

I have one of these studies before me now. It has been cast in a composition of colored glass, and the vivid flesh coloring lends reality to the work. This mask is not disfigured by rage. The bloodless head, with its fixed stare, lies on a white cushion, and no one escapes its disquieting influence. Some people shudder when they see it. "One might think it the head of a dead person," they say.

Whenever I enter the spacious room I am irresistibly drawn toward it. My feelings are different every time, but always there is a feeling of uneasiness. I cannot say that it resembles death; on the contrary, it is so lifelike that it is almost supernatural. One might call it a condemned person, a being so terrified by the approach of death that all the blood has rushed to the heart. It is a spirit frozen with fear, the eyes looking toward the unknown, the large nostrils scenting death. The bulging forehead, the high, Mongolian cheek-bones, and the flat nose make the face still more singular. All the lines of the face run toward the mouth, with its remarkable expression. Obstinate, although conquered, it will draw its last breath without a cry. Meanwhile life seems to throb in every cell. This head, so like a being that has been put to death, has the soft, pliant flesh of a ripe fruit.

At night I return to look at it by the light of a candle. It looks entirely different. The shadows vary as I move the candle, and the features grow mobile. How gentle and touching it seems now! It is no longer bloodthirsty and savage; that exotic expression which repelled me has quite disappeared. These features, expressing the innermost self under a stress of emotions, reveal a poor creature that has loved and suffered. It is a pitiable face that has been molded by life. I have seen that same sad, tired expression of anguish in one whose whole strength is gone, but who still makes an effort to understand misfortune in order to strive against it. I have seen it on my mother's face when one of us was ill.

AN ARTIST'S DAY

BY AUGUSTE RODIN

A MORNING IN THE GARDEN

It is still night; the dawn is just breaking. I open my window to let the refreshing air drive away my drowsiness. From the end of the garden, in the underbrush, and now all about me, I hear much lively chirping. It tells of the blessing of love, of springtime.

It is almost day. The blackbird has ended his scene of love; no one was about when he sang his song of spring and harmony. The flowers listened, and blossomed at the call of this unseen Orpheus. The air is laden with misty melodies. These songs do not disturb the silence; they are part of it. Later we shall still hear the happy call of birds, but no longer these songs of love that proclaim the eternal reign of our mother earth.

Now is the time for sighs of happiness; the flowers consecrate themselves to the beautifying of Demeter, goddess of the under-world. Orpheus searches for Eurydice, he calls her, and his notes break the harmonious silence.

I must bathe my brows in the vague mist, in the fragrance of the earth, in the light of the dawning day. Spacious room, I leave you. I shall return to you to work, for here only have I known complete silence.

I hurry into the garden, where I find inspiring freshness. I had looked forward to it; my whole body was awaiting it. A sprouting twig proclaims the fullness of life. I am freed from the memory of yesterday, born anew for all the seasons to come. In the *palais* thoughts are more subdued and modest, content to be

bounded by the splendid proportions of the apartments—proportions that are correct, but nothing more.

The flight of time is marked by the song of the blackbird, and, as in Mozart's music, one cannot quite define whence its charm springs. It is everywhere, to the right, to the left. That voice seems to pierce through the gaps and hollows of the wood, for now one hears it as an echo, now as a solo, at the farthest end of the wood.

My flight of steps is my place for reflection, my *salle de pas perdus*.[1] At the foot of the steps the verdant carpet, sown with little stars of green, stretches out. It might be an old Arabian material or a rich marble. Bits of earth are to be seen in delicate gray patches. The shadow of night still enshrouds the garden in a cloudy veil. In the distance, outlined against the horizon, are the bleak walls of houses, like huge stones. About me stretches that enormous Babylon, that Paris where my tired nerves relax, where the substance of my life is woven, where my heart has found appreciation and no reproach, and where my mind, imbued with the true knowledge of life, has taught my soul the gracious lesson of submission.

This broad, beautiful lane is like a Corot, and recalls his nymphs. The bare trees look like limbs. A bright carpet of turf moistens their roots. Now a rabbit runs by. In the distance the carriages rumble like artillery. This is a fitting haunt for fauns, their rustic arbor. The trees serve as a roof, their green shoots melting into the sky. The freshness of new life is everywhere, and little exclamations of admiration spring from every creature.

With this universal youth new thoughts are born. In this delightful retreat one feels that only an antique statue could add to its beauty.

The trees expand with vigor, their buds outlined against the sky. The rest of the lane seems an avenue of enchantment. Far down at the end I seem to see happiness. But no, I am wrong: it is not only in the distance; it is here, all about me, now.

The slanting rays of the sun strike the trees and the grass; over the lane bluish shadows play. The spreading shade of the trees falls softly on the fresh green. Those little dashes of blue among the grass are forget-me-nots. Those beautiful trees, garbed only since a week, trail their lovely green draperies on the ground, while detached garlands cling to the shrubs.

The majesty of youth in nature is unique; it is charm itself, an inimitable thing. Yet some men of genius have been able to express the spirit of spring.

The very soul of meditation dwells in this garden, in this alley of trees. Polyhymnia, the Muse, in her graceful draperies, walks with me, and I follow her reverently.

Away from the turmoil, I can forget the constant hurry of our days. How we allow ourselves to be harassed! Reaching out for everything without possessing anything truly, we do not even realize what treasures we have lost. A few puffs of empty air are not poetry, and seeing happiness in the distance is not enjoying it. What hurries you? Ah, your life is out there, elsewhere? Go, then; but I shall remain here with the antique in my charming garden.

I will sit down on this old stone bench, surrounded by dense shrubs. The dead wood is piled in little heaps. The treetops form a semicircle, and stand out like a pantheon against the sky. The branches bear the marks of lightning and grow in zigzag. The sap of the earth rises in the arteries of the trees, ever ready to take part in the great festival of spring.

Now the charm of the alley consists in the differences of light and shade. As the one strives to advance, the other recedes toward the dale. The shadows disperse for the morning, leaving behind their beneficent moisture for their friends, the flowers of this dale.

Before me, on a knoll, stands a beautiful column, as if in prayer. It seems to have sprung from the kingdom of Pluto, and now, like us, it stands in the bright sunlight, a part of out of doors.

Stone, pure and beautiful material, destined for the work of men, just as flax is destined for the work of women. A gift scarcely hidden under the earth, man has seized upon stones with rapture, carefully drawing them from their dark hiding-place, to raise them on high as in church

[1] Salle de pas perdus is the name given to the large hall of the station Gare St. Lazare, Paris.

towers, making them tractable, transforming the crude rocks, and appropriating them for masterpieces. Under the protection of man's sacrilegious hand, these stones lend beauty to our cities. They have a tender sympathy with the trees, the roots of which join their own.

Both hard and soft stones esteem man. Sculpture has glorified them. The column is like a tree, but simpler than a tree, with a silent life of its own. And like the plants which cling about it, it also has its foliage and leaves. The artist who conceived the Sphinx made her to be the guardian of temples and secrets.

That column there rises up like a druid-stone, as though to converse with the moon at night. It awaits the appearance of man in the solemn ritual of night, for in its immensity it bears witness that man has created it. Man, too, has had his part, an ephemeral part, in the creation; his idea strives with the works of God, as Israel strove with the angel. His illuminating thought, expressed in stone, arouses those who otherwise might be insensible to beauty. The hand of man, like the hand of God, can transform a soul and make it new.

Mystery in which I have lived, but which I understand only now that I am about to depart. The marvel of it all! And to think that one must leave it! Well, that is the lot of all other living creatures.

And now the blue of the sky has grown darker, without a shadow, while beauty itself has taken its abode in these avenues of trees. Now and then passing clouds dim the glory of this splendid youth of nature, but the green is brilliant even in the shadow. High up among the trees, I see a blue river, the sky, while the great clouds, mountains of water, are hanging above to quench the thirst of the flowers.

AN ANTIQUE FRAGMENT

TWENTY times a day I walk in front of this little torso. I bring all my friends to see it, for Greek sculpture is the very source of beauty.

Why am I surprised whenever I look upon this torso? I think it is because nature, which is behind this work of art, always calls forth new, unlooked-for sensations.

Venus, glorious Venus, model of all women, your purity survives even after two thousand years. Your charm charms me—me who have admirers for my own sculpture. Before you they remain cold; but I, with a spirit that sees further,—I admit my defeat as an artist,—my poor ability vanishes before your grace.

Form, as I used to express it, seems a mere illusion before the harmonious strength of your lines, which embody the very truth of life. Divine fragment, I shall live by you! What days you recall to me! Perhaps the last moments of the soul of Greek sculpture, my ever-growing Muse.

This torso shows the suppleness and strength of the joints. It is a summing-up of former masterpieces of the artist. Those endless studies that grow into experience, and all the qualities of balance are here concealed beneath the beauty and the gracious inspiration of the figure. The inspired sculptor has just discovered all these qualities, and in appreciation has given expression to them with his very soul.

An antique piece of sculpture cannot be imitated. This torso seems to have a soul. Are not the shadows trembling on it there? One can see them move.

What a progress toward truth we find in the advance from Assyrian and Egyptian to Greek art! Antique things, if we knew how to look at them, would bring about a new renaissance for us, we who stagnate in the Parisian spirit. The Parisian spirit, young though it is, is already too old to serve us. It is like those pretentious monuments, those constructions in plaster, which are hollow and horrible under their crumbling stucco.

Greece was the land of sculpture before all others. The subject of their sculpture was life. The people concealed it under names and symbols,—Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, the fauns,—but back of all these was the eternal truth of life.

This torso on my table looks as though it had been washed to the shore by the loving waves, as boats are stranded on the beach at low tide. What more beautiful offering could be made to men and gods? For is this fragment not an eternal prayer?

The thoughts expressed in this torso are numerous, infinite. I could write about it forever. Do I bring these

thoughts with me? Is it I who puts them into the marble? No, for when it is out of my sight, this divinity of life vanishes from me at the same time. Since it ceases to be in me, it must be the fragment which possesses it. It teaches a sculptor more than any professor could. It whispers secrets to me, and if I am true to it, it will tell me more and more; it will transform me in harmony with the soul of its friend, the Greek sculptor. For are not the thoughts of God expressed all the world over? Are they not the fruitful germs, now growing within a brain, now in a beautiful grouping of stone, and now captured by those magicians, the poets? And are sculptors, too, not like poets?

Where can one find more perfect harmony than in this fragment? It is a monument. And is it not providential? It is only a fragment, yet it seems to embody the whole Acropolis. Truth, that lasting joy, fills in all that is missing. It is a fact that this torso, which weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, seems as light as the woman herself would be, as light as her gracious, swelling flesh. I know contours, but the contours of a masterpiece always surprise me anew. Whenever I see you, beautiful little torso, my eyes and my soul feast on you. Masterpiece, you are my master, too.

If, as they say, stones have fallen from heaven, this surely must be one of them. I leave it in the condition in which I found it, as it first appealed to me, with all its charm, as I carried it in my arms to this table. The changing lights of day mold it; but I shall not touch it, I shall not change it. It is truth itself, and it shines in no matter what surroundings.

This torso has within it the seductiveness of woman, that garden of pleasure the secret charms of which imbue old and young alike with a terrible power. Feminine charm, which crushes our destiny, the mysterious feminine power that retards the thinker, the worker, and the artist, while at the same time it inspires them—a compensation for those who play with fire!

It is not by analysis that you will learn to understand art, you who are ignorant. Greek art disregards the imbeciles and ignorant who have always undervalued it. How can one comprehend this beauty by mere analysis? Where lies the secret of force? It is ever shifting. And the shadow, so genially arranged, varies with the way the light strikes it. In art, what do we call life? That which speaks to you through all your senses. If this torso were to bleed, it could not be more lifelike. The harmony of its lines dominates my soul. The soul lives and grows on masterpieces. That is why we have a soul.

Is it surprising, then, that I live with these antiques of mine, poets far more inspiring than any of our day? They have created beings that will live to survive us.

AN EVENING IN THE GARDEN

I LEAVE my exacting work always more and more its slave. Walking, because of its regularity, always refreshes me. Such a walk means a great deal to me. It puts my nerves into a state of delightful tranquillity.

The trees are still bare of leaves and have a wintry look. At their base there are dainty sprouts, clouds of green. The lawns are ponds of emerald green. The charm of this alley is partly due to the twigs and shoots that sprout out of the ground and spring up like a cloud of lace.

There is a faint decline in this soft brightness, for now the sun is setting. The sun-god is moderating his power for the benefit of the little flowers which otherwise would dry up and fade. This is the hour when the sun lends full value to the works of man, so that architecture stands out in all its beauty, while at the same time the sun softly colors the lovely clouds.

The pediment of the Palais Biron is brilliant in the sunlight. The balcony casts shadows on the grimacing consoles, and the shell-work is luminous in this glorious light. The window-panes glow in glory. The great staircase seems arranged for ladies to descend on their way to the garden, graciously trailing their long robes, which rustle over the steps.

Like a pilgrim, full of hope, who rests a moment at the gates of a town, and breathes the balmy evening air, so I seat myself in this garden. The hour passes quickly, but it could not be better employed than in absorbing these marvels.

When the sun drops behind the horizon, with its glowing colors like the flaming fires of a forge, our hearts are filled

with wonder and awe. It gilds all in a last golden glory of triumph, the sky so brilliant that one cannot define the line of the horizon. There, where the sun disappeared, the sky is now orange. Everything is fading away; another immensity spreads out before us. The glory of night is about to extend over the firmament its melancholy charm.

THE corner of this garden is a corner of happiness, a corner of eternity. Here thoughts can thrive and worship, for here they have everything. For the great things in life are not the exceptional things, but the beauties of every day, which we do not stop to notice. These vast treasures, within our grasp, which we do not even touch, they are the things that count.

The public believes that one is happy in the admiration of nature; but there are various degrees of happiness. Doubtless a glorious feeling of admiration may take hold of one; but if one does not constantly cling to one's admiration as a matter of habit, one grows weary and becomes superficial. Indeed, I do not know why we demand another life, since we have not learned to enjoy and understand this one fully. In any case, if we find this a bad world, it is our fault. We are childish about it. We belittle one another wilfully. Fancy the trees doing that, if one could suspect them of such a thing!

When I descend the steps, I am overwhelmed by that fluid which is life. I am in touch with life. What more can I want? This tenderness which surrounds me everywhere, this ever-varying nature which says so much to me, the atmosphere which envelops me—am I already in heaven, or am I a poet?

FATHERS AND SONS

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

CHILD to whom my loneliness
Cries,—and cries, I know, in vain,—
Down the years I look and bless;
Down the years let my hand press
Strong your shoulder. I am fain
You should reap from my sown pain
Flowers of joy and loveliness,
Child I love, and love in vain.

You will never turn to me
As I turn and cry to you.
Regions strange and visions new
Shall be yours to search and see.
Old and alien I shall be.
I who love you set you free;
Yet recall I cried to you,
Child I love so utterly.

EXUBERANCE AND THE NEW ARTIST

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Author of "The Musical Amateur," etc.

EFFICIENCY is to-day the "Hallelujah Chorus" of industry. A manufacturing friend of mine recently read Mr. Taylor's book on efficiency. Stop-watch in hand, he then made an exhaustive study of his office force and their every action. After considering the tabulated results, he arose, smashed all but one of the many office mirrors, and otherwise eliminated works of supererogation. The sequel is that a dozen stenographers to-day are easily performing the work of the former thirty-two. This sort of thing is spreading through all industry, and beyond it in every direction.

Even the artists are studying the bearing of mechanical efficiency on the arts of sculpture, music, literature, architecture, and painting. But beyond the card-catalogue and the filing-cabinet the artists find that the new gospel has little to offer them. Their sympathies go out, instead, to a different kind of efficiency. The kind that bids fair to shatter their old lives to bits and remold them nearer to the heart's desire is not mechanical, but human. For inspiration it goes back of the age of Taylor to the age of Pericles.

The enthusiasm for human efficiency is beginning to rival that for mechanical efficiency. Preventative medicine, public playgrounds, the new health education, school hygiene, city-planning, eugenics, housing reform, the child-welfare and country-life movements, the cult of exercise and sport—all these are helping to lower the death-rate and enrich the life-rate the world over. Health has fought with smoke and germs, and is now in the air. It would be strange if the receptive nature of the artist should escape the benignant infection.

There is an excellent reason why human efficiency should appeal less to the industrial than to the artistic worlds. For industry finds an unemployed surplus of new human machines always available. Their initial cost is nothing. So it pays to overwork them, scrap them promptly, and install fresh ones. Thus it comes that the costly spinning-machines in the Southern mills are exquisitely cared for, while the cheap little boys and girls who tie the broken threads are made to last on an average four years.

In art it is different. The artist knows that he is, like Swinburne's *Hertha,* at once the machine and the machinist. It is dawning upon him that one chief reason why the old Greeks scaled Parnassus so efficiently is that all the master-climbers got, and kept, their human machines in good order for the climb. They trained for the game of art as an Olympic athlete trains to-day for the Marathon. One reason why there was so much record-breaking in those days is that all the non-artists trained also, and thus, through their heightened sympathy and appreciation of the master-climbers, became masters by proxy.

The artist begins also to realize another reason why art has never again reached the Periclean level. It is because the artist has relaxed training and broken it to pieces, and has never again brought his body up to the general level of Greek efficiency.

Now, the physiological psychologists tell us that the art impulse is the play impulse translated into a higher sphere. The play impulse is a brimming-over of the cup of physical exuberance. The art impulse is a brimming-over of the cups of mental and spiritual exuberance. And the best way to insure the mental and spiritual overplus is to gain the physical. The artist's first duty is to make his body as perfect as he can. He will soon find that he is greater than he knows. He will discover that he has until then been walking the earth more than half dead.

With delight he will discover that living in a glow of health bears the same relation to merely not being sick that a recital by Harold Bauer bears to a beginner's strumming on a decrepit piano.

"All through the life of a feeble-bodied man," wrote the educator Horace Mann, "his path is lined with memory's gravestones which mark the spots where noble enterprises perished for lack of physical vigor to embody them in deeds."

This applies with special force to the worker in the arts. One should bear in mind that he is in a peculiar dilemma. His nerve-racking, confining, exhausting work is always tending to enfeeble and derange his body. But its demands are so exacting that it is no use for him to spare intensity. Unless he is doing his utmost, he had better be doing nothing at all. And to do his utmost he must keep his body in that supremely fit condition which the work itself is always tending to destroy. The one lasting solution for him is to limit his working time to a safe maximum, and increase his recreation-and-sleeping time to a safe minimum, and to *train* "without haste, without rest."

"The first requisite to great intellectuality in a man," declares Maxim, the inventor, "is to be a good animal." Philip Gilbert Hamerton in his best-known book gives convincing proof that overflowing health is the first essential of art, and shows what a triumphant part it played in the careers of such mighty men of intellectual valor as Leonardo da Vinci, Kant, Wordsworth, and Sir Walter Scott.

Is the reader still unconvinced that physical exuberance is necessary to the artist? Then let him read biography and note the paralyzing effect upon the biographees of sickness and half-sickness and three-quarter health. He will see that, as a rule, the masters have done their most telling and lasting work with the tides of physical life at flood. For the genius is no Joshua. He cannot make the sun of the mind and the moon of the spirit stand still while the tide of the body is ebbing seaward.

Indeed, biography should not be necessary to convince the fair-minded reader. Autobiography should answer. Just let him think back and say whether he has not thought his deepest thoughts and performed his most brilliant deeds under the intoxication of a stimulant no less heady than that of exuberant health.

This mention of stimulants, however, brings us to a vexed, and often vexing, question. My personal belief is firm that, as a rule, the sickly geniuses have won what triumphs they have won despite bad health, and not, as some like to imagine, because of bad health. To this rule there are a few often cited exceptions, such as Stevenson. Now, no one may deny that there is a pathological brilliance of good cheer in the works of Stevenson and other tubercular artists. The white plague is a powerful mental stimulant. It is a double-distilled extract of baseless optimism. But this optimism, like that resulting from other stimulants, is dearly bought. Its shrift is too short. And let nobody forget that for every variety of pathological optimism, brilliance, and beauty there are ninety and nine corresponding varieties of pathological pessimism, dullness, and ugliness induced by disorders of the liver, heart, stomach, brain, skin, and so on without end.

The thing for artists to do is to find out what physical conditions make for the best art in the long run, and then secure these conditions in as short a run as possible. If tuberculosis makes for it, then by all means let those of us who are sincerely devoted to our art be inoculated without delay. If the family doctor refuses to oblige, all we have to do is to avoid fresh air, practise indiscriminate osculation and systematic neglect of colds, and frequent the subway during rush hours. If alcohol makes for the best art, let us forthwith be admitted to the bar—the stern judgment-bar where each solitary drinker is arraigned. For it is generally admitted that in art quality is more important than quantity. If that powerful corrosive alcohol only makes us do a little first-class work, what matter if it corrodes us to death immediately afterward? We shall have had our day. Thus many a gallant soul reasons. But is there not an ideal that is as far above mere quality as quality is above mere quantity? I think there is. It is quantity of quality. And quantity of quality is exactly the thing that the corrosiveness of all powerful stimulants eats alive.

I am not satisfied, however, that stimulants make entirely for the fine quality of

even the short shrift. To my ear, tubercular optimism, when thumped on the chest, sounds a bit hollow. It does not ring as true as healthy optimism because one feels in the long run its automatic, pathological nature. It is debarred by the very nature of the disease from being a product of free will. And the less optimism is a product of free will, the less admirable it appears, at least to folk who have any Teutonic blood in their veins. We feel that the performance of the music-box is less admirable than the performance of Paderewski.

Thus, tubercular, alcoholized, and drugged literature may often be picked out by its somewhat artificial, unhuman, abnormal flavor. I believe that if the geniuses who have done their work under the influence of stimulants had, instead, trained sound bodies as for an Olympic victory, the arts would to-day be the richer in quantity of quality. On this point George Meredith wrote a trenchant word to W. G. Collins:

I think that the notion of drinking any kind of alcohol as a stimulant for intellectual work can have entered the minds of those only who snatch at the former that they may conceive a fictitious execution of the latter. Stimulants may refresh, and may even temporarily comfort, the body after labor of brain; they do not help it—not even in the lighter kinds of labor. They unseat the judgment, pervert vision. Productions cast off by the aid of the use of them are but flashy, trashy stuff—or exhibitions of the prodigious in wildness or grotesque conceit, of the kind which Hoffmann's tales give, for example; he was one of the few at all eminent who wrote after drinking.

To reinforce the opinion of the great Englishman, I cannot forbear quoting that of an equally great American. Emerson wrote:

Never can any advantage be taken of nature by a trick. The spirit of the world, the great calm presence of the Creator, comes not forth to the sorceries of opium or of wine. The sublime vision comes to the pure and simple soul in a clean and chaste body. . . . The poet's habit of living should be set on so low a key that the common influences should delight him. His cheerfulness should be the gift of the sunlight; the air should suffice for his inspiration, and he should be tipsy with water.

In other words, the artist should keep himself so fit as to need no other stimulant than his own exuberance. But this should always flow as freely as beer at a college reunion. And there should always be more in reserve. It were well to consider whether there is not some connection between decadent art and decadent bodies. A friend of mine recently attended a meeting of decadent painters, and reported that he could not find a chin or a forehead in the hall.

One reason why so many of the world's great since Greece have neglected to store up physical exuberance is that exercise is well-nigh indispensable thereto, and exercise has not seemed to them sufficiently dignified. We are indebted to the dark ages for this dull superstition. Then it was that the monasteries built gloomy granite greenhouses for the flower of the world's intellect, that it might deteriorate in the darkness and perish without reproducing its kind. The monastic system held the body a vile thing, and that to train it "as a strong man to run a race" was quite beneath the dignity of the spiritually elect. So flagellation was substituted for perspiration, much as, in the Orient, scent is substituted for soap, and with no more satisfactory result. Since then this false notion of dignity, by keeping men out of flannels and overalls, gymnasium suits and running-tights, has performed prodigies in the work of blighting the flower of the mind and stunting the fruit-tree of the spirit.

To-day, however, we are escaping from the old superstition. We begin to see that there is no complete dignity for man without a dignified physique, and that there is no physical dignity to compare with that of the hard-trained athlete. True, he who trains can hardly keep up the old-time pose of the grand old man or the grand young man. He must perforce be more human and natural. But this sort of grandeur is now going out of fashion, and its absence must show to advantage in the artist's work.

As a rule the true artist is a most devoted and self-sacrificing person. He has

usually been willing, since the piping times of Pericles, to sacrifice to the demands of his art most of the things he enjoys excepting poor health. Wife, children, friends, credit—all may go by the board. But his poor health he addresses with solemn, scriptural loyalty: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. . . . Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

Not that he enjoys the misery incidental to poor health; but he most thoroughly enjoys a number of its causes. Sitting up too late at night is what he enjoys, smoking too much, drinking too much, yielding to the exhausting sway of the divine afflatus longer hours at a time than he has any business to, bolting unbalanced meals, and so on.

But the artist is finding out this: that poor health is the very first enjoyment which he ought to sacrifice; that the sacrifice is not as heroic as it appears; and that, once it is accomplished, the odds are that all the other things he thought he must give up may be added unto him through his own increased efficiency.

No doubt this business of regimen, of constant alertness and petty self-sacrifice, is bound to grow irksome before it settles down in life and becomes habitual. But what does a little irksomeness count, or even a great deal of irksomeness, as against the long, deep thrill of doing better than you thought you ever knew how, of going from strength to strength, and creating that which will elevate and delight mankind long after the pangs of installing regimen are forgotten and you have once and for all broken training and laid you down to sleep over?

The reason why great men and women are often cynical about their own success is this: they have been so immoderate in their enjoyment of poor health that when the hour of victory comes, they lack the exuberance and self-restraint essential to the savoring of achievement or of any other pleasure. I believe that the successful invalid is more apt to be cynical about his success than the healthy failure about his failure. The latter is usually the optimist. But this is a hard belief to substantiate, for the perfectly healthy failure does not grow on every bush.

If only the physical conscientiousness of the Greeks had never been allowed to die out, the world to-day would be a manifoldly richer, fairer, and more inspiring place. As it is, we shall never be able to reckon up our losses in genius: in Stevensons whose birth was frustrated by the preventable illness or death of their possible parents; in Schuberts who sickened or died from preventable causes before they had delivered a note of their message; in Giorgiones whom a suicidally ignorant conduct of physical life condemned to have their work cheapened and curtailed.

One can hardly endure the thought of what the geniuses of the modern world might have been able to accomplish if only they had lived and trained themselves like athletes, and been treated with a small part of the practical consideration which humanity bestows on a favorite ball-player or prize-fighter.

Even to-day there is a vast amount of superstition arrayed against the truth that exuberance, and not grievous necessity, is the mother of artistic invention. Necessity is of course only the stepmother of invention. But men love to convince themselves that sickness and morbidity are good for the arts, just as they delightedly embrace the conviction, and hold it with a death-grip, that a life of harassing poverty and anxious preoccupation is indispensable to the true poet. The circumstance that this belief runs clean counter to the showing of history does not embarrass them. Convinced against their will, they are of the same opinion still. And they enthusiastically assault and batter any one who points out the truth.

I believe, though, that men are gradually becoming more reasonable. They no longer repeat with such parrot-like glibness the absurd old fallacy that "genius will out" despite the most untoward conditions, as if it were as tough a plant as the cactus or the horse-brier. They begin to realize that the flower of genius is not the flower of a hardy perennial weed, but of a sensitive exotic which demands good conditions for bare existence, and needs a really excellent environment and constant tending if it would thrive and produce the finest possible blooms. Mankind has always pretended to be solicitous lest genius be insufficiently supplied with that trouble and sorrow which is supposed to be indispensable to its work. But a few

of our contemporaries are now beginning to be frank with themselves and to admit that the thin-skinned, impractical nature of genius, in even the best environments, is formed for trouble as the sparks to fly upward. They see that luck has slain its hundreds of geniuses, but trouble its ten thousands. And they conclude that their true solicitude should be not lest genius have too little adversity to contend with, but lest it have too much.

Even if the ideal of physical efficiency had been revived as little as a century ago, how much we of to-day would be the gainers! If Richard Wagner had only known how and what to eat and how to avoid catching cold every other month, we should not have so many dull, dreary places to overlook in "The Ring," and should, instead, have three or four more immortal tone-dramas than his famous colds and indigestions gave him time to write.

One hates to think what Poe might have done in sane literature if only he had taken the pledge and become a chip of the old oaken bucket. Tuberculosis, they now say, is preventable. If they had only said so before the death of Keats!

It makes one rage to think how Schiller shut himself up in a stuffy closet of a room all day with his exhausting work; and how the sole recreation he allowed himself during the week was a solemn game of ombre with the philosopher Schelling. And then he wondered why he could not get on with his writing, and why he was forever catching cold (*einen starken Schnupfen*), and why his head was so thick half the time that he could n't do a thing with it. In his correspondence with Goethe it is exasperating to observe that these great poets kept so little reserve exuberance in stock that a slight change in temperature or humidity, or even a dark day, was enough to overdraw their health-account and bankrupt their work. How glorious it would have been if they had only stored enough exuberance to have made them health magnates, impervious to the slings and arrows of outrageous February, and able to snap their fingers and flourish inspired quills in the face of a vile March! In that case their published works might not have gained much in bulk, perhaps, but the masterpieces would surely represent a far larger than the present proportion of their collected works. And I do not think that the second part of Faust would contain that lament about the flesh so seldom having wings to match those of the spirit.

Some of the best English poets have scarcely done more than indicate for what kind of pottage they were bartering away their birthrights and ours. Coleridge, for example, ceased to write poetry after thirty because, by dissipating his exuberance, he had too grievously wronged what he described as

> This body that does me grievous wrong.

After all, how few great masters since the glory that was Greece have not half buried their talents under the soiled napkin of mediocre health! When we survey the army of modern genius, how little of the sustained ring and resilience and triumphant immortal youth of real exuberance do we find there! Instead of a band of sound, alert, well-equipped soldiers of the mind and spirit, we behold a sorry-looking lot of stragglers limping along painfully, with lack-luster eyes, or eyes bright with the luster of fever. And the people they serve are not entirely free from blame. They have often neglected to fill the soldiers' knapsacks, or put shirts on their backs. As for foot-gear, it is the usual campaign army-shoe, made of blotting-paper—the shoe that left red marks behind it at Valley Forge and Gettysburg and San Juan. But that is another essay.

I believe that a better time is coming, and that the real renaissance is about to dawn. For we and our army of artists are beginning to see that if the artist is completely to fulfil his function, he must be able to run not alone with patience, but also with the brilliance born of exuberance, the race that is set before him. This dawning belief is the greatest hope of modern art.

It does one good to see how artists here, there, and everywhere are beginning to grow enthusiastic over the new-old gospel of bodily efficiency, and physically to "revive the just designs of Greece." The encouraging thing is that no true artist who once finds what an impulse Spartan training gives his work is ever content to slump back to the old, vegetative, death-in-life existence.

In every way the artist finds himself the gainer by cutting his hours of work down to the point where he never loses his exuberance. He is now beginning to take absolute, not merely relative, vacations, and more of them. For he remembers that no man's work, not even Rembrandt's or Beethoven's or Shakspere's, is ever *too* good; and that every hour of needed rest or recreation makes the ensuing work better.

It is being borne in on the artist that a health-book like Fisher's "Making Life Worth While" is of as much professional value to him as many treatises on technic. Insight into the physiological basis of his work can save the artist, it seems, from those periods of black despair which he used to employ in butting his head against a concrete wall, raging impotently because he could not butt through. Now, instead of laying his futility to a mysteriously malignant fate, he throws over stimulants and late hours and takes to the open road, the closed squash-court, and the sleeping-porch. And presently armies could not withhold him from triumphant labor.

The artist is finding that exuberance, this open sesame to the things that count, may not be won without the friendly collaboration of the pores; and that two birds of paradise may be killed with one stone (which is above rubies) by giving the mind fun while one gives the pores occupation. Sport is this precious stone. There is, of course, something to be said for sportless exercise. It is fairly good for the artist to perform solemn antics in a gymnasium class, to gesture impassionedly with dumb-bells, and to tread the mill of the circular running-track; but it is far better for him to go in with equal energy for exercise which, while developing his body, recreates his mind and spirit. Those are best, in my opinion, which have in them plenty of variety and humor and the excitement of competition. I mean games like tennis, base-ball, hand-ball, golf, lacrosse, and polo, and sports like swift-water canoeing and fly-fishing, boxing and fencing. These take the mind of the artist quite away from its preoccupations, and then restore it to them, unless he has exercised intemperately, with a fresh point of view and a zest for work.

Sport is one of the chief makers of exuberance because of its purging, exhilarating, and constructive effects on body, mind, and spirit. So many contemporary artists are being converted to sport that the artistic type seems to be changing under our eyes.

It was only yesterday that the worker in literature, sculpture, painting, or music was a sickly, morbid, anemic, peculiar specimen, distrusted at sight by the average man, and a shining mark for all the cast-off wit of the world. Gilbert never wearied of describing him in "Patience." He was a "foot-in-the-grave young man" or a "*Je-ne-sais-quoi* young man." He was

> A most intense young man,
> A soulful-eyed young man,
> An ultra-poetical,
> Superæsthetical,
> Out-of-the-way young man.

Where is this young man to-day? Most of his sort have accompanied the snows of yester-year. And a goodly proportion of those who make merry in their room are sure-eyed, well-set-up, ruddy, muscular chaps about whom the average man may jeer and write slanderous doggerel only at his peril. But somehow or other the average man likes this new type better, and does not wish to jeer at him, but goes and buys his pictures instead.

Faint, but distinct, one begins to hear the new note of exuberance spreading through the arts. On canvas it registers the fact that the painters are migrating in hordes to live most of the year in the open country. It vibrates in the sparkling tone of the new type of musical performer like Willeke, the cellist. Like a starter's pistol it sounds out of the writings of hard-trained men of the hour like John Masefield, E. F. Benson, Arnold Bennett, and Alfred Noyes. One has only to compare the resistless exuberance and the absolute sanity of men like these with the work of the ordinary out-of-the-way young man to see what a gulf yawns between exuberance and exhaustion, between absolute sanity and a state somewhere on the sunny side of mild insanity. And I believe that as yet we catch only a faint glimpse of the glories of the coming renaissance. Wait until this new religion of exuberance is a few generations older, and eugenics has said its say!

Curiously enough, the decadent artists who pride themselves on their extreme modernity are the ones who now seem to cling with the most reactionary tenacity to the old-fashioned, invertebrate type of physique. The rest are in a fair way to undergo such a change as came to *Queed,* the sedentary hero of Mr. Harrison's novel, when he took up boxing.

The case of the so-called Ten American Painters is in point. This group is considered fairly representative of American painting. Many of them have become sportsmen. And those who see them together often remark that they would never be taken for a group of artists. They look much too normal and healthy and human.

As sport and the artists come closer together, they should have a good effect on one another. The artists will doubtless make sport more formful, rhythmical, and beautiful. Sport, on the other hand, ought before long to influence the arts by making sportsmen of the artists.

Now good sportsmanship, to quote myself, is composed of fairness, team-work, the grace of a good loser, the grace of a good winner, modesty, and gameness. The first two of these amount to an equitable passion for a fair field and no favor, and a willingness to subordinate star-play, or personal gain, to team-play, or communal gain. Together they imply a feeling for democracy. To be converted to the cult of true sportsmanship means to become more socially minded. I think it is more than a coincidence that at the moment when the artists are turning to sport their work is taking on the brotherly tone of democracy. The call of brotherhood is to-day one of the chief preoccupations of poetry, the drama, ideal sculpture, and mural decoration. Even architecture is growing less aristocratic, as witness our new railroad terminals. For this rapid change I should not wonder if the democracy of sportsmanship were in part responsible.

The third element of sportsmanship is the grace of a good loser. Artists to-day are better losers than were the foot-in-the-grave young men. Among them one finds less and less childish petulance, outspoken jealousy of others' success, and apology for their own failure. Some of this has been shamed out of them by discovering that the good sportsman never apologizes or explains away his defeat, and they are importing these manly tactics into the game of art. It has not taken them long to see how ridiculous an athlete makes himself who hides behind the excuse of sickness or lack of training. They are impressed by the way in which the non-apologetic spirit is invading the less-athletic games, even down to such a sedentary affair as chess. This remarkable rule, for example, was proposed in the recent chess match between Lasker and Capablanca:

> Illness shall not interfere with the playing of any game, on the ground that it is the business of the players to so train themselves that their bodies shall be in perfect condition; and it is their duty, which by this rule is enforced, to study their health and live accordingly.

The fourth factor of sportsmanship is the grace of a good loser. It would seem as though the artist were learning not only to keep from gloating over his vanquished rival, but also to be generous and minimize his own victory. In Gilbert's day the failure did all the apologizing. To-day less apologizing is done by the failure and more by the success. The master in art is learning modesty, and from whom but the master in sport? There are in the arts to-day fewer megalomaniacs and persons afflicted with a delusion of grandeur than there were among the *Je-ne-sais-quoi* young men. Sport has made them more normal spiritually while making them more normal physically. It has kept them younger. Old age has been attacked and driven back all along the line. One reason why we no longer have so many grand old men is that we no longer have so many *old* men.

This is a fair omen for the future of progress. "If only the leaders of the world's thought and emotion," writes Bourne in "Youth," "can, by caring for the physical basis, keep themselves young, why, the world will go far to catching up with itself and becoming contemporaneous."

Gameness is the final factor. In the matter of gameness, I grant that sport has little to teach the successful artist. For it takes courage, dogged persistence, re-

siliency, in short, the never-say-die spirit to succeed in any of the arts. It takes the Browning spirit of those who

> fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

It takes the typical Anglo-Saxon gameness of Johnny Armstrong of the old ballad:

> Said John, "Fight on, my merry men all,
> I am a little hurt, but I am not slain;
> I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
> And then I 'll rise and fight with you again."

Yes, but what of the weaker brothers and sisters in art who have not yet succeeded, perhaps for want of these very qualities? I believe that a newly developed sporting spirit, acting upon a newly developed body, will presently bring to many a disheartened struggler just that increment of resilient gameness which will mean success instead of failure.

Thus, while our artists show a tendency to hark back to the Greek physical ideal, they are not harking back, but forward, when they yield to the mental and spiritual influences of sportsmanship. For this spirit was unknown to the ancient world. It is a distinctly modern phenomenon. Until yesterday art and sportsmanship never met. But now it begins to look as though there were enough common attraction to make a match of it.

In that case I am confident that there will come of this union sons and daughters who shall joyfully obey the summons that is still ringing down to us over the heads of the anemic contemporaries of the exuberant old sportsman Walt Whitman:

> Poets to come! orators, singers, musicians to come!
> Not today is to justify me and answer what I am for,
> But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater than before known,
> Arouse! for you must justify me.

LOVE

BY J. G. P.

LOVE was old and seasoned, too,
When Cheops' pyramid was new.

Love was practised in its guile
Before the serpent of the Nile.

Did ye say that love was old?
Watch it like a flower unfold;

Watch its petals, one by one,
Open to the kindly sun,

Fair as dawn and fresh as dew.
In very truth *our* love is new.

Did ye say, and think it true,
Love was either old or new?

Love, unchanging, ever fair,
Is as ageless as the air.

THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF JACQUELINE

II—THE TRIUMPH OF TRISTAM

BY GEORGE WESTON

PICTURES BY HARRY RALEIGH

JACQUELINE was wearing that morning (for my sins) a filmy pink dress like the smile of a rainbow. But as for Aunt Gabrielle, Aunt Gabrielle sat at the head of the table like the concomitant thunder-cloud, draped in sobriety, and ominous beyond words.

"She repents already of her contrac'," whispered Jacqueline when her aunt was called into the kitchen. "*M'sieur* mus' take a mos' exquisite care!"

It was kind of Jacqueline to give me her warning, but the smile with which she accompanied it was a cruelty hard to bear; for Aunt Gabrielle had grudgingly consented that I could be her summer boarder only as long as I refrained from everything that looked like making love to Jacqueline.

Wherefore breakfast became a Procrustean affair. If I tried to appear unaware of the charms of Jacqueline, I could see that Mme. Depuis suspected a conspiracy; while if I allowed myself to look at Jacqueline one second too long, Mme. Depuis became more and more persuaded that a grand passion had already set in, and was growing grander every moment.

In such wise we broke our fast on coffee and rolls, which stood for Paris, France, and on codfish cakes, which typified East Granby, Connecticut, and when at last Mme. Depuis announced that she was obliged to drive nine miles to visit her sister, who had been taken suddenly ill, there followed one of the most sprightly, staccato, and yet pleasing duets which was ever set to music in the French tongue. Jacqueline sang the soprano, while Aunt Gabrielle rendered a spirited bass.

"She want' me to 'company her," reported Jacqueline, after Mme. Depuis had departed, hoarsely eloquent still; "but how can I depart when I expec' my Uncle Will from Hartford? Can my Uncle Will be entertain' kitchenly by Marie?"

"To say nothing of leaving me here all alone," I objected.

"Oh, you, la! la!" laughed Jacqueline. "It is you who are—what you call it?—the bone of attention. But come, *M'sieur*. Now that Mose has gone to drive Aunt Gaby, you can play Rebecca of ze fountain."

She led me outside, where she was immediately rushed upon by Pom-Pom, her tufted and gifted poodle, and by Henri, her flaming red rooster, with the bangle on his leg, and after these intelligent pets had seen me burdened with two water-pails, Pom-Pom galloped toward the orchard, with Henri scuttling after him in hot pursuit.

"They always like to be at hand when Tristam get' his break-the-fast," said Jacqueline, dancing down the kitchen steps with a plate in her hand.

Proud of my perspicacity, I imagined Tristam as an old gardener, probably French Canadian, and even adorned, perhaps, with a smock and wooden shoes.

"He did not nourish so well when he firs' came," said Jacqueline; "but now is nearly full grown, his appetite leave' nothing to grieve about."

Hastily I reconstructed my idea of Tristam. I pictured him as a young man, with a dirty face and large hands, who looked after the garden and made himself useful about the house.

"You know, I often feel an envy," Jacqueline confided, as we walked through the orchard, "at his nice cool swim ever' morning before he has his break-the-fast."

"At least," I hurriedly amended my picture, "Tristam is clean."

"But in ze winter-time, when he lie under ze ice—*Brrh!*"

Whereupon my mental image of Tristam fell into the traditional flinders, and, dumfounded, I might have stared at Jacqueline for the next ten minutes if it had not been for the strange behavior of Pom-Pom and Henri. They had reached a slight depression in the orchard, and were both staring down into the ground.

"Oh-ho!" I cried, in sudden enlightenment, "Then Tristam is digging a well, is he?"

"Digging it? Ah, no, *M'sieur;* Tristam he is like ze Ding-Dong Puss—he is *in* ze well."

The well proved to be a spring, confined by half of a hogshead set even with the top of the ground. In the side of the hogshead, about a foot below the surface of the water, a circular piece of glass was suspended on two nails. On the bottom of the spring were a wooden ball and two enormous sea-shells. Driven into the sandy bed was a vertical length of broom-handle the top of which rose above the water and was ornamented with a short strap of sleigh-bells. And in these admirably furnished quarters I beheld the most lordly young trout which it has ever been my good fortune to contemplate.

"*Bonjour,* Tristam!" cried Jacqueline.

Seeing her, or hearing her, the trout rose until his nose formed a quivery ridge upon the surface of the spring.

"Catch!" cried Jacqueline, throwing him a bit of bread.

There was a sudden rippling of the water, and the next moment Tristam was munching his bread and wagging his tail for more. Then Pom-Pom caught a piece of toast, which he bolted with a shrug of his shoulders, while Tristam and Henri watched him with unconcealed disapproval. Then Henri got a bit of meat, which he gobbled with ostentatious and apoplectic joy, while Pom-Pom and Tristam nearly shed tears of covetousness. And all the time Jacqueline was joyously telling me about the life and duties of Tristam of the Spring.

"One morning in Paris," I learned, "Aunt Gaby go' to turn ze faucet; but ze water, you know, it appear' not! So Aunt Gaby took a hair-pin an', *voilà!* Tristam enter wiz a splash, an' start to swim around ze *cafetière!*"

"Tristam did!" I muttered, looking at that finny exile with a new respect.

"Yes," exclaimed Jacqueline, throwing him another bit of bread, which he acknowledged with an air of great gallantry; "but, oh, he was so small,—what you call a minnie,—and Aunt Gaby kep' him to nag ze landlord, to confound him wiz chagrin, to take his breath away, and —what you call it?—to astonish him into a filter!"

"Aunt Gaby did!" I muttered again, marveling at this hitherto unheard-of metamorphosis of a landlord.

"Yes," cried Jacqueline again. "She got her filter, too. Trust Aunt Gaby! Oh, it was a mos' famous scene! Some day perhaps she will tell you. An' she make ze landlord look so foolish that she conceive a ver' strong affection for li'l' Tristam, an' Tristam conceive a ver' strong affection for us both. So she decide' to raise him, ze gallant li'l' fellow!"

I stared at Tristam, who was blowing bubbles, feeling as though I were witnessing an act from one of Rostand's plays.

"An' so of course he grew," said Jacqueline, speaking like one who states an axiom; "for when Aunt Gaby has once make up her mind— An' las' winter when we return home to ze States United, we brought li'l' Tristam with us, and put him here to mind the spring."

"To mind the spring?" I weakly demanded.

"To mind the spring," repeated Jacqueline with spirit. "Does a fly fall in ze

water? Ha! Ze gallant Tristam has him in-stant-a-neousment. Does a mosquito appear? Ha!" Jacqueline made a brisk, but delectable, pantomime with her lips to show me how Tristam proceeded in the matter of mosquitos. "Does a worm intrude?" Shuddering slightly, but proudly still, Jacqueline indicated the fate of the hapless worm.

"But what is the glass for?" I asked, with increasing respect.

"Ze silver has melted off ze back," confessed Jacqueline; "but once it was a looking-glass for Tristam to t'ink he had friends."

"And what are the shells for?"

"For Tristam to hear ze ocean roar."

"But what 's the ball for?"

"For Tristam to play wiv, of course."

"And the stick and the bells?"

Jacqueline blushed a little.

"He rub' his back against ze stick," she said, "and zen—you knôw?—ze bells ring."

I was still regarding these ingenious domestic arrangements when Jacqueline's expected company drove up to the house. Whereupon I fastened the hammock between two apple-trees near Tristam's home, and it was there that Jacqueline found me late in the afternoon, reading a book, watching the apples grow, thinking—and this the most—of my young hostess, and vainly listening for the blissful tinkle of Tristam's chime of bells.

"Well," said Jacqueline, evidently referring to her company, "zey have gone, an' still Aunt Gabrielle returns not. I hope she gets back before it grows dark." Evidently referring again to her company, she added: "Zat was my Uncle Will Harris an' his wife. Uncle Will an' my poor papa fight side by side in ze Civil War. He call' me a li'l' French nutneg. What is zat—a nutneg?"

My reply, which I was somewhat carefully formulating with the view to flavoring it with the spice of wit, was interrupted by the approach of a large touring-car. The car came hesitating—one might almost say that it came stammering—along the road, and stopped in front of the house. On the driver's seat was a rosy-faced young man, apparently on the verge of temper, and by his side was a girlish figure, heavily veiled, but exceedingly straight of back.

"I say," shouted the young man, "can we get any gasolene around here?"

"The nearest depot for gasolene," I answered, Jacqueline prompting me, "is Windsor Locks."

At this, the rosy-faced young driver spoke humbly to the girl in the veils. What she told him in reply I cannot tell, but his countenance suddenly turned from the color of roses to a very rich tint of geraniums. He jumped out of the car, slammed the door behind him,—whereat Jacqueline's figure stiffened in sympathy with that exceedingly straight back in the car,—and started over the grass toward us. But on his way a better thought struck him. He went back to the car, opened the door, shut it gently (*"Bon! bon!"* murmured Jacqueline), and then for the second time hurried over to where we were sitting.

He had run out of gasolene, he told us, although at the garage they had distinctly assured him that the tank was full. It was important, imperative, that they should reach Litchfield in time for dinner. Was there no way in which he could get some gasolene and get it quickly?

Thus appealed to, Jacqueline remembered a farmer three miles away who had a car and a gasolene engine to saw his wood. A neighbor's boy was drafted to drive there at full speed. The rosy-faced young man hurried to the nearest telephone and, when he returned, Jacqueline and the straight-backed girl were sitting on the front veranda, very much interested in each other. At his approach, Jacqueline joined me around the corner of the veranda and left them together.

"You have seen her?" whispered Jacqueline. "She is pretty as pictures. But zat yo'ng man he had better keep his eye scrape'. I do not t'ink she love' him well enough yet zat he can quarrel wiv immunity. It is zeir firs' tiffy, an' she take' it ver', ver' hard."

As though in confirmation of Jacqueline's observation, we heard the girl's voice. "I shall never speak to you again as long as I live," she was saying.

"Ah-ha!" breathed Jacqueline, a tender look in her eyes. "She love' him, after all."

"It sounds so," I protested under my breath.

"Of course she does," whispered Jac-

"'*BONJOUR*, TRISTAM!' CRIED JACQUELINE"

queline. "All lovers talk like zat. Maybe soon she 'll tell him zat she hate' him. Lees-ten!"

"I hate you!" the girl was saying to the rosy-faced young man.

"Did n' I tell you?" murmured Jacqueline. "Lees-ten. If you will fetch from ze well a pail of water, I will make some lemonade an' tea. Zey mus' be t'irsty, poor t'ings! An' when ze dust gets in ze wheels—you know?—'squeak! squeak!' "

I hurried to the spring through the gathering gloom, and upon my return Jacqueline was lighting an alcohol lamp on the sheltered side of the veranda. I carried the pail to her, and the moment Jacqueline looked into the water I knew what I had done.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" she cried fortissimo, "you have caught li'l' Tristam!" And in a flood of pity she bent over him. "Ah, you poor, poor boy! To bring you from your nice cool well into ze warm outside!"

Obviously this was too much for the straight-backed girl. She strolled around the corner of the veranda, all eyes to see, and a moment later she and Tristam were staring at each other through the water.

"Is n't he a darling!" exclaimed the straight-backed girl. "Did you say his name was Tristam?"

"Yes," said Jacqueline. "He has his apartment in ze well, an' zis is ze second time he has call' at ze house in a pail."

Whereupon the rosy-faced young man could n't stand it any longer, and *he* casually turned the corner of the veranda. Jacqueline caught my eye, and we went into the house together. "Tristam will make zem talk," she whispered, "an' zey will hold a reonion over his pail." She led me into the front room, from where we basely peeped through the curtains. The girl had taken off her dust-coat. She was dressed in gauzy white, and her veils floated about her like a lavender-tinted cloud.

"Kitty," exclaimed the rosy-faced young man, rosier-faced than ever, "forgive me!"

He took a step toward her, and she took a step away.

"Kitty," he exclaimed again, "I 'm awfully sorry!"

He took another step toward her, and she took another step away.

"Silly puss!" muttered Jacqueline. "Many a girl has died an ancient maiden because she did not know when to make it up."

"Kitty!" implored the young man. Again he took a step toward her, and again she retreated. Right behind her then was the little table upon which Jacqueline's alcohol lamp was burning. In the light breeze the girl's veils found the flame. The next moment there was a flash of fire, and then a muffled shriek of alarm. We rushed to the door, but when we reached them, the rosy-faced young man had dashed the pail of water over the girl's blazing dress, and she, with both her fires simultaneously extinguished, had fallen into his arms, and was holding him very tightly around the collar.

"Zere!" cried Jacqueline in subdued delight, after she had snatched up the wildly flopping Tristam, and we had run and slipped him back into the spring. "Did n' I tell you Tristam would do it? Ah, you 've no ideas what a gallant li'l' fellow he is."

"But you don't think he wanted to do it, do you?" I asked in renewed astonishment, watching Tristam vigorously swimming around in the cool depths below.

"Of course he want' to do it," she joyfully maintained. "Did n' you see how happy he flop' himself jus' when I pick' him up? An' when zose two started kissing as we run away, did n' you notice how Tristam roll his eye an' wiggle-wag his *jolie* li'l' tail?"

Thus reduced to silence, I could only make a faint, weak gesture while I stared alternately at Tristam and at Jacqueline. From the bells on the top of Tristam's rubbing-post a melodious tinkle suddenly arose.

"Ha!" I said, relieved at having something tangible to work upon at last. "He 's scratching his back!"

"Scratching his back!" scoffed Jacqueline, full of a tender scorn, and her eyes dancing with greater delight than ever, she looked into mine and softly hummed a bar from the Wedding March in "Lohengrin."

"You know? You know?" breathed Jacqueline. "He ring' zeir wedding-bells!"

"WE BASELY PEEPED THROUGH THE CURTAINS"

THE SHEEP-WOMAN

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

Author of "The Soddy"

PICTURES BY N. C. WYETH

WHEN twilight came, the sheep returned. S'bina waited at her door, her soul filled with content. About her stretched a wilderness, a desert, vast, God-forgotten; but here was home. It was a sheep-herder's wagon-house. Lowly, isolate, vagrant, a wanderer upon the face of the desert, this weather-beaten canvas dwelling-place nevertheless proved its claim to the title, for a cozy curl of smoke issued from the stovepipe thrust through the canvas, and a legless, woolly dog lay near at hand.

"They 're comin', Jeddy!" S'bina cried of a sudden as she caught sight of the far-off, drab blotch. "Jeddy, Jeddy, hurry up!" The blotch increased, began to take form. "We can't hardly wait,—can we?—we got such a lot to tell him."

Jeddy toddled to her. She snatched him up, rattling on like an excited child herself. "We 'll show him the woolly dog, and he 'll make its legs all well, like he doctors the lambs. I wonder if he 'll say you growed since this mornin'? And you must say your new word for him first thing. Won't he be s'prised? Every word gets you nearer to college." Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shone with the excitement of the home-coming hour; laughing, chattering, she swung the sturdy child to her broad shoulder as a man might.

The herd drew nearer. The familiar odor, the tinkle, the barking of old Piute, the foolish, noisy gabble of the sheep, approached.

"I don't see him yet," S'bina murmured, narrowing her eyes, searching the distance. "Maybe he sees us, though. Wave to him, Jeddy! Wave hard!"

So they waited in sharp relief against the twilight sky, symbolic figures, standing for the joyful welcome at the end of the day's toil, for love and warmth and home. Stalwart, full-bosomed, maternal, the woman stood erect, her hair and her garments fluttering in the light evening breeze. The lusty child upon her shoulder waved his arms and shouted. Behind them stood the battered wagon; beneath its stained roof comfort and cheer awaited the shepherd.

So the two watched, throbbing with expectation. The tinkle, the gabble, the barking grew louder, the odor more distinct. One thing only was missing: the huge, rough-hewn, powerful figure which five years before had led S'bina a bride to the wagon-home; the figure which every morning she had watched as it vanished in the distance beside the herd; the figure for which every evening she had hoisted the pennant of smoke in loving welcome.

Her laughter, her chatter, died away. Puzzled, she watched. Had he lingered for a stray? But in that case the dog—

The child's arms dropped; he fretted questioningly. The herd was close now, Piute leaping and yelping.

In a vague terror she drew Jeddy down from her shoulder and held him close to her breast. She silenced the dog sharply.

"Piute, tell me quick—where is he?"

Only a meaningless barking, a confusion of noise, answered her. Still, while she held the baby close, her eyes searched the desert here, there, everywhere, demanding an answer of it; and it spoke no more than a sphinx. Only this she knew: the sheep had returned shepherdless.

FOR hours S'bina waited, tense, for the stage. She went out to the road to meet it; old Brig stopped at her signal.

"Have you seen Jed?" she asked him.

"Jed? Sure. I drove him to—" He broke off abruptly as the truth rushed in upon him. "My God!" he said, "ain't you knowed where Jed 's went?"

Wordless, she stared at him.

"So that 's it," the old driver said at last; "so it 's took him again."

"You—you drove him to the train? He—he went away?"

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT S'BINA WAS KNOWN AS THE SHEEP-WOMAN"

"Yes; it was me done it. He said he was off on a leetle trip to the mines. It never struck me for a minute as you did n't know all about it, seein' 's how he 's settled down ever sence he was married. He 'd 'a' had to foot it every step o' the way, yes, sir, if I 'd 'a' once guessed he was desertin' his wife and child—"

He broke off, frightened at her face. The word "deserting" struck like a bullet.

"Don't mind, ma'am," he hastily shifted. "If you was a Latter Day Saint, you 'd get used to them leetle spells o' bein' alone, like our women-folks does. You havin' a husband all t' yerself makes you kind o' sp'iled. Jed 'll be back; you take my word. He used to have them spells, you know, every year or so before he brung you here—kind of a disease, like. I rec'lect now how he acted all the way—

like he 'd got somethin' turrible on his mind. I see now how 't was: he was in the grip of a devil and fightin' to get loose. He can't help it nohow. He must 'a' been fightin' like mad all the way, I can see now. The devil come out ahead, but 't won't last; he 'll work it off in the mines. I rec'lect how he jumped out once, sayin' he 'd changed his mind, he wa' n't goin' at present; but he run and caught up again."

Back in the wagon, in the home of her happy wifehood, S'bina flung herself upon the bed. Her shoulders were wrenched by sobs that alarmed the child. There were hours that seared like years; then she rose, gave Jeddy his breakfast, and went to the door.

The sheep had gathered about the wagon. Now they stared at her. Their stupid eyes were filled with eagerness, and they were garrulous. They were her public, dull, gluttonous for the misfortunes of another, full of clamor and curiosity.

She flung back her head proudly, and, standing there upon the wagon step, she shouted to the crowding beasts as though they were human. "He 'll come back, I tell you! he 'll come back!" The defiance went from her voice, and something softer crept in as she turned and looked at the battered dwelling. "If I was to leave it, to break up the home, that 'u'd be the end, I reckon. But when he comes back, if he finds it all waitin' for him—even the smoke, just like he left it—" Her voice caught for a second. Then, as the sheep stared and crowded and nudged, she faced them again, her head up, superb, regal, tender—the mother-wife.

"If a man 's made a mistake," she said, "I 'd like to know who 's a-goin' to help him straighten it out if it ain't his wife? He 'll come home. And no matter when he comes, he 'll find his home waitin'."

When Vallely, owner of the sheep and the wagon, drove out from his ranch with the weekly supplies, S'bina found that he had learned the facts from Brig.

"Means I 've got a new man to look up," he said.

"You neenta look."

"Know one?"

S'bina's eye, her voice, did not waver.

"I 'm a-goin' to keep care o' the sheep," she responded.

At first he thought it a jest. Yes, a fine job for a woman, he told her, and tossed the matter aside. She repeated her words:

"I 'm a-goin' to keep care o' the sheep."

Vallely stared. There was a persistent steadiness in her tone. She could not mean it—a woman, to herd sheep on that desert! He laughed roughly.

"Aw, Bo-Peep, huh? Think you 'd look fine in one o' them bunnets and a hooked stick? Reckon Miss Peep kep' a few lambs on a lawn, and that 's a trifle different than herdin' sheep on a Utah desert." His hand swept it—stark miles of saw-toothed ridges, black, dead volcanic cones. In all her years of happiness it had signified nothing, detached from her life of warmth and security. Now of a sudden it became formidable, terrifying even. For a moment she cowered before its loneliness; then she crumpled her weakness angrily and flung it away.

"I 'm a-goin' on with the work. When I don't do it right, then 'll be time for you to get a man."

"Why don't you go back to your brother's? He 'd be mighty glad to get you again, I reckon."

"Yes," she answered, "he 'd be glad. He 'd give me 'n' the baby a fine home any day. But I 'm a-goin' to stay by the wagon; I 'm a-goin' to keep care o' the sheep."

Half an hour later Vallely drove back to his ranch beaten and sulky. Whose sheep and wagon were they, anyhow? Might think they belonged to that woman, the way she 'd took possession. He reflected clumsily upon the unbreakable threads of habit. She simply could n't quit the old home, that was the only explanation he could offer himself. It never occurred to him that she expected Jed back, or that she would take him back if he should come, for that matter. She had always seemed to Vallely an austere woman, one he could not understand or tyrannize over. A woman herding sheep in that country! Well, she 'd soon find out, and that 'u'd be the best way to settle her. Bo-Peep, huh!

And so it came to pass that S'bina was known as the sheep-woman.

Day after day, through the scorching heat of the desert's summer, she sat in the

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"SHE WATCHED THE ONCOMING RIDER"

scrawny shade of a juniper-tree and sewed while she watched the herd. Sometimes Jeddy played at her feet; sometimes, when the heat of the sand was almost intolerable, she left him in the wagon with a box of rattling pine-nuts for music and a yucca-stalk doll for comrade.

When the sheep must be taken to water, S'bina stowed Jeddy and a lunch in his express-cart, and, drawing it, trudged with the herd. Miles she trod thus—miles that ached and grew faint under the sun's lashing.

"Never mind, Jeddy; every day gets us nearer to the time he comes back," she would say, pausing to untie her sunbonnet and fan her face with it. The thought of the time was becoming an obsession. Tramping lonely beside the herd, dwelling incessantly upon the single vision, it grew to seem that each step led to a goal; that if she could only endure the foot-soreness long enough, at last the distance would be covered, the great time reached. At evening she would light the lamp and bring out a dingy volume and lay it on the table. It was called "Elementary Astronomy." Some traveler had left it with Jed, and he had delighted in spelling out its meaning night after night, then going outdoors to verify its statements. She laid the pipe beside the book. The lamp, the book, and the pipe were ready in the evenings; the pennant of smoke three times every day.

Through the burning summer and the dazzling, brittle autumn days the wagon remained upon the flat stretch. Every week or two Vallely, driving out with provisions, would hitch his horses to it and move it a short distance, that the sheep might revel in fresh pastures of brush. But still the roving herd remained for the most part near the stage-road, and the three drivers who, in rotation, carried the mail across the seventy-mile route would point out S'bina to their occasional passengers.

"See over there? That there 's the sheep-woman. Only woman ever herded sheep in these parts. She can handle three thousand head 's good 's any man."

So along with the red-rock wall and the black corpses of volcanoes and the ancient scene of massacre by Mormons, S'bina the sheep-woman was welcomed to the meager list of sights in that empty world.

As yet her task had been weary rather than difficult; but at last word came that there was snow in the mountains.

"Time to move you up further," Vallely announced. S'bina knew what that meant. The sheep need no longer be kept within reach of water; they would get food and drink together in eating the snow-covered grass.

"I 'm ready," she responded.

Vallely made inward and profane remarks. He had thought this would settle the matter.

"Now look here," he broke out, "it 's all very easy to watch a herd down here in the summer, but winter in the mountains is a different thing."

"I 've saw five of 'em," she said with exasperating calm.

Vallely's profanity was audible this time.

"Do you s'pose I can afford to throw away sheep—" he began explosively, but S'bina interrupted.

"When I lose more sheep for you than your men lose, then 'll be time to get a man."

Again the dominance of her nature prevailed, and he fumed and submitted. The wagon rumbled rheumatically away from the flat sands up into the world of sheer rocks and treacherous clefts and threatened storms. Jeddy, snuggled in the bunk, crowed as his dwelling-place lurched and rolled beneath him, and S'bina watched the stage-road, the one link between her and her kind, diminish to a frail thread and vanish. At last she was face to face with the mountain winter. Already it was white, and the tracks that crossed it promised something uglier than solitude. There was a moment when her heart gave way; then a great lunge of the wagon sent Jeddy into an ecstasy, and she caught him up with a laugh.

"Through the snow, and up the mountains, and all of us together at last!" she cried, and again the obsession lifted her above the plane of fear.

It gave her strength, too, to write a decisive "No" in answer to every letter from her brother, who urged her to bring the baby and share his luxurious ranch home.

Shut in among the pines, roofed and walled by a double canvas, which was oiled that it might be water-tight, the two settled down in warm comfort within the sheep wagon-house. But S'bina was not at ease. The tracks on the snow often confronted her, and there were thin, melancholy cries by night that kept her ear on the alert. She slept like a cat, as much awake as asleep; yet despite her utmost watchfulness, there came a morning when she walked forth among her sheep to witness a hideous sight. It was wanton and savage killing, which seemed for the mere lust of killing. A dozen lay there—yes, thirteen, fourteen—in the blood-blotched snow. Behind each helpless creature's ear or into its side had torn the fangs of a coyote; for its manner of slaughter is most methodical, and, desiring only the liver of a victim, it goes directly about the matter.

Vallely raged, and told S'bina to pack and be ready to go as soon as he sent a man to fill her place.

"Are your men bringin' in many hides now?" she asked casually when he was departing.

"Not a one; and the coyotes are runnin' this part o' the country to suit themselves. They ain't native here; they only follow the sheep. Wished I had the kind o' men that 'u'd clean 'em out."

After he had left, S'bina made preparations. She put Jed's gun in order. She took out an old suit of his and donned it, for in her difficult life she was greatly hampered by skirts. Her broad shoulders, beneath the sleeker, might have passed for a man's; the fur cap tied over her ears

concealed her hair. Somber, determined, alone, she set out on her quest.

Three days later Vallely came to move the wagon again.

"Ain't found no man yet," he growled.

"Can you find one can do better 'n that in three days?" S'bina asked. She pointed to four coyote hides.

"Gosh!" he commented.

Alone, S'bina gazed at the wagon as though it had been one restored from death, and whimsically stroked its canvas side. Vallely had said no more about discharging her. But S'bina knew that it would take but slight provocation to reawaken his prejudice against a woman's holding this position of responsibility. She redoubled her watchfulness, reloaded her gun, and the slaughter of the innocents was not repeated. There were more hides to her credit.

Weeks upon weeks went by. The sheep-woman followed the herd through snow-drifts, down defiles, over wind-torn summits. She continued to wear the man's garments, to the great amusement of her chuckling son. But she was still the woman, the home-maker; still the sheep-wagon, storm-beaten wanderer though it was, glowed with warmth and cleanness and cheer. And the lamp, the pipe, and the book were ready.

January brought icier snows than she had ever faced before, and in other years she had faced them peeping from the opening of her snug canvas shelter. Now she strode forth to meet them, bending under their whips, plunging into drifts, beating her numb hands.

There were days when she could spend hours in the wagon, but again she must be on the range most of the time, and then she would leave Jeddy's bowl of mush within his reach, so that he learned to help himself to a morsel now and then, like an orderly kitten.

She came to live beneath an overhanging fear and a grim one; for one night the cry of the mountain-lion reached her, and at the sound of it the distant impertinence of a coyote stopped as though throttled. S'bina's heart stopped, too; nor could she from that time find complete reassurance in the thought that this panther wears no chip on his shoulder, and must be much harassed before he attacks. No sign of the wanderer was ever repeated, but she never returned home except in a torment of apprehension.

However, although anxious, aching with the cold, often frost-bitten, she found comfort every evening in Jeddy's caresses. Observing her manner of treating her own frost-bites, he soon learned to toddle to the door, seize a handful of snow, and apply it to her cheeks. Then she would forget every ache, snatch him up, and laugh with him like another child.

"Never mind, Jeddy boy. Ma don't. What if uncle does keep a-writin' to us to come? What if he did come after us himself in the buggy? We ain't givin' up, are we? We 're keepin' the old home ready."

A period of bright weather came early, and Vallely was sure that spring had opened.

"We 'll take 'em over to that north range," he said one day as he arrived with a load of canned goods and salt pork.

S'bina demurred.

"I 've saw many a spell o' weather like this play a joke," she said. "Look at them gray clouds a-pilin' up in the sky."

Vallely sneered.

"Aw, cold feet, huh?"

"You know well enough I ain't refused no orders," she replied with calm; "but I 'm advisin' you not to risk your sheep, that 's all."

He eyed her with crafty impressiveness and paused long; then he said deliberately:

"There 's a crackajack sheep-man around—showed up in town day before yesterday. Reckon he might be induced to relieve you o' some responsibility if you feel like invitin' him to. And his name 's Jed Barnes."

She grew dead-white, and her hand tightened for a moment on the table's edge. She was moved outwardly; that was all.

"If the sheep are goin' to be moved, I reckon it 's my job," she said calmly.

The projected move was too difficult for any herder to make alone; Vallely set out with S'bina for the higher range.

For some time the sun shone despite the pile of gray clouds, then an intensely cold wind arose. The two followed the advancing herd in silence; Vallely wiry, darting here and there, now and then running back to shout directions to the horses, which drew the wagon far in the rear;

S'bina grimly plodding, the more stalwart figure of the two. They came to a stream, turbulent, swollen.

There was a halting, a commotion in the flock, then a pushing back, which grew more stubborn, more frantic. They saw what it meant: the herd was refusing to cross.

"We 'll make 'em," cursed Vallely.

"You better think twice. Feel that wind," responded S'bina.

This infuriated him. Running from side to side he tried to drive them; but the beasts only crowded back against him, and he stormed in vain.

"There 's more in gettin' a few leaders over than in cussin'," said the sheep-woman. She approached a group at the front. "Remember, it 's your orders," she said, turning to him once, and with intuitive skill she drove the group over.

Terrified, they fought the current; only one was carried down. But, emerging from the icy flood, the creatures stood palsied on the farther bank. The herd was hesitating, about to follow; but Vallely's eyes were upon the leaders. Suddenly he ran up the stream and crossed by a tree that sprawled there. He returned black and lowering.

"Lost," he said, and S'bina had already seen. Bravely as they had fought through the stream, it was only to succumb to freezing on the other side, drenched as they were, smitten by the north wind.

"We 'll turn around—no, not *back!*" he declared between clenched teeth. "There 's the east trail."

By this they avoided the stream; but there were cliffs like stairs and covered with ice. Slipping, stumbling, they fought on. The wagon waited in a sheltered place.

The grayness grew swiftly blacker, and a gust was belched from an opening in the rocks.

"Whew!" commented Vallely, anxiously.

S'bina made no response; plodding on in Jed's great boots, she merely drew the fur cap farther down and buttoned the shaggy coat more tightly.

Two hours later they met the blizzard face to face.

It was terrible to see the sheep. Some of them cried like little children; others stood still, numbed by fright. They could not move a step forward against the overwhelming force. Crowding, moaning, wild-eyed, they huddled together until those at the front were piled up upon one another. This strange pyramid of struggling, agonized life reached as high as ten feet; three hundred creatures were heaped up thus, awaiting death.

Vallely's determination went all at once to bits. He flung out his arms in enraged surrender.

"We go back, and we go quick!"

"You don't mean you 're goin' to leave 'em like that?" S'bina cried.

"Leave 'em? What else is there to do? They 're as good as dead already. Hides may be worth somethin', but they 're the same as dead, I tell you. We can't get 'em back. If we save our own lives we 're lucky."

She did not answer. He was in the unreasoning, furious despair common to stubborn natures. He started. S'bina did not follow.

"Come on if you 're in your senses," he called. He thought she followed, but she was only running to the other side of the pyramid. He made his way on, blinded by sleet, and a mile later realized that he was alone.

At dark he found her only a few feet from the wagon, where she had fallen unconscious. He had searched vainly up the trail. Now he stared in surly, shamefaced astonishment; for with her she had brought from the whole a goodly flock saved, and many of those that he had called dead.

He set his teeth and fell to work.

"I reckon she 's had about enough by this time," he muttered, forcing whisky down her throat. "If Jed Barnes was n't wantin' to come back, he would n't have floated into town; that 's half of it. And after an experience like this, she won't be quite so independent; that 's the other half of it. I reckon this is about the time to fix up that little difference."

The next noon he came into the wagon, where she was cooking dinner. She was trying to hum a song for Jeddy's sake; but she was harassed by constant pain from several falls, and the horror of the day before would not leave her. It seemed that she would never lose the picture of it all—the torture of the cold, the fear of

sheer, icy pitches, the sound of those agonized cries. She started violently at the least sound.

"Well, what do you think o' herdin' about now?" he made introduction.

She turned to him wearily.

"I think it 's my job, like dry farmin' 's one man's, and carryin' the mail 's another's."

He watched her shrewdly.

"I got a proposition to advance," he offered at last.

She listened, continuing to stir the stew.

"Here 's the point. If Jed Barnes was n't wantin' to be taken back, he 'd never have come hangin' around town."

She left off stirring, and looked him in the eyes. The spoon dripped.

"But he 's afraid to make the first move," Vallely went on. "No wonder. He prob'ly thinks he 'd see the lid blow off the old wagon if he showed up here. But why can't you let bygones be bygones? Now, you just write a nice little letter to him, and I 'll take it in."

"We 'll let that matter drop," she answered. "We 'll eat dinner now."

"Aw, say, I 'm ready to forget it, if he did leave me in the lurch. He 's too good a man to lose. You better do the same. I tell you, I 'll bring a boy to mind the sheep awhile, and I 'll put you and the kid into the buggy and drive you right in to Jed. Bet he 'll be so tickled to come back he 'll throw a fit."

S'bina raised herself to her full, powerful height.

"As to my givin' up the job and the wagon, I reckon, after yesterday, I ain't deserved bein' discharged. And"— There was something in her voice that made Vallely drop the issue as though it scorched—"this here matter between a man and wife don't concern a third party. When you see me go after Jed Barnes or so much as lift a finger to write the word 'Come,' it 'll be a whole eternity from now."

THE peculiar tension increased in S'bina as the days went on. When the mild weather returned, the wagon was moved back to the great, open desert. Again it stood in the vicinity of the stage-road; but this season it was placed where a black rock wall intervened. Lonely for a glimpse of the old stages, S'bina took the sheep out toward the road one day and there she met Brig.

"Heber 'n' me 's drivin' still, but the third stage has changed hands," he told her. "Jed 's took it."

For seconds she turned away to look to her sheep; then she faced him, apparently unmoved.

"I 'll tell you what I think," old Brig went on, lowering his voice. "I think, S'bina, it eases him a leetle, pore sinner, to be passin' nigh you—kind o' watchin' over you, like, even so far off. He 's a-longin' to come back, but he 's too struck down with the thought o' what he 's did to think of askin' you."

She made no response.

"S'bina," the old fellow said earnestly, "don't harden your heart so, child. Make a sign o' mercy, and he 'll be kneelin' at your feet. He can't forgive himself and he 's despairin' of your ever forgivin' him. Let me carry him a word."

She looked square at him, with set lips.

"I ain't got no word to send now or never. Good day."

The time came when the mountain snows poured down in torrents through the gorges. The Rio Virgin ran like blood across the desert, its floods having washed away the red banks above.

One evening S'bina returned to the wagon to find Jeddy's cheeks flushed with fever.

Her earth quaked. Never before had this baby, born and reared in the great clean, free-aired world, known sickness. The half of all she hoped for, toiled for, lived for, was pent up in that one mite. Terror-stricken, she tucked him into bed, cooing over him, crushing down her fears for his sake.

But the sickness grew with every hour. In vain she dosed Jeddy with the remedy for ailing lambs. She racked her brain for counsel. There was only one answer: she must have a doctor.

The only physician of the region lived in the Mormon colony fifty miles away. He was too old, too feeble, to go beyond the little town.

Jeddy, then, must be taken to him.

S'bina's hands moved swiftly now, like deft hands that have found labor. It was old Brig's turn to be passing; at two in the morning he could be reached on his way to White Temple. She would carry

the child to him. She could trust the kind old Latter Day Saints to care for this Gentile baby as though it were their own.

She made preparations, watching the clock. At last her ear caught the rumble of wheels. She carefully wrapped Jeddy, whispering reassuring words, then she carried him out to the road.

The stage boomed toward her. The desert was black to-night; it was moonless, and a haze hid the stars. She shouted to the driver, for even her figure was barely visible.

He pulled up sharply just in front of her. She lifted the child to him.

"He 's took turrible sick, Brig," she said. "There 's only one way, and that 's to get him to Dr. Cannon 's quick 's the horses 'll go. I dass n't leave the sheep. Take care of him, Brig, like he was your gran'child; and oh, for God's sake! drive fast!"

For a dead silent moment there was no answer. Then, in a husky voice, "I 'll give him good care," and the stage was off.

S'bina stood listening to the dying rumble. A sense of the most desolate loneliness she had ever known seized her. Brig might at least have shown some sympathy. It was as though she had given up her baby into all-engulfing blackness.

At five the same morning the outgoing stage was due; but five came, and six and seven, before old Heber appeared.

"Are the roads bad?" S'bina asked anxiously.

"Bad? The Virgin 's actin' like she thought she was the Colorado, higher an' higher an' redder an' redder. Wonder I got out at all."

"Did you meet Brig?"

"No; I took the branch road. He must 'a' had a time on the reg'lar road."

The ingoing stage—it had faced the Virgin in one of her furies!

All day S'bina watched the sheep through hours in which the drab mass before her eyes seemed to heave like a sea, to rise and fall and threaten to engulf her.

"Heber, get me word some way," she begged when he drove back in.

But there was no word. From a distance she watched at five again for the outgoing stage. It was noon before it appeared around the bend far to the east. She started toward the road, halted, started again,—it was the day for Jed to be driving out,—she waited in a misery of indecision, then, every resolution crashing, she ran to the road. But already the stage had clattered by, and her voice was unheard.

Again the drab sea heaved and surged about her during a hideous day, the black markers rising like islands here and there. She scarcely slept or ate, she became almost motionless, numbed by a cold sensation as of one about to faint.

At five on the third morning she would know. Now Brig would be returning. But when the stage appeared, a substitute, a stranger, was on the seat.

"Where 's Brig?" she demanded.

"He ain't drivin' 'cause one of his wives is sick, I b'lieve they said. They hustled me on to this stage so fast I did n't find out nothin'."

"But the baby—what about the baby?"

"Baby? What baby? I don't know. Seems like I did hear somebody say there was a sick baby brung into town nearly dead. The stage had went to smash crossin' the Rio, and the driver had to swim with the kid. Get up! Can't keep the U. S. mail waitin'." He dashed off in youthful importance.

Five days followed in which S'bina did a strange thing. Morning after morning she watched for the stage, standing in the road to hail the driver; every time, as the vehicle came in sight around the bend, she turned and ran back to the wagon, burying her face in terror lest news reach her. Not until the wheels passed on out of hearing did she go forth among the sheep again. Then, standing rigid, numb with that curious, cold sensation, she would watch the drab sea heaving sickeningly as though about to engulf her.

On the fifth evening something came from the direction of White Temple. At first it was no more than a puff of dust blowing across the world. Little by little the forms emerged—a horse, a man, a bundle on his arm.

She watched the oncoming rider. The bundle, did it stir? And the man—who? Yes, surely it was—

He reached her.

"S'bina!"

She stood confused.

"I don't understand," she choked, for it was Jed who held out the child to her.

"Mudder!" it cried, squirming and squealing joyfully.

Jed's arms fell at his sides, his burden gone.

"It was a turrible close shave. The doctor says he 's out o' danger, but you 'll have to be careful." He paused and seemed about to say more, then heavily he turned away.

"But I don't understand—why did *you* come?"

An air of dull despondency filled the man's voice, his eyes, his listless motions.

"It was me took him that night," he answered. "Brig had been called off for his wife's sickness."

"But I thought that happened after—"

"No; it had happened then, and I 'd took his stage when you come out here with the baby."

The confusion was clearing from many things.

"But why did n't you say so then?" she questioned.

"I—did n't say so—for fear—you would n't let me take him." He waited, his voice failing him, then he went on. "My stage went down, and I had to swim with the baby, so he was in pretty bad shape when I got into White Temple, and I would n't leave him. I made 'em put that young feller on in my place so I could watch Jeddy."

He turned again and mounted. S'bina stood, clasping the child, rigid. She watched the departing figure about to ride out once more into the desolate twilight of the desert.

"Dwiver 's goin'!" wailed a small complaint.

The man made a sharp turn. Suddenly he set his teeth, stiffening from head to foot. He dismounted and walked straight up to the woman.

"S'bina, I ain't got nothin' to say. It jest took me again, that 's all, and I could n't fight it off, and I went. If you was to curse me off the earth I 'd be reapin' as I sowed all right. I ain't got nothin' to say for myself, I tell you; but if it 's anything to you that he 's *ours*—I 'm askin' you to take me back."

She gave a great, sweet cry.

"That was all I was waitin' for. It 's been so hard not to say the word when I was sure it would bring you—oh, so hard! But I could n't make a move toward you 'cause I knowed it would n't be right o' me to help you; I had to wait till you got the strength to come and say it all by yourself. I knowed you 'd come at last. There ain't never been a day you was n't forgiven—and you 'll find the book and the pipe there on the table."

LITERATURE AND LIFE

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

Author of "The Upton Letters," "From a College Window," etc.

THERE is a tendency, not by any means among the greater writers, but among what may be called the *epigoni,* —the satellites of literature, the men who would be great if they knew how,—to speak of the business of writing as if it were a sacred mystery, pontifically celebrated, something remote and secret, which must be guarded from the vulgar and the profane, and which requires an initiation to comprehend. I always feel rather suspicious of this attitude; it seems to me something of a pose, adopted in order to make other people envious and respectful. It is the same sort of precaution as the "properties" of the wizard, his gown and wand, the stuffed crocodile, and the skeleton in the corner; and if there is a great fuss made about locking and double-locking a box, it creates a presumption of doubt as to whether there is anything particular in it. In my nursery days one of my brothers was fond of locking up his private treasures in a box, producing it in public, unfastening it, glancing into it with a smile, and then softly closing it and turning the

key in a way calculated to provoke the most intense curiosity as to the contents; but upon investigation it proved to contain nothing but the wool of sheep, dried beans, and cases of exploded cartridges.

So, too, I have known litterateurs and artists who made a mystery out of their craft, professed a holy rapture, as if the business of imagination and the art of setting things down were processes that could not be explained to ordinary people, but were the property of a brotherhood. And thus grow up cliques and coteries, of people who, by mutual admiration, try to console one another for the absence of the applause which the world will not concede them, and to atone for the coldness of the public by a warmth of intimate proximity.

This does not in the least apply to groups of people who are genuinely and keenly interested in art of any kind, and form a congenial circle in which they discuss frankly and enthusiastically methods of work, the books, ideas, pictures, and music which interest them. That is quite a different thing, a real fortress of enthusiasm in the midst of Meshech and Kedar. What makes it base and morbid is the desire to exclude for the sake of exclusion; to indulge in solitary raptures, hoping to be overheard; to keep the tail of the eye upon the public; to attempt to mystify; and to trade upon the inquisitive instinct of human beings, the natural desire, that is, to know what is going on within any group that seems to have exciting business of its own.

The Preraphaelites, for instance, were a group and not a coterie. They were engaged in working and enjoying, in looking out for artistic promise, in welcoming and praising any performance of a kind that Rossetti recognized as "stunning." They were sure of their ground. The brotherhood, with its magazine, "The Germ," and its mystic initials, was all a gigantic game; and they held together because they were revolutionary in this, that they wished to slay, as one stabs a tyrant, the vulgarized and sentimental art of the day. They did not effect anything like a revolution, of course. It was but a ripple on the flowing stream, and they diverged soon enough, most of them, into definite tracks of their own. The strength of the movement lay in the fact that they hungered and thirsted after art, clamoring for beauty, so Mr. Chesterton says, as an ordinary man clamors for beer. But their aim was not to mystify or to enlarge their own consequence, but to convert the unbeliever, and to produce fine things.

There is something in the Anglo-Saxon temperament which is on the whole unfavorable to movements and groups; the great figures of the Victorian time in art and literature have been solitary men, anarchical as regards tradition, strongly individualistic, working on their own lines without much regard for schools or conventions. The Anglo-Saxon is deferential, but not imitative; he has a fancy for doing things in his own way. Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Byron—were there ever four contemporary poets so little affected by one another's work? Think of the phrase in which Scott summed up his artistic creed, saying that he had succeeded, in so far as he had succeeded, by a "hurried frankness of composition," which was meant to please young and eager people. It is true that Wordsworth had a solemn majesty about his work, practised a sort of priestly function, coming up to London from time to time, as Carlyle wittily said, "to collect his bits of tribute," and never averse to entertaining ardent visitors by conducting them about his grounds, and showing them where certain poems had been engendered. But Wordsworth, as Fitzgerald truly said, was proud, not vain—proud like the high-hung cloud or the solitary peak. He felt his responsibility, and desired to be felt rather than to be applauded.

If one takes the later giants, Tennyson had a sense of magnificence, a childlike self-absorption. He said once in the same breath that the desire of the public to know the details of the artist's life was the most degrading and debasing curiosity,—it was ripping people up like pigs,—and added with a sigh that he thought that there was a congestion in the world about his own fame: he had received no complimentary letters for several days.

Browning, on the other hand, kept his raptures and his processes severely to himself. He never seems to have given the smallest hint as to how he conceived a poem or worked it out. He was as reticent about his occupation as a well-bred stock-broker, and did his best in society to give the impression of a perfectly decorous and con-

ventional gentleman, telling strings of not very interesting anecdotes, and making a great point of being ordinary. Indeed, I believe that Browning was haunted by the eighteenth-century idea that there was something not quite respectable about professional literature, and that, like Gray, he wished to be considered a private gentleman who wrote for his amusement. When in later years he took a holiday, he went not for secret contemplation, but to recover from social fatigue. Browning is really one of the most mysterious figures in literature in this respect, because his inner life of poetry was so entirely apart from his outer life of dinner-parties and afternoon calls. Inside the sacred inclosure, the winds of heaven blow, the thunder rolls; he proclaims the supreme worth of human passion, he dives into the disgraceful secrets of the soul: and then he comes out of his study a courteous and very proper gentleman, looking like a retired diplomatist, and talking like an intelligent commercial traveler—a man whose one wish appeared to be as good-humoredly like every one else as he conveniently could.

What, again, is one to make of Dickens, with his love of private theatricals, his florid waistcoats and watch-chains, his sentimental radicalism, his kindly, convivial, gregarious life? He, again, did his work in a rapture of solitary creation, and seemed to have no taste for discussing his ideas or methods. Then, too, Dickens's later desertion of his work in favor of public readings and money-making is curious to note. He was like Shakspere in this, that the passion of his later life seemed to be to realize an ideal of bourgeois prosperity. Dickens seems to have regarded his art partly as a means of social reform, and partly as a method of making money. The latter aim is to a great extent accounted for by the miserable and humiliating circumstances of his early life, which bit very deep into him. But his art was hardly an end in itself, but something through which he made his way to other aims.

Carlyle, again, was a writer who put ideas first, despised his craft except as a means of prophesying, hated literary men and coteries, preferred aristocratic society, while at the same time he loved to say how unutterably tiresome he found it. Who will ever understand why Carlyle trudged many miles to attend parties and receptions at Bath House, where the Ashburtons lived, or what stimulus he discerned in it? I have a belief that Carlyle felt a quite unconscious pride in the fact that he, the son of a small Scotch farmer, had his assured and respected place among a semi-feudal circle, just as I have very little doubt that his migration to Craigenputtock was ultimately suggested to him by the pleasure and dignity of being an undoubted laird, and living among his own, or at least his wife's, lands. In saying this, I do not wish to belittle Carlyle, or to accuse him of what may be called snobbishness. He had no wish to worm himself by slavish deference into the society of the great, but he liked to be able to walk in and say his say there, fearing no man; it was like a huge mirror that reflected his own independence. Yet no one ever said harder or fiercer things of his own fellow-craftsmen. His description of Charles Lamb as "a pitiful rickety, gasping, staggering, stammering tomfool" is not an amiable one! Or take his account of Wordsworth—how instead of a hand-shake, the poet intrusted him with "a handful of numb unresponsive fingers," and how his speech "for prolixity, thinness, endless dilution" excelled all the other speech that Carlyle had ever heard from mortals. He admitted that Wordsworth was "a genuine man, but intrinsically and extrinsically a small one, let them sing or say what they will." In fact, Carlyle despised his trade: one of the most vivid and voluble of writers, he derided the desire of self-expression; one of the most continuous and brilliant of talkers, he praised and upheld the virtue of silence. He spoke and wrote of himself as a would-be man of action condemned to twaddle; and Ruskin expressed very trenchantly what will always be the puzzle of Carlyle's life—that, as Ruskin said, he groaned and gasped and lamented over the intolerable burden of his work, and that yet, when you came to read it, you found it all alive, full of salient and vivid details, not so much patiently collected, as obviously and patently enjoyed. Again there is the mystery of his lectures. They seem to have been fiery, eloquent, impressive harangues; and yet Carlyle describes himself stumbling to the platform,

sleepless, agitated, and drugged, inclined to say that the best thing his audience could do for him would be to cover him up with an inverted tub; while as he left the platform among signs of visible emotion and torrents of applause, he thought, he said, that the idea of being paid for such stuff made him feél like a man who had been robbing hen-roosts.

There is an interesting story of how Tennyson once stayed with Bradley, when Bradley was head-master of Marlborough, and said grimly one evening that he envied Bradley, with all his heart, his life of hard, fruitful, necessary work, and owned that he sometimes felt about his own poetry, "after all, what does all this elaborate versifying amount to? Who is in any way the better or happier for it?"

The truth is that the man of letters forgets that this is exactly the same thought as that which haunts the busy man after, let us say, a day of looking over examination-papers or attending committees. The busy man, if he reflects at all, is only too apt to say to himself, "Here have I been slaving away like a stone-breaker, reading endless scripts, discussing an infinity of petty details, and what on earth is the use of it all?" Yet Sir Alfred Lyall once said that if a man had once taken a hand in big public affairs, he thought of literature much as a man who had crossed the Atlantic in a sailing-yacht might think of sculling a boat upon the Thames. One of the things that moved Dr. Johnson to a tempest of wrath was when on the death of Lord Lichfield, the Lord Chancellor, Boswell said to him that if he had taken to the law as a profession, he might have been Lord Chancellor, and with the same title. Johnson was extremely angry, and said that it was unfriendly to remind a man of such things when it was too late.

One may conclude from such incidents and confessions that even some of the most eminent men of letters have been haunted by the sense that in following literature they have not chosen the best part, and that success in public life is a more useful thing as well as more glorious.

But one has to ask oneself what exactly an imaginative man means by success, and what it is that attracts him in the idea of it. Putting aside the more obvious and material advantages,—wealth, position, influence, reputation,—a man of far-reaching mind and large ideas may well be haunted by a feeling that if he had entered public life, he might by example, precept, influence, legislation, have done something to turn his ideas and schemes into accomplished facts, have effected some moral or social reform, have set a mark on history. It must be remembered that a great writer's fame is often a posthumous growth, and we must be very careful not to attribute to a famous author a consciousness in his lifetime of his subsequent, or even of his contemporary, influence. It is undoubtedly true that Ruskin and Carlyle affected the thought of their time to an extraordinary degree. Ruskin summed up in his teaching an artistic ideal of the pursuit and influence of beauty, while Carlyle inculcated a more combative theory of active righteousness and the hatred of cant. But Ruskin's later years were spent in the shadow of a profound sense of failure. He thought that the public enjoyed his pretty phrases and derided his ideas; while Carlyle felt that he had fulminated in vain, and that the world was settling down more comfortably than ever into the pursuit of bourgeois prosperity and dishonest respectability.

And yet if, on the other hand, one compares the subsequent fame of men of action with the fame of men of letters, the contrast is indeed bewildering. Who attaches the smallest idea to the personality of the Lord Lichfield whom Dr. Johnson envied? Who that adores the memory of Wordsworth knows anything about Lord Goderich, a contemporary prime minister? The world reads and re-reads the memoirs of dead poets, goes on pilgrimage to the tiny cottages where they lived in poverty, cherishes the smallest records and souvenirs of them. The names of statesmen and generals become dim except to professed historians, while the memories of great romancers and lyrists, and even of lesser writers still, go on being revived and redecorated. What would Keats have thought, as he lay dying in his high, hot, noisy room at Rome, if he had known that a century later every smallest detail of his life, his most careless letters, would be scanned by eager eyes, when few save historians would be able to name a single member of the cabinet in power at the time of his death?

There is a charming story told by Lord Morley, of how he once met Rossetti in the street at Chelsea when a general parliamentary election was going on, and it transpired, after a few remarks, that Rossetti was not even aware that this was the case. When he was informed, he said with some hesitation that he supposed that one side or other would get in, and that, after all, it did not very much matter. Lord Morley, telling the anecdote, said that he himself had forgotten which side *did* get in, from which he concluded that it had not very much mattered.

The truth is that national life has to go on, and that very elaborate arrangements are made by statesmen and politicians for its administration. But it is in reality very unimportant. The wisest statesman in the world cannot affect it very much; he can only take advantage of the trend of public opinion. If he outruns it, he is instantly stranded; and perhaps the most he can do is to foresee how people will be thinking, some six weeks ahead. But meanwhile the writer is speaking from the soul and to the soul; he is suggesting, inspiring, stimulating; he is presenting thoughts in so beautiful a form that they become desirable and adorable; and what the average man believes to-day is what the idealist has believed half a century before. He must take his chance of fame; and his best hope is to eschew rhetoric, which implies the consciousness of opponents and auditors, and just present his dreams and visions as serenely and beautifully as he can. The statesman has to argue, to strive, to compromise, to convert if he can, to coerce if he cannot. It is a dusty encounter, and he must sacrifice grace and perhaps truth in the onset. He may gain his point, achieve the practicable and the second best; but he is an opportunist and a schemer, and he cannot make life into what he wills, but only into what he can manage. Of course the writer in a way risks more; he may reject the homely, useful task, and yet not have the strength to fit wings to his visions; he may live fruitlessly and die unpraised, with the thought that he has lost two birds in the hand for one which is not even in the bush. He may turn out a mere *Don Quixote,* helmeted with a barber's basin and tilting against windmills; but he could not choose otherwise, and he has paid a heavier price for his failure than many a man has paid for his success.

It is probably a wholly false antithesis to speak of life as a contrast to literature; one might as well draw a distinction between eating and drinking. What is meant as a rule is that if a man devotes himself to imaginative creation, to the perception and expression of beauty, he must be prepared to withdraw from other activities. But the imagination is a function of life, after all, and precisely the same holds good of stock-broking. The real fact is that we Anglo-Saxons, by instinct and inheritance, think of the acquisition of property as the most obvious function of life. As long as a man is occupied in acquiring property, we ask no further questions; we take for granted that he is virtuously employed, as long as he breaks no social rules: while if he succeeds in getting into his hands an unusual share of the divisible goods of the world, we think highly of him. Indeed, our ideals have altered very little since barbarous times, and we still are under the impression that resourcefulness is the mark of the hero. I imagine that leisure as an occupation is much more distrusted and disapproved of in America than in England; but even in England, where the power to be idle is admired and envied, a man who lives as heroic a life as can be attained by playing golf and shooting pheasants is more trusted and respected than a rich man who paints or composes music for his amusement. Field sports are intelligible enough; the pursuit of art requires some explanation, and incurs a suspicion of effeminacy or eccentricity. Only when authorship becomes a source of profit is it thoroughly respectable.

I had a friend who died not very long ago. He had in his younger days done a little administrative work; but he was wealthy, and at a comparatively early age he abandoned himself to leisure. He traveled, he read, he went much into society, he enjoyed the company of his friends. When he died he was spoken of as an amateur, and praised as a cricketer of some merit. Even his closest friends seemed to find it necessary to explain and make excuses: he was shy, he stammered, he was not suited to parliamentary life; but I can think of few people who did so much for his friends or who so radiated

the simplest sort of happiness. To be welcomed by him, to be with him, put a little glow on life, because you felt instinctively that he was actively enjoying every hour of your company. I thought, I remember, at his death, how hopeless it was to assess a man's virtue and usefulness in the terms of his career. If he had entered Parliament, registered a silent vote, spent his time in social functions, letter-writing, lobby-gossip, he would have been acclaimed as a man of weight and influence; but as it was, though he had stood by friends in trouble, had helped lame dogs over stiles, had been the center of goodwill and mutual understanding to a dozen groups and circles, it seemed impossible to recognize that he had done anything in his generation. It is not to be claimed that his was a life of persistent benevolence or devoted energy; but I thought of a dozen men who had lived selfishly and comfortably, making money and amassing fortunes, without a touch of real kindness or fine tenderness about them, who would yet be held to have done well and to have deserved respect.

And then I perceived how intolerably false many of our cherished ideals are; that apart from lives of pure selfishness and annexation, many a professed philanthropist or active statesman is merely following a sterile sort of ambition; while the simple, kindly, uncalculating, friendly attitude to life is a real source of grace and beauty, and leaves behind it a fragrant memory enshrined in a hundred hearts.

So, too, when it comes to what we call literature. No one supposes that we can do without it, and in its essence it is but an extension of happy, fine, vivid talk. It is but the delighted perception of life, the ecstasy of taking a hand in the great mystery, the joy of love and companionship, the worship of beauty and desire and energy and memory taking shape in the most effective form that man can devise. There is no real merit in the accumulation of property; only the people who do the necessary work of the world, and the people who increase the joy of the world are worth a moment's thought, and yet both alike are little regarded.

Of course where the weakness of the artistic life really lies is that it is often not taken up out of mere communicativeness and happy excitement, as a child tells a breathless tale, but as a device for attracting the notice and earning the applause of the world; and then it is on a par with all other self-regarding activities. But if it is taken up with a desire to give rather than to receive, as an irrepressible sharing of delight, it becomes not a solemn and dignified affair, but just one of the most beautiful and uncalculating impulses in the world.

Then there falls another shadow across the path; the unhappiest natures I know are the natures of keen emotion and swift perception who yet have not the gift of expressing what they feel in any artistic medium. It is these, alas! who cumber the streets and porticos of literature. They are attracted away from homely toil by the perilous sweetness of art, and when they attempt to express their raptures, they have no faculty or knack of hand. And these men and women fall with zealous dreariness or acrid contemptuousness, and radiate discomfort and uneasiness about them.

"A book," said Dr. Johnson, "should show one either how to enjoy life or how to endure it"—was ever the function of literature expressed more pungently or justly? Any man who enjoys or endures has a right to speak, if he can. If he can help others to enjoy or to endure, then he need never be in any doubt as to his part in life; while if he cannot ecstatically enjoy, he can at least good-humoredly endure.

SONGS FOR THE NEW AGE

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

PATTERNS

WOULD you lay a pattern on life and say, thus shall ye live?
I tell you that is a denial of life;
I say that thus we pour our spirits in a mold, and they cake and die.

I want to go to the man who quickens me;
I want the gift of life, the flame of his spirit eating along the tinder of my heart;
I want to feel the flood-gates within flung open and the tides pouring through me;
I want to take what I am and bring it to fruit.

Quicken me, and I will grow;
Touch me with flame, and the blossoms will open and the fruit appear.
Call forth in me a creator, and the god will answer.
And then, if I commit what you call a sin,
Better so.
It will not be a sin. It will be a mere breaking of your patterns;
For the only sin is death, and the only virtue to be altogether alive and your own authentic self.

ABIDE THE ADVENTURE

NEITHER from the woe,
Nor from the war,
Think ye to escape.
It helps nothing that ye shut your eyes, O cloistered cowards and gilded idlers!
For neither shall cushion nor buffer ease the sharp shock of life;
Neither shall delicate music in hushed hotels drown out the roar of the battling streets;
Neither shall winged wheels carry you away to the place of peace.
How can ye go from yourselves, deluded ones?

Make but a world of rest:
Swifter than striking lightning
The Aladdin of the soul builds in the heart
A world of unresting hell.
And, O ye shunners of war, ye are grueled in a war of the spirit,
In a battle of nerves and blood-vessels and the ghost-haunted brain,
And the death of delight!

Hence, whip ye to battle,
Live ye to the uttermost,
Abide the adventure!

THE SLAVE

THEY set the slave free, striking off his chains;
Then he was as much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility,
He was still manacled to indolence and sloth,
He was still bound by fear and superstition,
By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery.
His slavery was not in the chains,
But in himself.

They can only set free men free,
And there is no need of that:
Free men set themselves free.

THE LONELY CHILD

DO you think, my boy, that when I put my arms around you
To still your fears,
That it is I who conquer the dark and the lonely night?

My arms seem to wrap love about you,
As your little heart, fluttering at my breast,
Throbs love through me.

But, dear one, it is not I,
But the arms of the eternal, the cradle of the stars and generations,
That in the night reach through me
And draw us into peace.

Dark and deep is that enfolding;
And when in days unborn you lie alone at night,
As now your father lies,
You shall, in those deep arms, as a child on his father's bosom,
Drift into dreams and healing sleep.

FOLK-HUNGER

FIERCE hunger has come upon me,
And neither meat nor wine can stay me:
I am starved for men and women.

I want to go where the crowd is thickest,
Where the spot-light man colors the graceful favorite on the stage with green, then gold, then violet;
Where the audience roars at the jocose comedian and the strong, stout woman;
Where I will be accepted not by the earth, but by my fellows,
Sinking back into rough good commonness, just a laugher and idler myself,
Warming the hands and heart of my soul at the blazing hearth of the people.

To-morrow business with the lordly earth,
Sessions with my self in aching privacy;
To-night, crowds, lights, gaiety,
The cockles of my heart roasted as crisp as nuts,
And my lung-bellows roaring in the jolly brotherhood of the world.

JOY OF LIVING

THOUGH I am little as all little things,
Though the stars that pass over my tininess are as the sands of the sea,
Though the garment of the night was made for a sky-giant and does not fit me,
Though even in a city of men I am as nothing,
Yet at times the gift of life is almost more than I can bear.
I laugh with joyousness. The morning is a blithe holiday;
And in the overrunning of my hardy bliss praise rises for the very breath I breathe.

How soaked the universe is with life!
Not a cranny but is drenched;
Ah, not even I was overlooked!

A HANDFUL OF DUST

I STOOPED to the silent earth and lifted a handful of her dust.
Was it a handful of humanity I held?
Was it the crumbled and blown beauty of a woman or a babe?
For over the hills of earth blows the dust of the withered generations;
And not a water-drop in the sea but was once a blood-drop or a tear,
And not an atom of sap in leaf or bud but was once the love-sap in a human being;
And not a lump of soil but was once the rosy curve of lip or breast or cheek.

Handful of dust, you stagger me;
I did not dream the world was so full of the dead,
And the air I breathe so rich with the bewildering past.
Kiss of what girls is on the wind?
Whisper of what lips is in the cup of my hand?
Cry of what deaths is in the break of the wave tossed by the sea?
I am enfolded in an air of rushing wings;
I am engulfed in clouds of love-lives gone.
Who leans yonder? Helen of Greece?
Who walks with me? Isolde?
The trees are shaking down the blossoms from Juliet's breast,
And the bee drinks honey from the lips of David.

Come, girl, my comrade;
Stand close, sun-tanned one, with your bright eyes lifted.
Behold this dust!
This is you; this of the earth under our feet is you.
Raised by what miracle? Shaped by what magic?
Breathed into by what god?

And a hundred years hence one like myself may come,
And stoop, and take a handful of the yielding earth,
And never dream that in his palm
Lies she that laughed and ran and lived beside this sea
On an afternoon a hundred years before.

Listen to the dust in this hand.
Who is trying to speak to us?

THE WOMAN SPEAKS

OH, my being, opening into the dazzle of sunrise!
Where are you blowing me, trumpets?
What blast of music am I, striding the wind?

I took the hand of my beloved, and I was satisfied.
I kissed his lips, and the stone of my heart became a song.
I kissed his lips, and was born again.

Love, now I know thee.
I have looked into thine eyes, Splendor;
I have kissed thy lips, golden boy.

Bear me to the ends of the earth,
Drown me in oceans,
Crush me beneath granite mountains!
I give all, I render myself up,
O thou that art the breath of life, the whisper on the deeps!

THE MAN SPEAKS

YOU and I in the night, spied on by stars;
You and I in the beloved night;
You and I within these walls.

A breath from the sea is kissing the housetops of the city,
Kissing the roofs,
And dying into silence.

Earth and stars are in a trance.
They dream of passion, but cannot break their sleep.
They pass into us, and we are their passion, we are their madness,
So shaped that we can kiss and clasp.
One kiss, then death, the miracle being spent.

Watchman, what of the night?
Sleep and birth! Toil and death!
Now the light of the topmost tower winks red and ceases;
Now the lonely car echoes afar off.
Helen looked over the wine-dark seas of Greece, and she was young;
But not younger than we, touching each other, while dawn delays.

Dare we betray this moment?
Dare we die, missing this fire?
Whither goes massive earth to-night, flying with the stars down eternity?
We are alive; we are for each other.

WE DEAD

WHEN from the brooding home,
The silent, immemorial love-house,
The belovèd body of the mother in her travail,
Naked, the little one comes and wails at the world's bleak weather,
We say that on earth and to us a child has been born.
But now we move with unhalting pace toward the dark evening,
And toward the cold, lengthening shadow,
And quick we avert our fearful eyes from the strange event,
The burial and the bourne,
That leaving home, the end—death.

Are these, then, birth and death?
Does the cut of a cord bring life, and dust to dust expunge it?
If so, what are we, then, we dead?

For, in the cities,
And dark on the lonely farms, and waifs on the ocean,
As a harrying of wind, as an eddying of dust,
We dead, in our soft, shining bodies that are combed and are kissed,
Are ghosts fleeing from the inescapable hell of ourselves.

We are even as beetles skating over the waters of our own darkness;
Even as beetles, darting and restless,
But the depths dark and void—

We have found no peace, no peace, though our engines are crafty.
What avail wings to the flier in the skies
While his dead soul, like an anchor, drags on the earth?
And what avails lightning darting a man's voice, linking the cities,
While in the booth he is the same varnished clod,
And his soul flies not after?
And what avails it that the body of man has waxed mammoth,
Limbed with the lightning and the steam,
While his spirit remains a torment and a trifle,
And, gaining the world, profits nothing?

Self-murdered, self-slain, the dead cumber the earth;
And how did they die?

A boy was born in the pouring radiance of creative magic;
And with pulses of music he was born.
Of himself he might have been shaping a song-wingèd poet;
But he was afraid.
He feared the gaunt garret of starvation and the lonely years in his soul's desert,
And he feared to be a jest and a fool before his friends.
Now he clerks, the slave,
And the magic is slimed with disastrous opiates of the night.

A girl was bathed with the lissome beauty of the seeker of love,
The call of the animals one to another in the spring,
The desire of the captive woman in her heart, as she ran and leaped on the hills;
But the imprisoned beast's cry terrified her as she looked out over the love-quiet of the modern world.
Yet she desired to take this man-lure and release it into loveliness,
Become a dancer, lulling with witchcraft of her young body the fevered world.

But, no, her mother spied here a wickedness.
Shamefully she submitted, making a smoldering inferno of the hidden nymph in her soul,
And so died.

A woman was made body and heart for the beautiful love-life;
But of the mother-miracle,
How the cry of a troubled child whitens the red passions,
She did not know.
Fear of poverty corrupted her: she chose a fool that her heart hated,
And now through him no release for her native passions,
But only a spending of her loathsome fury on adornment and luxury.
Ah, dead glory! and the heart sick with betrayal!

There is no grace for the dead save to be born again:
Engines shall not drag us from the grave,
Nor wine nor meat revive us.

For our thirst is a thirst no liquor can reach nor slake,
And our hunger a hunger by no bread filled.
The waters we crave bubble up from the springs of life,
And the bread we would break comes down from invisible hands.

We dead, awake!
Kiss the beloved past good-by,
Go leave the love-house of the betrayèd self,
And through the dark of birth go and enter the soul's bleak weather.
And I—I will not stay dead, though the dead cling to me;
I will put away the kisses and the soft embraces and the walls that encompass me,
And out of this womb I will surely move to the world of my spirit.
I will lose my life to find it, as of old;
Yea, I will turn from the life-lie I lived to the truth I was wrought for,
And I will take the creator within, sower of the seed of the race,
And make him a god, shaper of civilization.

Now on my soul's imperious surge,
Taking the risk, as of death, and in deepening twilight,
I ride on the darkening flood and go out on the waters
Till over the tide comes music, till over the tide the breath
Of the song of my far-off soul is wafted and blown,
Murmuring commandments.

Storm and darkness! I am drowned in the torrent!
I am moving forth irrevocably from the sheltering womb!
I am naked and little!
Oh, cold of the world, and lights blinding, and space terrifying
Now my cry goes up and the wailing of my helpless soul:
Mother! my mother!

Lo, then, the mother eternal!
In my opening soul the footfall of her fleeting tread,
And the song of her voice piercing and sweet with love of me,
And the enwinding of her arms and adoring of her breath,
And the milk of her plenty!
Oh, Life, of which I am part—Life, from the depths of the heavens,
That ascended like a water-spring into David of Asia on the eastern hills in the night,
That came like a noose of golden shadow on Joan in the orchard,
That gathers all life—the binding of brothers into sheaves,
That of old, kneelers in the dust
Named, glorying, Allah, Jehovah, God.

THE HEBREWS OF EASTERN EUROPE IN AMERICA

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

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IN his defense of Flaccus, a Roman governor who had "squeezed" his Jewish subjects, Cicero lowered his voice when he came to speak of the Jews, for, as he explained to the judges, there are persons who might excite against him this numerous, clannish, and powerful element. With much greater reason might an American lower his voice to-day in discussing two million Hebrew immigrants united by a strong race consciousness, and already ably represented at every level of wealth, power, and influence in the United States.

At the time of the Revolution there were perhaps seven hundred Jewish families in the colonies. In 1826 the number of Hebrews in the United States was estimated at six thousand; in 1840, at fifteen thousand; in 1848, at fifty thousand. The immigration from Germany brought great numbers, and at the outbreak of the Civil War there were probably one hundred and fifty thousand Hebrews in this country. In 1888, after the first wave from Russia, they were estimated at four hundred thousand. Since the beginning of 1899, a million and a third Hebrews have settled in this country.

Easily one fifth of the Hebrews in the world are with us, and the freshet shows no signs of subsidence. America is coming to be hailed as the "promised land," and Zionist dreams are yielding to the conviction that it will be much easier for the keen-witted Russian Hebrews to prosper here as a free component in a nation of a hundred millions than to grub a living out of the baked hillsides of Palestine. With Mr. Zangwill they exult that:

> America has ample room for all the six millions of the Pale; any one of her fifty states could absorb them. And next to being in a country of their own, there could be no better fate for them than to be together in a land of civil and religious liberty, of whose Constitution Christianity forms no part, and where their collective votes would practically guarantee them against future persecution.

Hence the endeavor of the Hebrews to control the immigration policy of the United States. Although theirs is only a seventh of our net immigration, they led the fight on the Immigration Commission's bill. The power of the million Hebrews in the metropolis lines up the congressional delegation from New York in solid opposition to the literacy test. The systematic campaign in newspapers and magazines to break down all arguments for restriction and to calm nativist fears is waged by and for one race. Hebrew money is behind the National Lib-

eral Immigration League and its numerous publications. From the paper before the commercial body or the scientific association to the heavy treatise produced with the aid of the Baron de Hirsch Fund, the literature that proves the blessings of immigration to all classes in America emanates from subtle Hebrew brains. In order to admit their brethren from the Pale, the brightest of the Semites are keeping our doors open to the dullest of the Aryans.

Migrating as families the Hebrews from eastern Europe are pretty evenly divided between the sexes. Their illiteracy is twenty-six per cent., about the average. Artisans and professional men are rather numerous among them. They come from cities and settle in cities, half of them in New York. Centuries of enforced Ghetto life seem to have bred in them a herding instinct. No other physiques can so well withstand the toxins of urban congestion. Save the Italians, more Hebrews will crowd upon a given space than any other nationality. As they prosper, they do not proportionately enlarge their quarters. Of Boston tenement-house Hebrews Dr. Bushee testifies:

> Their inborn love of money-making leads them to crowd into the smallest quarters. Families having very respectable bank-accounts have been known to occupy cellar rooms where damp and cold streaked the walls. . . . There are actually streets in the West End where, while Jews are moving in, negro housewives are gathering up their skirts and seeking a more spotless environment.

The first stream of Russo-Jewish immigrants started flowing in 1882 in consequence of the reactionary policy of Alexander III. It contained many students and members of scholarly families, who stimulated intellectual activity among their fellows here and were leaders in radical thought. These idealists established newspapers in the Jewish-German jargon and thus made Yiddish (*Jüdisch*) a literary language. The second stream reached us after 1890, and brought immigrants who were not steeped in modern ideas, but held to Talmudic traditions and the learning of the rabbis. The more recent flow taps lower social strata and is prompted by economic motives. These later arrivals lack both the idealism of the first stream and the religious culture of the second.

Besides the Russian Hebrews, we are receiving large numbers from Galicia, Hungary, and Rumania. The last are said to be of a high type, whereas the Galician Hebrews are the lowest. It is these whom Joseph Pennell, the illustrator, found to be "people who, despite their poverty, never work with their hands; whose town . . . is but a hideous nightmare of dirt, disease, and poverty," and its misery and ugliness "the outcome of their own habits and way of life, and not, as is usually supposed, forced upon them by Christian persecutors."

OCCUPATIONS

The Jewish immigrants rarely lay hand to basic production. In tilling the soil, in food growing, in extracting minerals, in building, construction, and transportation, they have little part. Sometimes they direct these operations, often they finance them, but even in direst poverty they contrive to avoid hard muscular labor. Under pressure the Hebrew takes to the pack as the Italian to the pick.

In the eighties numerous rural colonies of Hebrews were planted, but, despite much help from outside, all except the colonies near Vineland, New Jersey, utterly failed. In New York and New England there are more than a thousand Hebrew farmers, but most of them speculate in real estate, keep summer boarders, or depend on some side enterprise, peddling, cattle-trading, or junk-buying, for a material part of their income. The Hebrew farmers, said to number in all six thousand, maintain a federation and are provided with a farmers' journal. New colonies are launched at brief intervals, and Jewish city boys are being trained for country life. Still, not over one Hebrew family in a hundred is on the land, and the rural trend is only a trickle compared with the huge inflow.

Perhaps two fifths of the Hebrew immigrants gain their living from garment-making. Naturally the greater part of the clothing and dry-goods trade, the country over, is in their hands. They make eighty-five per cent. of the cigars and most of the domestic cigarettes. They

purchase all but an insignificant part of the leaf tobacco from the farmers, and sell it to the manufacturers. They are prominent in the retailing of spirits, and the Jewish distiller is almost as typical as the German brewer.

None can beat the Hebrew at a bargain, for through all the intricacies of commerce he can scent his profit. The peddler, junk-dealer, or pawnbroker is on the first rung of the ladder. The more capable rise in a few years to be theatrical managers, bankers, or heads of department stores. Moreover, great numbers are clerks and salesmen, and thousands are municipal and building contractors. Many of the second generation enter the civil service and the professions. Already in several of the largest municipalities and in the Federal bureaus a large proportion of the positions are held by keen-witted Hebrews. Twenty years ago, under the spoils system, the Irish held most of the city jobs in New York. Now, under the test system, the Hebrews are driving them out. Among the schoolteachers of the city Hebrew women outnumber the women of any other nationality. Jewish girls shun housework and crowd into the factories, while those who can get training become stenographers, bookkeepers, accountants, and private secretaries. One thirteenth of the students in our seventy-seven leading universities and colleges are of Hebrew parentage. The young Hebrews take eagerly to medicine, and it is said that from seven hundred to nine hundred of the physicians in New York are of their race. More noticeable is the influx into dentistry and especially into pharmacy. Their trend into the legal profession has been pronounced, and of late there is a movement of Jewish students into engineering, agriculture, and forestry.

MORALS

THE Jewish immigrants cherish a pure, close-knit family life, and the position of the woman in the home is one of dignity. More than any other immigrants they are ready to assume the support of distant needy relatives. They care for their own poor, and the spirit of coöperation among them is very noticeable. Their temper is sensitive and humane; very rarely is a Jew charged with any form of brutality. There is among them a fine élite which responds to the appeal of the ideal and is found in every kind of ameliorative work.

Nevertheless, fair-minded observers agree that certain bad qualities crop out all too often among these eastern Europeans. A school principal remarks that his Hebrew pupils are more importunate to get a mark changed than his other pupils. A settlement warden who during the summer entertains hundreds of nursing slum mothers at a country "home" says: "The Jewish mothers are always asking for *something extra* over the regular kit we provide each guest for her stay." "The last thing the son of Jacob wants," observes an eminent sociologist, "is a square deal." A veteran New York social worker cannot forgive the Ghetto its littering and defiling of the parks. "Look at Tompkins Square," he exclaimed hotly, "and compare it with what it was twenty-five years ago amid a German population!" As for the caretakers of the parks, their comment on this matter is unprintable. Genial settlement residents, who never tire of praising Italian or Greek, testify that no other immigrants are so noisy, pushing, and disdainful of the rights of others as the Jews. That the worst exploiters of these immigrants are sweaters, landlords, employers, and "white slavers" of their own race no one gainsays.

The authorities complain that the eastern European Hebrews feel no reverence for law as such, and are willing to break any ordinance they find in their way. The fact that pleasure-loving Jewish business men spare Jewesses, but pursue Gentile girls, excites bitter comment. The insurance companies scan a Jewish fire-risk more closely than any other. Credit men say the Jewish merchant is often "slippery," and will "fail" in order to get rid of his debts. For lying the immigrant has a very bad reputation. In the North End of Boston "the readiness of the Jews to commit perjury has passed into a proverb." Conscientious immigration officials become very sore over the incessant fire of false accusations to which they are subjected by the Jewish press and societies. United States senators complain that early in 1913, during the close of the struggle over the immigration bill, they were overwhelmed with a torrent of crooked statis-

tics and misrepresentations by the Hebrews fighting the literacy test.

Graver yet is the charge that these eastern European immigrants lower standards wherever they enter. In the boot-and-shoe trade the Hebrew jobbers who, after sending in an order to the manufacturer, find the market taking an unexpected downward turn will reject a consignment on some pretext in order to evade a loss. Says Dr. Bushee, "The shame of a variety of underhanded methods in trade not easily punishable by law must be laid at the door of a certain type of Jew." It is charged that for personal gain the Hebrew dealer wilfully disregards the customs of the trade, and thereby throws trade ethics into confusion. Physicians and lawyers complain that their Hebrew colleagues tend to break down the ethics of their professions. It is certain that Hebrews have commercialized the social evil, commercialized the theater, and done much to commercialize the newspaper.

The leaders of the race admit much truth in the impeachment. One accounts for the bad reputation of his race in the legal profession by pointing out that they entered the tricky branches of it, namely, commercial law and criminal law. Says a high-minded lawyer, "If the average American entered law as we have to, without money, connections, or adequate professional education, he would be a shyster, too." Another observes that the sharp practice of the Russo-Jewish lawyer belongs to the earlier part of his career, when he must succeed or starve. As he prospers, his sense of responsibility grows. For example, some years ago the Bar Association of New York opposed the promotion of a certain Hebrew lawyer to the bench on the ground of his unprofessional practices. But this same lawyer made one of the best judges the city ever had, and when he retired he was banqueted by the association.

The truth seems to be that the lower class of Hebrews of eastern Europe reach here moral cripples, their souls warped and dwarfed by iron circumstance. The experience of Russian repression has made them haters of government and corrupters of the police. Life amid a bigoted and hostile population has left them aloof and thick-skinned. A tribal spirit, intensified by social isolation, prompts them to rush to the rescue of the caught rascal of their own race. Pent within the Talmud and the Pale of Settlement, their interests have become few, and many of them have developed a monstrous and repulsive love of gain. When, now, they use their Old-World shove and wile and lie in a society like ours, as unprotected as a snail out of its shell, they rapidly push up into a position of prosperous parasitism, leaving scorn and curses in their wake.

Gradually, however, it dawns upon this twisted soul that here there is no need to be weasel or hedgehog. He finds himself in a new game, the rules of which are made by *all* the players. He himself is a part of the state that is weakened by his law-breaking, a member of the profession that is degraded by his sharp practices. So smirk and cringe and trick presently fall away from him and he stands erect. This is why, in the same profession at the same time, those most active in breaking down standards are Hebrews, and those most active in raising standards are Hebrews of an earlier coming or a later generation. "On the average," says a Jewish leader, "only the third generation feels perfectly at home in American society." This explains the frequent statement that the Hebrews are "the limit," among the worst of the worst and among the best of the best.

CRIME

The Hebrew immigrants usually commit their crimes for gain, and among gainful crimes they lean to gambling, larceny, and the receiving of stolen goods rather than to the more daring crimes of robbery and burglary. The fewness of the Hebrews in prison has been used to spread the impression that they are uncommonly law-abiding. The fact is that it is harder to catch and convict criminals of cunning than criminals of violence. The chief of police of any large city will bear emphatic testimony as to the trouble Jewish lawbreakers cause him. Most alarming is the great increase of criminality among Jewish young men and the growth of prostitution among Jewish girls. Says a Jewish ex-assistant attorney-general of the United States in an address before the B'nai B'rith: "Suddenly we find appearing in the life of the large cities the scarlet woman of Jewish birth." "In the wo-

men's night court of New York City and on gilded Broadway the majority of street-walkers bear Jewish names." "This sudden break in Jewish morality was not natural. It was a product of cold, calculating, mercenary methods, devised and handled by men of Jewish birth." Says the president of the Conference of American Rabbis: "The Jewish world has been stirred from center to circumference by the recent disclosures of the part Jews have played in the pursuance of the white-slave traffic." On May 14, 1911, a Yiddish paper in New York said editorially:

It is almost impossible to comprehend the indifference with which the large New York Jewish population hears and reads, day after day, about the thefts and murders that are perpetrated every day by Jewish gangs—real bands of robbers—and no one raises a voice of protest, and no demand is made for the protection of the reputation of the Jews of America and for the life and property of the Jewish citizens.

A few years ago, when Commissioner Bingham came out with a statement about Jewish thieves, the Jews raised a cry of protest that reached the heavens. The main cry was that Bingham exaggerated and overestimated the number of Jewish criminals. But when we hear of the murders, hold-ups, and burglaries committed in the Jewish section by Jewish criminals, we must, with heartache, justify Mr. Bingham.

Two weeks later the same paper said:

How much more will Jewish hearts bleed when the English press comes out with descriptions of gambling-houses packed with Jewish gamblers, of the blind cigar stores where Jewish thieves and murderers are reared, of the gangs that work systematically and fasten like vampires upon the peaceable Jewish population, and of all the other nests of theft, robbery, murder, and lawlessness that have multiplied among us.

This startling growth reflects the moral crisis through which many immigrants are passing. Enveloped in the husks of medievalism, the religion of many a Hebrew perishes in the American environment. The immigrant who loses his religion is worse than the religionless American because his early standards are dropped along with his faith. With his clear brain sharpened in the American school, the egoistic, conscienceless young Hebrew constitutes a menace. As a Jewish labor leader said to me:

The non-morality of the young Jewish business men is fearful. Socialism inspires an ethics in the heart of the Jewish working-man, but there are many without either the old religion or the new. I am aghast at the consciencelessness of the *Luft-proletariat* without feeling for place, community, or nationality.

RACE TRAITS

If the Hebrews are a race, certainly one of their traits is *intellectuality*. In Boston the milk-station nurse gets far more result from her explanations to Jewish mothers than from her talks to Irish or Italian mothers. The Jewish parent, however grasping, rarely exploits his children, for he appreciates how schooling will add to their earning capacity. The young Hebrews have the foresight to avoid "blind-alley" occupations. Between the years of fourteen and seventeen the Irish and Italian boys earn more than the Jewish lads; but after eighteen the Jewish boys will be earning more, for they have selected occupations in which you can work up. The Hebrew is the easiest man to sell life insurance to, for he catches the idea sooner than any other immigrant. As philanthropist he is the first to appreciate scientific charity. As voter he is the first to repudiate the political leader and rise to a broad outlook. As exploited worker he is the first to find his way to a theory of his hard lot, namely, capitalism. As employer he is quick to respond to the idea of "welfare work." The Jewish patrons of the libraries welcome guidance in their reading, and they want always the best; in fiction, Dickens, Tolstoy, Zola; in philosophy, Darwin, Spencer, Haeckel. No other readers are so ready to tackle the heavy-weights in economics and sociology.

From many school principals comes the observation that their Jewish pupils are either very bright or distinctly dull. Among the Russo-Jewish children many fall behind, but some distinguish themselves in their studies. The proportion of backward pupils is about the average

for school children of non-English-speaking parentage; but the brilliant pupils indicate the presence in Hebrew immigration of a gifted element which scarcely shows itself in other streams of immigration. Teachers report that their Jewish pupils "seem to have hungry minds." They "grasp information as they do everything else, recognizing it as the requisite for success." Says a principal, "Their progress in studies is simply another manifestation of the acquisitiveness of the race." Another thinks their school successes are won more by intense application than by natural superiority, and judges his Irish pupils would do still better if only they would work as many hours.

The Jewish gift for mathematics and chess is well known. They have great imagination, but it is the "combinative" imagination rather than the free poetic fancy of the Celt. They analyze out the factors of a process, and mentally put them together in new ways. Their talent for anticipating the course of the market, making fresh combinations in business, diagnosing diseases, and suggesting scientific hypotheses is not questioned. On the other hand, an eminent savant thinks the best Jewish minds are not strong in generalization, and deems them clever, acute, and industrious rather than able in the highest sense. On the whole, the Russo-Jewish immigration is richer in gray matter than any other recent stream, and it may be richer than any inflow since the colonial era.

Perhaps *abstractness* is another trait of the Jewish mind. To the Hebrew things present themselves not softened by an atmosphere of sentiment, but with the sharp outlines of that desert landscape in which his ancestors wandered. As farmer he is slovenly, and does not root in the soil like the German. As poet he shows little feeling for nature. Unlike the German artisan, who becomes fond of what he creates, the Hebrew does not love the concrete for its own sake. What he cares for is the value in it. Hence he is rarely a good artisan, and perhaps the reason why he makes his craft a mere stepping-stone to business is that he does not relish his work. The Hebrew shines in literature, music, and acting, the arts of expression, but not often is he an artist in the manipulation of materials. In theology, law, and diplomacy, which involve the abstract, the Jewish mind has distinguished itself more than in technology or the study of nature.

The Hebrew has little feeling for the particular. He cares little for pets. He loves man rather than men, and from Isaiah to Karl Marx he holds the record in projects of social amelioration. The Hebrew loves without romance, and fights without hatred. He is loyal to his purposes rather than to persons. He finds general principles for whatever he wishes to do. As circumstances change, he will make up with his worst enemy or part company with his closest ally. Hence his wonderful adaptability. Flexible and rational, the Jewish mind cannot be bound by conventions. The good will of a Southern gentleman takes set forms, such as courtesy and attentions, while the kindly Hebrew is ready with any form of help that may be needed. So the South looked askance at the Hebrews as "no gentlemen." Nor have the Irish, with their strong personal loyalty or hostility, liked the Jews. On the other hand, the Yankees have for the Jews a cousinly feeling. Puritanism was a kind of Hebraism, and throve most in the parts of England where, centuries before, the Hebrews had been thickest. With his rationalism, his shrewdness, his inquisitiveness, and his acquisitiveness, the Yankee can meet the Jew on his own ground.

Like all races that survive the sepsis of civilization, the Hebrews show great *tenacity of purpose*. Their constancy has worn out their persecutors, and won them the epithet of "stiff-necked." In their religious ideas our Jewish immigrants are so stubborn that the Protestant churches despair of making proselytes among them. The sky-rocket careers leading from the peddler's pack to the banker's desk or the professor's chair testify to rare singleness of purpose. Whatever his goal, money, scholarship, or recognition, the true Israelite never loses sight of it, cannot be distracted, presses steadily on, and in the end masters circumstance instead of being dominated by it. As strikers the Jewish wage-earners will starve rather than yield. The Jewish reader in the libraries sticks indomitably to the course of reading he has entered upon. No other policy-holder

is so reliable as the Hebrew in keeping up his premiums. The Jewish canvasser, bill-collector, insurance-solicitor, or commercial traveler takes no rebuff, returns brazenly again and again, and will risk being kicked down-stairs rather than lose his man. During the Civil War, General Grant wrote to the War Department regarding the Jewish cotton traders who pressed into the South with the Northern armies, "I have instructed the commanding officer to refuse all permits to Jews to come South, and I have frequently had them expelled from the department, but they come in with their carpet-sacks in spite of all that can be done to prevent it." Charity agents say that although their Hebrew cases are few, they cost them more than other cases in the end because of the unblushing persistence of the applicant. Some chiefs of police will not tolerate the Jewish prostitute in their city because they find it impossible to subject her to any regulations.

THE RACE LINE

In New York the line is drawn against the Hebrews in hotels, resorts, clubs, and private schools, and constantly this line hardens and extends. They cry "Bigotry!" but bigotry has little or nothing to do with it. What is disliked in the Hebrews is not their religion, but certain ways and manners. Moreover, the Gentile resents being obliged to engage in a humiliating and undignified scramble in order to keep his trade or his clients against the Jewish invader. The line is not yet rigid, for the genial editor of "Vorwaerts," Mr. Abram Cahan, tells me that he and his literary brethren from the Pale have never encountered anti-Semitism in the Americans they meet. Not the Socialist Hebrews, but the vulgar upstart parvenus, are made to feel the discrimination.

This cruel prejudice—for all lump condemnations are cruel—is no importation, no hang-over from the past. It appears to spring out of contemporary experience, and is invading circle after circle of the broad-minded. People who give their lives to befriending immigrants shake their heads over the Galician Hebrews. It is astonishing how much of the sympathy that twenty years ago went out to the fugitives from Russian massacres has turned sour. Through fear of retaliation, little criticism gets into print; in the open the Philo-semites have it all their way. The situation is, honey above, gall beneath. If the czar, by keeping up the pressure which has already rid him of two million undesired subjects, should succeed in driving the bulk of his six million Hebrews to the United States, we shall see the rise of a Jewish question here, perhaps riots and anti-Jewish legislation. No doubt thirty or forty thousand Hebrews from eastern Europe might be absorbed by this country every year without any marked growth of race prejudice; but when they come in two or three or even four times as fast, the lump outgrows the leaven, and there will be trouble.

America is probably the strongest solvent Jewish separatism has ever encountered. It is not only that here the Hebrew finds himself a free man and a citizen. That has occurred before without causing the Hebrew to merge into the general population. It is that here more than anywhere else in the world *the future is expected to be in all respects better than the past.* No civilized people ever so belittled the past in the face of the future as we do. This is why tradition withers and dies in our air; and the dogma that the Hebrews are a "peculiar people" and must shun intermarriage with the Gentiles is only a tradition. The Jewish dietary laws are rapidly going. In New York only one fourth of the two hundred thousand Jewish workmen keep their Sabbath, and only one fifth of the Hebrews belong to the synagogue. The neglect of the synagogue is as marked as the falling away of non-Jews from the church. Mixed marriages, although by no means numerous in the centers, are on the increase, and in 1909 the Central Conference of Jewish Rabbis resolved that such marriages "are contrary to the tradition of the Jewish religion and should therefore be discouraged by the American Rabbinate." Certainly every mixed marriage is, as one rabbi puts it, "a nail in the coffin of Judaism," and free mixing would in time end the Hebrews as a distinct ethnic strain.

The "hard-shell" leaders are urging the Hebrews in America to cherish their distinctive traditions and to refrain from mingling their blood with Gentiles. But

the liberal and radical leaders insist that in this new, ultra-modern environment nothing is gained by holding the Hebrews within the wall of orthodox Judaism. As a prominent Hebrew labor-leader said to me:

By blending with the American, the Jew will gain in physique, and this, with its attendant participation in normal labor, sports, athletics, outdoor life, and the like, will lessen the hypersensibility and the sensuality of the Jew, and make him less vain, unscrupulous, and pleasure-loving.

It is too soon yet to foretell whether or not this vast and growing body of Hebrews from eastern Europe is to melt and disappear in the American population just as numbers of Portuguese, Dutch, English, and French Hebrews in our early days became blended with the rest of the people. In any case, the immigrant Hebrews are being assimilated outwardly. The long coat, side curls, beard, and fringes, the "Wandering Jew" figure, the furtive manner, the stoop, the hunted look, and the martyr air disappear as if by magic after a brief taste of American life. It would seem as if the experience of Russia and America in assimilating the Jews is happily illustrated by the old story of the rivalry of the wind and the sun in trying to strip the traveler of his cloak.

UNKISSED

BY MARGARET S. COBB

I

OH, lay no buds, no blossoms, in her hands,
But purpled grapes, the peach kissed red by sun;
Glad fruits of love, close to her bosom now;
Her lips are white and patient as her brow:
The lonely beating of her heart is done.

II

Stilled is the body; slowly age and death
Burned to this ashy frailness, white and fine.
These veins of woman knew no wave of love;
Ne'er did this hidden flesh to rapture move;
Ne'er lifted to these lips love's sweet-depthed wine.

III

Yet through relentless springs the body bloomed;
Blossomed the lips, the eyes, and drooped the head,
Heavy with passion's flowers, and slim hands
And hidden bosom thrilled their sweet demands;
But spring passed on, and all the blooms dropped dead.

IV

A dream alone was kind. Some spirit drew
From sleep's dark ardency a phantom flame,
That caught the blossoms from her lips; her eyes
Grew dim and weak her bosom's rise;
Then dream fruit faded as it dreaming came.

V

Along the silent way, time's shadows fell,
And years covertly touched with ashes white,
Spring came but wan to blossoms fading gray,
Yet on she trod the unrequiting way,
Patient to meet the unassuaging night.

VI

In kindness, lay no flowers in her hands,
But grapes that knew the purple love of sun,
Apples that blushed the rosy way love leads,
The pear all golden to its heart of seeds . . .
The lonely beating of her heart is done.

HIS EDUCATED CREW

BY BERTON BRALEY

SAID Captain Horace Plunkett Gaines,
Which is a sailor bold,
"My crew has such a bunch of brains
As seldom you behold.
They cannot reef a marlinespike
Or trim the after rail.
Their sailoring was learned, belike,
By telegraph or mail
Or at a bargain-sale.

"But singin' glees,
You understand,
Their melodies
Is grand.

"I never seen no mortal crew
That is so little use;
They cannot polish up the screw
Or keep the capstan loose.
To me they never is polite,
No, not a bit, by heck!
They like to make me chase all night
Around the bloomin' deck
Till I am fair a wreck.

"But though at sea
They are a shine,
Their poetry
Is fine!

"They never do no work at all,
Just set around an' smoke,
A-waitin' fer the cookie's call—
Yes, each an' every bloke.
They will not paint the garboard-streak,
Nor splice the poop or stem,
And they would set around a week
An' never stitch a hem—
A lazy bunch is them.

"But spite of fate
An' circumstances,
Them guys is great
At fancy dances.

"I has to sail the ship alone,
Which is a lot of strain,
And yet that crew, I has to own,
Tries hard to entertain.
For they is very clever guys
Which really do excel
At wearin' latest styles in ties
An' quotin' Greek as well.
Oh, they is versatell!

"They will not scrub,
But they 're so gay
I gives them doub-
Le pay!"

"OLD AND YOUNG ALL CONGREGATED"

THE GREAT BEAR AND THE LITTLE DIPPER

BY E. L. McKINNEY

THELMA was a tango-teacher,
Mistress of the mad maxixe.
She knew all the variations
Of the gyratory nations,
From the Seminoles to Greeks.
Garbed in Russian boot or slipper,
She cavorted anywhere;
She was called "The Little Dipper";
She was quite the Little Bear.

At a summer habitation
Thelma was the drawing rage,
And her dancing steps, new-fangled,
Soon successfully entangled
Gentlemen of every age.
Old and young all congregated
Round about the little imp;
But the one most fascinated
Seemed to be a Charley Gimp.

He was big and brave and burly,
Hero of a college town;
All the base-ball fans applauded;
All-Americans awarded
His redoubtable renown.
Golf and hockey, squash and soccer,
Knew him universally;
There was none who owned a locker
So notorious as he.

"AT HIS CANTER THEY KEPT CHUCKLING"

But whene'er he danced with Thelma,
All the tango-tangled crowd,
When they saw him half-and-halfing,
Kept continuously laughing
Impolitely and aloud.

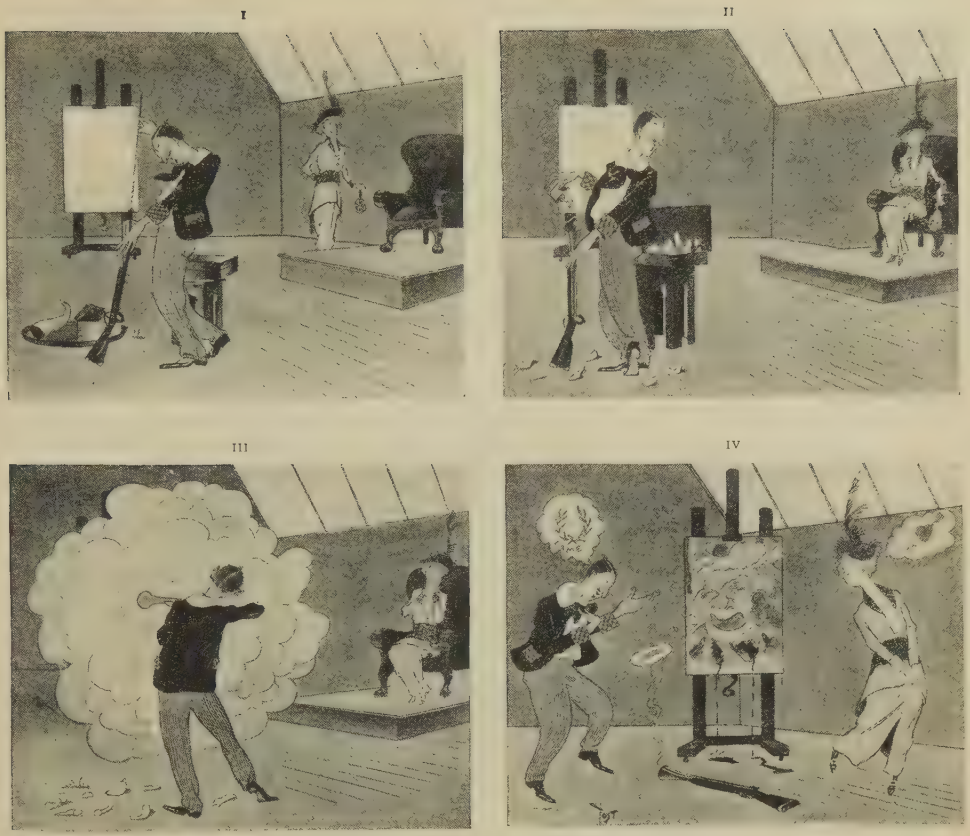
At his canter they kept chuckling
Till one wag was heard
to say,
"*His* lame duck 's an ugly duckling;
He might practise home by day."

"HE WAS THIN AND DOUBLE-JOINTED"

So to Thelma's quick assistance
Came young Vivian Malvee.
He was thin and double-jointed;
Nose and feet alike were pointed;
And he weighed just ninety-three.
He could trip the innovation
With fair Thelma, blithe and light,
And he slipped the hesitation
Through each tuneful summer night.

Till their last maxixe they glided
(To the soulful "Sans Souci"),
And mid toes and heels fantastic
He exclaimed enthusiastic,
"Thelma, will you marry me?"
But her answer, undeceiving,
Left his nerves and collar limp:
"I might tell you, now I 'm leaving,
I am really Mrs. Gimp.

"We were married in Manhattan,
Where the tango temples are;
Charles in bonds made some advances
Till he found my dizzy dances
Were more lucrative by far.
Come and see us in the city;
I 've appointments there for weeks.
Music stopped? Oh, what a pity!
Thank you for that last maxixe."



THE POST-IMPRESSIONIST PORTRAIT-PAINTER

HIC JACET BONES

BY JAMES W. FOLEY

TOBACCO that won't bite;
Non-bilious beer;
A high-ball served just right;
A boutonnière;
A night off now and then
With cards, live coals,
Somebody's cozy den,
And some good souls;
A club or two—the Lambs
Or Wolves or Cubs
Or Crabs or Clams,
Just so they 're clubs;
Clothes half-way neat;
Clean linen and a bath;
A flier in the Street
And—aftermath.
Some I O U's;
First nights at plays;
Some dreams; some blues;
Some very rainy days;
Some fleshly ills;
Some wonderings of God;
Some chills; some pills;
Six feet of sod.
Some graven stones
To weight him down;
Hic Jacet Bones,
Man About Town.

THE SIX SELLER

BY JESSICA JONES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

BUSY HOUSEKEEPER.

SHORT, STOUT MAN, *with grip, hat in hand, courteous and brisk.*

SCENE—Open door to kitchen.

TIME—Ten o'clock A.M.

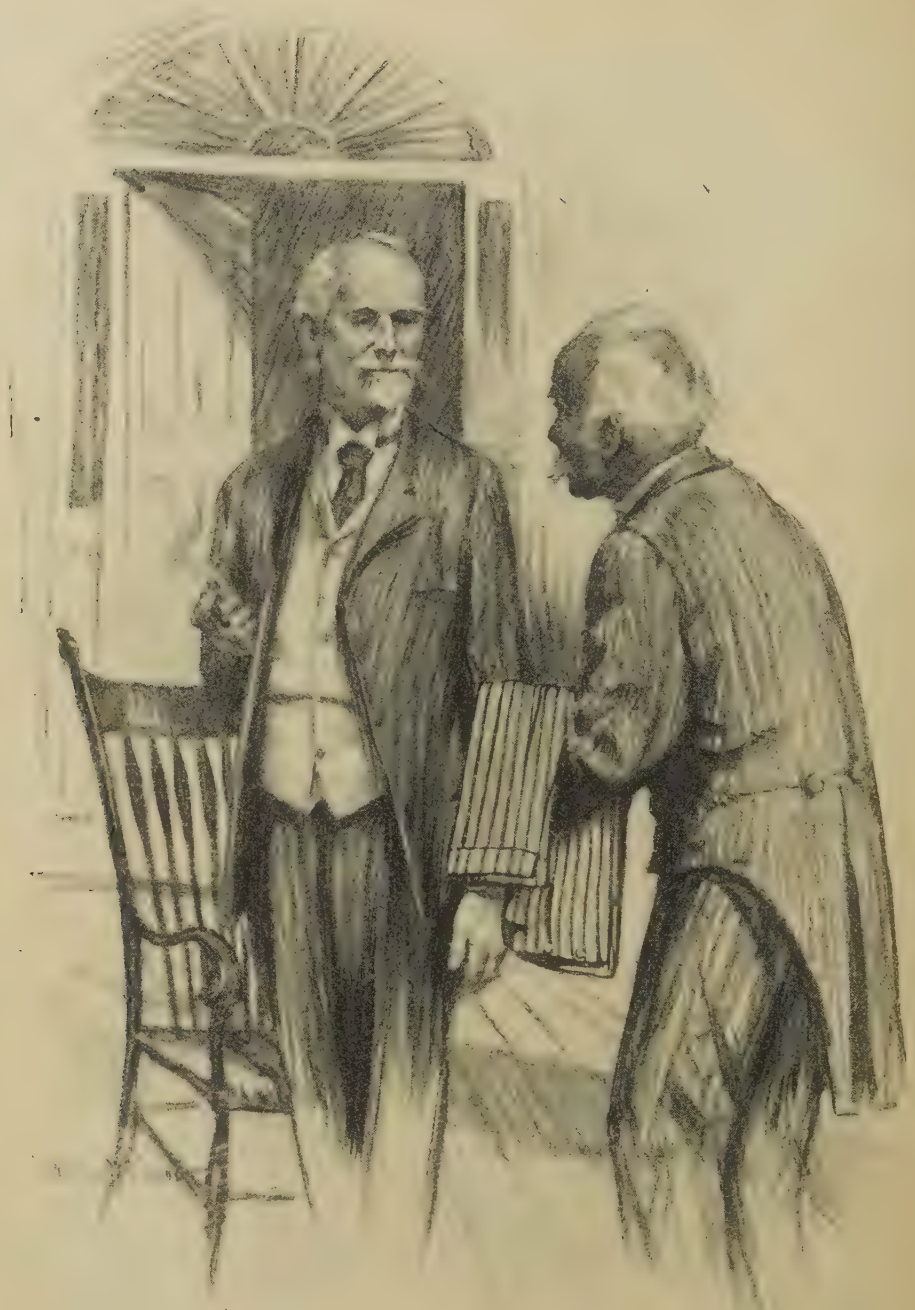
S. S. Man. "Good *morning,* Madam. Came right round to the kitchen door—always know where to find the ladies this time of day. Busy canning strawberries, you say? Well, I 'm glad I came this morning; and you will be, too, just as soon as I show you this little labor-saver I 'm introducing. This little aluminium, porcelain-lined, self-adjusting fruit-jar cover fits any jar. Madam, you 're one in a hundred to can fruit that won't spoil under a lid like that. [*Picks up can-cover lying on kitchen table.*] Pardon me. That can ready to seal? Just allow me to place *this* cover—so; there you are, and all by a little pressure of the thumb. Sets on that can as jaunty as a bird on a bough, no fussing, no tipping the can on its head to see if the cover fits; juice flies out in ten directions, burns your fingers, stains your bib—none of them aggravating little creases to press with a knife-handle. Can slips, breaks; lose your fruit; big muss to take care of. A neat article that, Madam, a *very* neat article, and only fifty cents the dozen. Got along with the other kind all these years? Of course; *had* to. Nothing like *this* ever on the market. Used to burn kerosene lamps, too, draw well-water with a windlass, walk to town to get your steak for dinner, before the days of electric lights, city water, and telephone. But would you be willing to try it again for twice the cost? Yessem, fifty cents, and *good* as long as they last. [*Fum-*

bles in grip and holds to view a tin utensil.] Here, Madam, is a little article of many offices: pares a potato, thus [*illustrates with potato produced from grip*], shaves it in a long, continuous curl—so, ready for frying in deep fat; pares and cores an apple with one turn of the wrist—there. Would n't bother with it? The bother comes when you don't have it. Reverse this handle—so. There is an excellent little timbale iron substitute—dip in batter, fry in the deep fat with the potatoes. There 's a delicious case for creamed meat, scraps you intended to serve as hash! No time for knickknacks? Just so; this little device is splendid, *perfectly* splendid in such a case. You intended to serve the family with hash, no dessert,—too busy to fuss,—and here you have creamed meat in delicious patty-cases—common potato glorified into crisp, brown ribbons, and baked apples for dessert, cored, and centers filled with butter and sugar. Instead of apologizing for your dinner, and children whining, 'ain't hungry,' they 're eager to see which one gets the first plate, surprised and delighted with a banquet, and you feelin' almost ashamed at the minimum of labor. It 's the aid and ally of the busy housewife. And now, in connection with these most excellent household articles, I 'm presenting a most clever thing—I had almost said *the* most clever thing, ha! ha! Took a *woman* to invent *this;* knew just what a woman would like *and* need: shreds carrots for your soup—cream of carrot, fine dish; beets and cabbage—there you are [*illustrating with aforesaid potato*]. They 're for your salad—fine with a cream or mayonnaise dressing. Shreds a pineapple equally well; does n't spill the juice; whip whites of three eggs; shred a pine,—sugar, fold together, dot top with candied cherries,—*there 's* a dessert you can serve to your most intimate friend without quaking. Shreds cocoanut fine and rich,—have icing boiled ready to spread on cakes, beat in fresh-shredded cocoanut; spread between and cover light cakes—delicious—and there you have it from soup to finish—a meal fit for a *family* of kings, for that matter, and all done with this one small, durable, easy-to-clean, bright, attractive utensil.

"That 's not necessary, Madam. You don't need the money this morning. Take your order for the goods, deliver them in ten days—how 's that? Could I leave them to-day? Yes; your jar covers *are* old. You would like the creamed meat and ribbon potatoes for dinner? Yes, just so; hash *does* get tiresome, even if it 's *ever* so well made. Yes, indeed; the carrot soup, beet and cabbage salad, pineapple pudding and cocoanut, will delight your company. Now, this *is* luck: put extra samples in my grip this morning, contrary to my regular *habit.* Could n't do this with *all* my customers,—no, indeed,—could n't pack the stuff round. Yes, this is an exceptional case; exceptional *customer,* too, ha! ha! That 's quite right—one-fifty. Thank you. *Good* morning."

Drawn by Walt Kuhn

"HOW ECONOMICAL! ONE MOUTH-ORGAN DOES FOR ALL THE CHILDREN!"



Drawn by Winsboro McClung

UNCLE GEORGE: "Boss, Ah can't git dese trousers clean."
THE COLONEL: "Did you try naphtha?"
UNCLE GEORGE: "Yes, suh."
COLONEL: "Well, did you try ammonia?"
UNCLE GEORGE: "No, Boss, Ah did n't try 'em on me; but Ah knows dey fit."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

"LIGHTS THROUGH THE MIST"

"Mellowing the pain of the close-drawing darkness,
They stream, lights through the mist"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE CHARM THAT IS BARRIE

A STUDY OF AN ELUSIVE PERSONALITY

BY JOHN D. WILLIAMS

I

IT was three hundred miles due south of Thrums that I had my first sight of J. M. Barrie. Chance gave me an interview with his back. They were doing his "Pantaloon" at the Coliseum. It was the bill of the night, and a large audience filled the theater. Just before the hour for "Pantaloon," a white curtain was lowered in front of the regular stage curtain, as if in preparation for a stereopticon lecture. The auditorium lights were dimmed. Large pinkish letters began to appear on the white curtain, as if burning themselves there. Suddenly the letters glowed brighter until they read:

To-day his Majesty has been pleased to confer a baronetcy of the kingdom upon James Matthew Barrie, Esq.

There was an outburst of applause, which quickly turned into cheers; many people among the stalls stood up, applauding, and calling out somebody's name. Then a man in a box near the stage got up from his seat and moved with outstretched hand toward another man in the same box. The meaning of the action was instantly divined by the people in the stalls. A greater cheer went up. The entire audience now turned to gaze at the box. But the man to whom the outstretched hand was offered could not see it. At one spring he had caught up his overcoat and hat, and at another was disappearing from the box like an apparition. Only his back was visible for a second—the back of a man whom ten titles cannot draw out of that wise, sensitive seclusion which alone keeps intact one's preferences and exclusions.

It is only a short flight from the Coliseum across the Strand to No. 3 Adelphi Terrace House, where Barrie lives, overlooking the gardens of Victoria Embankment. But that night even so short a distance could not be covered quickly enough for Barrie to escape the crowd. He nearly escaped; in fact, he was certain of his success when around the corner he beheld a strange throng evidently waiting for him, though it was very dark and difficult to see well. It was a crowd, the very thing Barrie has a genius for eluding; but it was a gay, well-mannered, and gradually it became a vaguely familiar crowd, with happy faces, and dressed in charmingly varied costumes.

There was no need for any words; the glad smiles on their faces said so much. They looked like children, some girls, some boys. There was a little lad in green breeches, with a charming, wistful face,

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and in his right hand Pandean pipes; a kind of Gipsy girl, dressed in plaid, with mischief in her eyes and rowan-berries in the lovely curls hanging loose over her shoulders; a minister, small and sweet of face; and a pirate with a hook where his right hand should have been; and some church elders, tall, solemn of visage, and dressed blacker than the night. They all smiled, and the smallest ones clapped their hands gaily at the sight of Barrie; and though it was very late at night, one boy in pajamas actually danced about Barrie.

In actions, slight, but delightful, this animated, fantastic crowd spoke its love for the little man who stood near the doorway very silent and meditative, his right hand clasping the bowl of the lighted brier pipe between his lips. With his eyes he flashed a quick smile of greeting to each face in the group about him; then he took the pipe out of his mouth, laughed a little, and, laying a hand on the shoulder of the one nearest him, said, "Oh, the dear, dear theater!"

With that they all vanished.

II

THE Victoria Embankment, just at the end of Robert Street, is the best-haunted spot in London for all those who love Barrie. It is very dark, and usually entirely deserted after sundown; the street has only a single gas-lamp. But if, happening to be there up to midnight, you see a little man hurrying along in the middle of the street, puffing smoke from a brier pipe, getting over the ground with a stride almost as long as himself, and as inconspicuous of dress as any day-laborer, but with a face that you cannot pass without stopping and looking after, that is J. M. Barrie. But it will only annoy him if he catches you looking after him in the street; for his finest boast of London is, that "it is the only city in the world in whose streets you could stop to eat a penny bun without people turning around to look at you."

If you have ever seen the first act of "Peter Pan," you have as good as seen the room where J. M. Barrie does all his writing. Every night when the curtain goes down after the flight of the children through the window and the stage-manager cries "Strike!" as a signal to dismantle the nursery, behold, then, the features of Barrie's den.

Where *Michael* and *Wendy's* beds always stand, at the left, in Barrie's workroom there is a large, flat-top desk. All his writings since "The Little Minister" have sprung into being from a little space, about a foot wide, cleared away at the top of that otherwise hopelessly cluttered desk. In place of *John's* bed, at the right, there is a brown, upholstered easy-chair. That is Barrie's favorite corner. He scrudges so deep down into this chair that he ruffles up the hair on the back of his head. But suddenly he sits bolt upright to talk or to listen or to make his only gesture, which is to smooth down the hair he has ruffled. Then he scrudges deep down once more, and ruffles it all over again.

At the back of the room, instead of the nursery bath-room, there is a small window streaming daylight on the desk. And the door leading to *Mrs. Darling's* room, at the right, is an extra book-case, the only one with glass doors that Barrie possesses. All remaining wall-space is covered with book-shelves, stuffed to overflowing and rearing themselves ceiling high. But the nursery fireplace, where *Nana* warms the children's night-clothes, stands in exactly the same place in the room. It has the same black fender and guard and the same opening described in the manuscript of "Peter Pan"; and the only thing on the mantel-shelf over it is a picture of Barrie's mother.

There are two other enormous windows at the back of the workroom, just like the one through which *Peter Pan* flew away with the *Darling* children, and these windows, too, look out on roof-tops. Since Barrie came to live in his six-room apartment, Adelphi Terrace has become a kind of colony of playwrights. Underneath the Barrie apartment lives John Galsworthy, and a floor farther down, Granville Barker. Just across the way, at No. 10 Adelphi Terrace, George Bernard Shaw has rooms exactly facing Barrie's.

"I 've never seen Shaw," an American said to Barrie, when sitting with him one day as his guest for luncheon.

"Well, you shall, my lad, and at once," answered Barrie. And at that he took from the table two or three crusts of bread which he was presently throwing through the open upper half of his dining-

room window with all his might. Soon a face, as of a grinning satyr, appeared in the corresponding window across the way. Quickly the upper half of the window over the way was pulled down, and a voice shouted, "An invitation to a feast, Barrie, or are you casting bread upon troubled waters?"

III

THE entrance to Adelphi Terrace House looks anything but domestic. There is some sort of shipping-office on the ground floor,—"The Booth S. S. Company, Ltd.," so the sign reads,—and the entryway is usually filled with the incongruous sound of an old-fashioned mercantile business laboriously conducting itself. But that is the only sign of commerce anywhere along the terrace.

Just across the threshold of Adelphi Terrace House, upon the wall at the right, there is the usual series of wooden tablets indicating the names of the tenants. The slab for the third floor is blank. But if you push the button marked "Third Floor" in the electric elevator at the end of the hallway, presently you are lifted directly in front of the double doors leading to Barrie's apartments. There is no name on either door, and many a London reporter will tell you that Barrie does not live there, in fact, that he does not live anywhere, and, as an additional fact, that there is no such person as J. M. Barrie. Hundreds of them have tried in vain to interview him. The one who came nearest to succeeding was about six feet behind Barrie as the latter entered the elevator one afternoon, home from his daily walk to the park. Unaware that anybody was seeking him, Barrie started the machinery, and began slowly rising in the elevator. The reporter took to the cylindrical flight of stairs that wind upward about the elevator. Then through the iron grating between the stairs and the slowly climbing elevator the reporter, after disclosing his identity, conducted this interview, all the while walking up-stairs, but no faster than the elevator.

"Do you always smoke an old pipe, Mr. Barrie, as people say you do, when you are at work?"

"Would n't you rather come into the lift and ride instead of walk?" replied Barrie.

"Everybody 's glad at the report that you 're at work upon a new novel. Is it named yet?" continued the reporter.

"I think you 're suspicious of the dependableness of the lift," answered Barrie; "but you should n't be. It 's a perfectly honest lift."

"They say," persisted the reporter, still trudging up the stairs and keeping level with the elevator, "that you 're altering your vein for the next piece of writing that you do."

"Step into the lift, and I 'll explain to you how it works," Barrie called back through the iron grating.

With a sharp clank the elevator then stopped automatically at the third floor, and Barrie stepped out, extending his hand to the reporter.

"Tell me," he said, "is this an interview?"

"Not exactly," replied the reporter; "I only meant it for a conversation."

"That 's good," said Barrie, warmly shaking the hand he held; "for, you see, I must n't be interviewed, because if once I begin, I shall never know when or how to stop. Already I am sure I have been more illuminating than is the custom outside of public life. Perhaps it was the exhilaration of the lift." With that, Barrie disappeared beyond the double doors.

IV

THE visitors to Barrie's part of Adelphi Terrace House are so few that on the sound of the elevator doors opening, Barrie's front door is opened, too, by a pleasant-faced butler, unmistakably Scotch, who bows you into the room.

J. M. Barrie's hand-shake is as quaint as himself. He does n't wait for your part of the ceremony, but he takes your hand away from you, lifts it as high as his shoulder, gives it a firm, warm shake, and drops it in mid-air. At the same time he makes a quick, low bow of odd formality; and then you see that the top of Barrie's head is level with the top of your shoulder. For he is, and he is n't, a little man. When he is in his workshop, among his books, he wears a pair of light "Congress" shoes that have been converted into house slippers by having their heels summarily knocked off, and have got even for the outrage by letting their owner down several

inches in his own house. The surprisingly small feet these odd slippers snugly inclose are almost never at rest. With soundless, lightning-like rapidity they dive everywhere about the room, the willingest feet a man ever had; and then as quickly they stop, and one disappears: it is curled up under its owner. When Barrie settles himself for a good long talk he sits like a tailor, or, rather, like half a tailor, firmly squatted on one foot or the other. The right seems the favorite.

But it is Barrie's head that compels one's gaze on standing before him for the first time. A single glance at it, and the rest of him is never seen. One wonders with what fine Roman head J. A. Froude would have paralleled it, as he did Newman's with Cæsar's, even in dimensions. Barrie's is magnificent in its proportions and conformation; a sculptor would call it "clean chiseling right out of the marble." The features are as delicately carved as a woman's; one has to peer a little for the eyes, which have been set deep by much abstraction, a natural pathos, and aloofness of spirit; but, excited by humor, they burn like beacons.

If to each man belonged a special quality, as to each a special look, Barrie's would be tenderness. In the most ordinary conversation one feels that he runs more than half-way forward with a mind eager to help articulate the fine, to crystallize any fragment of life's abiding good, or to give an extra spin to any bit of gaiety that illumines or refreshes. Gravity, too, is a quality, as of an undertone, in one's personal impression of Barrie. As he listens to another's talk,—and never was there a more perfect listener,—he is as still and as grave as a child hearing a new wonder-tale. Grave is the word for his manner again whenever, which is very rare, he tells incidents out of his early days of merry, but hungry, apprenticeship in Fleet Street. Some men boast of the poverty they have surmounted, others anxiously hide all its relics; but Barrie can tell of his lean meals "consisting of halfpenny buns and cheese," and of "the first thirty articles I wrote, fifteen of which came promptly back, and fifteen I never saw again," with the simple unaffectedness of a man recalling facts that just happen to have occurred twenty-four years instead of twenty-four hours ago. It is as if recounting a good joke on himself when he describes his first quarters in London—"a little back room so small that you had to climb the table to reach the fireplace, and to lift out the easy-chair before you could get out of the door. It was over a grocer's shop, whose window bore the announcement: 'Eggs, new laid, 1s. 3d.; eggs, fresh, 1s. 2d.; eggs, warranted, 1s.; eggs, 10d.' " But Barrie's is that gravity which is born of true wit. "Rabelais and La Fontaine," somebody says, "are recorded by their countrymen to have been *rêveurs*. Few men have been graver than Pascal; few men wittier."

On one, his sentimental, side Barrie is the literary grandson of Charles Lamb; and never was an ancestor more venerated by a descendant. He loves tenderly the London of Lamb, Thackeray, and Dickens, and knows its door-steps better than most men know their own.

"There," he said, halting abruptly on one of the quick walks he takes just after tea every day from the Strand up St. James to the park, "it was just in front of that club door that Thackeray and Dickens met one afternoon by chance, and, after years of estrangement, made up their quarrel."

V

Truth walks invisible among men. The tragedy of life would be its complete disappearance in the crowd. But it is stayed and clothed in aspects unmistakable to all eyes by the seers of the times, whom we only half appreciate if we simply think of them as writers. They are more than that. They make one man more tolerable to another by making mankind known to men, and life touched by their hands becomes a lovely thing. On the stage plays are always most playable when common life by a swift, high comic treatment is enriched with common sense. In real life drear, every-day, humdrum existence is made most livable for all of us by those who distil humor out of the very heart of pathos. Such a one is J. M. Barrie, loving life so fondly that one thinks of him as always seated affectionately on the arm of its chair, certain that even when it scowls most grimly life needs only a smile to smile back. His definition of idealism is only realism enriched by native comic ideas. His unfailing panacea for tragedy

is loosening the laughter that lurks in the midst of that which is most tragic. His is the spirit that has made sun-clear to all the truth that no situation is so grim or taut, even when "tragic little Thrums" means the world, but that a spark of humor will remove all tension. "The hearse passes over the brae and up the straight burying-ground road, but still there is a cry for the christening robe." That, he tells us, is what every woman knows; for woman, he believes, is the possessor of the finer quality of human wisdom, "that quiescent, passionless, but not frigid, spiritually receptive look on life from which results the consummate judgment," and the more cultivated she is, the more woman sees that laughter, not tears, is her best weapon.

"Oh, John, if I could only make you laugh at me!" said Maggie Wylie to John Shand, overwhelmed by the tragedy of a man who has found himself out.

"I can't laugh," answers John, "and yet I think that you are the drollest thing in all creation."

"We 're all droll to them that understand us," continues Maggie; "and I 'll tell you why—Eve was n't made out of Adam's rib as is generally supposed; she was made out of his funnybone." And at that John Shand burst into the highest form of laughter, which is laughter born of tragedy.

Barrie's habitual use of that humor that humanizes, his easy, restrained shafts of brilliant wit illuminating life as lightning does the country-side, distinguishes him from all contemporary playwrights. The rest are as inevitably playwrights as he is inevitably a man of letters; they report life; he renovates it.

VI

It would be of inestimable interest to all and of immediate benefit to many if one could analyze the magic employed by Barrie when, with the scratch of a pen, he refreshens whatever aspect of life his thoughts touch. Not a word can be got out of him personally as to the method of composition or process of thought that brought about any of his works. "Oh, that!" he exclaims, laughing to one who is inquiring as to the origin of the little masterpiece "The Twelve Pound Look." "Well; I *will* tell you how that came about. Yes; I will tell you the very beginnings of 'The Twelve Pound Look.' You see, I had the malaria a little time ago, and after a while I was convalescent, and on the first day of the convalescence I came out to that desk over there. That 's where it all happened, over there by the window. 'The Twelve Pound Look' is my convalescence from the malaria."

This is the nearest one can come to finding out directly from Barrie the Barrie method of workmanship, so far as there is any method at all beyond the economic pursuit of definite ideas of human interest. There does exist a snap-shot in words, in fact in Barrie's own words, that gives a glimpse of him just as he looks and acts at the desk "by the window." But this, too, he has divulged only to illustrate his comical habit of unconsciously making faces like the faces of his characters while he is in the act of contriving their dialogue.

"It is my contemptible weakness," he says of himself, "that if I say a character smiled vacuously, I must smile vacuously; if he frowns or leers, I frown or leer; if he is a coward or given to contortions, I cringe, or twist my legs until I have to stop writing to undo the knot. I bow with him, eat with him, and gnaw my mustache with him. If the character be a lady with an exquisite laugh, I suddenly terrify you by laughing exquisitely. One reads of the astounding versatility of an actor who is stout and lean on the same evening, but what is he to the novelist who is a dozen persons within the hour? Morally, I fear, we must deteriorate; but this is a subject I may wisely edge away from."

But at least we know the impulse behind all of Barrie's writings, and we know it from his own lips. In the last years of his mother's life it was very difficult for the family to induce her to eat regularly or even at all. Many devices were employed by Barrie and his sister to persuade Margaret Ogilvy to take her meals. One of the most successful of these was for Barrie himself to mount to his mother's room with the breakfast tray, and, on his arm, a towel, in mimicry of a waiter in Glasgow who had once amused his mother very much. "Is there anything more I can do for madam?" Barrie would then

say to his mother. And "madam" would reply that there was one thing more that he could do, and that was to eat her breakfast for her. But of this he would take no notice, for his object was "to fire her with the spirit of the game, so that she would eat unwittingly." The phrase cogently sums up the chief impulse behind all his writings, which have no other impulse or design or method than to fire every one of his readers with the spirit of that game which is life, so that every one may live it more happily, even if unwittingly.

VII

THE Barrie point of view, in fashioning plays, so far as it can be analyzed at all, is well stated in Meredith's description of the method employed by Molière. It is the Horatian precept, "to observe the manners of his age and give his characters the color befitting them at the time. Not to paint in raw realism, but to seize his characters firmly for the central purpose of the play, stamp them in the idea, and by slightly raising and softening the object of study generalize upon it, so as to make it permanently human." Every play that Barrie has written had its first beginning in his mind as an idea of social importance or interest. Even his shortest pieces spring from definite theses.

As far back as the days of his Nottingham journalism, in the early eighties, Barrie had his eye on the theater as an attractive field for writing. His look on life, as at best a complicated experience most swiftly and effectively renovated by comic ideas, fitted in well with the theater, which, after all, has to-day at least superseded the novel as the quickest agency for the circulation of socially interesting views. Of dramatic technic, as technic, Barrie has no knowledge, and pretends to have none; and yet, as a writer, he has a perfect method for the theater. He can start on any piece of work only with a definite idea in his mind; all his plays spring from particular theses. Struck by an abstract idea, he proceeds to generalize it into concrete action, a method of course not original with him, but peculiar to all his work for the theater. There is a tradition that he wrote the entire first three acts of "The Admirable Crichton" in order, as he once said, "that he might persuade the public to accept the ideas offered in the fourth."

VIII

BARRIE'S place in literature was secure long before he ever wrote a sheet of manuscript for the theater. There is high testimony to this fact in a letter dated December, 1892,—Vailima, Samoa,—and such a letter to cherish! Just after reading "A Window in Thrums" for the first time, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote Barrie:

> I am proud to think you are a Scotchman —though, to be sure, I know nothing of that country, being an English tourist, quo' Gavin Ogilvy. I commend the hard case of Gavin Ogilvy to J. M. Barrie, whose work is to me a series of living pleasure and heartfelt national pride. There are two of us now that the Shirra [1] might have patted on the head. And please do not think when I thus seem to bracket myself with you, that I am wholly blinded with vanity. "Jess" is beyond my frontier line; I could not touch her skirt; I have no such glamour of twilight on my pen. I am a capable artist; but it begins to look to me as if you were a man of genius.

Again and again Stevenson had asked Barrie to visit him in Vailima (his directions were, "You take the boat at San Francisco, and then my place is the second to the left"). "It was the one spot on earth I had any craving to visit," says Barrie of the proposed trip; "but in the meantime that happened which put an end forever to my scheme. So that I never saw the dear king of us all. But before he had written books he was in my part of the country with a fishing-wand in his hand, and I like to think that I was the boy who met him that day by Queen Margaret's burn, where the rowans are, and busked a fly for him, and stood watching while his lithe figure rose and fell as he cast and hinted back from the crystal waters of Noran-side."

To be quite fair, though, it ought to be said that Barrie himself has had something to say as to his relations with literature. Here is the whole situation as he sees it, and just as he once wrote it on a crumpled piece of tobacco wrapper:

[1] Sir Walter Scott, who once held the office of sheriff.

Journalism

2 Pipes equal 1 hour
2 Hours equal 1 idea
1 Idea equals 3 paragraphs
3 Paragraphs equal 1 chapter

Fiction

8 pipes equal 1 ounce
7 ounces equal 1 week
2 weeks equal 1 chapter
20 chapters equal 1 nib
2 nibs equal 1 novel

For playwriting Barrie could not be induced to give a receipt, but he has demonstrated again and again the following unfailing receipt for success at that elusive craft:

1 nib equals 1 act
3 acts equal 1 play
1 play equals 1 fortune

But in the final rating of J. M. Barrie among Englishmen of letters he will be best accounted for as his mother's son. Never was a writer equipped with a more stimulating heroine; never was a man so thoroughly tutored not merely in the intricacies, but in the big, clear-sightedness and the sweetness of "the sex that scorns prejudices," as he once named womanhood. In all his writings his attitude toward woman is one of delightful gallantry born of the keenest understanding of her unexpected many-sidedness. "Men are nervous of remarkable women," he says in one of his plays. "It 's an instinct and all the remarkable women know it and spend half their lives in concealing the fact that they are remarkable."

Put to it, somewhere else, to define personal charm, instantly he thinks of it as the exclusive attribute of woman. "Charm," he says, "is a sort of bloom on a woman: if you have it, you don't need to have anything else, not even education; and if you don't have it, it does n't matter what else you have. Some women—the few—have charm for all, and most have charm for one. And some have charm for none."

Of woman's flight into her late thirties—surely the most precarious of all topics to do with woman—Barrie thus acquits himself in one of the most charming of his short plays, "Rosalind":

"Have n't you noticed that there are no middle-aged female parts in most plays now-a-days?" says Mistress Page. "Occasionally one of the less experienced dramatists may write such a part—but—but with a little coaxing we always get round him and make him say—'She need n't be more than twenty-nine'; and so we have succeeded in getting middle-age off the stage. Why, even Father Time does n't let on about us. He waits at the wings with a dark cloth, as our dressers wait with dust sheets to fling over our pretty frocks. But we have a way with us that makes even Father Time reluctant to cast his cloak; perhaps it is the coquettish, imploring look we give him as we dodge; perhaps, though he is an old fellow, he still can't resist the powder on our little noses; and so he says—'The enchanting baggage, I'll give her another year.' When you come to write my epitaph let it be in those delicious words—'She had a long twenty-nine.'"

Alice Grey, called "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," is one of the loveliest mothers Barrie ever drew. Into her mouth he puts this charmingly touching expression of a mother's love, almost terrifying in its bigness. *Alice* is speaking to her husband when she says:

"Robert dear, Amy has come to the stream that separates a girl from womanhood; it is a dark stream and girls must pass over it alone, but to the other bank come their mothers calling to them how to cross. That 's what mothers are for. Dead young mothers haunt that stream, Robert, waiting to see their child re-appear at the age when she needs them most. I have thought so long of how I was to be within hail of my girl at this time to point out the sure stepping-stones to her until she reached my side, my Amy—my child!"

One's inclination is to credit Barrie with even an uncanny grasp of woman's insight into man after one reads this splendid speech of the wife to the husband in "The Twelve Pound Look":

"Men? Have n't you ever heard of them? They are something fine, and every woman is loath to admit to herself that her husband is not one. When she marries, even though she has been a frivolous person,

there is in her some vague stirring toward a worthier life. She knows her chance lies in *him*. If there is something good in him, what is good in her finds it, and they join forces against the baser parts. So I did n't give you up willingly, Harry. I invented all sorts of theories to explain you—your hardness; I said it was a fine want of mawkishness: your coarseness; I said it goes with strength: your contempt for the weak; I called it virility: your want of ideals was clear-sightedness; your ignoble views on women; I tried to think them funny. Oh, I clung to you to save myself, but I had to let go: you had only the one quality, *Success*. You had it so strong that it swallowed all the others."

Doubtless in the pages of Barrie's writings is to be had the last glimpse of the old-fashioned "clinging woman," the woman who is many women in one, and at her finest the mainspring of man's chivalry. Sterne's "Dear Prue," Thackeray's "Amelia," Meredith's "Rose," and Barrie's "Jess" or "Leonora" or "Margaret," mark the chief stages of man's increasing understanding of fine womanhood as shown in English fiction; while each of these characters, drawn after women in real life, illustrates what a lift English fiction has invariably taken whenever, as Barrie would say, "There have been hairpins of fine women" in its pages.

IX

As to his own heroine, Barrie says, "Margaret Ogilvy had been her maiden name. And after the Scotch custom she was still Margaret Ogilvy to her old friends. Margaret Ogilvy I loved to name her." Fancy a little shaver, knee-high, as grave as a church elder, standing at the foot of the stairs calling up to his mother, "Margaret Ogilvy, are you there?" In the Barrie home at Kirriemuir, "within cry of T'nowhead Farm," mother and son used to sit for hours playfully plotting what he should be when he grew up. "To be a minister, that she thought was among the fairest prospects; but she was a very ambitious woman," says Barrie, "and sometimes she would add, half scared at her appetite, that there were ministers who had been professors, but it was not canny to think of such things." Finally she came round to siding with his ambition to be a writer. They had read together somewhere "that a novelist is better equipped than most of his trade if he knows himself and one woman." And Barrie's mother said, "You know yourself, for everybody must know himself; but I doubt I 'm the only woman you know well."

"Then I must make you my heroine," he answered her.

"A gay, auld-farrant-like heroine," she replied. And they had both laughed, little realizing the truth of what had been said; for under many names Margaret Ogilvy is the heroine of all Barrie's writings. But from his mother Barrie inherited more than matter for his writings. Inestimable spiritual aid she gave him, too, and genius along with it. For the fortune Barrie inherited from his mother is his whimsically gay vision on life, as if always through the kindly eyes of a comic mask.

What Barrie's mother was like we know well from "Margaret Ogilvy"; but it was of her, too, he was thinking when he wrote these lines descriptive of *Margaret Darling,* mother of *Wendy:*

She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet, mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the little boxes one within the other, that come from the puzzling East; however many you discover, there is always one more, and her sweet, mocking mouth had one kiss on it that *Wendy* could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner. The way *Mr. Darling* won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her and they all ran to her house to propose, except *Mr. Darling,* who took a cab, and nipped in first, and so he got her. He got all of her except the innermost box and the kiss, and in time he gave up trying for the kiss. *Wendy* thought Napoleon could have got it, but I could picture him trying and then going off in a passion and slamming the door.

It was the tragedy of motherhood, or, perhaps, better, its bitter sweetness, that Margaret Ogilvy most indelibly stamped upon her son's early mind, and in nearly all his subsequent work she is the symbol of that idea.

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

SIR J. M. BARRIE

THE MOST RECENT OF AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAITS

X

ANOTHER whose gay, fantastic soul was almost as much akin to Barrie's as his mother's was George Meredith. Fifteen years ago an American editor on a visit to Box Hill said:

"Mr. Meredith, Mr. Colvin thinks very highly of a new writer named Rudyard Kipling. He believes he is the coming man. Do you know anything about him?"

"The coming man," said Meredith, emphatically, "is James Matthew Barrie."

When Meredith and Barrie first met, what instantly bound them to each other was an almost identical quality of mind. Both loving the fantastic, in both glowed the same fervency of spirit, a similar reflectiveness, vigorous seizure of theme, and fresh humanness. Even in their earliest writings both were ardent devotees of the comic spirit, knowing no other way of reading life except in terms of "that lovelier element of common sense, which has mounted to the intellectual station perforce of being more imaginative." The telling link in their spiritual kinship is splendidly illustrated by paralleling typical specimens of their writings, chosen however far back; for example, Meredith's review of Alice Meynell's prose, from which the above definition of the comic spirit is taken, and Barrie's early articles in the Nottingham "Journal," many of which were afterward brought together in the volume called "Auld Licht Idylls." Later Meredith crystallized in the "Essay on Comedy" that look on life held in common by himself and Barrie—"to laugh at those you love without loving them any the less." Read that essay if you would know as personally as if you had met him that George Meredith who to this day in spirit sits with J. M. Barrie.

Photograph by L. N. A., London

KILLIECRANKIE COTTAGE, OVERLOOKING THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE, OCCUPIED BY BARRIE IN THE SUMMER OF 1913

Barrie's fireplace is flanked on one side by an old-fashioned sofa; and on the other by his favorite brown, upholstered easy-

chair. Next the chair is a stand for a single electric light, with many feet of extra cord, so that the bulb itself can be carried about the room. As Barrie talks, he winds and unwinds the loose electric cord very systematically about the stand.

"One thing that always amuses me," he may be saying, "is that the scientist thinks he is the only person who has anything to say; but I 've observed that he is usually the only person who can't say it"; and all the while his eyes will be soberly riveted on the cord, which is meantime pretty well around the light-stand.

On the wall, at the end of the sofa, hangs a charmingly delicate, vivid oil-portrait of George Meredith. Not once in the last ten years of Meredith's life did Barrie ever miss a birthday dinner at Flint Cottage, Box Hill; usually he journeyed there once or twice every week.

"I had barely a shilling when I first came to London," Barrie says of his first sight of Meredith; "but if I did nothing else, I determined I should see Box Hill and Dorking. I got out there, a good long journey, partly by bus, partly on foot, and at last I stood in front of the house. It was a fine, bright afternoon. I leaned over the fence, gazing at the house within, and presently a white-bearded figure appeared at the door, stopped a moment, and then saw me, and started forward as if to greet me, though I was strange to his eyes. I stood still until the figure nearly reached me, then I turned and ran. Long afterward I told Meredith of our first sight of each other."

Barrie's attachment for Meredith, one of his earliest, naturally remains one of his strongest; but there is never sadness or a lament, but always gaiety and the fine play of the "comic spirit," in his reminiscences of his chief literary idol.

"Meredith got very deaf and frail in his later years," says Barrie. "His last novels were written not in the little Swiss chalet on the grounds where most of them had been written, but in the study to the right of the door as you enter the house. He had an old housekeeper who bossed the place, and would say to me in his presence, perhaps counting on his deafness, 'They tell me he writes endless books about men and women; but, man, he knows nothing at all about women.' A favorite game with us was to sit together vying with each other improvising imaginary autobiographies. It was good fun, each knowing that the other was making it up. Meredith was always grateful to the young men in America for their recognition and appreciation of his books, things he could not thank England for. Much of his time he gave gladly to young, struggling writers.[1] I have seen heaps of their manuscripts at Box Hill. He would read them from first page to last, and always in the end find something for which to commend the writer, 'that this chapter is good or that one, though the whole can be bettered by revision; by developing this idea or that special character.' "

XI

UNACCOUNTABLE silences in the midst of Barrie conversations and Barrie shyness are popular exaggerations, if not myths. He has his silences, but they are significant silences. His own countrymen would call him a grand man to be silent with. As for the Barrie seclusiveness, it is best explained by Barrie himself as a trait typical of his race.

"You only know the shell of a Scot," he says, "until you have entered his home-circle. In his office, in clubs, at social gatherings, where you and he seem to be getting on so well, he is really a house with all the shutters closed and the door locked. He is not opaque of set purpose; often it is against his will. It is certainly against mine; I try to keep my shutters open and my foot in the door, but they will bang to."

If he is seated in his brown easy-chair for a talk, Barrie is pretty sure to be holding a well-filled, well-lighted brier pipe, "a hanger," beside his left cheek. Every now and then it is taken out of his mouth, as when he says: "These books around us are books of favorite writers of mine or gift books. They accumulate, you see. I have only one book of reference; that 's 'Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.' I like that by me. If ever I am tempted to use a quotation, I look to see if it is in Bartlett; and if it is, I don't use it."

XII

IN London, when Barrie is out after midnight, it is either a banquet from which

[1] A fact equally true of Barrie.

Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London

NO. 3 ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE, SIR J. M. BARRIE'S LONDON RESIDENCE

John Galsworthy and Granville Barker live in the same building, and George Bernard Shaw occupies rooms opposite Barrie's.

BRONZE STATUE OF "PETER PAN" IN KENSINGTON GARDENS
FROM THE SCULPTURE BY SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON

there has been no escaping, or the rehearsal of a new play that has tempted him. Within recent years he has appeared more frequently than ever at public gatherings, though, however public the gathering, Barrie is privacy itself. Ralph Connor tells how he was once invited to a reception at Free St. George's, Edinburgh, which was given by the young people of the church in honor of the rising novelist. Coming in late, the Canadian met Henry Drummond.

"Have you seen Barrie?" asked Drummond.

"No. I should like to see him," was the reply.

"Well," said Drummond, smiling, "look around till you find a hole, look down in the hole, and you will see Barrie." Ralph Connor found Barrie later in a quiet corner, evidently looking for a good hole, and somewhat distressed at not finding it.

Journalistic banquets are most apt to attract Barrie. It was at one of these when he made, for him, an extremely long speech. This is the way it went:

"Weel, this is the verry furst time I 've ever had dinner with three editors." Then he sat down.

There is a tradition, however, that Barrie once came within touching distance of standing for Parliament; but, greatly to his amusement, the arrangements became frightfully bungled and eventually went completely awry. Subsequently it has become known that what then chiefly spoiled Barrie's chances for Parliament was Barrie. By way of assisting him to public attention he was induced to preside over a Burns celebration in Scotland. He took the chair as presiding officer, and then kept to it firmly. Throughout the entire proceedings he did not utter a single word; but remained as if glued to the horribly conspicuous chair, loathing his predicament, but inwardly thoroughly amused at the expressions on the faces of all about him, which told dismally of his failure as a presiding officer. When the occasion was almost half-way finished, Barrie took advantage of a talkative group standing in front of him, and quietly stole away before anybody had a chance to miss him. But the next week a well-known Saturday review printed a satirical article called "Mr. Barrie in the Chair." The thing was simply withering in its ironical account of the dumb presiding officer who eventually fled, leaving a meeting to preside over itself. The greatest regret was naturally expressed by those who had persuaded Barrie to come to the Burns celebration, and among his friends tremendous indignation was felt and vented. But some day they will know, if they have not already found out, that the article was written by Barrie himself.

Barrie's best-beloved London, it must finally be confessed, is not along Adelphi Terrace, or the Victoria Embankment, or in any of his clubs, but on the shores of a wondrous lake. It is easily found, any fair morning, not far beyond a gate that opens on a lovely world of gardens.

Barrie's own directions are the best for reaching it.

"Before you go in at the gate," he says, "you speak to the lady with the balloons, who sits just outside. This is as near being inside as she may venture, because, if she were to let go her hold of the railings for one moment, the balloons would lift her up, and she would be flown away. She sits very squat, for the balloons are always tugging at her, and the strain has given her quite a red face."

All perambulators lead past the lady with the balloons, and then enter the Broad Walk. Presently the Broad Walk is met by the Baby's Walk, and, by following this, you come to the lake on the shores of which is Barrie's best-beloved London.

"It is a lovely lake," says Barrie, "and there is a drowned forest at the bottom of it. If you peer over the edge, you can see the trees all growing upside down, and they say that at night there are drowned stars in it. If so, *Peter Pan* sees them when he is sailing across the lake in the Thrush's Nest. A small part only of the Serpentine is in the gardens, for soon it passes beneath a bridge to far away where the island is on which all the birds are born that become baby boys and girls. No one who is human, except *Peter Pan,* and he is only half human, can land on the island; but you may write what you want, boy or girl, dark or fair, on a piece of paper, and then twist it into the shape of a boat, and slip it into the water, and it reaches *Peter Pan's* island after dark."

Like the lady with the balloons, Barrie had to be content outside the railings of Kensington Gardens for years, tugged at

A SNAP-SHOT OF BARRIE AND GEORGE MEREDITH

SIR J. M. BARRIE AND HENRY JAMES

by an empty pocket, declined stories, rejected plays, and a total want of worldly push. But he persisted in living within sight of the railings at least, and as things got better with him and his funds began to justify it, he moved around the railings to within a better view of the gardens. Dame Fortune came suddenly and plentifully laden when she finally made up her mind to visit Barrie at all. One of his books quickly sang its way round the world, and he became the chief figure in the theater as well as in the book world. Then he moved around the railings of Kensington Gardens once more until he was in sight of the gate by which sits the lady with the balloons. It was then London gave Barrie the golden key to his beloved Kensington Gardens, and now on the shores of its lovely lake stands *Peter Pan* in bronze, like a thing that has sprung up spontaneously from its native soil.

XIII

NEAR Licenza, Italy, on a tiny plateau among the Sabine Mountains, there once

lived a quaint little Roman who had a good liver's taste for fine wines, a gallant gentleman's soft heart for fair ladies, and a true poet's gift for song. Everybody has read at least three words he wrote—*in medias res.* He used the phrase to define the first principle of sound writing; get to the heart of your subject quickly; "go to it," as we say even to-day. The quaint little Roman was Horace.

Near Kirriemuir, Scotland, there once lived a quaint little Scotchman who had a great affection for the quaint little Roman, and though he had not the purse or the taste for fine wines or the folly of a soft heart for fair ladies, urbanity early marked his style—a more than Roman, a human, urbanity.

It was in pencil, on both sides of the two fly-leaves torn from his pocket edition of Horace, that he first wrote copy for a printer. *Labuntur anni:* but at the age of thirty-four he "got to it"; at last he was *in medias res.* He had worked out the Horatian principle in composing his life as skilfully as in composing his writings. The other day a nation, through its king, called him a baronet; but it was a misprint. The distinction should have read, J. M. Barrie, Horatian.

LIGHTS THROUGH THE MIST

(SEE FRONTISPIECE)

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SOME for the sadness and sweetness of far evening bells,
Seeming to call to a tryst,
Yet, for my choice, all the comfort and kindness that wells
From lights through the mist!

In the dim dusk so unreal that it seems like a dream
Hard for the heart to resist,
Mellowing the pain of the close-drawing darkness, they stream,
Lights through the mist!

Blurred to new beauty, the blues and the browns and the grays
Shimmer with soft amethyst;
Then God's own glory of gold as it shines through the haze,
Lights through the mist!

A CHILD'S HEART

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

Author of "The Heart's Country," etc.

PICTURE BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

THIS story was told me by an old friend of mine—told me to use, so I can give it without scruple. But, after all, I don't know if one could call it a story, for life, as it happens, fails often to have a recognizable pattern, like the orderly things called stories which we print in books; for you may bleed your heart out and finally die of the wound, and yet the pain of which you die, the drama which caused your heart to bleed, will have had neither logical beginning nor definite end, and in the whole course of it, though it has been life and death to you, there will have been none of those first aids to the reader—suspense, dramatic contrast, or plot. You have suffered and died, but it has n't made a story.

So instead of pretending that this is a story at all, I will call it "A Child's Heart"; for, as I listened, it seemed to me that I saw deep into the heart of a very little girl, but a different sort of child from the one I had been. So, after all, this tale without beginning or end had given me a new horizon about childhood, since we are apt to interpret by our own all the psychological happenings in the heads of children.

When my friend first said that little girls have not changed very much since the days of the Renaissance, when great poets fell in love with slender little things of fourteen, and when fifteen seemed not the moment for nursery tea and bread and butter, but for great romance in the eyes of writers, I smiled; but she smiled back at me with the serene eyes of one sure of her ground, since she had been one of those tragic children to whom love comes too soon.

When you come down to it, how punctilious are the keeping of ages and records! At such an age, say the miscellaneous body of people known as the schoolboard, a child is old enough to study this thing; at such an age to study that. All children should begin algebra at the average age of so-and-so. As we try to find a common denominator for their various minds, so do we find one of emotions of young people. Young girls, it is evident, should not begin to think of young men "seriously" until they are out of school. Having decided this, we let our daughters go their way with a peaceful heart.

Yet who can be sure that her little girl of thirteen is a hard-hearted, undeveloped being or a woman with a madly beating heart?

WHEN I first saw him, I was only a little girl. I ran down the stairs of my house, dashed out of the front door and down the three shallow steps that led to our brick walk, and there I almost ran into him. As I looked at him, I felt all the blood rush into my heart. I suppose I stared at him with frightened, questioning eyes, for he laughed and said:

"I 'm nothing to be afraid of. I 'm only Paul Lewis."

I just said, "Oh!" and then was like to die of shame at my own stupidity, for all power of speech was taken from me. I had no idea why no words could come to me and why the blood ebbed to my heart, or why, at his words, a rush of gladness that was almost triumph swept over me as I thought: "He is coming here to live! He is going to stay here with us!" For how could I know that all at once he had unlocked my closed heart, and I, who had started at the top of the stairs a little girl intent on play, at the sight of him had become a woman? I only knew then that I was disturbed as I had never been disturbed in my life before, that something immeasurably sweet and terrifying had happened at the sight of him.

I have lived many years since then, and, believe it or not, there is no picture in all the gallery of memory that is so vivid to me as Paul coming up the walk. He was

Drawn by William Van Dresser

"I SUPPOSE I STARED AT HIM WITH FRIGHTENED, QUESTIONING EYES"

straight and clean and manly; round him was an atmosphere of joy and youth. Yes, the picture of Paul striding up our walk will always seem to me a picture of Youth the Conqueror,—Youth with the magic power of the thing unbeaten and unhurt by life, Youth with all its loyalties and its passionate desire to spend itself.

"Who are you?" he asked next, smiling at me.

"I 'm Mildred Woods," I told him.

"Oh, how jolly!" he said. "I 've got two kid sisters at home, and I did n't know how I was going to get along without the kids."

"I 'm not a kid," I replied with severity. "I 'm in my second year at high school, and I 'm over fifteen." I drew myself up. I wished ardently that I had had on my longest dress and my highest heels and a wide, grown-up young-ladyish hat instead of being bareheaded, with sneakers on my feet.

"Why don't you want to be a kid?" he asked me. "It 's the bulliest thing in life, I think." All at once I was warmly reconciled to my little-girl clothes. "Anyway, just to look at you I know we are going to be great friends, you and I, are n't we?" This somewhat took me off my feet. I felt myself blushing. Then suddenly the desire of my heart found words.

"I will be your friend always," I said.

"Shake on it!" he said, and put out his brown hand, and I put my tanned little paw in his. At the touch of his hand it was as though a new and troubling wave of life had flooded my whole being. I never sealed a more solemn pact in my life, or gave my word more utterly, than I did with my faint little pressure on his kind hand.

"You 're a nice kid!" he broke out. "You know, this just makes me feel as if I were coming home to find you here. Say, have you got a dog?"

I had a dog, a mongrel Yorkshireman, sagacious, good-mannered, and bellicose. I gave vent to a shrill, piercing, boylike whistle, to which Mattie came running.

"Say, this is what I call something like!" he said. "Do you know, I almost took a room over at the Hitchcock's? It was bigger, but I liked the view here, and the house over there was sort of formal."

I was shaken at his words. It seemed to me as if I myself had just escaped some frightful disaster. The breathless feeling which had overwhelmed me when I first saw him again menaced my power of speech, but I managed to reply firmly:

"They have no girls and no dogs over there. Nothing but the most grown-up kind of people." He had sat down on the front door-step, and I had sat down beside him.

"I have luck," he said. "You know, I 've always had luck." He took off his straw hat and laid it beside him, and breathed in deeply the lilac-scented air.

That night I sat for a long time on my window-seat, my whole soul flooded with a light of happiness as sweet, caressing, and all-pervasive as the shimmering country before me. My heart went out in a sort of litany of love to all live things, in a kind of child's Magnificat. That night, as I sat there, my heart went streaming out to God, for so alike are the love of God and the love of man that who can say they are not one?

I felt that all the little voices of the night were lifting up their voices to God with me. I looked and listened until it seemed to me that my very soul had gone out of my body and that I was one with all things—one with the least of chirping things in the grass, one with the most distant star. The terrible wonder of the universe enthralled me, and yet I was it, and it was me.

Then floodingly I understood the longing man has for the immortality of the soul. That had been an abstract thing before, but now I felt that inevitably this soul of me must live forever.

It was when man first became aware of love that the desire for immortality must have been born in him, for when one loves God, or when one truly loves man, eternity is none too long.

I went to bed and slept wonderfully, the marvel of the night enfolding me. I woke again, and went to the window as though drawn there without any conscious effort of my own. The night was still clear and bright with moonlight, but down in the valley a fog had arisen as flooding and luminous as a sea, the tops of hills appearing as though they were islands. At times of flood I could glimpse a silver streak that was the river behind the hills. And now it was as though the river had overflowed its banks and flooded

the valley as it must have done in ancient days. My mind traveled back to the vast mysteries of time, and out again into the immeasurable vastness of the future.

Again I slept sweetly and dreamlessly, and opened my eyes to the sunlight with a vast, comforting sense of harmony with all things.

All through that night I was not aware that the actual thought of Paul walked through my mind at any moment.

The inner light that I felt must have shone through me, for my mother kissed me tenderly and said, "How happy you seem, sweetheart!" As I went about my small household tasks before school I felt that I wished to flood the house with song, and it was physical pain to me that I had very little voice and could not sing. When at last I took my books and went to school, I went into the world as though I was walking into some holy church.

On my way home from school I saw coming toward me Paul himself, and at the sight of him swinging along with his gallant walk, his head thrown back, my knees felt weak, and all of a sudden there was not enough air in the world to breathe. My heart gave a glad throb, and then stopped beating for a second. I do not think I ever saw him after this without that troubling gladness, without a lovely surprise that was so piercing that it hurt me.

A wave of shyness engulfed me, and I would have passed him with no more than the nod of a tongue-tied little girl, but he cried to me joyfully:

"Hello! Well met!" And then, as always after, my shyness melted in a sudden flood of delicious understanding.

"What are these posters?" he asked, pointing to a yellow poster attached to an elm-tree which announced an alumni dance of the high school at the town hall. "Do you dance?"

It was the thing I did best in the world.

"I do, indeed," I told him.

"I am going to take you to that dance, if you 'll go," he said.

"Oh," I cried, "mother does n't let me go to grown-up dances!"

"She 'll let you go to this one." He had the easy cock-sureness of a youth well beloved of mothers. "I 'll get around her; you 'll see."

I was sure he would; I was sure he could get around anybody, and indeed I knew by the dimpling smile about my mother's soft mouth when she first refused him that the victory was already won.

This was the great party of my life. It had come to me unexpectedly, a sheer gift of the gods. My little heart almost burst itself open with pride when I walked on to the smooth floor of the town hall, my mother on one side of me and Paul on the other. When we got in they were playing the waltz "Santiago," and Paul, who, like myself, was an impassioned dancer, could hardly wait for the formality of seating my mother before he put his arm about me and swung me off into space, it seemed to me—space where there was simply rhythm and music and the joy of motion. We did not talk as we danced; we both gave ourselves up to the pleasure of it, only now and then Paul said to me things that set my heart beating even faster. Little good-tempered appreciations of my dancing were all they were.

In the pause between the dances he sat beside me and looked about at the crowd, chatting with my mother. He embraced the whole group of young people with his friendly eyes.

Then all at once I realized his attention was not on what he was saying and that his eyes were on a girl who had just come in and was standing near the door. He let his voice trail off and continued to stare at her, unaware of what he was doing. After a moment he turned to me and asked with an entirely different note in his voice:

"Who is that girl?"

My mother answered for me:

"That 's Rose Gibson."

"Rose," Paul repeated—"Rose! She looks like a rose. I 'm going to meet her."

I saw him talking to her on the opposite side of the hall. I saw her smiling at him, and watched them as they swung out in a waltz, and my eyes followed them as they danced. I knew that she had attracted him as no one else had, and I watched them without a pang of jealousy. It appeared quite natural to me that he should have singled her out, she seemed to me so lovely. They talked and smiled into each other's eyes as they danced. Then a great wistfulness came over me that I was not grown-up; I felt no envy, only wistfulness.

I do not know when it was that I realized that I loved him. I know now that I loved him from the first moment I saw him, that I have never felt that terrible sweet breathlessness at the sight of any other man since then. The least touch of him made all my heart sing with joy and a kind of exquisite fear. What I felt was not a woman's passion, for even the knowledge of passion was still years away, awaiting me. But I know that at his friendly hand-clasp the joy of heaven descended on me sweet and enfolding, and again I know that the nearness of no other human being has so swept me out of myself, so filled my life to overflowing.

My memory of the next few weeks was of sheer happiness. He was so kind! He was so full of friendliness! He was so good! He was so good that my mother never put the slightest bar to our intimacy; and, indeed, why should she? He was all good for me. He opened so many doors to me. He was a home-loving lad, and when his work was over at five, he would come rushing in to take me to walk or to play tennis, and in the evenings we read aloud. We read "Alice," I remember, and the "Bab Ballads," my mother and Paul and I chuckling together like children. We read Matthew Arnold and Keats and Shelley; all sorts of poetry we read in the unselective, omnivorous fashion of the young.

We had long serious talks, Paul thrown full length on the moss under the apple-trees, and he would explain to me his theories of life and his philosophy—his sweet boy's philosophy, full of a touching desire for all the gallant loyalties. He had the need of hearing his thoughts in words, and he found in me the perfect creative listener. Then in the middle of his talk he would break off to romp with Mattie or to play stick-knife, in which game I was an adept. Paul was one of those who could never be far from boyhood, and I think of him now playing with his own boys and girls as delightfully and in the same warmly intimate fashion as he played with me.

He played the heart out of my trembling little body, and it was never mine all the days of my life to give again.

I said that my memory of those weeks was of happiness; they seem now, as I look back on them, swimming in light. I remember, too, that I was very good. I embraced the world in my new joy. I tried to please exacting and difficult teachers. By instinct I felt that I must give to life that which love had suddenly given to me with such radiant fullness.

There was no room in me for any small emotion; everything but happiness and goodness was crowded out. The smallest act of life, tiresome lessons, the routine of housework, had now a meaning, since I was trying to be worthy of life.

I HAD discovered the meaning of life, and that was to give myself utterly. It must have been when I put that into words that I also put into words my love for Paul. The conscious thought of him was not always in my mind, but he was always and forever there, the way the sun is there on a bright day, whether you think about it or not. Then from one moment to another it flashed into my mind:

"I love Paul!"

That was the answer to this high happiness that had come to me. I thought, "I am in love!" and at once I blushed and trembled at the thought of it. This thing that had been in my heart and that had no name, this desire to love and serve all the world and especially to serve him, was love.

I lay awake far into the night, wondering at the marvel of it, as a young mother may wonder over the marvel of the birth of a child. I did not then, or at any other time, want anything of Paul. I only wanted to do what I was then doing, pour out my whole nature toward him—pour it about him like sunshine. I prayed passionately to God to make him happy and to make me good. It never once occurred to me that he could love me in any other than in the way he did, and yet, when I went down to breakfast the next morning, it was with a shrinking modesty, as though I had gone down naked, as though they might guess the secret within my heart. I felt they *must* guess, and it was with a sort of astonishment and a dumb wonder that I realized they had guessed nothing at all, and that my heart was a garden inclosed and my secret safe within it. I would have died sooner than have said the word aloud to any human being, least of all to him.

I do not know at what moment it came

to me that Paul had singled out Rose Gibson among the other girls. I think that my self-knowledge gave me a clairvoyance. I became aware there had been born in Paul's soul the same miracle that had been born in mine. He used to lie on his back under the trees and talk to me about her in an indirect sort of fashion.

But while I felt no jealousy, this knowledge of mine had for me a keen anguish, as though Paul had been translated to another planet. There was poignant suffering for me and yet a poignant sweetness that his soul came out shyly to mine in confidences that he scarcely knew were confidences. I think he talked to me almost as though he were talking to himself, so near was I to him. In some blind and wordless way I realized how near I was, so near that I felt that had I been three years older he would have loved me. I knew this so deeply that I never put it into words. Now I was as far from him as though a whole life's span separated us, and yet I was near enough to him so that he could talk to me as to himself.

At first all went well between them. Indeed, it never occurred to me that it could go any other way, at that moment they both seemed to me so perfect. As I watched the progress of their love the thought of self so died in me that there flowered in my soul one of those white blossoms of self-abnegation, of delight in another's joy even at one's own expense, that usually find place only in the soul of a mother who loses her dear son with joy if only his joy is complete enough.

I knew the affection Paul gave Rose was brother to my love for him; I think it had the same youth in it, for I do not believe that his heart had been touched before, and he gave it to her filled with the wine of his love to drink from as she chose.

Then one day I saw that he was troubled, puzzled rather. He seemed to frown as a little boy does at something which has hurt him, but which he does not understand. Trouble grew in his soul, and I saw the bitter waters of doubt rising about his heart. It was not anger at anything that had happened; he was just grieved. It was my fate that I must know all the things that happened in his heart without knowing anything of the cause. He never told me anything or let a criticism of her pass his lips, but I walked along with him on his journey of disillusion, and I began to hate Rose fiercely. She seemed to me the embodiment of evil, a terrible and menacing thing. When I saw her passing the house with a group of girls, laughing and talking, I marveled at her. My mind did not compass how she could laugh when she had hurt anything as sweet as Paul.

One night I heard the gate click and Paul walk up the path. He did not pause on the piazza, but turned and went into the orchard; I heard his footstep on the damp grass. I waited for him to come in, my heart beating. I waited, it seemed to me, throughout eternity. I knew down there in the darkness of the garden he was suffering by himself alone.

My heart aged as I waited. I waited as those do outside a sick-room where suffering is within, and at last I went down and out into the soft velvet of the night among the twinkling fire-flies.

I found him lying underneath an apple-tree: a tiny muffled sound as of a child weeping led me to him. I put my hand on him, and felt his shoulder heave up and down. It shocked me inexpressibly. His grief tore my heart to shreds. He took my hand in his and clung to it, and I felt the warm rain of tears upon it.

"She won't read my letter," he finally whispered to me. "She won't listen. If I could only make her read my letter! Then it would be all right. Oh, there 's just some dreadful mistake!"

I did not know then that this has been through the ages the torture-cry of those whom love has suddenly and deeply wounded. Then in that moment flamingly I became a woman, flamingly I desired to comfort him of his hurt. I think, there in the darkness, had I spoken somehow, I could have wiped away the years that so separated us.

I was a woman and yet I was a child, and there came to me a flaming certainty of what I must do to help him. I knew before me was only one course, and that my feet must tread the most thorny path a woman can know, and that is when she must deliver up her beloved into the unworthy hands of another. Quietly I said to him:

"Give me the letter. I 'll take it to her and make her read it." I knew I could do

it. I knew for his sake I could do anything.

His soul was drowning, and I had to save it even though I saved it for some one who seemed to me so evil. During the few moments that had elapsed my soul had gone through a mortal conflict. My own desire, my new knowledge, my new feeling of age, had struggled with the absolute necessity of helping him and giving him the thing he wished for most. I knew I could have comforted him, and that my comforting would have been sweet and perhaps in the days that followed he might have seen the woman in the child.

Still, I took the letter, and with an exaltation that can be born only of mortal pain I went to her.

She was sitting under an electric light on the piazza looking wonderfully pretty, with a fantastic background of black and green vines behind her. I 've forgotten what I said to her, but the faint mockery of her first greeting changed to gravity, and gravity to something almost like tenderness as I talked. She took the letter and read. She read it gravely, and there was both triumph and sweetness in her expression—triumph, I suppose, in the depth of affection she had aroused, sweetness because its depth had suddenly touched some depth in her that had never before been stirred.

"Tell him to come to me," she said, and I fled back through the night.

When I brought him the tidings, he looked at me with new eyes, and for a moment our souls stood out naked before each other.

"Wonderful little girl!" he said, and kissed me, and sped away as though he had seen a vision of everlasting joy, and I was left alone in my fiery and terrible exaltation.

I lived through more emotion those weeks and that night than I did in many years that followed. For many years all other emotions seemed pale to me and without meaning. I had seen Love, that terrible and devastating god, face to face. I had gone through the dolorous stations of the cross to a supreme sacrifice. I had seen the possibility of possession, and had thrown it from me so that my beloved might have his heart's desire.

From that moment Rose and he were always together. Soon the summer was at an end, and Rose went away back to the city. Paul was called home suddenly.

With his departure came to me the terrible knowledge that I did not know where he lived. I knew his city, how he turned up his street, how his sisters looked; the room in which he lived would have seemed to me a familiar place. I could have called to his dog in a voice that the dog would have known, but in the hurry of his departure he had forgotten to give me his address. The worst of it was that he sent me several postals and one sweet little letter, but all without addresses. I had seen him off, and stood on the platform waving to him as long as the train was in sight.

The world was full of Paul to me. Years afterward, whenever I found myself in a crowd, my eyes searched for him.

I waited through that winter and through the spring for the return of Rose. At last in early summer I saw her walking down the street. I joined her. We talked of this and that, but Paul's name never came up. At last, with my heart beating so painfully that I could hardly speak the words, I said:

"Is Paul coming back?"

"Paul? Oh, to be sure," she answered. "I 'd forgotten all about him! How should *I* know if Paul 's coming back?"

"Are n't you going to marry him?" I gasped.

She gave an affected little laugh.

"When you are older, my dear," she said patronizingly, "you 'll know you don't marry every nice boy you have a little flirtation with in summer. He came to see me two or three times, and then because I would n't do every little thing he wanted me, he got angry, and I sent him away for good."

I looked at her. As she talked I had grown, not old, but mature. I judged her as a woman half a dozen years her senior might have judged her, and saw her as she was, pretty, artificial, cheap, a shallow child. I saw her as Paul might have seen her at the end of his disillusion. I had lost my Paul and gone through my fiery ordeal for this, just because I was a little girl, just because I was not old enough, just because I had been so young a girl that all older girls seemed wonderful to me. Poor Rose! Now I knew she had not depth enough to be evil.

That sense of comedy that is worse than

any tragedy assailed me. A desire for laughter arose in me and choked me.

I managed to ask her where Paul lived. I faltered forth some pale excuse of his having left some of his things in our house, but she no longer knew where he lived. He had moved. She left me with all the flowers of my spirit withered.

There seemed to me only blackness ahead. Through the loneliness and despair which followed my dear mother walked beside me; my hand lay in hers. She was at peace, she was glad I was "developing normally." She rejoiced that I was n't one of those girls who are "boy-crazy." No, I was n't boy-crazy, for I had walked too young through those grave and somber portals of supreme sacrifice. I had felt too soon the loss and loneliness of all that is best in life to be "boy-crazy."

I who had loved, how could I care for lesser loves? Love came to me then, and never again did I feel the great and overwhelming delight of life.

Not even when I married did love in its great and overwhelming fullness return to me. I know now that I was not alone in my loneliness. I know that there walked beside me other children carrying hidden burdens, some who even carried the terrible burden of shame.

When I see them walking from school I must always wonder, "Which are you, a child at play or a child with a woman's heart, and has love already laid its heavy burden on your fragile shoulders?"

We cannot know. They will not tell us. They have no words in which to do it if they would, for the desires of their hearts are shyer than shy birds.

THE MERCHANT

BY DOUGLAS DUER

BEAUTY for beauty would I give and take—
So rich a silk for such a worth in gold;
Fine ivories of the south, and gems that break
The dimmest ray to glories manifold.
Crystals have I, and Persian jars that hold
A thousand thousand roses thrice distilled—
Beauty for beauty, fairly weighed and told,
Rich gems—fine jars with precious attar filled.
I have bought amber in the northward seas,
Rare woods in Lebanon, gold-dust in the sands;
From Tyre to Carthage has my prosperous prow
Rolled up the foam: and yet it was but now
That Lydia passed me, singing! Many lands
Hold not the wealth to barter love for ease.

Like a faint cameo is her face, as when
The rose-red lava blushes through the white.
These Greeks have skill to carve it. Other men
Have only power to buy. The tunic slight
Blew with the movement of her foot-pace light,
And clung and fluttered on the slender thigh;
Over the busy quay, and so from sight,
With one half-wondering glance she passed me by.
That was but yesterday, yet in my sleep
It seemed two thousand years ago she passed
With curious look and amphora held high;
I saw the crowded purple of the deep,
Smelled the warm spice-bales, felt the spell she cast;
And yonder dark Phenician—that was I!

GREEK SCULPTURAL AND CERAMIC FIGURES

THE DANCE

AN EXPRESSION OF MENTAL ACTIVITY

BY TROY KINNEY

Co-author of "The Dance: Its Place in Art and Life"

IT would be possible to multiply indefinitely evidences that the practice of dancing has already received too much and too serious attention to be put by as a mere fashion. The increasing number and success of performances by great dancing troupes speak for themselves. Any one who habitually attended the great performances in the last two years was impressed by the growing taste and discernment on the part of audiences. We are yet far from being a nation of connoisseurs, but in two short years we have learned to see many a subtle beauty that used to pass over our heads; also, we now regard with indifference a multitude of tricks that pertain less to the artist than to the showman, and not long ago used to be sure means of applause. In response to this discrimination, note the effect on the fashion in cabaret dancing: within less than a year it has changed radically in the direction of genuine beauty.

The great dancing seen by the general public by no means measures the extent of its performance. The entertainments of the rich are hardly complete without a dancing program, and that of a high grade of merit. Newport, seeking beautiful and sumptuous entertainment, has revived the ballet masque, a chorographic form that delighted Europe through more than three centuries. And, as nobility long danced side by side with the professional artist employed to "key up" these affairs, so a strengthening mode encourages the woman of fashion to bring in the professional dancer to keep up the standard of her entertainments.

The dance, as a matter of history, has been a conspicuous and invariable factor in the social life of every period of creative thought. So intimate has been the association between it and thought activity, indeed, that the genuineness of the present intellectual awakening might be doubted if a powerful and active interest in dancing was not a part of it. To characterize the present renaissance as a "fad" or a "craze" is to ignore chapters of social history.

If we may infer anything from literary, sculptural, and ceramic records, dancing was no less popular in the Athens of the golden age than it is now in America and western Europe. If Plato should come to America to-day, he could find nothing to surprise him in the wide-spread popularity of the dance. It is probable, however, that he would be puzzled by our contentment with the meager variety of our steps and chorographic sentiments, and shocked by our poverty of stable institutions for the cultivation and protection of the dance as an art. Greek municipalities of any consequence had their endowed

theaters, with their corps of mimetic dancers as important factors in dramatic interpretation.

As a popular practice, throughout the history of the world, the dance has had seemingly as many forms as there are varieties of sentiment in the human heart. As a means to health and beauty of carriage and movement, philosophers emphasized its importance in education. The Spartan Lycurgus urged it upon boys and girls, men and matrons, as an important factor in national vitality; to the army he prescribed it as a part of routine exercise. There were dances sacred to various divinities, dances for social pastime, for grief, and for thanksgiving. Important events were celebrated by municipal ballet pageants. The dance solemnized funerals, gladdened banquets, caught pennies on the street. Nor did its popularity exceed its beauty. The grace and style with which Greece endowed it are recorded in a wealth of statuettes and ceramic decoration still extant. From the same sources it is to be inferred without uncertainty that it was rich in step as well as in posture. In short, the dancing of the Greek, like his other arts, was a concrete expression of the easy precision and rich individuality of his mind.

Rome's early progress had been accomplished in circumstances of vigorous, but artistically sterile, simplicity. Her subsequent material prosperity was accompanied by cerebral decay. In the early centuries of enforced simplicity of life Rome's dancing was principally religious and of a martial severity. The Lupercalia and the Saturnalia, of evil fame in latter days, originated as religious observances. As the spoils of conquest began to enrich the state and those in control, simplicity fled. Naturally, therefore, as the republic drifted toward the conditions of empire, we find the populace increasingly dependent upon public spectacles for amusement, and sullen when left to its own resources. The rich, too, required external stimuli to emotion, and those of a kind requiring little aid from imagination. They had no critical standards. They wanted to be amused. A society without appreciation of beauty finds amusement only in novelty, and that of a character in conformity with society's dominant taste. Melodramatic sensation or obscenity were ingredients that the Roman patrician found desirable in his exhibition dancing.

The practice of independent thought the Roman had exchanged for a code of fashion, which dominated his intellectual and esthetic life as it dictated his actions. Pompeii, his Newport, took up Greek wall decoration as a fashion. Things were done and avoided for the sake of form and appearance; Horace's branding-iron left its mark of ridicule on many an inept transgressor of arbitrary and inconsequential social usage. Propriety appeared. Dancers from Cadiz and Syria, having debased their work into conformity with Roman patrician taste in order to make their living, were written down as improper people. Society's attitude toward participation in dancing is indicated in a line of Sallust, "She dances too well for a virtuous woman." On the other hand, it seems that one might take part without serious loss of social caste in celebrations of the Lupercalia and the Saturnalia, despite their frank degeneration into orgies of sensuality.

In the dark ages, following the collapse of the Roman empire, the art of dancing seems to have been forgotten except by Spain, so detached by the Pyrenees from the rest of Europe that its influence was minimized, and by the church. The latter, having a Romanized public taste to deal with, became involved in a series of seeming inconsistencies. Church dignitaries, for instance, at various times proscribed all dancing, while at no time did the art wholly lose its place in the ritual of worship.. The Bible, with its expressions of high respect for the dance; the ritualistic use of dancing by the ancient Hebrews; St. Basil, with his recorded opinion that dancing furnishes the occupation of the angels—all such authority had weight. The brutalized medieval, however, was not to be trusted not to soil the art, in turn to be soiled by it. Toward the close of the dark ages, then, we find the church preaching doctrines calculated to depress the livelier sentiments, and in general discouraging dancing among the laity, while at the very same time using dancing as an important factor in evangelistic work. The latter took a dramatic form of allegory known as the morality. Ballet pantomime was found to be an effective wedge into imaginations and intelligences of all grades.

Drawn by The Kinneys

AN EVENING DIVERSION IN THE COUNTRY

An absolutely straight line of descent leads from the morality play to the modern French-Italian ballet. The beginnings of the morality's chorography were crude, and deficient in variety of step; but they were none the less entitled to the name of ballet, in the sense that they were formalized choral evolutions. In 1489 it reached its culmination of richness of dance and setting in a representation composed by Cardinal Riario, nephew of Pope Sixtus IV, which was staged in the Castle of Sant' Angelo. Whether that performance merits the title of the first modern ballet, with which distinction several chorographic writers credit it, is a matter of definition. What is important is the immediate and powerful interest it aroused. The date, 1489, marks the beginning of the Renaissance.

Society was stirring with ideas of political consolidation and reconstruction. Petty monarchs were visiting, intriguing, and marrying among their neighbors more busily than ever before. The need of imposing forms of social entertainment was serious and urgent. Cardinal Riario's morality ballet furnished the needed suggestion; the substitution of mythical for Biblical characters broadened the morality into a vehicle for sentiments to suit any occasion. The new form was the masque.

The general form of the masque encouraged beauty to the limits of decorators' knowledge. Its popularity soon reached a point where it was regarded as an indispensable adjunct of great festivities. Victories, visits, marriages, and births it fitly celebrated with a degree of gorgeousness commensurate with the occasion and the purse. Bacon and Talleyrand were among the writers of plots and dialogues for the masque; monarchs were prominent in its ballets. Its *décor* engaged the invention of the ablest painters of ten generations; the names of great composers are associated with its musical accompaniments.

FIGURINE FOUND AT MYRINA

The need of specialized skill in arranging dances and choral evolutions developed chorographers. Their fame spreads little beyond the walls of ballet institutions, because the records of their compositions, except when translated into the terms of actual performance, are almost meaningless to any but dancers; but in their day they were peers of the other artists with whom they collaborated. Baltazarini, called "Beaujoyeulx," acquired tremendous reputation for his choral arrangements, and the pitch to which he brought execution, in "Le ballet comique de la reine."

In that epoch-making production, given by Catharine de' Medici, she and her daughters danced leading parts. It was attended by the great nobles of all Europe, upon whom both its lavishness and the intrinsic beauty of its dancing made a powerful impression. Among the minutely detailed accounts of the affair, however, there is no expression of even mild surprise at the vision of royalty dancing the rôles of pagan divinities in a non-religious ballet. So steadily had adjustment followed change, that the new superiority to old fears and old precedents was not consciously felt. It is, of course, in the contrast between Catharine, celebrating the beauty of life, and previous monarchs, contemplating the rigors of death, that we of later date find a measure of the meaning of the Renaissance.

After all, it was not upon such as the guests of a queen that the Renaissance had had its most vivid effect. The well fed and the well armed know little of the fears that sport with the half fed and the unarmed. It was he, whom any one of a thousand circumstances might bring to want, that was the true product of medievalism. Yet this one, the hewer of wood and the drawer of water, was suddenly and radically changed by the magic of the Renaissance into a modern. For him the journey out from the dark ages was, though rapid, over a long road and uphill all the way. Its steps, brave in intellectual adventure, were symbolized in the steps of dances; for the dance came to life as medieval authority fell under the weight of its own false prophecies. In a seeming ratio to the mental unrest that meant the individual's recovery of the right to think, the practice of dancing leaped into its ancient popularity. If that was a coinci-

From a color-

THE MYSTERY

Produced in

dence, be it noted that the same coincidence always occurs.

Looking about him for steps and forms, the sixteenth-century peasant found an assortment of chorographic relics that had survived the depression of the dark ages. Most of them, if not all, had degenerated into little more than romps. But the awakened intelligence set to work to compose anew these formless revels into poetic expressions of new enthusiasms and aspirations. It was these revitalized dances of field and wood that supplied the material for the dances of aristocracy. The gavotte, the passepied, and half a score more of the group known as court dances (of the more or less authentic revival of which we are destined to see a great deal during the coming season) were originally folk-dances pure and simple. Aristocracy ex-

print in "Je Sais Tout"

OF THE PASSION

Paris in 1548.

purgated the marks of uncouthness, and added the airs and graces that accompanied the wearing of jeweled swords and lace. That spirit was the influence dominating the French ballet in 1685, when Louis XIV founded the French National Ballet Academy. He himself danced leading parts in somewhat more than twenty-five ballets. Aristocracy followed the royal example with spontaneous enthusiasm. The masque reached its climax of sumptuousness at about this time. Also, the paths of the ballet and the ball-room begin to divide.

Ballet pantomime, the form of representation to which the academy early turned its attention, had the set dances of the aristocratic ball-room as its first dance vocabulary. So long as set forms sufficed, both the aristocratic amateur and the pro-

fessional performer of humbler birth remained, at least ostensibly, on an artistic equality. Before many years, however, professional artists felt the need of interpretative scope that set forms did not permit. They therefore analyzed the dances down to their component steps, classified them according to their suggested motives, and began a practice of composing dances to interpret sentiment, combining steps as a musical composer puts together notes. Great works and great performers began to appear, with power to stir deeply the public pulse.

While the stars of the academy delighted the world with their ever-developing art, the herdsman, the farmer, and the Highland raider delighted themselves with an art of their own. Long ago the czardas and the sword-dance expressed the romance and the wit that we find in them to-day. To be sure, the dances of the soil and the critical faculties that developed them have been enriched by contemplation of the ballet. Though the ballet, by its development of perfection and its preservation of ideals of beauty, has amply paid for the vocabulary of steps it originally inherited from the "character" dances, the latter, none the less, are essentially the product of the people unaided by academic science. The best of them collectively represent a monument to the poetry that abides in the heart of the people who work—a monument the significance of which is understood only by the aid of attunement with the poetry of movement.

EL GARROTIN OF THE SPANISH GIPSIES

Other nations followed the example of Louis XIV in endowing ballet academies. By grace of their efficiency, combined with intelligent and enthusiastic public support, ballet dancing advanced without interruption, except during the Napoleonic wars, up to nearly the middle of the nineteenth century. During the one hundred and sixty years between the foundation of the French academy and the zenith which the art reached in the work of the historic rivals, Marie Taglioni and Fanny Ellsler, it is strongly apparent that dancing as a pastime was always at least as popular as it is in America and Europe to-day. It is evident, too, that dancing as an art, except during the wars mentioned, was at all times even more popular than it is in America to-day. Enthusiasm for ballet-dancing reached its climax with the art's high development by Taglioni and Ellsler.

These achievements introduce the Victorian era. The asphyxiation of individual thought in the Western world followed, and the art of dancing was smothered to a spark, the two phenomena coinciding exactly in point of time. As a spark only it remained alive until the beginning of the present renaissance of the individual's right to think.

The cause of the stupefaction was a suddenly enforced conformity to a mold of conscious respectability—a mold formed on the model of an average bourgeois personality. If the mold had not been so hard, it would not have been so brittle. If it had been reasonably elastic, there might have been no need of smashing it; at any rate, it would not have been smashed into such a ridiculous heap when the necessity arrived. To get a measure of the extent to which the individual was edged out of the right to think during the non-dancing period recently ended, it is pertinent to sum up certain medieval characteristics by which the social-intellectual life of the Victorian period was dominated.

In the dark ages an unhappy future was guarded against by the contemplation of death. In the Victorian era an unhappy present was guarded against by the contemplation of respectability. That abstraction contained many elements. Morality and humanity were among them, but only in the more obvious aspects; intrinsic values were not of particular importance. Questions relating to taste, consideration to others, modesty, womanliness, manliness, squareness, or anything else that touched on social relations, were settled by the touchstone of impalpable, but unalterable, fashion. The highest vir-

SPANISH DANCING—*LAS SEVILLANAS*

tue was self-standardization. Though non-conformity to the process was not crime in a literal sense, it was socially punished more severely than are many serious misdemeanors. Unusual hours of sleeping or eating, unstandardized taste in literature, house-furnishing, or any one of a hundred other offenses, was a serious thing. It meant the contempt of one's fellows, accompanied by the suspicion that surrounds the possible bearer of a contagious disease. The "freak" was liable to spread social contamination.

The history of the dance is an allegory of the time. It was popular up to 1845. Ball-room dancing was animated with a good variety of steps, figures, and postures. The ballet's popularity has been mentioned. Its decline is sometimes attributed to that which caused its popularity: perfection in such a degree that public interest exhausted itself. Jenny Lind's voice, diverting the major interest of opera from dancing to song, is also held to be contributory to the decline. It stands to reason that these were influences. But the true cause of the decline may more rationally be sought in social dancing, which throughout history has been at once the disciple and supporting substructure of the dancing art.

THE *DALDANS* OF SWEDEN

Here, as always, dancing and thought are found linked together. The same conscious propriety, which first strangled expression of thought and then thought itself, attacked the dance. Graceful turns were eliminated, and animation was depressed until eventually that which went by the name of dancing was reduced to a wearisome monotony of two or three steps and one unvaried position of body and arms. It must have required fanatical devotion to the fetish of "they say" to enable dance-lovers to submit to the abolition of such a dance, for instance, as the happy, old Varsovienne. It certainly took moral courage to declare one's disaffection from the waltz as long as it was fashionable. But there is a limit to patience, even in the cult of a fetish. The last dancing man "walked out" about the end of the nineteenth century; but as his partner and the orchestra were the only witnesses of his revolt, it was hardly commented upon.

The year 1900 finds us surrounded by conditions which curiously resemble those immediately preceding that other Renaissance that began late in the fifteenth century.

We who in the years preceding had possessed and repressed our own ideas of taste and conduct repeated exactly the process of rebellion that emancipated the intelligence of the medieval. Along with visions and enthusiasms roused to full normal activity, the man of the Renaissance felt within himself the expansion of a poetic impulse that craved expression. It was an impulse not translatable into words; it was

a craving for a bodily rhythm which would at once harmonize and express the vigorous emotions within him. The natural vehicle for such expression, probably the most complete, and the only one available to such as have not served an apprenticeship in some other art, is dancing. He danced. In response to the same impulse, we of to-day are tangoing and waltzing, studying the beauties of classic ballet and national dance, seizing from them steps to incorporate into our promising new chorography of the ball-room.

The Russian ballet, whose first appearance in western Europe virtually coincided in point of time with the popular resumption of dancing, is to be considered as the occasion of that resumption rather than its cause. It had its message and its eloquence; it came before an audience hungry for the one, attuned to the other.

Isadora Duncan entered upon young womanhood with a belief that dancing should and could be an interpretative expression of the lightness of clouds, the free swirl of water, and all the other abstractions that make nature poetic. Seeing nothing in the ballet as a means toward such expression, she looked for suggestions in ancient Greek vase decorations and Tanagra figurines. In Russia, during those same century-ending years, the Imperial Ballet was the object of rising discontent. Why, its patrons were asking, had an institution, organized and equipped, supported and taught, as no other in the world, lost the power to move the deeper emotions? No better technic of dancing had been evolved than the composite French-Italian (or classic) that the Russian school had followed. There existed no better system of teaching, no better corps of teachers, than those of the Imperial Academy; and, indeed, the ballet's execution, as distinguished from matters of expression, was beyond criticism. At this later date it is easy to diagnose the complaint. The ballet had lost nothing; the people had gained something—something of which they were aware, but not cognizant. Exactly as a confused and excited assemblage wants a logical spokesman to give shape to its thoughts, the patrons of the Imperial Ballet craved a poetic interpreter of big, new emotions, an instrument to render those emotions into concrete form, and help put them in order. That such exquisite works as "Coppelia" had ceased to thrill signified no lack of merit in them or in their performers. It signified that exquisiteness as an ideal had given way to the spirit of virility and adventure.

Dissatisfaction was the state of mind in Russia when Miss Duncan gave her first performance in St. Petersburg. M. Fokine, the director of the Imperial Ballet, declared her the prophet of a new idea; academy traditions were shattered by masters and pupils, who united in the determination to create for themselves a romantic school of expression based on Miss Duncan's inspiration. Mlles. Pavlowa, Lopoukowa, and Karsavina, Mm. Bolm, Nijinski, Volinine, and Mordkin, were and are the most prominent members of the group that gathered about M. Fokine as leader. Their work, in collaboration with musicians and painters who gathered under the standard of romanticism, rapidly evolved the organism known as the Russian ballet. M. Sergius Diaghilew was officially authorized to arrange for an exposition of the new idea in Paris. To western Europe, waiting, the Russian ballet showed such a materialization of the new romance, the new bravery of imagination, the new emotional aspirations, as had not been dreamed of. It sang the first great saga of freed thought through the appropriate medium of godlike physical movement. Is it remarkable that the awakened world responded, and that the response took chorographic form?

The first ball-rooms to shake off the inertia of the period of leaden feet and sick thought were those of Paris, which took up the tango introduced by its many and pleasure-loving visitors from Argentina. Our own Pacific coast was little behind in point of time. San Francisco is the reputed birthplace of the turkey trot. From other parts of the far West came an assortment of so-called dances, equally ungainly, the ugliness of which in movement and posture would have produced a reaction deadly to all dancing had public interest not been governed by intelligence. That dancing was not discarded in a disgusted reaction against those horrific forms of three years ago is interesting less as a measure of interest in dancing than as one of the valid guaran-

Drawn by The Kinneys

IN THE METROPOLITAN BALLET SCHOOL OF NEW YORK

Miss Eva Swain, Miss Loretta Glynn, and Mme. Pauline Verhoeven, directress of the Metropolitan Ballet School.

ties of the present-day quality of thought. The people who dance, whose number includes every one but invalids, set to work to eliminate the elements of vulgarity from the new dances. The degree of success that accompanies their efforts is to be measured by comparing typical dancing of to-day with that of three years ago. Nothing could be more consistent with the virility of the renaissance in which we are living than the combination of constructive vigor and esthetic discernment with which we are attacking the problem of fashioning for ourselves a chorography.

As a pastime dancing is capable of becoming the most potent influence in favor of national health and beauty that America ever had. As an art, it is a vehicle not one shade less eloquent than painting, music, drama, or literature. Ballet pantomime, in fact, combines the resources of these, adding, for any one attuned to line-harmony, a supremely poetic message of its own. It becomes an obligation to consider means by which the present magnificent beginnings of a national chorography may be conserved.

SPANISH DANCING: GIPSY TYPE

An endowed theater, devoted to the production of the very best in dancing, with its own academy for the training of its artists, is the one sure means to the desired end. That is the unanimous opinion of many thoughtful dancers, ballet-masters, European and American, and impresarios with whom I have considered the subject.

An endowed ballet institution, independent of commercial temptations and necessities, would, if properly administered, provide a constant model of excellence, public familiarity with which would deprive counterfeit productions of the power to exist. Undeviating maintenance of the highest standards of artistic genuineness would inevitably be followed by a commensurate development of critical discernment on the part of the public. As repetition is a necessary means of transmitting appreciation of great musical works, so in somewhat less degree must great choregraphic works be repeated to be properly understood; and it is only an institution which is superior to the commercial need of immediate returns on its investment that can and will undergo the preliminary expense of public education. Under the commercial régime it is almost inevitable that great works produced in America shall be more or less denatured to bring them within range of the comprehension of the average intelligence. What would our performances of great music be to-day had that art been left to the mercy of such a system?

In default of such an institution as the one proposed, only by the expensive and commercially hazardous expedient of recruiting a company in Europe is it possible to present in America a ballet that presupposes consistently high-class execution. Ability of the necessary grade among natives and residents of this country is monopolized by an incredibly small number of persons. Mme. Verhoeven, the new directress of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School, will unquestionably develop some very real artists in the coming years, but no more of them than will be needed in the Metropolitan company. And that is absolutely the only institution in North America that combines superiority to commercial conditions with dedication to the purpose of carrying the art of pure dancing to its highest possible pitch. Moreover, history very conclusively demonstrates that dancing does not reach its best development under conditions of subordination to music. It is unreasonable to expect an artist of full stature to devote his life to preparation for periodically tickling the eye of an audience during a five-minutes *divertissement*. The artist of the dance carries an emotional message quite

M. Nijinski in
"Le dieu bleu"

CHARACTERISTIC POSES IN THE RUSSIAN BALLET

as profound and altogether as worthy as the message of any other art.

More sympathetically and understandingly than through any other medium, it is evident that America is prepared to receive the message of poetry through the interpretation of great dancing. And equally with any other nation of this or past times, it is now ready to support an institution devoted to the cultivation of that art.

The existence of an esthetic enthusiasm of more dynamic force than would suffice for a crusade places at once an opportunity and a responsibility in the hands of those whom circumstances have made leaders in this country's esthetic progress.[1]

[1] Thanks are due to the Frederick A. Stokes Company for permission to use some of the illustrations of this article, which appeared in the author's book, "The Dance."

IMPRESSIONS OF ISADORA DUNCAN

WAR[1]

BY OLIVE SCHREINER

Author of "An African Farm," etc.

IT may be said: "What then of war, that struggle of the human creature to attain its ends by physical force and at the price of the life of others: will Woman take part in that also?" We reply: Yes; more particularly in that field we intend to play our part. We have always borne part of the weight of war, and the major part. It is not that in primitive times we suffered from the destruction of the fields we tilled and the houses we built; it is not that later as domestic laborers and producers, though unwaged, we, in taxes and material loss and additional labor, paid as much as our male towards the cost of war; it is not that in a comparatively insignificant manner, as nurses of the wounded in modern times, or now and again as warrior chieftainesses and leaders in primitive and other societies, we have borne our part; nor is it even because the spirit of resolution in its women and their willingness to endure, has in all ages, again and again largely determined the fate of a race that goes to war, that we demand our controlling right where war is concerned. Our relation to war is far more intimate, personal, and indissoluble than this. Men have made boomerangs, bows, swords, or guns with which to destroy one another; we have made the men who destroyed and were destroyed! We have in all ages produced, at an enormous cost, the primal munition of war, without which no other would exist. There is no battlefield on earth, nor ever has been, howsoever covered with slain, which it has not cost the women of the race more in actual bloodshed and anguish to supply, than it has cost the men who lie there. *We pay the first cost on all human life.*

In supplying the men for the carnage of a battlefield, women have not merely lost actually more blood, and gone through a more acute anguish and weariness, in the long months of bearing and in the final agony of child-birth, than has been experienced by the men who cover it; but, in the long months of rearing that follow, the women of the race go through a long, patiently endured strain which no knapsacked soldier on his longest march has ever more than equalled; while, even in the matter of death, in all civilized societies, the probability that the average woman will die in child-birth is immeasurably greater than the probability that the average male will die in battle.

There is, perhaps, no woman, whether she have borne children, or be merely potentially a child-bearer, who could look down upon a battlefield covered with slain, but the thought would rise in her, "So many mothers' sons! So many young bodies brought into the world to lie there! So many months of weariness and pain while bones and muscles were shaped within! So many hours of anguish and struggle that breath might be! So many baby mouths drawing life at women's breasts;—all this, that men might lie with glazed eyeballs, and swollen faces, and fixed, blue, unclosed mouths, and great limbs tossed—this, that an acre of ground might be manured with human flesh, that next year's grass or poppies or karoo bushes may spring up greener and redder, where they have lain, or that the sand of a plain may have a glint of white bones!" And we cry, "Without an inexorable cause this must not be!" No woman who is a woman says of a human body, "It is nothing!" . . .

Nor will women shrink from war because they lack courage. Earth's women of every generation have faced suffering and death with an equanimity that no soldier on a battlefield has ever surpassed and few have equalled; and where war has been to preserve life, or land, or freedom, rather than for aggrandisement and power, unparasitised and laboring women have in all ages known how to bear an active part, and die.

[1] From "Woman and Labor," by Olive Schreiner. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

. . . It is not because of woman's cowardice, incapacity, nor, above all, because of her general superior virtue, that she will end war when her voice is fully and clearly heard in the governance of states —it is because, on this one point, and on this point almost alone, the knowledge of woman, simply as woman, is superior to that of man; she knows the history of human flesh; she knows its cost; he does not.

In a besieged city, it might well happen that men in the streets might seize upon statues and marble carvings from public buildings and galleries and hurl them in to stop the breaches made in their ramparts by the enemy, unconsideringly and merely because they came first to hand, not valuing them more than had they been paving-stones. One man, however, could not do this—the sculptor.

Men's bodies are our woman's works of art. Given to us power to control, we will never carelessly throw them in to fill up the gaps in human relationships made by international ambitions and greeds. The thought would never come to us as women, "Cast in men's bodies; settle the thing so!" Arbitration and compensation would as naturally occur to her as cheaper and simpler methods of bridging the gaps in national relationships, as to the sculptor it would occur to throw in anything rather than statuary, though he might be driven to that at last!

This is one of those phases of human life, not very numerous, but very important, towards which the man as man, and the woman as woman, on the mere ground of their different sexual function with regard to reproduction, stand, and must stand, at a somewhat differing angle. The physical creation of human life, which, in as far as the male is concerned, consists in a few moments of physical pleasure, to the female must always signify months of pressure and physical endurance, crowned with danger to life. To the male, the giving of life is a laugh; to the female, blood, anguish, and sometimes death. Here we touch one of the few yet important differences between man and woman as such.

The twenty thousand men prematurely slain on a field of battle, mean, to the women of their race, twenty thousand human creatures to be borne within them for months, given birth to in anguish, fed from their breasts and reared with toil, if the numbers of the tribe and the strength of the nation are to be maintained. In nations continually at war, incessant and unbroken child-bearing is by war imposed on all women if the state is to survive; and whenever war occurs, if numbers are to be maintained, there must be an increased child-bearing and rearing. This throws upon woman as woman a war tax, compared with which all that the male expends in military preparations is comparatively light.

The relations of the female towards the production of human life influence undoubtedly even her relation towards animal and all life. "It is a fine day, let us go out and kill something!" cries the typical male of certain races, instinctively; "There is a living thing, it will die if it is not cared for," says the average woman, almost equally instinctively. It is true that the woman will sacrifice as mercilessly, as cruelly, the life of a hated rival or an enemy, as any male; *but she always knows what she is doing, and the value of the life she takes!* There is no light-hearted, careless enjoyment in the sacrifice of life to the normal woman. . . .

But for the vast bulk of humanity, probably for generations to come, the instinctive antagonism of the human child-bearer to reckless destruction of that which she has at so much cost produced will probably be necessary to educate the race to any clear conception of the bestiality and insanity of war.

War will pass when intellectual culture and activity have made possible to the female an equal share in the control and governance of modern national life; it will probably not pass away much sooner; its extinction will not be delayed much longer.

It is especially in the domain of war that we, the bearers of men's bodies, who supply its most valuable munition, who, not amid the clamor and ardor of battle, but singly, and alone, with a three-in-the-morning courage, shed our blood and face death that the battlefield might have its food, a food more precious to us than our heart's blood; it is we especially who, in the domain of war, have our word to say, a word no man can say for us. It is our intention to enter into the domain of war and to labor there till in the course of generations we have extinguished it.

MY VISIT TO AUBER

BY FRANCIS GRIERSON

AT the appointed time for my visit to Auber, Samuel David called for me at the hotel. A short walk brought us to the rue Bergère and the conservatoire. On learning that the director could not receive us for twenty minutes or more, David conducted me into the court. It was rectangular, as if in keeping with some strange combination of music and mathematics.

My guide looked at me with that air of mingled self-complacency and bland cynicism peculiar to his temperament, and began to prepare me for the presence of the most-feared and most-respected musical celebrity of Paris, the octogenarian Auber, whose jokes, bons mots, and persiflage were almost as famous as his operas, and whose compositions had for sixty years represented the national spirit of French music. I was informed that Auber had been director of the conservatoire for the extraordinary period of twenty-nine years; that, besides being the most celebrated French composer living, his wit and humor were as spontaneous and perennial as his music; and that, all things considered, he was a very wonderful man. And I found it all true; for now if I were asked to name the most typical Frenchman I ever met, I should not hesitate to name Auber. He was the embodiment of the spontaneity, the vivacity, and the genius of the French character of that epoch. He put into his music what Béranger put into French poetry.

David, after a good deal of talk about the conservatoire, said:

"This courtyard is not gay."

"No," I remarked; "it is enough to put a damper on the aspirations of any novice coming here in search of harmony and inspiration."

"Ah," he said, "the conservatoire itself is one of the gayest and most amusing places in Paris. No one dies of ennui here, although one or two have had endings that were tragic enough." Just then I heard sounds of the tuning of stringed instruments, and David added:

"At present you will hear a curious confusion of noises that you will find the reverse of musical; it is about this time the charivari begins."

Indeed, it was beginning effectively. From a window at our right the sounds of viols sent forth gruntings that were answered by high squeaks from fiddles in another room; here and there could be heard the quacking of clarinets, the piping of flutes, the rumbling of the violoncello, the bleating of the hautboys, and over all the high note of an incipient prima donna, or a young man with a cold trying to reach an impossible pitch.

It required no great powers of imagination to form a mental picture of all the lunatics in Paris assembled here for a grand operatic rehearsal. David, seeing my surprise, recounted a joke uttered by Auber in this same courtyard not long before.

The director was escorting a distinguished visitor through the surprises of the conservatoire, and when they had gotten to the middle of this court the visitor halted to listen, bewildered with the bedlam of conflicting sounds. Suddenly a terrible cry came from one of the windows in front of them. Auber, always on the alert for a jest, tapped his visitor on the shoulder, with the reassuring remark:

"Don't be alarmed: it 's the bleeding hour; they are only taking a few ounces from a tenor. It will be the turn of the basso next; he was at a banquet last night, and they will take at least half a pint from him." At which the visitor, more bewildered than ever, looked what he could not speak. Then Auber added, with a malicious twinkle in his brown eyes: "No, this is not a slaughter-house; we only tame them here. The slaughtering occurs when they make their début."

At last, after waiting for more than half an hour, we went up-stairs, and were shown into the director's reception-room. I found myself in the presence of the greatest little man I ever encountered. Not that he looked distinguished. He

might have passed for an old-clothes man had he been dressed somewhat differently. He was in his eighty-sixth year, and appeared about sixty. His face had that look of calm contentment that comes only with years of success and established authority.

He received me with mingled affability and indifference. His questions were abrupt, matter-of-fact, much as if I had come to take his measure for a suit of clothes or to talk about the price of stocks. I had not been in the room more than two or three minutes when he asked me to take my seat at the piano and improvise. Had he asked me to stand on my head it would have been just the same. The small upright instrument looked about as old as the little nonchalant, don't-care-a-fiddlestick director, and I pictured to myself an auction mart, with the piano-stool a weighing-machine, with an indicator pointing now to fair, now to middling, now to good or very good, and I could only think of the words: "This pig weighs so many pounds, so many ounces"; or, "This gift-horse has had his mouth examined; I have seen worse horses given away, and end by winning the Grand Prix."

I was so filled with the humor of the situation that I ceased playing and asked to be excused from further effort. I became absorbed in the personality of the director, who seemed greatly puzzled.

"What can I say?" he remarked to David. I did not shrink from hearing his judgment; on this question my mind was a blank. After some moments' reflection he added: "You see, this is a special talent. You remember that young man, Jules Guérin, from Marseilles? No, you don't remember him; it was during Cherubini's directorship. Well, young Guérin could play only by ear, but this young man"—referring to me—"does not imitate; he improvises; and you tell me he has never been able to learn music. It is very curious. We have never had such a pupil here. With him music must be altogether intuitional. You know yourself, as an old pupil of the conservatoire, that we have no rules here for intuition."

"Precisely," said David; "I desire only to have your opinion. His place in the musical world is quite exceptional; he not only cannot master the rules of harmony, but he cannot even read music at sight, and he tells me he has given up trying to learn."

"Ah," exclaimed Auber, "c'est tout à fait extraordinaire!" He looked at me as if in the short interval I had grown horns and might become formidable. But when David said, "What is still more curious, he comes of an unmusical family," the good director simply sat down and looked at me, while he muttered to himself, "C'est incroyable!"

"What he has played here to-day is insignificant compared with what I have heard him play elsewhere."

This remark brought Auber out of his reverie.

"I know very well," he said, "this is not the place for the full expression of a talent like that. Come to *déjeuner* with me to-morrow; then the young man will feel more at ease, and his music, I am certain, will be very different."

Auber lived in his own house, 24 rue St.-Georges. When we arrived there on the following day an octogenarian concierge directed us to the floor above, where we were told a *valet de chambre* would usher us into the presence of Auber.

David rang, and the door was opened by a wrinkled and frigid valet with the air of a manikin and as old as the concierge. He gave us an icy reception. He did not take the trouble to announce our names, but told us to go ahead unannounced, as if we were on our way to commit suicide; but, despite our frigid reception at the door, we found Auber awaiting us and in the best of humor.

We were soon seated at table, and another servant made his appearance, older, if possible, than any we had yet seen, and I became aware that I was in a habitation of walking shadows. Auber had five domestics, the youngest, whom he called the baby, being the coachman, who was seventy-five. The director told us this coachman had been only thirty-five years in his service. Auber must have guessed what our thoughts were, for he playfully referred to his domestics several times during the meal.

"You eat very little, *cher Maître,*" remarked David.

"I find one meal a day sufficient," was Auber's reply; and I thought to myself, "That is all that is necessary to keep so contented a spirit in so small a body."

While sitting at the table I began to get away from the Paris of the last days of the Second Empire. My imagination went back to the time when the old young man with the placid wrinkles and brown eyes must have heard people talk of the tragic ending of Louis XVI and the passing of Robespierre, Auber being about ten years of age at the time of the latter occurrence. He had a vivid recollection of the advent of Bonaparte, the scenes following the battle of Waterloo, the return of the Bourbons, and the Revolution of 1830. He had lived under two emperors, four kings, and two presidents; had been an eye-witness of the entrance of the allied armies into Paris; had experienced the joys, pageants, thrills, illusions, and disillusions of four social epochs; and there he sat as full of life as ever, a living embodiment of the romance and vitality of a typical Parisian, for he refused to leave Paris even for a day. There he sat, this man who was used to all the luxuries of the table, eating a plain omelet, waited on by servants who might have been phantoms from the past, he the only one there with a young heart and a fertile imagination.

But he was not master in his own house. The forbidding old valet was his master.

"Let them come the day after to-morrow," he would say in a surly tone; "we cannot receive them to-morrow." To which Auber would reply, without a tinge of ill-humor, "Very well; let it be after to-morrow."

This valet stood behind Auber during the *déjeuner* like some apparition at a banquet, as if to remind the composer of his age and to compel him to direct his wits to the irreparable past and his imagination to the inevitable future. But nothing could mar the placid, live-by-the-day existence of this wonderful man.

Auber and Rossini had been great friends. The director had much to say about the composer of "William Tell," whose funeral he had witnessed in the company of David the previous November.

"Alas! they are all passing away," he said to David at the funeral; "after Meyerbeer it is Rossini; next it will be the turn of poor Thomas."

The amusing part of this remark consisted in the fact that Auber was twenty-nine years older than Ambroise Thomas, who was at that moment enjoying the best of health.

On another occasion some one remarked that the composer of "Mignon" seemed much changed of late, when Auber replied:

"Thomas never changes; he was born changed."

The conversation turned on Rossini and his superstitions.

"Do you know," said Auber, "when I was in Rossini's company I always felt the influence of his superstitions. This Italian could do nothing without the aid of his charms to avert the influence of the evil eye. A few days before the representation of my opera, 'Le premier jour de bonheur,' I found myself in the company of Rossini, looking at the crowd skating on the lake of the Bois de Boulogne. I asked one of my friends who was there why she was not skating. She jokingly replied that she would not consent to run such a risk unless I accompanied her on the ice. I was just putting on my skates when Rossini took me by the arm and cried:

"'Unfortunate man! What if you have a fall just on the eve of the first night of your new opera?'

"'You are right,' I replied. 'I shall take no risks on the ice until after the *première*.'

"Rossini then began to tell us strange stories about the Comte de G—— and his evil eye, and some of the curious incidents brought about by this, when we suddenly discovered the count walking toward the lake, accompanied by the Duc d'A——, who was another caster of the evil eye.

"'Heaven preserve us!' cried Rossini. 'Let no one venture on the ice now!' at the same time clutching the coral horns that hung on his watch-chain.

"Hardly had he finished the words when we heard a loud cracking of the ice in the middle of the lake, where hundreds of people were skating. Several persons sank to the bottom. My friend fainted, and Rossini assisted me in getting her into my coupé, when we drove away. As for Rossini, he found it impossible to quit the place fast enough. This same lady was invited to dine with him some days later, and all through the dinner he talked of nothing but the evil eye, his horror of

Friday, and the number thirteen. Nothing could induce him to invite any one to luncheon or dinner on a Friday. You know, Saturday was his day. He then had company at both meals."

"But his miserable wife, Olympe, spoiled everything," remarked David. "The last time I dined there the macaroni was so good that I asked for more, when she cried out, 'Why, I thought you had been served.' "

"Ah," said Auber, the expression on his face being impossible to describe, "you did n't know the trick."

"What was it?"

"To dine before the dinner."

David listened attentively.

"Once, at a time when I ate much more than I do now," continued Auber, "I was invited to a big dinner-party at Rossini's, and I knew from experience the larger the company, the less one would get to eat. What did I do? I stepped into Bignon's about six o'clock and ordered a *consommé velours,* to be followed by a succulent *bifteck.* Just as I arrived at Bignon's I saw some one enter the establishment whose figure seemed familiar. It was Ambroise Thomas. He gave me a look of despair. 'What,' I cried, 'you are due at Rossini's for dinner at seven, and here you are in a restaurant!' Poor Thomas was the picture of a comedian when he hears some grave news, his face full of unutterable woe. But I came to his relief by saying, 'I, too, am on my way to Rossini's for dinner, so we 'll dine here together before we give Olympe the satisfaction of starving us.' Even then Thomas hardly knew what to say. I burst out laughing. You know his habitual melancholy. 'Ah, ah,' he stammered at last, 'but what will Rossini say, what will every one say, if this gets out?'

"When we had eaten sufficient at Bignon's we went to Rossini's, where all was ready for dinner. I noticed among the guests more than one big eater, and you know how Olympe detested such people. She took a delight in giving them bones. When the pheasant was passed round, I had my eye on a guest who I knew had a horror of bones. Olympe had placed him where he would be most likely to get the pickings of any game there might be. Now, if he disliked one thing more than wings it was legs, and he was offered a leg.

"One day four of us determined to play her a trick which would, perhaps, serve her as a lesson. We arranged to dine well at Bignon's, so as to leave us all without the possibility of an appetite for dinner at Rossini's. Seven o'clock found us seated in Rossini's dining-room in the best of spirits, certain of one evening's amusement at the expense of the amiable Olympe. We made a pretense of eating. We talked while some of the others were trying in vain to appease good appetites, and it was not long before the watchful hostess began to suspect something was wrong. Seeing how intrigued she was, we became gayer and gayer, and with the aid of some of Rossini's wine we ended by having one of the most amusing evenings we ever spent in the whole course of our lives. Olympe could not account for our gaiety, considering that we had eaten so little; but at last she must have suspected the truth, for during the next few weeks she gave her guests more to eat. But she soon returned to the old tricks, and the *mot d'ordre* became general among the knowing ones: always dine before dining with Rossini.

"One of our professors used to send Rossini a present of *royans,* those delicious sardines that come from Bordeaux; you know, they cannot be had here. Rossini requested him not to send the sardines on a Saturday, as that was the day he had company at both meals, and he preferred eating them alone. He gave one to Olympe, eating the other eleven himself."

"He was extraordinary," exclaimed David.

"He was just as amusing as his music was delightful."

During the last years of Rossini's life it was said in Paris that there were two courts, one presided over by the empress at the Tuileries, the other by Rossini at his salon. His genius, his wit, his inextinguishable humor were such that nothing could mar the fascination of his soirées, and artists, writers, musicians, and singers forgot or overlooked the proverbial meanness of what people called his "harpy."

The conversation turned on the inevitable quarrels and jealousies of composers and musicians. Hector Berlioz, that wonderful musician, who died on March 9, 1869, was discussed.

For a long time the compositions of Berlioz were regarded by many French composers and critics as the music of a madman. The same thing was said of the symphonies of Beethoven and the music-dramas of Wagner. Composers and critics quarreled among themselves like so many cats and dogs. Words fail to give an adequate notion of the malice and fury displayed by the different factions. Wagner opposed Meyerbeer, Berlioz opposed Wagner, while Halévy and Auber were regarded as the *bêtes noires* of Berlioz. Liszt, the only musician among them with a level head and a sort of innate cosmopolitan musical culture, did his best to make the works of Berlioz known in Austria and Germany while trying to make the genius of Wagner familiar to the French. Liszt had the true flair in everything pertaining to musical originality.

Auber, continuing the conversation, said:

"You know Grillparzer's mot? 'Berlioz is a genius without talent.'"

"And I heard Berlioz declare that Rossini had a pretty talent, but no genius," remarked David.

"Berlioz expected the emperor to appoint him director of music at the Tuileries, but I was appointed instead, and he never forgave me," said Auber. "I think," he continued, after a moment, "that Paganini helped more than Liszt to make Berlioz known. Paganini, as D'Ortigue says in his book, united in himself all sorts of glory; he was not satisfied with being a great musician and composer. In giving Berlioz twenty thousand francs, the prince of virtuosos made his name immortal. He gave Berlioz the means of working in peace and quiet for the space of three years. Paganini, after hearing a fine performance of Berlioz's 'Harold' symphony, declared that never in his life had he been so moved. He took Berlioz by the arm and led him forward before the orchestra, and on his knees kissed the hands of Berlioz.

"'Beethoven is dead,' cried Paganini, 'but he lives again in Berlioz!'"

After that people began to talk about the music of Berlioz.

Speaking of some of the pupils at the conservatoire, Auber said of a certain young lady whose nose was pointed and long, and who persisted in singing false, "If her hearing were as long as her nose, she would be a great success." He made the remark that he thought fewer eccentric pupils were to be seen at the conservatoire than formerly. David having brought up the subject of the tragic end of a young creole named Bartholomeo who was a pupil in Alard's class, Auber, who was well acquainted with all the details, said:

"There were some years when the conservatoire seemed to be given over to pupils who refused to be influenced or governed by any rules of classical art. The worst case of the kind was that of the unfortunate creole Bartholomeo. Alard had hopes of making Bartholomeo a great violinist, and began by letting him have his own way in many things, believing that he would settle down to work and imitate only the best examples. However, he was rudely disappointed. Bartholomeo began by astonishing his teacher and all the members of the class by his amazing execution. He did what he pleased with his violin. He played according to his own notions; he created his own rules. He was like many others who mistake eccentricity for genius. He was stubborn beyond any pupil we ever had. Alard said it was like trying to tame a musical tiger. He got it into his head that he was a second Paganini. He spoiled the most beautiful melodies by his absurd additions, ridiculous variations, the most outré combinations of double chords, an incessant vibrato, a perpetual reaching for the highest notes. He was Alard's *bête noire*. The unhappy professor came to me complaining that he was at his wits' end with the incorrigible Bartholomeo. What Alard feared most was that his crazy pupil would leave the conservatoire one day and announce himself as a graduate. Things got so bad that Alard was kept awake at night trying to devise means to tame his pupil. He asked me to hear him play and judge for myself. Before the creole had played a dozen bars I saw his case was hopeless.

"We all liked Bartholomeo; he was a good boy, but, as you see, he refused to learn. Examination day was drawing near, and this is what Bartholomeo decided on doing: he practised his *morceau de concours* for several weeks, secretly in his own room at his lodgings, not in the

way Alard had taught him, but after his own fantastic notions. He changed everything,—movement, measure, expression, execution,—adding double chords, *points d'orgues,* and all sorts of tricks and impossible additions until the original composition was hardly recognizable.

"I was in the presidential box on the day of the *concours,* and was prepared to hear something bizarre in the way of violin-playing, but I was not prepared for what I heard. Shortly after Bartholomeo began to play I could hear ominous whispers among the other pupils, and then from time to time ironical applause, all of which served to render the creole more and more *exalté,* more and more fantastic. I looked at poor Alard, whose face was that of a martyr. How was it possible for a pupil to play his master such a trick, and in full hearing of all the pupils and professors?

"Long before Bartholomeo ceased to play some of the pupils clapped their hands and laughed, while the violinist smiled with delight, thinking he was carrying all before him. When he ceased playing he felt certain he would carry off the first prize; he had accepted the general hilarity for an expression of unanimous approval. When the time came for the jury to decide, there was an ominous hush. I think I never saw an audience in such a state of suspense and agitation. You know how it is yourself at the conservatoire at such a time, but you never saw anything like the scene that followed. It seemed as if the jury would never return, but at last I received their verdict. I called M. Lamoureux, and he stepped forward and received the first prize. The unfortunate Bartholomeo, who was standing among the other pupils feverishly awaiting the verdict, seized the first string of his violin and broke it. I then had to announce the second prize, and no sooner had I done so than he broke another string of his violin. Imagine the state of the pupils by this time! I next had to announce the first honorable mention, and hardly had I spoken the name of M. Gros than snap went the third string of Bartholomeo's violin. Even now he did not despair. I called out the winner of the second honorable mention, and snap went the fourth and last string. It was my business to speak for the jury, and I named the third honorable mention. In a silence too horrible to describe poor Bartholomeo raised his leg and broke his violin across his knee.

"He returned to his lodgings in the rue Notre-Dame de Lorette, and died three days later."

We sat a long time at table, and at last David remarked it was perhaps time for me to take my seat at the piano; but Auber said:

"There is no hurry. You know how artists dislike playing after eating. Let us go up-stairs and look at my costumes, since you have expressed a desire to see them; by that time your protégé will feel in a better mood for music."

David had heard much gossip about Auber's astounding wardrobe at the top of the house. Everything here was a revelation to me. On the way up-stairs my head was filled with thoughts of a past I had not witnessed, of people I had never seen, and it was hard to believe that I was living under the Second Empire and not under the Directory or the doubly old-fashioned age of Louis XVIII, when some of the customs and manners of the reign of Louis XVI were revived and kept green till the overthrow of Louis Philippe in 1848.

Just before we reached the top I noticed a ghostlike figure moving slowly along the corridor like an apparition disturbed in its solitude, so old that it gave me the impression of being older than the house, older than the ancient furniture in the house, for the figure impressed me as belonging to a thousand remote souvenirs too strange and personal for utterance among the living inhabitants of the new Paris. The figure disappeared from view as we arrived at the last step, and without the slightest noise a door closed behind it. It was Auber's oldest servant. After having seen this interesting relic, Auber resembled a vivacious pierrot, quite in keeping with Baron Haussmann's modern boulevards.

But I had yet to be initiated into the secrets of the dress department of the composer's life and work. He opened a door, and we stood in a large, desolate room hung on all sides with the different costumes he had worn from the year 1808 to 1869. The look on David's face was one of absolute bewilderment. For some moments I was so absorbed in it that I was

on the point of missing some of Auber's comments. There was nothing in the room but suits of old clothes; there were fully one hundred and fifty costumes and hats, including all the fashions from the reign of Napoleon I down to the last years of Napoleon III. The sight was unique. But far more interesting still were the dates, comments, reflections, contained in a special note pasted on each costume, these reflections reading like the leaves torn from some old chronicle of romantic love and adventure.

Had Auber been a literary musician, like Berlioz and Wagner, he would have left us in possession of a series of souvenirs which might have rivaled the memoirs of Chateaubriand. One thing made this room a room of wonders: it represented the dead past of a man who was very much alive, absolutely contented, full of humor, witty repartee, and irony, a man who had achieved one of his greatest successes when long past his eightieth year, and was even now at work on a new opera. No flattery could turn his head, no success could make him arrogant; seventy years of hard work and good humor had left his heart and mind unchanged. In one word, he presented the extraordinary sight of a man who had spent all his life in the gayest city in the world without having become blasé.

Asked by the Empress Eugénie one evening at the Tuileries if he did not regret never having married, Auber replied:

"No, Madame; and less to-day than ever, seeing that Mme. Auber would now be in her eightieth year."

Rossini and Auber were the gayest and wittiest of the composers; Cherubini, Berlioz, and Ambroise Thomas were habitually melancholy and often morose.

We now went down-stairs to the salon, where Auber would sit in judgment on my improvisations, and where I felt certain there would be neither flattery on the one hand nor canting criticism on the other. I took my seat at the piano, feeling as much at home as I would among old friends.

At last, after having played for more than an hour, with my judge walking about or sitting, as the humor took him, Auber began his comments on my improvisations.

"What this young man needs most, like all beginners, is *la pondération.* I advise him to proceed slowly. Whoever tries to control his playing will fail; there is no system by which improvisation can be taught. I hope he will control his art, and not let impulse control him. He should never try to learn; if he does, he may become a conventional pianist. Have you warned him about invitations that will pour in from all sorts of people? I know how it was in my case. The great trick will be to invite him to dinner and expect him to pay for it in music. We have all been through that phase. Liszt told an Austrian princess he did not feel disposed to play since he had eaten very little of her dinner, and Chopin had a way of his own in dealing with them; but Vieuxtemps played a good joke on the Duchesse de D——, who wrote, asking him to dine in strict intimacy with her family, and to be sure to bring his violin. Vieuxtemps replied that he was sorry he could not accept, as he had a previous engagement, but he would send his violin instead.

"One evening I saw Schulhoff in a rage when asked by Mme. Rossini to play after dinner. Paris is a good school."

After this *déjeuner* invitations to dinner arrived in such numbers that I had to have the advice of friends in dealing with them. It seemed as if all the brilliant and gifted women of continental Europe resided in Paris under the Second Empire. The salon of the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte was a greater center of attraction for writers and artists than that of the Tuileries; the Princess Metternich, wife of the Austrian ambassador, wielded a social power greater than that of many crowned heads.

"MAGGIE MARTIN, 933"

A WOMAN'S VOLUNTARY WEEK IN PRISON

BY MADELEINE ZABRISKIE DOTY

Member of the Commission on Prison Reform

MISS MADELEINE Z. DOTY and Miss Elizabeth C. Watson spent a week last November in the state prison for women, with my consent and approval. The inmates, assistant matrons, attendants, and prison physician supposed they had been regularly committed. They were, therefore, treated the same as the ordinary prisoner. Their joint report, submitted to me, disclosed conditions and methods of discipline which I could hardly believe existed, and for which there seemed to be no excuse. The old idea that by constant physical and mental torture inmates would upon their discharge be deterred from again committing crime seems to have been the basic principle upon which the prison was managed. The week's torture suffered by Miss Doty and Miss Watson has resulted in the correction of many of the evils shown by their report.

(Signed) JOHN B. RILEY,
Supt. of State Prisons.

Albany, N. Y., July 24, 1914.

ON Monday, November 3, 1913, I awoke with beating heart. That day was the day. But suppose something should prevent the adventure? Then I laughed. To be fighting to get behind prison-bars with as much determination as the man caught in a misdeed struggles to escape was amusing. A queer topsy-turvy world, with its continual battle for that which is denied.

I jumped up and looked at myself in the glass. I wished I looked stronger. I knew the prison warden and the members of the commission questioned my strength. They said I might suffer harm from the convicts because some were colored women of hard and vicious character, occasionally violent, and I must look out for the blows. A little shiver of excitement attacked me. I was glad Elizabeth was to share my fate. Companionship breeds courage. She, too, I could see, was excited. We rang for breakfast. Sitting in our little, soft, white beds, we chatted and ate. It was good to be visiting where every physical comfort was perfectly cared for, only it made one soft and prison life very unattractive. The deliciously fragrant coffee and the thin, brown, buttered toast quickly disappeared as we speculated on what breakfast the following morning would be like.

All that day we wandered about aimlessly trying to curb our impatience. We visited moving-picture shows, and saw scenes of prison life far from reassuring. We had arranged to enter prison early in the evening. A policeman was to be at the station when the New York train arrived and conduct us to the prison as regularly committed convicts just up from the city. In this way we would hide our identity. With care we had constructed a criminal past: we were to be Lizzie Watson and Maggie Martin, forgers, caught in the same deal and sent up for from one year and six months to two years and six months.

After a gay little dinner-party we whirled down to the station in the electric. Soon the sound of the whistle announced the train, and we stepped out bravely across the platform to the waiting policeman. As we passed out of the station and up the street I could see our host gazing solicitously after us from his car. All the bright, cheery comfort of his home flashed upon me, and the desire for adventure ceased. I was glad it was dark and that few people passed. I sensed the feeling of disgrace this forced walk by a policeman's side, past the high, forbidding, gray wall, must engender. I wondered if Elizabeth also was beginning to wish

she had never come. Then we reached a great iron gate, and it opened and clanked behind us. In an instant the big outer world had vanished. We were shut in by a sinister gray mass with barred gate. A sickening sense of impotence filled me. Pride said I must go on, but I was afraid. I had reduced myself to a will-less thing that could be moved about at the whim of unseen authority.

What lay inside that silent building? Up the path with reluctant steps I journeyed. Why had I been such a fool? Surely my knowledge of prisons did not need this experiment to convince me of their vileness. But my sensations belied the thought. No written word had ever made me realize how great may be the fear of what lies behind those gray stones and barred windows. Only once before had I experienced such a dread, and that the day before an operation. The strongest man is shattered by horror of the unknown.

THE ENTRANCE INTO THE PRISON

But we had reached the front door, and it was opened, and we were thrust inside. I heard the policeman ask if he was needed, and then he left, and with him disappeared the last friendly face. I longed to clutch Elizabeth, but two matrons in blue uniform and white aprons stood guard. These women did not speak. They had evidently expected the arrival of two convicts, but they gave no greeting and made no inquiry. We might have been four-legged animals or express packages for aught their expression showed. They were curious and a little fearful. We were curious and very fearful. We gazed at one another like dogs at bay. Having sized us up, they hurried through their disagreeable task. Without explanation or comment we were led through twisting passages and doors. Then began that persistent note of prison, the locking and unlocking of doors, the jangling of keys, which is forever breaking the silence and beating in on one the knowledge, "You 're locked in; you can't get out."

We passed down a long corridor on which were the barred doorways of twenty cells. There was light in the corridor, but none in the cells, and I wondered how many breathing, restless creatures were gazing out. The jangling of keys and our footsteps must have told of our approach. At the end of the corridor in a small room was a bath-tub. Here the procession halted. Then more jangling of keys, and a little colored convict was released to aid with the task in hand.

In utter silence the ceremony proceeded, Elizabeth and I watching breathlessly what was to happen next. A sheet was spread for each of us, and on it we stood, taking off our garments one by one. It was all like a dream. The solemnity was so great we might have been undergoing an initiation into some fraternity. I had an insane desire to giggle, but the curious and hard eyes of the matron were upon me. Besides, my clothes seemed to be making no impression. I had forgotten before entering to remove my watch and gold cuff-links, and my long brown ulster had just come from London. Surely these things would be noticed. Moreover, only a few hours before I had bathed and put on fresh white underwear. But this also roused no comment. Evidently many convicts on entering prison must be clean and well-dressed.

Then came the bath, taken in public, with the aid of the little colored convict. Under direction, she scrubbed and scrubbed, we being told to keep hands off. Some one originated the theory that all convicts are dirty, and truly it is on that theory that the whole prison system is built. A convict means dirt, physical, mental, and moral, and is treated accordingly. That this may not be the case makes no impression. I was a convict; therefore, I was full of vermin. I saw Elizabeth's head being ducked into the same water in which she was bathed. With shrinking, I begged to be let off until the morrow, pleading a headache. To my surprise, the request was granted. But the next instant I was told to bend my head, and the contents of a dark-green bottle were poured upon me and rubbed in. The penetrating and biting odor of kerosene pervaded everything. A hot wave of indignation flooded me. Two days before my hair had been washed and waved and was soft and sweet-smelling. Surely my head might be clean, even supposing I had forged a check. But no, I was a convict, and red tape must triumph here as elsewhere.

THE TERRORS OF THE FIRST NIGHT

ONLY one small towel, the size of a table napkin, was given to dry both head and body. A coarse, white cotton nightgown, clean, but old, bearing the name of the last wearer, was furnished. Clad in this and barefooted, I was led to a cell and locked in. A few minutes later I heard the reassuring sound of the door in the next cell being closed and locked, and I knew that for the night at least Elizabeth was my neighbor. I tapped on the wall to make sure, and immediately there came a satisfying answer. I examined my bed. The mattress was covered with stains, but the sheets were clean, though coarse. I crawled into them. At first I did not notice the steely hardness of the bed. I was too occupied with my straw pillow. But the mattress rested on iron slats, and as the night advanced I began to trace the exact location of every one.

My light had been switched off, but through the bars the light from the corridor filtered in. Whenever I opened my eyes, that barred door obtruded itself. It glared down upon me, it seemed to run up against me, it haunted me, it forever reiterated the fact, "You are an animal shut in a cage." The little iron bed, the wooden stand in the corner, with its basin and cup of water, the three-legged stool, the yellow walls, the painted window—all were lost sight of in the presence of that barred door. That and that only, with the endless jangling of keys, became the center of existence. Drawn by a weird fascination, I crept out of bed and to the door, and, grasping the cold iron, shook it. But all was secure. Then I pressed my face against the bars and listened breathlessly. I could hear the breathing of other prisoners and occasionally a sigh. What were they dreaming or feeling? Already I knew the worst feature of the prison system—the brutal officialdom that treated human beings as though they were not human, as though they were cogs in a machine. Then I heard footsteps, the jangling of keys. The night matron was making her hourly round, and I scurried back to bed. Down the corridor she came, pausing at doors to shake them and jangle those keys, intent on reminding us of our degradation and hopelessness.

All night I tossed and turned on my pillow. The kerosene from my hair had made it sticky and vile. I choked with the odor, and, seizing my towel, vainly tried to rub it off; but it permeated everything. Frequently I knocked softly on the wall, and always there came an answering rap, and I knew that Elizabeth, too, was restless.

A dirty, yellow light struggled through the painted window. Morning had come at last. There were sounds of activity in the adjoining cells. A gray-haired old matron in blue uniform and white apron came to my bars and peered in. Her face was lined and sour; she uttered no greeting, merely gazed at me from head to foot, as though I were an animal in the zoo, and remarked: "A new one, eh? Came last night," and then moved on. I had a terrible sense of injury; surely she ought to see I was n't a criminal. But perhaps there is no distinguishing mark.

The little colored girl who had assisted the night before was moving busily about, helping the matron. Food had arrived, and she was distributing it. Slices of bread were left between the bars to be plucked off by the inmates. Then later the cell door was unlocked and a mug of coffee and a bowl of stew were handed in, all in absolute silence. The coffee was only dish-water, the stew chiefly a thick flour paste. I remembered yesterday's breakfast, and contented myself with bread.

After feeding-time the dishes were collected, and the little convict took them to the sink at the end of the corridor. I envied her her task, as I am sure every inmate did, just to be out beyond the barred door doing something, anything. The minutes dragged on. I had no clothes, so I lay still. After what seemed hours, the matron returned, this time accompanied by a convict, laden with clothes, and the little colored trusty. In the presence of these three I was ordered to take off my nightgown. Underwear many sizes too large was given to me, and a heavy, coarse petticoat of bedticking, also much too large, and finally the thick, white canvas dress, frayed and gray from washing. It was all in one piece, buttoning tightly down the front. The sleeves were much too short, the collar too low. Anything more unbecoming and degrading would be hard to imagine. It reminded me of

pictures of the clothes worn by slaves. A pair of speckled knit stockings and heavy, round-toed shoes completed my toilet. These shoes seemed to give the matron much pleasure, for she said, "See what fine shoes you 've been given."

THE SENSELESS NAGGING OF THE PRISON SYSTEM

I KNEW there was no good protesting, but I wanted to curse. Prison has a curious way of dragging to the surface all the profanity one has ever heard. Nothing else seemed adequately to express one's hate and indignation. I could hear Elizabeth making her toilet. Once I heard the matron's voice say: "Eh, there, git spry, git spry! Where do you think you are?" We had both been unmercifully hurried, for we were wanted in the office. As we left our cells I glanced at Elizabeth. There had been no mirror to view myself, so I was not prepared for the transformation. With hair slicked back and greasy from kerosene, prison shoes sticking out from a dress much too short, she was a ludicrous object, and I doubled up with mirth and snickered. Laughter in prison is a sin. The matron turned on me fiercely:

"Be still! Don't you know where you are? If ye hain't ever been in prison before, you 're in one now."

I pulled myself together and put my hand over my mouth, but my whole being shook. The gloom and horror of the night vanished in the light of the enormous comedy we were enacting. But I did not wish to go to the cooler, as the punishment cell is called, and with a supreme effort I controlled myself. Despite the terrible rush in which we were hustled into our clothes, we waited for a long time in a hallway before being called. We sat patiently side by side. I longed to lean over and touch Elizabeth and whisper, but our matron stood guard like a dragon, and when Elizabeth's eyes once sought the floor to gaze at a cat, she stormed:

"Stop looking at that cat! Look at the wall!"

Did the system of nagging never end? Was the prison system planned with the view to filling the heart with rage and hate? It is unwise if so, for prisons are emptied on an average every five years and the inmates sent back into the world.

In the office our names, addresses, names of relatives, criminal career, etc., were taken down in business manner. Then we were returned to our cells. In my ten by six room I found dinner piled on my stool, though it was only shortly after eleven. But to-day was election day, and a holiday for the matrons. Holidays, periods of rejoicing for officials, are days of torture for prisoners. On these occasions and on Sundays the convict is safely disposed of by locking him in his cell for interminable hours. I had thought much of election day, but somehow my interest was gone. It seemed unimportant who was elected mayor. Only one thing mattered, those gray walls. For this prison also does: it makes the convict center on self, on his physical discomfort, on a barred door. It suppresses human love, and robs life of its value.

I looked at my dinner. A great mass of coarse cabbage filled the plate. Hidden under it was a piece of corned beef. It was too revolting to touch. I made an attempt at the boiled potato, but it was soggy and cold, and I gave it up. In a bowl was a quantity of apple-butter, but this was sour, and I left it untouched. Bread was again my meal. When the dinner things were removed, we were told to keep a supply of bread, for no supper would be served.

We had no plates, so I piled my three slices of bread on my stool and sat on the bed. Then began an interminable afternoon. Minute after minute, hour after hour, dragged by. I paced my floor and sat on my bed and paced my floor again. There was not even a Bible to read, nothing to see or do. Often I pressed my face against the bars and listened intently. Two or three times I heard the cooing of a baby. Such a good little baby—a baby that never cried! The mother occupied a cell down the corridor. I had seen her rocking and feeding her child as I passed her barred door in the morning. Born in prison! What a fate for a struggling little soul that had no desire to come into the world! Once as I stood at my door I heard groans, then a voice:

"I 've got the devil in me. I can't stand this; if they don't let me out soon, I 'll smash things."

Another voice urged courage and gave assurance that to-morrow they would have to let us get the air and walk in the yard. A third asked:

"Did you see the new girls?"

One of the previous voices replied:

"Yes, I saw them when they came; they had good clothes." Then one of the former voices said:

"But what did their faces look like?"

At this moment our old dragon came tiptoeing in, and the whisperers were caught. I had been on the point of joining in the conversation. Lucky I did n't, for later I learned the penalty inflicted: three days of close confinement in the cell on a diet of one slice of bread and one gill of water three times a day; in addition a fine of fifty cents for each day of punishment, and days added to the term of imprisonment. After this excitement and the matron's departure there was no sound. The minutes dragged on. I had no idea whether it was two or six. I had lost all sense of time; all was dull silence. And this was the place where I had been told people were violent and used obscene language. Thus far prisoners seemed creatures but half alive, inclosed in a living tomb.

Occasionally I rapped on the wall, but the answer was feeble, and this bothered me. Presently I could hear that some one was violently sick. The sound was near. It might be from the next cell. I could n't be sure. It was horrible to be unable to give assistance. No one could give any help. No one stirred, and no one dared speak. Later, when the matron made her rounds, she paid no heed to the sufferer, and Elizabeth went uncared for, for it was she who had been ill. Her jar was not emptied until the following morning. Jars used for all purposes are emptied only once a day, and the small hand-basin filled with fresh water only once in twenty-four hours. I had already washed twice in my basin, and the water was sticky with kerosene. I did not make another attempt that evening. Besides, I no longer cared whether I was clean or not. At supper-time water was given to us, and basin and cup were filled. We had coffee in the morning, and tea occasionally for dinner, but only this one precious cup of life-giving water. I clutched mine greedily. Half should go for supper and half for the night; my teeth must go unbrushed. Would the day never end!

But twilight came at last. I undressed and went to bed. The bedclothes were heavy and gave little warmth, for the blankets were made of shoddy. I shivered with cold. Once when the night matron made her rounds I called softly and asked for another cover. This woman, like the day matron, was old. She was white-haired, feeble, and very near-sighted. She may have been a pleasing and venerable figure on Sunday, clad in her best, but as a matron she was a failure. She met my request for a blanket with annoyance. She must n't be bothered. It was n't her business to do anything but walk through the buildings. "You should have asked the day matron in the daytime for a blanket." Through this incident I learned the lesson all convicts soon learn: it is wisest to suffer in silence, for only suicide or severe illness compels attention. But my request for a blanket was unusual, and therefore troubled the old woman. Twice in the night she woke me. Once to say, "You 've a wash rug on the floor; use that if you 're cold," and the second time to reiterate, "You should n't ask me for a blanket; you ought to ask the day matron."

So I lay and shivered. I was horribly uncomfortable, dirty, hungry, and thirsty, and my bed grew hourly harder. The day had been a horror, but the night was worse. All my innate ugliness rose to the surface. I wanted to grasp my bars and shake them and yell. I would gladly join my convict friend in a smashing orgy if they did n't let me out soon. I, too, had the devil in me. Rebellious thoughts surged in my brain. What right had man so to abuse his fellow-man? What right to degrade him, to step on him, to ignore him? What right to nag and browbeat until he can no longer keep silent, and self-respect flares up?

What wonder if prisoners occasionally are violent! It would be marvelous if they did not grow to hate all mankind and come out of bondage bent on revenge. My heart ached with pity. One thing at least had been accomplished: I had become in spirit a convict. I was one of them.

The third day I awoke with dread. The end of the week seemed years off. I

could never stick it out. I had no idea of the time, but it was still hardly daylight. Just as I determined to rise the matron appeared.

"Why ain't ye up?" she demanded. "You should be dressed when I come. And what business had you to ask for a blanket? I 'll teach you yet. Now hurry, make your bed, sweep your floor, and be ready to empty your jar when I git back."

Like the cowed and obedient object I had become, I hastily obeyed. Active rebellion is rare among convicts. There is one consuming desire, to make good and get out. The hunger for freedom, the torture of bars, and the dread of punishment are so great that only the bravest souls refrain from lying, hypocrisy, the betrayal of others, and the surrender of self-respect in order to win favor and shorten the term of imprisonment.

I quickly despatched my tasks, and stood humbly at my door. When the matron arrived, she merely said, "Come." No instructions were given. Bucket in hand, I followed. Meekly I emptied the jar under her watchful eye. It was evident she awaited some blunder, that I might be reprimanded. The jar needed rinsing. Spying a faucet over a sink, I made for it. At last I had committed an unpardonable sin. The matron was upon me like a hawk.

"What do you mean?" she yelled. "That 's where we wash our dishes. Hain't you ever emptied a jar? Hain't you ever used a toilet? Hain't you used to any of the decencies of life?"

For an instant I was stunned, then my sense of humor came to the rescue; only, unlike yesterday, now I did not dare show it. I had become subdued. The dungeon rose before me. My perspective was gone. I seemed a real prisoner. Fear had entered my soul. Patiently I listened to a flood of abuse, finished my task, and returned to my cell.

THE ROGUES' GALLERY

But this day was to prove eventful, for it was full of official business. We were to be bertilloned and then examined by the doctor, processes all new-comers go through. In the middle of the morning Elizabeth and I with three others were summoned to the Bertillon-room in the top of the building. To be bertilloned is to have your photograph taken, your hands, arms, and feet measured, examined for marks of identification, and a general description of your personal appearance made. All this is then inserted in a volume for the rogues' gallery, and you have become a known criminal, easily identified by the police. Just outside a skylight room in the attic we sat, one in front of the other, like children playing choo-choo cars, back to face, that we might not look at or speak to one another. But I was on the end, and when the matron took one of our number to the adjoining room, I faced about and made mental notes. Elizabeth was back of me, and near her a dark-haired girl whom I shall never forget. Her mouth and eyes were passionate, her chin quivered, great tears rolled down her cheeks. Her manner was gentle, but her whole being alive. I wondered if she was French. Why, I don't know, unless it was the grace of her bearing. I asked her name and what she was up for, the first questions always asked by one convict of another. Her offense was that which Elizabeth and I had chosen, forgery. I felt sure she was interesting, but I had no opportunity for conversation.

According to orders, we let our hair down and took off our shoes and stockings. We sat back to face, with our bare feet curled about the rungs of our chairs like naughty little girls. As the little French girl stepped to the Bertillon-room for her ordeal, I noticed, with something like surprise, her delicate foot. Long ago I had discovered that beauty of figure and fineness of manner are found as often among working-women as among women of wealth, but somehow I had not expected refinement among convicts. That is why, I suppose, I thought the matrons ought to have seen I was n't a criminal, especially when I had on my best manners. With startling clearness it became apparent that there is no criminal type, no criminal appearance, no criminal manner. The man who made the Bertillon-records was not of this opinion, however, for when he finished my history and looked me all over he remarked in a low voice to his companion, "All the stigmata of criminality."

I wondered grimly whether the joke was on me or on the official. After all, the only difference between the criminal

and the average man, if there is one, is an exaggeration of type. When the convict is not defective, he is often unusual, original, a variation, and therefore more prone to be at odds with conventional society. He has greater force than the average, and has often gone wrong through misdirected power.

From the Bertillon-room we went back to the ward to await dinner. That over, we put on Sunday dress preparatory to a visit to the doctor. This costume consisted of a khaki-colored cotton-drilling shirt-waist and skirt, and was very satisfactory. So arrayed, I found myself stepping out with some importance. My head went up. It had been hard to be dignified clothed in dirty white sail-cloth.

Again we were summoned to the hall for another interminable wait. But if our time was wasted, so was the dragon's, for no prisoner may go about unaccompanied, even though escape from a locked and barred building, surrounded by a guarded stone wall, is impossible. Decorously we sat, eyes to the front, the embodiment of meekness, the eagle eye of the matron upon us. Presently a young matron, trim, pleasing, and efficient, approached. She and the dragon exchanged tribulations, and the story of my audacious demand for another blanket was related. I felt a second *Oliver Twist*. As the tale progressed, all the pleasing qualities of the young matron vanished. She became a hard, cold, glittering-eyed, vindictive bully. She turned upon me with fury. I was threatened and denounced in angry tones, and warned to remember I was a prisoner and entitled to no *luxuries*.

Through it all I gazed at the wall in vacant, meaningless stare, the proper prison attitude. Then came the sound of many footsteps. A group of prisoners was on its way to school, and must come directly past us. At last I should see some fellow-convicts. A short distance from us the little band halted, to put on the felt shoes they carried over their cumbersome leather ones to deaden sound. At this crucial moment the dragon's voice broke the stillness: "Rise, and face the wall." Elizabeth and I did not stir. Only when the harsh voice rang out again, accompanied by a threat, did we understand and obey. Memories of childhood and the old standing-in-the-corner punishment came to me. I had an overwhelming desire to peek round my shoulder, but dared not. The company slowly filed past. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Elizabeth, and suddenly the absurdity of our position shook me with silent and nervous laughter.

THE PHYSICIAN'S EXAMINATION

As we resumed our seats, the doctor's call came. I went first. As I entered the office, I wondered whether the doctor knew who I was. I hoped so, otherwise it might be embarrassing. But immediately I saw he knew nothing. I was merely a regular convict. First came the examination of heart and lungs and then questions concerning my health. When the health-card was disposed of, the doctor turned to my history. I saw he was interested in psychology. He was very kindly, the only official who had treated the make-believe Maggie Martin as a human being. It was difficult to make up a past on the spur of the moment. I stuck to the literal truth where I could. Presently he began to question me about habits. I denied drinking, but admitted smoking. The doctor brightened; he felt he was on the track of my downfall. He tried to lead back to the first cigarette. I grew embarrassed, but this was consistent with the part I was playing. The doctor grew gentler. Finally he urged me to make a full confession. I was fairly cornered. I could n't lie any longer; he had been too nice. In a burst of inspiration I gazed shyly in my lap and stammered, "I don't know you well enough yet; perhaps I might later."

So ended my interview. Elizabeth's turn came next, and I was worried lest she should not lie successfully. To my dismay, when she returned she was weeping. Had the doctor discovered her identity or had he told her she had some fatal disease? But the ever-present matron prevented speech.

It was now the middle of the afternoon, and instead of returning to our cells, we were led to chapel. Once a week, as a great privilege, singing is permitted for an hour. Again my hopes rose high. Now I would see the inmates. But we were placed in the last row, and only the backs of the hundred and twenty women were

visible. Tears were still in Elizabeth's eyes, and unable longer to restrain my anxiety, under cover of singing, I managed to whisper:

"What 's the matter?"

"Nothing," came the reply. "I 'm all right; will tell you later."

After release I found that Elizabeth, like myself, had been urged by the doctor to tell her story. Elizabeth, endowed with a vivid imagination, had entered completely into her part, so that she had no difficulty in manufacturing a life history. It was her own make-believe story of anguish that caused her to weep so violently. She told the doctor she was the youngest of a large family of brothers and sisters, and that she did the house-work while they all went out to earn their living. That in consequence she had no income, and was unable to have any enjoyment. She had forged the check to secure the coveted good time. The doctor had proved sympathetic, and Elizabeth cried copiously.

This story is interesting because Elizabeth is the most truthful of persons; yet the power of suggestion was so great that when a past was demanded, involuntarily she furnished one. This fact may well be a warning to investigators in their eager search for the histories of delinquents.

It should be stated here that the warden had intended to take the doctor into his confidence concerning Maggie Martin and Lizzie Watson, but in some way the matter had been overlooked. Personally, I am glad it was, because the fact that the doctor, a man of intelligence, failed to detect us is strong proof of how completely we had become merged in the prison population.

A DIVERSION

Reassured, I turned to observe my companions. Seated on high chairs around the side of the room were the officers, so placed that they could see the motions of every convict. I did not dare let my eyes wander, for already I had had a warning look; but I saw with some surprise that many of the prisoners in my line of vision were good-looking, intelligent women. A music-teacher was at the piano. The women sang well, and some with a will, as though even this form of expression was a relief. Then my eye strayed to the song-book. I saw Elizabeth's finger pointing to the words. With a start I realized we were singing

"Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the *free.*"

Has no official a sense of humor?

At the close of the exercises we were told that we were to move to another ward. I knew that the ward we had been in was a reception ward, and that after a time new-comers were sent to other wards and put at work. As far as I could gather, the sole object of the reception ward in this prison was to break and subdue the prisoners by isolation. Certainly it was not used for the purpose of observation, for no scientific study of the woman was made. The new-comer was merely isolated, given no work or occupation of any kind, all her meals were thrust into her cell, and her only resource was one library book a week. I had experienced forty hours of such confinement, and I shuddered to think of the days, weeks, and sometimes months endured by the average prisoner. Such treatment in the case of a nervous, hysterical woman, eating her heart out over some anxiety, easily causes temporary insanity.

Our speedy release had of course been arranged in order that we might have the experience of another ward and the workshop. Ordinarily, I feel sure, I should have been kept long in isolation. Already I had been spotted as one to be subdued. I held my head too high, and my smiles, even laughter, showed a freedom of spirit not to be tolerated. Elizabeth, with her tears and her sadness, was being less rudely handled.

It was an easy task to gather up my few possessions, consisting of comb, toothbrush, nightgown, and extra dress, and I was quickly transferred to a ward in another part of the building. This ward, like the first, had a very broad corridor resembling a large assembly-hall, off which on each hand opened the cells. At each end and in the middle of this big thoroughfare were great windows which, though painted, let in through the upper half a flood of light. In the middle of the hallway, in the recess made by a big bay-window, were two long, wooden tables. This space served as a dining-room for

the twenty-seven women in the ward. Down past the rows of cells I was led. At the extreme end of the ward, leading off on the right and left, were two blind alleys. Down the one to the left we turned. Five cells opened on this narrow hallway, and into one of them I was thrust.

A FRIENDLY CONVICT

I EXAMINED my new quarters. They were precisely like the old except that a chair replaced the stool. But I soon discovered that the new cell was more depressing, for the outlook from my door was cut off by the gray plaster wall just across the three-foot hall space, and I could not see as previously into the big open ward. Moreover, at the entrance to the alleyway I noticed a large wooden door many inches thick, looking like the entrance to some great castle, which, when closed, shut off this wing from the main corridor. I fervently prayed it was never pushed to. I had been brought here without Elizabeth, and I hoped against hope she would follow soon and be placed near. Standing at my door, I heard sounds in a near-by cell. Pressed close against the bars, I whispered, "Hello!" In a moment back came an answer. Listening intently, I heard:

"I don't dast talk; I 'm just up from punishment."

But my curiosity was great and my loneliness greater, and I persisted:

"What were you punished for?"

There was a little chuckle, a negro's chuckle, then came the reply:

"Well, child, I sassed the matron. I was all right until I was bad; I don't know why I done it. I just could n't help it, and I up and called the matron a ——."

Is one only a lady when treated like one? Certain it is that my colored friend's statement filled me with joy. I wanted to pat her on the back for her courage. My one regret was that this graphic language had not been addressed to our old dragon. Presently I ventured again:

"How were you punished?" and softly came the answer:

"Put in the cooler."

"But what is the cooler?"

"A dark cell in the basement where you only gits bread and water. I was there five days."

Evidently expressive language is an expensive luxury.

At this point there was the sound of many footsteps in the adjoining ward. The girls were returning to their cells for the night. Soon my neighbor was taken out and put elsewhere. Vainly I waited for Elizabeth. Supper was served or, rather, tea was passed. Bread had already been left in our rooms. To my joy, I was given a small can of milk by the doctor's order. I had told him I could not eat. It was good he had come to my rescue, for I was finding a diet of bread and water wholly inadequate.

The nightly supply of water was passed from cell to cell by a very tall colored woman who measured at least six feet. I soon discovered that her cell was next to mine. She and I were the sole occupants of what might be termed the servants' quarters of the main ward. I tried to reconcile myself to Elizabeth's absence, but I grew uneasy. The one redeeming feature was the new matron. She was a good-looking, middle-aged woman, vastly more human than our old dragon. She treated us like a bunch of children, and laid down the law with a mighty hand. But her voice, though dictatorial, was not harsh. Freed from a system which demanded that all prisoners be treated indiscriminately as the vile drainage of society, she might have blossomed into an effective person. She stopped at my door long enough to give directions, and said if I did not talk and behaved, there would be no trouble. Then she departed, and, to my despair, closed the massive door. My colored friend and I were alone in our fortress.

There was still light outside. It could not have been more than five. Time in prison is an uncertain quantity. It has to be guessed by the occurrence of daily events. What should I do until morning? The fourteen long hours to breakfast seemed monumental. Should I go to bed? But I could not sleep all that time. However, I was cold, my cell had no heat, and there was nothing to do. From the next cell came the sound of splashing, and I knew my neighbor was preparing for the night. I had just gotten under the covers when, hearing whispers, I hurried to the door.

"Say, what 's your name?" came the voice.

"Maggie Martin. What 's yours?"

"Minerva. I don't dast to talk now, but when the night-watch is on I 'll come to you."

"Come to me? How can you come to me?"

"I mean I 'll come to the door and talk."

"Before you go," I pleaded, "tell me one thing. Do you know where my friend Lizzie is?"

"The other new girl? She is in a transom like this on the other side of the ward."

Here conversation ceased, but at least I knew Elizabeth's whereabouts. I crept back to bed. It had grown dark. I turned down the light. I had been told to leave it on, as all lights are switched off at nine. If I put it out earlier, I would have to get up in the night and turn back the button so that in the morning, when the electricity was switched on, my light would flare up and waken me. It was a poor little light, wholly inadequate for reading; but, then, I had nothing to read. However, I had no desire for darkness, for the isolation of the place was gruesome. I lay staring at the electric bulb and pondered. Suppose there was a fire, or Minerva was taken sick or attempted suicide. What could I do? No sound would penetrate that wooden door. I imagined the scurrying for keys and the time needed to unlock the ward door, then the wooden portal, and last the barred door of the cell. It would be much too complicated in a sudden fire. No one would bother with us.

It was very depressing. I tossed on my bed. Would nine o'clock never come? Thank goodness for Minerva! Far from fearing her as one of those vicious colored criminals whom I had been warned against, her companionship was the one ray of comfort. At last, when it seemed as though it might be midnight, the hall door was flung open, and the gray-haired night matron, with jangling of keys, came trudging down the alley. Never was sound so welcome. Having assured herself that we were alive, she hastened on. To my joy, she left our castle entrance open. I learned from Minerva that she did this to save trips down our way, and that it was safer to talk with the door open, for her footsteps gave warning of danger. When the door was closed, and she opened it noiselessly, transgressors were inevitably caught.

Minerva, true to her word, now undertook to comfort me. We exchanged ages and crimes and dwelt on the horror of prison. Then Minerva, feeling further conversation undesirable without greater knowledge, began a series of questions prefaced by a statement:

"I 'm a sportin' lady; are you?"

"No," said I, meekly.

"Are you married or single?"

"Single."

"Do you write to your mother?"

"Yes."

"All right, kid; don't you worry."

So concluded the catechism. Then I tried to draw Minerva out, but failed. My fate was sealed. Having skilfully placed me, and finding I was not of the streets, but an innocent thing from home, I was not to be polluted by bad stories; rather, I was to be protected. Conversation languished. Minerva ordered me back to my bed. Soon we had settled down, but not to sleep. All night I heard Minerva sighing and groaning. She had confessed to the morphine habit. I wondered whether she suffered greatly. Sleep for me seemed impossible. Prison had begun to grow in on me. I could no longer take things lightly. The hopelessness, the dreariness, the ugliness of the life preyed upon me. But if I could not sleep, neither could many of the others. Faintly from the ward came coughs and groans all night long. Only when the jangling of keys and the hourly rounds began did the sounds cease. If mankind had been able to uncover that building and see into the minds and hearts of those convicts, what a sink of despair of aching and bleeding hearts, cursing their God and their fellow-men, would have lain exposed!

At the first peep of dawn on Thursday I was stirring. I ached with fatigue from a night of unrest on the hard, uneven bed. It was chilly, a cold November day, and there was no heat in the big stone building. Yet I longed for fresh air, and climbing to the window-ledge and pulling myself to the small, open space at the top, I drank in the morning freshness. I yearned for sight of the blue sky and tried to

scratch the paint from the window; but it was useless. The paint was on the other side of the glass. Then I searched for a peep-hole, and finding a paintless spot the size of a glove-button, I placed my eye at this. My reward was a glimpse of the yard and high stone wall. Discouraged, I jumped down, and struggled through a sponge bath in my scant quart wash-basin. In the hot, perspiring summer days this daily dash of water must have been tantalizing. As I was finishing my toilet, I heard the steps of the day matron. She paused at our blind alley, and then in commanding tones came the order:

"Maggie, stick your arm out." I hurried to my door, vainly speculating on what was expected. Then came further instructions: "Stick your arm through the bars so I see it. You must do this every morning when you hear me." So that was the way she ascertained whether I was dead or alive without the trouble of examining. Presently we were ordered out into the ward corridor, and formed in line. My eye caught Elizabeth's, but gave no sign of recognition. We had already learned one of the many unwritten prison rules, which is that any form of greeting between intimates is considered immoral, evidence of what is termed "lady love," and promptly punished.

In grim silence we filed to the table in the alcove. I noticed with interest that Elizabeth was seated between two powerful colored women. Elizabeth comes from the South, and has race prejudices. Will these survive, or will she lose all race consciousness, as I have with Minerva, and feel only a sense of companionship, a guard against loneliness, the kinship of a common cause?

In tense silence we ate. Breakfast is literally shoveled down, for the time allowed is the shortest possible. I could eat nothing. It was the same unpalatable stew and coffee, and the onslaught of the hungry women disgusted me. Yet as I stole glances at my companions, I noticed the neat hair and the clean hands even when those hands were worn with toil, and I was aware that the lack of table manners was chiefly due to want of time and pressing hunger. The hunger theory was soon verified, for when we were back in our cells and the matron had gone to her breakfast, Minerva whispered:

"Say, Maggie, if you don't eat, give it to me." I eagerly promised.

THE EXERCISE-HOUR IN THE YARD

AGAIN we had been left in our cells with nothing to do. At about eight, nearly an hour later, we were released, and again formed in line. Always there was the same grim silence. Minerva was tallest, and led us. Next to her came "Lizzie," while I was well toward the middle. Slowly we marched down-stairs and into the workshop, where, with hands folded, we sat at long tables. For five or ten minutes we sat thus, abject and patient, then a bell rang, and we were told to put on rubbers and capes. Somehow the luxury of rubbers seemed incongruous, in view of the many hardships, yet perhaps because they were a luxury the women took pride in their possession. Now we filed out into the prison yard clad in our little black capes, which came scarcely below the waists of our clumsy white wrappers. Upon our heads we wore a knitted woolen head-piece called by some strange freak of absurdity a "fascinator." We resembled a group of dejected little orphans suddenly grown old as round and round the yard we marched.

It was with a great sense of rejoicing that I felt the fresh morning air in my face and saw the blue sky overhead. I quickened my step, and I noticed that Minerva, with head erect, was striding forward with the power and freedom of some Greek goddess. I saw Elizabeth's arms begin to swing in rhythm with her body, but only for a moment; for an ever-watchful matron's eye was upon her, and she was directed to fold arms, walk in the middle of the path, and stop jerking.

Under this dreary régime the joy of exercise vanished as round and round we went in rigid order and forlorn silence. On three sides rose the red brick walls of the building, while on the fourth was the stone wall shutting out the world. The path ran round a struggling grass-plot over which hung the clothes-lines. It was all sordid and ugly. The spirit grew weary. By the time the fourteenth round was reached, one would give a kingdom to turn about face and walk in the opposite direction.

THE WORKROOM

At last the half-hour was up, and we were ordered back to the shop. I promptly attempted to sit next to Lizzie, but that was not permitted. Part of prison discipline is to separate friends, and I was placed at the extreme other end of the work-table. I saw with pleasure that Minerva sat just opposite Elizabeth. Our task was hemming heavy, red blankets. At another long table women were picking cotton. The dust from this rose, and filled the room, causing great discomfort and coughing. A few women were making mattresses, and there were some hand sewing-machines and three old foot looms. This was the extent of the industrial equipment.

There were fifty of us in the workroom, with three matrons keeping guard. They sat at high desks, glaring and silent, ready to scold or to punish if hand flagged or eye wandered. There was a big clock, and I watched the minutes drag by. But release came long before expected. At ten o'clock Ward VII was ordered back to their cells. I rose, and followed my companions. What was to happen? No less momentous event than the weekly bath. All work stopped; a morning was sacrificed to this task when, morning and night, prison life abounded in idle hours. Locked in our cells, we were brought forth one at a time, and scrubbed by the colored convict trusty in the presence of the matron. Each individual bath takes only a few minutes, and then the dreary hours to dinner-time must be spent in lonely idleness. The whole prison life is a hotbed of gross mismanagement.

The system is based on stupidity and ignorance. If half the common sense devoted to business were expended on prisons, the physical, if not the spiritual, aspect of these institutions would be transformed in a day. As it is, hundreds of working people are given into the State's care, and are taught nothing, produce nothing, are ill housed and ill fed, and their time and that of the guards or keepers is wasted. The result is an organization which manufactures criminals, and is maintained at great cost to the State. I begged off from a bath on the score that I had had one the day before, when changing wards. The rapid immersion of one person after another, in the same tub, with no proper facility for cleansing, did not seem hygienic or sanitary. Once a week, along with the bath orgy, clean underwear is furnished, and from these the new-comer must rip off the name of the last wearer, replacing it with her own.

I had finished labeling my garments with *"Maggie 933"* when I heard the matron ask Lizzie to sew labels on the dirty wash rugs of the cells, that they might be sent to the laundry. But Lizzie was busy with her clothes, and I darted forward to claim the privilege. For it was a privilege to sit in the open ward with something to do, even though the dirty rugs were nasty to handle. Even so small a diversion as this is precious, and I found that others, like myself, were eager for such duties. Keen rivalry existed for the privilege of scrubbing the floor.

At a quarter of twelve we had lunch in the alcove. There was the same speedy despatch of the same pasty stew. Then came an hour in the cells, and at one another dismal half-hour's march in the yard. At one-thirty we sat silently over our tasks. I made various experiments. First I sewed fast and then slow; sometimes I hemmed well and then ill. But all brought no comment, as long as one's fingers were busy and eyes to the front. To work faithfully for a State that ill-treats and ignores one is no satisfaction. Nor is the cent and a half a day that one rarely receives an incentive. The total of this large wage for a year is five dollars, but as a fine of fifty cents a day for each day of punishment is imposed, it is seldom a prisoner has any funds on release, even after a long term. Car-fare and the ten dollars furnished by the State are usually the capital with which the ex-convict must face the world, with small chances of securing employment.

So we stitch, stitch, stitch, and sigh, sigh, sigh, and do as little as we can, and move our feet silently, but restlessly. Visitors come, and we steal glances from under half-closed lids. We dare not look up, though we fain would see these well-dressed and happy human beings. The bent head and the downcast eye encountered by the prison visitor are due not to shame, but to fear—fear that a smile or a glance will be punished. The average

convict is as completely cut off from communication with mankind as though he were buried six feet underground. His one letter a month to the outer world is inspected, and he dare make no complaint. His one visitor a month must be seen in the presence of a guard or keeper, and he dares tell of none of the prison miseries. The few brave souls who have spoken have frequently suffered torture from keeper or guard. It is a cruel thing to give one man unlimited power over another whom we have rendered helpless. It is like giving a cat a mouse to play with. Human beings cannot wield supreme control without degenerating into tyrants.

But at last it was four-thirty, and the one event of the day was at hand. For ten minutes the barrier of silence was broken, and intercourse was permitted. But even these precious minutes were robbed of their joy, for a matron, with ear alert, listened to every word, and the friend with whom one would talk was placed at a distance. I longed to know how Elizabeth felt. Her face was white and drawn. Did she want to leave? But if I could not inquire, I had at least bested the authorities by sending a secret message through Minerva, who now sat next her. In a stolen conversation with Minerva I begged her to ask Lizzie how she was, and whether she thought we would be called out as witnesses on Friday or Saturday? The fiction that we were to return to the city as witnesses in a case had been decided on as the best way to avert suspicion when we made a sudden departure. I saw Minerva and Lizzie in earnest conversation, and I knew I should have my answer that night.

I turned to my companions, but they were as sleepers suddenly awakened, and utterance came slowly. To be commanded to talk, and to know that in a few short moments you would be stopped, makes speech halting and awkward. There is so much to say, and so little time. I noticed opposite me a round-faced, good-looking, good-natured young Irish girl, and I tried to draw her out. This was her first experience of prison life, as her young, carefree face showed. She had only a few more weeks to serve, and was counting the days till her release. She gave me some scraps of history of some of the others, but the matron was straining every nerve to hear, and we grew silent. We had hardly begun before a bell rang, and the moments of respite were over.

THE END OF HUMAN ENDURANCE

THAT evening I could not even eat my bread; it seemed to have acquired a prison odor. However, it was not wasted, for all uneaten bread was gathered up and reserved, a splendid method of transmitting disease. I had not yet had my message from Elizabeth, but that must wait until the night-watch made whispering safe. To-day more than ever the horror of prison life had laid hold of me. My endurance was at an end. I decided not to wait for my message, but to seek relief at once. As the matron left for the night I asked permission to write to the warden. To my consternation, my request was denied, and I was told that notes could be written only in the workshop in the morning. Then indeed I was a true prisoner; no power I could exert would release me before morning. To tell the matron I was a prison commissioner would be foolish. She would merely think me crazy, and clap me forthwith into the cooler as in need of restraint.

To be so utterly helpless was keenly disturbing. It required all the will I possessed not to make some desperate move for liberty. But visions of the punishment cells rose to confront me. My fear was great, and I did nothing. Vainly I tried to calm myself. I trudged up and down my room, and every second my need of freedom increased. Now that I knew there was no escape, imprisonment was not to be borne; my nerve was giving away. This would never do. Long before nine and the opening of the wooden portal, I was whispering to Minerva, and she told me that Lizzie thought we should be called out as witnesses on Friday, and I realized that Elizabeth, like myself, had had all she could stand. I invented excuses to keep Minerva talking, so much I dreaded solitude; but she was fearful, and begged for caution.

Sleep had become impossible. I went to bed only to jump up again and pace back and forth and cling to my bars. I began to have the horrible sensation that I had been trapped, that my prison adventure was a scheme to lock me up for life.

I imagined my friends so busy with their affairs that they had forgotten and forsaken me. I foresaw that the prison authorities would accept no explanations. I should merely be considered another criminal gone "dippy" or "bughouse," as prisoners call it when they lose mental control.

I pulled myself together with a start; I realized that I was on the verge of a breakdown. If ordinary prison life could have this effect, it was lucky I had not sought punishment in the cooler. The tales of its horrors rushed to my mind. I saw and felt the dark, windowless cell in the basement, which contained naught but a bag of straw. Into this damp, isolated dungeon the quivering, despairing human being is thrust, and when the victim grows hysterical, there is a canvas strait-jacket, in which she is strapped and left to lie on the floor, and then in the dark watches of the night, horror of horror, mice and rats issue from their hiding to play about the prostrate body. Little shudders ran up and down my spine.

I was glad my light still burned and that occasionally I could hear Minerva cough; but at nine the lights went out. Would the night never end? I imagined I heard groans. The girls in the ward over the punishment cells said they frequently heard cries. I must not give way, and with sternness I set my mind to the task of controlling my body.

An hour or so had slipped by when I was suddenly waked from a nap by groans that were not imaginary. It was Minerva. There could be no doubt. In increasing anguish, her distress mounted and sobs broke from her. I was at my door, but what could I do? I whispered, but she did not hear. I thought of shouting, but to what purpose, when no one could hear save helpless creatures like myself? Would the night matron never come?

Minute after minute dragged by, and the sounds in the next room as of a caged animal in torture continued. Sick at heart and faint, I clung to my bars. At last came those ponderous, solid steps. Would the matron hear? Surely she could not help doing so, the cries were so loud. She paused at the alleyway to listen. Then out into the darkness, in hard, cold tones, came the question:

"What 's the matter?"

Between long-drawn sobs came the answer:

"Such pain, such cramps!"

Breathlessly I waited for the unlocking of doors and speedy assistance, but again in short, curt words this church-going, benighted female flung back an order:

"Rub it, and keep still."

Despite past brutality, even I had not expected such cruelty, and Minerva was suffering too keenly to obey. The gasping moans continued. Finally a light was turned on, and Minerva was inspected. Then the heavy steps moved off and presently they returned. This time evidently with some remedy that brought relief, for after a while the sounds of distress grew fainter and ceased. So the night wore on, bringing with it no rest.

I no longer cared whether I made a success of my prison investigation or not. I had one consuming desire, to get out. I mechanically went through the morning task of dressing and eating, my whole being centered on the note to the warden. The workroom was hardly reached before I made my request. This time it was not denied, and with a prayer of thankfulness I saw the sealed note sent on its way.

My heart grew lighter again; I could observe those about me. Visitors came to the door, and daringly I reached for another blanket and turned my head for a glimpse of them. They had scarcely departed, under the guidance of a smiling young matron, when the officer who acts as industrial instructor turned upon me. Pitilessly, in the presence of the fifty other women, she derided and upbraided me for boldness and indecency. Her strident, masculine tones fell like blows. I shrank from her fierceness, and I saw in the demeanor of my companions indignant protest and a longing to rush to my rescue, but it all passed from me like water from a duck's back; for as I looked from the window I saw coming down the prison yard the warden's secretary. My heart leaped in wild exultation. At last my deliverance was at hand.

THE DEPARTURE FROM PRISON

A FEW minutes later we were sent for to go to the office. The eyes of all were upon us as Lizzie and I went eagerly forth. The fiction that we were needed as witnesses was carried out, and we were

told to hurry, that we might catch the noon train for the city. We were led to the clothes-room, and our possessions were returned to us. We found some of our things badly damaged as a result of the cleaning and fumigating that they had undergone. Several articles were missing. Elizabeth's stockings were not to be found. But such trifles were insignificant. Somewhere outside was the blue sky and great open spaces and fresh air, and our clothes were flung on anyhow and pieced out, where lacking, with the prison supply. The two matrons who presided at our dressing to make sure we carried out no concealed notes had become almost human. Under the spell of our approaching freedom they talked in friendly manner, and gave copious advice, chief of which is, "Take a fool's advice, and never get in again." Our assertions that we *"never will"* were vehement and forceful.

As we walked down the long hall leading to the entrance, my arm slipped through Elizabeth's, and I gave it an ecstatic squeeze; but though release was only a yard away, this unseemly behavior was not to be tolerated.

"Girls, girls, that won't do!" came the warning. "Let go of each other!"

Must all the beauty and sweetness of love and friendship be crushed in prison for fear that beneath it may lurk something evil? But only for a moment was our ardor damped, for just beyond the iron gate was the great green, fresh world.

With thumping hearts we emerged into the street; silently and timidly we moved toward the station, for a matron was with us, and our hour for speech had not yet arrived. In perplexity we pondered how to make our escape. Would this woman insist on seeing us on the train? This would be disastrous, for we had planned to seek refuge in the home of our former host. Fortunately, the train was late, and having safely landed us on a bench in the station, the matron made her departure. With furtive glances, like true ex-convicts, we watched the matron's movements, and as she left by one door, with stealthy caution we made for another, and hailed a taxi. Safely within, the floodgates burst open, and the pent-up speech of days poured forth. We were two pallid and wobbly-looking objects who climbed up our host's door-steps.

Two or three days later, before the news of our imprisonment had been made public, Elizabeth and I went back to the prison. We felt it was due the women that they should know our purpose in becoming prisoners, and not be led to believe we had been spying. As Elizabeth and I journeyed back through the long corridors to Ward VII, it was queer how the old prison feeling returned. The matrons were much disconcerted at the disclosure of our identity. The old dragon slunk off without daring to look at us. We stood at the end of Ward VII while the girls formed in line, and then hand in hand Elizabeth and I stepped forward. At first there was no sign of recognition, but I smiled, waved my hand at Minerva, and said: "It 's Maggie and Lizzie come back to you. Don't you know us?" There were smiles and starts and exclamations of astonishment. Then I told the women who we were, and assured them that our whole object in becoming prisoners was to help them; that I hoped we might succeed, that our hearts were with them and always would be, and they could rest assured that anything said in confidence would be guarded as sacred. All this time I watched Minerva's face. At first it was grave and serious, but at my last sentence it became wreathed in smiles. Then we all shook hands and talked. But the women hardly knew how to be friendly; it was too sudden a breakdown of the relentless prison barriers. As we left, one woman grasped our hands, to utter with passionate fervor, "You 're brave women."

Many times since I have been back to the prison, at one time to live for two weeks in the buildings. Then I learned the causes that had put many of my friends in prison. But the life history of the little colored trusty who scrubbed us, of the French girl of the Bertillon-room who turned out to be a Russian Jewess, of the Irish girl of the workroom, and of my colored pal Minerva, and what together we did to change conditions, and the success we met with—all that is another story.

A MAN OF ACTION

BY LAWRENCE PERRY

Author of "Mother," etc.

PICTURE BY GEORGE WRIGHT

MOLLY GLEASON was a girl with big gray eyes. She and Jack Mechler had grown up together. Now she was a stenographer, earning twenty dollars a week. Mechler was a building-wrecker, earning three dollars a day, together with some income through services of sorts for his district leader.

He had not made much of his life. He still had a clean body and a healthy mind, but no purpose. That was his trouble. This was in Molly Gleason's mind—was hidden behind the smile—when quite by chance she met him one spring afternoon beneath the tottering wall upon which his gang of wreckers was at work.

He looked at her curiously.

"It 's a good while since I 've seen you, Molly." A little note of hesitation was in his voice.

"I thought you were going into the fire department."

"Well, I am," he said.

Her gray eyes flashed at him.

"Yes you are!"

"Honest, Molly."

"Don't you remember," she went on unheedingly, "how you used to stand in front of old Engine 14 house after school, and how you used to say that some day you were going to be a fireman, too, and save lives, and put out fires? And what are you now!" Then she said: "It 's too bad about you, Jack. I 'm sorry."

"Are you?" He was looking at her with a strange light in his eyes.

"Yes, I am." She turned away.

"Don't you fool yourself; you ain't the only person that has got me wrong."

"Well, maybe not."

"You can bet not," he supplemented.

She suppressed a little smile of triumph.

"I hope so, for you 're too fine and big and handsome a chap to be risking your neck with a labor-gang." She paused a second as though weighing a thought, and then spoke with decision, "You must come around and let me know how you 're getting along with your civil-service study."

Before he could reply, young Cullen, the policeman, who had been guarding one end of the street against pedestrians, came up with an air of proprietary irritability.

"Molly," he said, "you ought to know better than to be standing out here under this wall; you go in the house." And Mechler noted that she accepted his command demurely, and without reply proceeded to obey. Mechler called after her:

"That 's right what you said, Molly?"

She turned bravely.

"It sure is, Jack."

She went into the house, and the policeman cast upon Jack an insolent glare. Mechler had also gone to school with Cullen, but now for the first time in years some instinct of new-born respect and nascent ambition caused him to look upon the rising young policeman as an equal.

"You go jump off the dock, Tom," were the rather homely words in which this new spirit of Mechler's found vent.

That night he cornered the leader of the district in the back room of the Uncas Club.

"Look here, Boss," he said, "I want to go into the fire department."

"Honest, Jack?" Newman looked at him and grinned appreciatively. "What do you want to be, a captain or a deputy chief?"

"Oh, I 'm not kiddin'," retorted Mechler. "I 'm tired of loafin' around."

The leader regarded him keenly.

"All right," he said. "I guess I can fix it. I 'll let you know."

"How about the civil service?"

Newman smiled.

"Oh, I can get John Larkin to make it right, I guess. You know the present fire commissioner has been trying to convince the civil-service guys that what the depart-

ment needs is not light-weights who know all about Napoleon crossing the Andes, but could n't stand a breath of smoke or heft a school-girl down a twenty-foot ladder, but huskies like you, who ain't long on brains, maybe, but has got plenty of the strong-arm stuff." He looked admiringly at the brawny young fellow before him, the only man in the district he dared not try to knock down.

Mechler nodded.

"That 'll be all right; if I go in, I want to go in right. I had pretty good schooling. I have n't forgotten it all, and there 's a little girl—" He stopped abruptly as he caught a gleam of amusement in Newman's wintry blue eyes. "Hell!" he said, turning away.

The leader laughed, then he said sharply:

"Come on, now; don't go off your ear. It would n't have hurt you to have had a girl long ago."

Mechler's first impulse was toward a sharp reply, but a surging warmth, something not quite understood, prevailed. Feeling a bit foolish, he explained:

"It 's a girl I used to go to school with. She 's got a civil-service job in the dock department; she can tip me off."

"Oh," said Newman, dryly; "meantime you better come down to 18 Truck with me in the morning and have a talk with Deputy Flint."

So next day they called on that officer in his private room, and the big, kindly fireman, who had had much experience with men, gave Mechler a lot of pointed information, and sent him home with a red-bound civil-service guide for firemen and policemen. That was the beginning.

Mechler saw the deputy chief three times that week, but it came about that he saw Molly Gleason about two nights of every week. She was very patient with him not only because she was interested, but because there were emotions of warrantable pride that her influence had been such as to withdraw a young man from aimless wandering in vacuous grooves to definite paths of strongly wrought ambition. Perhaps the emotions were sufficiently dominant, the intended goal so large and so worth while, that the subtle shadings, the overtones, as it were, were not revealed to her, nor perhaps to Mechler, in their full significance. Yet once, as she bent over him explaining a knotty point, her rippling brown hair not far from his cheek, he stopped short and looked at her vacantly, everything gone from his head.

"So, you see," she said, "you can't take eight from nothing unless you carry one—but you 're not listening, Jack."

"No," he said rather heavily, "that 's right." He laughed. "I guess my bean is all ivory to-night."

"Your head, Jack," she admonished gently.

"Sure, my head." He looked at her disgustedly. "Hell! I keep forgettin'—" He arose from the chair suddenly. "There I go again!"

He was through for that night, grouchily refusing her importunities to finish the review of his work, asserting he would return when he had more sense. She saw him out the door, gaily trying to dissipate his mood, and always in after-life that was the picture of her he remembered most clearly—a girl in a white dress rolling open at the throat, merry gray eyes, and lips half parted, showing flawless white teeth.

She did not see him again for a week, and then he came with a manner of forced negligence which secretly amused her, although it annoyed her a bit, too, since this, as it happened, was one of Cullen's regular nights. The young policeman arrived soon after, in fact, and obviously was not overjoyed at finding Mechler there, and sat sullen and morose until Jack took his departure, as he did rather earlier than usual. Cullen's demeanor had worried him only inasmuch as it affected the girl, whose manner after Cullen came was silent and preoccupied.

"I wonder what was bitin' him?" he mused as he walked up the street. "I 'll hand him one some day."

He had always been a bit jealous of Cullen, who had had an easier life. Cullen's father, indeed, was a wealthy contractor, and his goal was a police inspectorship, to be attained without tedious delays arising from such trivial matters as merit and the like. Already a Rhinelander medal had been awarded to him for gallantry at a fire, a rescue, by the way, that firemen who knew regarded as a plant, pure and simple.

Mechler had been a probationer one

month when his first opportunity came at a fire in a shirt-waist factory, with girls penned on the upper floors. Truck 18, first to arrive, sent its extension-ladders to the fourth floor, where most of the panic-stricken operatives were trapped, while Mechler and a comrade went to the roof, which they reached through the upper windows of the adjoining building, to open smoke-vents with their axes. Having done this, the two men made their way carefully down the sloping roof to the cornice over the street.

Peering over, they could see work of rescue going on at two of the fourth-story windows. But they also saw what the other firemen had not seen—a girl, almost concealed by the thick clouds of smoke, lying unconscious across a window remote from the ladders. Mechler sent his companion back to the chimney with the coil of rope that firemen on roof duty always carry with them, instructing him to make one end fast around the chimney. When this was done, the young fireman went down the rope hand over hand, picked the unconscious girl from the sill, and then in the most gallant and spectacular fashion made his way to the sidewalk, while cameras snapshotted him, and thrilled reporters surged about him, pencils poised upon wet folds of copy-paper. Mechler scowled, and refused to answer their questions; when they persisted, he expressed his annoyance in uncomplimentary terms, and pushed his way back to the building and thus up to the roof again.

This incident, being the chief of an exciting fire, was treated with fitting importance in the public press, by which, it may be believed, the rescue lost nothing of its thrilling flavor or a single absorbing detail.

That evening Molly Gleason sat on the porch of her home, a newspaper containing an account of the rescue on her lap. An ardent photographer had snapped Mechler at close range, and something in the face under the helmet had caused the managing editor to place it on the front page, at the side of the double-column story. And that editor was right, for in a way the face seemed to illustrate and typify the whole story, to give point to it. Something would have been missing without it; it was the face of a man who would do just the thing described, who was capable of doing more. There were animal lines to be discerned therein,—something that one catches in the lineaments of a tiger,—but there were human lines, too,—primitively human, perhaps,—and knotted, bulging jaws; short, thick nose; heavy brows; smoldering eyes.

Molly took up the paper and studied the photograph again. There was that in the picture before her to which all that was feminine in her nature went out—the fundamental attraction of the physically weak for the physically strong. There is a time in the life of every girl when she may wish to tame that which is wild in the other sex, an instinctive desire to which, in the case of this fireman, Molly had yielded, considering nothing that might lay beyond. Now in the graphic newspaper article before her she read justification. What he had been, what he was now, a saver of human life, gave point to her mood and made her proud. From the fact that on this beautiful spring evening a girl would be dead who was now alive, she took a portion of indirect credit, and there was something in this that made all she had done seem well worth while.

She thrilled now as she recalled the marked change that had come of late in Mechler's demeanor toward her, as of a man who had begun to justify himself and was minded to claim his birthright. It had alarmed her; but now, somehow, there was a fierce surging of joy, and at last, leaning back in her chair, letting the paper fall to the porch, she closed her eyes.

Cullen passed on his way from the station-house, and stopped for a few moments, as was his wont. She was strangely silent, and he picked up the paper at her side, meeting Mechler, as it were, face to face. He glanced hastily at the headlines, then let the paper fall. She understood, but said nothing, and the young policeman understood, too.

"Well, good night," he muttered in a strained voice, and walked down the steps and thus away.

That night Mechler came to see her. She rather expected him, and was glad; for she was still warm with her emotions, and filled with a sense of the added personality with which she had invested him. In this mood she had expected to find something akin in him, a flash of spark to

spark, fusing nature to nature. And it was as though she sustained a sharp and unlooked-for rebuff when she found him, on the surface, at least, as he always had been. If his deed of the day had much exalted or thrilled him in retrospect, that fact was not apparent. And it was like an iceberg to her. For a few minutes she followed his general conversation, careless as always as to phraseology and ideas, and at last, as though desperately determined to penetrate into his inner self, she broke in upon what he was saying, facing him with flushing cheeks and flashing eyes.

"I 'm proud of you, John. You certainly made good to-day."

"Aw," he said, shrugging, "there was some excitement. I hoisted a dame with a chestful of smoke out a window."

He said it not with self-consciousness or with embarrassment; merely stated a fact for what it was worth in a manner which accurately indicated the small value with which he appraised it.

"But," she protested, "that was a big thing, John. You took her down a rope and—" She checked herself, seeing he was gazing at her curiously. "Well," she concluded, "it was not much, after all, I guess."

"Not much," Mechler frowned. "The little fool hung out the window, where all the smoke was, instead of keeping her head on the floor. There was no fire in the room,—no chance of any,—and not enough smoke to have hurt her if she had n't gone off her head."

"I see," she said kindly; "but it is a great thing to save a human life."

Mechler raised his shoulders.

"Is it? I 've saved dozens of 'em, falling off the Canal Street dock—kids mostly." Then he looked at her. "I got my pay-check yesterday; I 've been saving 'em all, too, mostly—more money than I 've ever had in my life."

"That 's fine," she commented. "You should keep on, and you 'll have that dear old mother of yours the happiest woman in the world."

He looked at her full with his fire-lit eyes, leaning slightly forward, not as though to demand, but to take.

"There are other women," he said, "beside the old lady." There was no hesitation in his voice, which, indeed, ended with a snap.

For an instant she lowered her eyes, but there was no thrill now; instead a great wave of cold reason swept over her, an intuitive prescience.

"Your mother 's first always, John. Don't forget that when you have done everything to make her happy, and pay her back for what she went through with your father; then you can think of other women."

She rattled on, desperately running from subject to subject, drawing further and further away from the abyss which had been yawning to engulf her.

Mechler returned to quarters soon after, not knowing whither he had been led, but filled with the irritating knowledge that he had not said the part he had laid out, while not understanding why he had n't. After that he did n't visit Molly Gleason for two weeks. When he did, he met her going out with Cullen. What with talking and laughing and pulling on her gloves, she did n't see Mechler until they were abreast. Then she nodded brightly, greeted him over her shoulder, and went on.

That night, after Cullen had brought her home and they stood talking on the door-step, he took her hands and held them, and told her of his love, and then he clasped her in his arms right there on the sidewalk in the soft darkness of the spring. After that they sat on the step hand in hand as they had often done when they were boy and girl—sat in silence, listening to the sounds of the retiring city, watching light after light as it vanished along the street. She stood awhile after he had gone, drinking in the pleasant west breeze from gardens across the river in New Jersey, a far-away smile upon her face, as of one who has beheld something beautiful. A fire-truck went reeling and plunging up the near-by avenue into the heart of the night, the clangor of it sending echoes through the street long after it had passed. Mechler probably was on it. She thought of him, and her smile deepened.

Yes, she would continue to be his friend, to follow his career with that proprietary interest which was her right, and of course he would understand, as indeed he must have understood throughout, the utter gulf which lay between that and anything different. Its impassable width and illimita-

ble depth of course he had understood. So now there were no misgivings, no regrets.

Mechler, curiously enough, came the next evening on his way to a theater detail, and Cullen, who was talking to her on the porch, left abruptly without as much as a nod to the fireman.

"What 's the matter with that guy, anyway?" he growled, lowering at the retreating form.

She laughed nervously. She had been wondering how to tell him. Here was the opportunity.

"Tom always is jealous when I even look at any other man. Is n't he silly!"

Mechler stared at her.

"Why should he be jealous?"

Again she laughed, flushing as her eyes met his.

"Why," she said, "I thought you knew. We 're engaged to be married."

Something of a dignity she had never marked in him before came into his whole bearing and into his voice.

"No," he said softly, "I did n't know." He paused, and then, looking at her straight, said in a tone she did not know he possessed: "Well, Molly, that 's all right. You understand what I mean when I say that 's all right?" He looked at her face, expressionless now, and added, "You know what I mean, don't you?" Then he added: "You 've been a good girl to me, Molly. You 'll never regret it. That 's what I mean." He turned away.

"But, Jack," she cried as he started down the steps, "I—"

His gesture interrupted her.

"Don't say anything more, Molly. What 's the use? Don't you worry. I 'm going up to the Ariel Theater now, where they 're having a brand-new burlesque; there 's always a lot of fun behind the scenes. Don't fret a bit; it 's all right."

Thus he walked away, while, to her amazement, not at all understanding, she broke down.

"O God, O Mary," she prayed, "don't let me be the cause of sending a soul I tried to save to hell!"

Mechler, as he walked away, realized at every step, in ever-increasing degree, the magnitude of the ruin which had piled about and over him. His instincts were not altogether refined, but certainly he was suffering now more deeply and feeling more keenly than ever before in his life. It was as though the collapse of a vague dream had served to formulate in his mind a living conception of that dream, every detail clearly defined, presenting in its entirety thrilling realization of that which had gone beyond his grasp. And thus knowing, something in his nature found vent, something submerged, which moved him with untold force. While he did not know it, the love which had developed in him for this girl was the biggest thing his soul had ever known, and so, in the killing of it, was touched something that lay at the very core of his being. So there was no impulse to get drunk or to pick a fight with some one. It was an emotion that, while not understood, did not frighten him; indeed, it filled him with something akin to a state of absolute peace. He went his way, and his soul was free, far from the verge of that region whence Molly Gleason had prayed that he be delivered.

That his mood was not a passing one became evident as the days went on. As though the first vitally deep shock he had ever received had altered the entire trend of his nature and instincts, so he was translated, as it seemed, into a new personality. It was marked in a minor way in resplendent additions to his civilian wardrobe, in jewelry purchased by instalments from gentlemen of Maiden Lane, who find lucrative trade at fire-houses, in his self-conscious demeanor before the young women of the Globe Theater Burlesque, as well as in the persons of the other sex in general.

He had suffered a hard blow, had been struck deeply, and he was interested in subjective probings designed to keep his wound from healing and the pain from subsiding. But more specially was this change to be noted in his professional career. In all fire-companies there are devil-may-care fellows not given to counting the cost of things, and there are those whose imagination casts always ahead, and causes them to hang back when some deed involving extra hazard is to be done. Upon the first a captain comes to depend; they are the strength of his elbow, and there he always finds them. Of such as these Mechler had been preëminently; but now in some subtle way his captain had divined he was so no longer. Not that any element of cowardice was to be de-

tected; it was merely that in emergencies the brawny young fireman was not there with that superb, if unconscious, élan, that wonderful surge and sweep of indomitable personality, that formerly had characterized him.

In quarters he was moodish, but always docile, living very much within himself. His captain told the deputy chief that Mechler had developed a yellow streak a "foot wide"; but John Flint, who knew many things, only shook his head and smiled.

On his days off Mechler made it a practice to walk through the street on which Molly Gleason lived, sometimes catching glimpses of her as she sat on the porch, but never permitting himself to be seen; and when in October they were married, he took pains to identify the building in which the young couple had taken an apartment. Often at night he would walk thither, standing upon the opposite side of the street, gazing up at the two lighted windows of their home; and then he would drop in upon a girl he recently had met and tell her again the story of his great sorrow, while she listened bravely and patiently, smiled sympathetically, and showed an interest as deep as though this were the first time he had ever told her his story.

In quarters at night he slept restlessly, and dreamed romantic dreams, and was a general nuisance to his comrades.

There came a brilliant summer afternoon when Molly met him going off duty, and before he knew, or could think of anything definite, she was leading him to her new home, which he inspected in silence and left her, having uttered little more than monosyllables throughout. She wondered after he had gone if she had done right in showing him her husband's Rhinelander medal for gallantry, although he had given no sign upon viewing it of any emotion whatever. As firemen will, however, he studied the apartment minutely, hardly knowing he was doing so. That night behind the scenes of the Ariel Theater, where he had detail one day of every week, a girl mischievously presented her lips in tempting manner. He suddenly drew her to him, and when he released her she was a thoroughly frightened and rumpled young woman.

He returned to quarters before eleven o'clock, nodded vaguely to the man on watch, went carelessly to the truck, picked a life-belt from the basket, and thrust it between the rungs of a ladder, on top of his helmet and rubber coat. The company had not "rolled" since seven o'clock in the morning, and this, for that busy company, was as unusual as it was welcome. The men, as a consequence, were boisterous, in high spirits; card- and checker-games were proceeding with laughter and good-natured wrangling, and two towering fellows were turkey-trotting to the strident music of a phonograph.

Mechler regarded the scene glowerингly; somehow the confusion made him nervous. He took off his coat, picked up an evening newspaper, and sat down. But he could not follow what was written. Something was the matter with his head, he guessed, a throbbing—no, not a throbbing, exactly; but a curious sensation as though instincts or emotions were trying to make themselves legible. What had led him to the meeting with Molly and the visit to her apartment that day? Why had he picked up that life-belt? What was up, anyway?

Long after the games had ceased and the music died away, he sat in the chair under the light, his eyes half closed. At last he walked mechanically along the rows of cots where his comrades were sleeping like logs and lay down.

At exactly three-thirty in the morning he shot up from his cot, slipped into his "turn-outs," and without a glance about him, with eyes, in fact, only half open, ran to the sliding-pole and flashed down to the second and then to the main floor. In his brain, as he stood there reeling dizzily, while the man on watch flung down his newspaper and advanced toward him inquiringly, there flashed again and again the signal "six-three-six," and then as Mechler turned and pointed silently toward the stalls, the signal "six-three-six" did indeed clang forth from the brazen gong. Like a flash the watchman sprang to the desk, released the catch for the stalls, and the great horses clattered to their places, while man after man whizzed silently down the burnished poles, and sprang to places on the running-board. Mechler stood as he had been standing until a man jostled him. Then suddenly

he became fully awake, and realized that an experience which has befallen several New York firemen—hearing in sleep an alarm from a box a minute before that box had actually been pulled—had now come to him.

He leaped into his place as the hook and ladder rolled out of the house, quivering in every nerve not, as he knew, so much as a result of his strange psychological experience, although that worried him, as through a sense of something lying ahead—something sinister, something that had been upon his mind all night.

The first hints of dawn were filtering through the streets as the truck turned the corner and squared away up the avenue. There was a clear course, the thoroughfare was deserted, and the driver, knowing his company was due first, urged his horses to frenzy. Through the dead, pallid gloom the great apparatus reeled and plunged, sparks rising under hoof-beats, bell turning over and over in rising and decreasing cadence, the siren wailing and shrieking. As they swung around a corner, a pungent cloud of spark-laden smoke assailed the faces of the men, and from a six-story building seven doors down a sheet of gaseous flame broke from an upper window and trailed off, lighting for an instant the headlong descent of a falling body.

"My God!" The captain, standing on the platform beside the driver, seized the extension-crank and began to elevate the sixty-five-foot ladder before the truck had stopped or had even swung into position.

Mechler had uttered only one word, answering his captain's exclamation as they turned the corner—the low, dry, sobbing cry, "Molly!"

Then buckling on the life-belt, which he had carried throughout, he flung himself from the truck, going at the top of its speed though it was, and ran to the burning apartment. As he reached the door, out of which was bellying a cloud of choking, black smoke, he paused for an instant, just as he had paused of late when the going had been unfavorable. But now it was because he was dazed, his brain not working. A voice, a choking voice, came from the third-story window above his head.

"A ladder, for God's sake!" It was a policeman, leaning over the sill, fighting for breath, a limp and lifeless form in his arms. A spark had lighted upon the neck of the off horse of the hook and ladder, and he was plunging and rearing wildly, defeating the efforts of the driver to get the apparatus in such position that the extension-ladder could be thrown against the upper windows. And the captain was cursing. Mechler saw one of the truckmen seize a thirty-foot ladder that had been dropped, as was the custom, to the sidewalk, and slam it against the window that framed the patrolman and his burden—saw him mount the rungs with simian agility. That policeman was *not* Cullen.

No, the Cullens were on the fifth floor. Then the whole situation came to him as when he had leaped from the running-board. With a little cry he took a sponge from his pocket and, leaning down, applied it to a spurt of water shooting from a coupling in a line of hose just stretched in. As he arose, a form crashed down at his side. Mechler looked at the huddled figure hastily, and with a sigh of relief; it was an old man.

An engine company was stretching in to the doorway, and a group of men with heads lowered were slowly forcing their way through, a battalion chief in the lead, calling back to them to come on. Save for his voice, and a low, throbbing hum like water going through a sluice, there was silence. Mechler dived past those at the nozle, came abreast the vague form of the battalion chief, who uttered a profane exclamation and flashed his electric lamp at the figure which plunged past him and disappeared into the terrible region ahead. The stairs leading to the various floors were built in a well, and up that chute the flame was pouring, a sinuous, undulating pillar of fire, appalling in its soft, purring force. The first flight was already gone, and Mechler, the wet sponge tight between his teeth, gagging slightly, saw no hope here. Then he remembered the fire-escapes in the rear of the building. Hastily stepping over the men at the nozle, prone on the floor, he made for the door, and stumbled into the air.

The door of the adjoining building had been opened, and men, with a line of hose, were making their way through, bound for the rear yard. Mechler, bearing in his hand a scaling-ladder that he had

Drawn by George Wright

"HE THRUST OUT HIS FOOT AND KICKED THE SIDE OF THE WALL"

picked up from the sidewalk, ran past them and, in back, found firemen hacking down the high board-fence which separated the two yards. He threw his ladder over, leaped upward, caught the top of the fence, tearing his hands on the barbed wire, drew himself up, nevertheless, and dropped to the other side. Then he stopped short with an oath. The fire had burst through the back of the two lower floors, was licking and curling about the fire-escapes; they were red-hot. The yard was filled with tenants who had descended in the nick of time. Most of them were in their night-clothes, or curiously garbed in makeshift attire. There were calls, one for another, and low cries of joy when families were reunited, or piercing exclamations of grief that announced a loved one missing. In the dim, uncertain light, with the heavens slowly whitening above, they all seemed like figures gyrating in an inferno. Mechler nearly stumbled over a woman kneeling on the hard flags, a little white-robed brood about her. She was praying, and the fireman heard no note of mourning in that voice. Through the mass he plunged, with hardly a glance at either side. Somehow he knew the Cullens were not there. He jammed his scaling-ladder through a first-story window and, gaining the sill, made his way to the second story. There, leaving the ladder hanging and swaying, he swung over and caught the fire-escape at the third floor. Smoke and sparks and an occasional puff of flame enveloped it, and as Mechler seized the iron rungs to climb upward, his foot struck a soft figure huddled in a corner.

He looked down, and then, outlined against the glare from the flames beneath, he recognized Cullen. He was in his pajamas, his face white, agonized, working. He was pointing upward.

"She 's up there. Get her, for the sake of Christ!"

Mechler's answer came in a roar:

"Why did you leave her? What room is she in?"

"I don't know! I don't know!" came the thick reply. "Save her, Jack! God! why don't you hurry!"

Mechler in fury took off his helmet and threw it at the man.

"Hero!" His angry curses were lost in the roar and rumble of the fire as he climbed swiftly upward through the choking fumes and smoke.

At the fifth-floor platform he found the window open and the smoke belching out. It led into the kitchen,—this he remembered,—and beyond that was the dining-room, a large and small bedroom, and a sitting-room. Clapping the wet sponge to his mouth, he lowered his head and stepped in. The smoke was suffocating; even an electric light, hanging above the middle of the room, gave forth not a firefly's glow. If she was in this room, she would be near the window. He felt with his feet, but she was not there. Then, as though led by instinct, he made straight for the dining-room, colliding with the table and upsetting it, but passing straight on to the bedroom. He could hear the flames seething outside, could see the dull, pulsing glow through the hall-door transom. His breath failed him. He choked and coughed, and could not get his wind until he threw himself upon the floor, where even in the thickest smoke there are currents of air. And thus driving forward on hands and knees, he pawed until he found the bed, upon which he threw himself, passing his hands roughly over the heaped-up sheets and blankets. Sometimes, he knew, people remained in bed, with heads covered, and thus died either there, at the windows, or more probably under the bed. This had been his teaching and experience.

It was under the bed, in fact, that he found her. The air there had kept her alive and partly conscious, so that as his hands closed about her shoulders her arms went about his neck in a death-grip. She was in her night-dress, and Mechler dragged her along the floor, her face almost touching his, her soft arms buried in the muscles of his neck, gagging and strangling. She was muttering inarticulately.

The roar of the fire was now as the sweep of the wind through a pine forest; the entire building seemed to quiver; and yet in the room everything was strangely quiet. He could hear a little clock ticking peacefully. From somewhere outside came that terrible whir, to be likened unto nothing so much as shrapnel tearing through the air, warning of the imminence of the dreaded back draft, which firemen hear only to drop everything and run. But Mechler was not thinking of running. He

had lost his bearings, had missed the door, and now rising, drawing his clinging burden with him, he felt for the wall. A soft-fringed substance met his hand, a garment, and then another; then he knew he had entered a closet. He had noted it the preceding afternoon, chiefly because the door was open and her clothes were hanging there. It set in the wall, he remembered, between the bed and the dining-room door. He found the closet exit by reaching out with his foot, and, passing out, made his way along the wall to the right.

There he found, as he expected, the angle of the wall, and then the door leading out. He knew his way now. Preparing for a swift dash through the two remaining rooms to the window by which he had entered, he shifted one hand to the girl's knees, and slung her over his back like a sack of meal. Then, as he crossed the threshold, the whirring and rattling, which had gone on with ever-increasing force, broke in shrill crescendo; there came a frightful roar, and the door leading from the dining-room into the hall was blown in, together with a portion of the wall, while the flames, mushrooming into the apartment, interposed to his further course an impassable barrier. The viewless dark was lighted now with a blood-red light, and the heat bit at the fireman's face and singed his eyebrows.

Clearly, the rear of the apartment was cut off. He turned, retracing his steps. A puff of flame followed, and seared the back of his hand. On the floor his foot encountered a blanket; this he picked up and flung over the girl's head. As he entered the smaller bedroom, desperately plunging ahead now, the bed took fire, adding the deadly fumes of burning hair to the throttling smoke. So at length he reached the front-room window, where he knew there were no fire-escapes, but hoped to find a ladder within reach.

But there were none there. Laying the girl on the floor, he leaned out over the street and called. The extension-ladder, he could see, was against the other corner of the building, while that of another truck was against the middle of it. There would not be time to move either of them. There came an answering call from the street, and the pale finger of a search-light swept to his face. He could see men running to a hook and ladder, but now he knew they would be too late, even if there were ladders tall enough to reach him, for the fire had entered the room, was in fact licking up the furniture at his very heels; it was impossible for him to remain there longer. Placing the girl once more upon his shoulder, he made his way out on the window-ledge. There, balancing himself upon the precarious footing, he closed the window and then, swaying for a moment, caught a piece of copper facing, and thus sustained himself. With the pouring smoke thus shut off, he caught his first breath of fresh air, and he drank of it deeply, for it freshened him and gave him new strength.

The blanket had fallen from the girl's head, and now hearing her moan, he knew for the first time since fleeing before that sheet of flame that she was alive. Below, they had thrown a ladder from a truck, and were running with it to the curb; but as they reached it, the flames belched forth from the lower story windows and enveloped it. With a rush and roar the flames blew out Mechler's window. A groan went up from those in the street as he edged his way to the very end of the coping. He must fall soon or jump, and firemen gathered underneath with a life-net, which they knew, at that height, would serve but little more effectively to break the fall than a spider's web.

The fire was at his legs, his boots melting; but seeing no hope, he grimly shut his teeth, with a resolve not to let go the girl, whatever happened. And then as the fire set his trousers to smoldering, there came a sharp cry from overhead. Looking up, a noose-end of a rope touched his head, and he saw two shadowy forms leaning over the cornice of the roof above. Quickly as thought he shifted his arm which supported the girl, so that he could pull her from his shoulder into the hollow of his arm, and then, releasing his hand from the copper facing, seized the noose and, reeling on the edge of the sill, passed it over his right shoulder and under his left arm. With a cry of warning, he abandoned his balance and fell outward into space.

As the man and woman hung dangling over the sidewalk sixty feet below, the men above strained on the rope. But there were only two of them, and their

strength was not sufficient to overcome the resistance of weight. Upward went the fireman and his burden about two feet; then they slid back. From the street even the search-light, as though unwilling further to define the tragedy, shifted from the suspended fireman and the woman he had tried to save. A voice came from overhead. "Drop her! Drop her!"

But Mechler shook his head. No, he would not drop her. Something innate prevented any thought of that. A tongue of flame reached outward, bit at the rope, and then disappeared. A picture of the crushed and lifeless form huddled upon the sidewalk, which he had stepped over as he had entered the building, came to him, but as to a man whose mind was proof against realizing all its horror. He turned his head, glancing about to find some way to prolong a losing fight. An exclamation shot from his lips.

The window before which they hung was outside the extreme corner of the house. Just beyond, perhaps five feet away, was a window of the adjoining building—safety, if it could be reached. But how? Oh, he must reach it! Then he could win out, could lick the fire, could hand death itself a wallop. Suddenly, swaying, turning, twisting, he thrust out his foot and kicked the side of the wall. This, as he expected, caused him to swing slightly toward the other building. He moved his body from the hips to accelerate the swing, and then, returning, kicked the wall again, this time a mighty blow, which sent the hanging couple swaying almost up to the neighboring sill. He shouted to the girl to release her hold upon him, but she groaned, and clung the tighter. Again he shouted, and then as her fingers closed the more desperately, he poised his fist a few inches from her jaw, and let her have it without mercy and without compunction. Molly Gleason! With a sigh she relaxed in his arm, and then as with pendulum swing they rose to the window, he thrust her through sash and all, so that she fell into the room, while he, on the next swing, followed her, and a sigh came up from the street below.

As he tumbled into the room, the tenants were already putting the girl, slightly, but not seriously, cut by the glass, into a bed. She was conscious now, but weeping hysterically. He came to the bed and stood for a moment looking at her, mechanically releasing the rope from about his shoulder. Something seemed to have snapped in his brain. Through him was surging all the thrill of dramatic action in the last few minutes, the sheer joy of deadly danger overcome, set at naught. It was as though his nature had sustained some powerful reaction; and indeed, it had. And in the process Molly Gleason was translated from what she had been into what she now was—the weak and hysterical object of an act which was all in all to Mechler not because of the personal element or the details involved, but because of the outlet it afforded for something of which his nature demanded relief, and always would demand relief as long as strength and youth were his, to the exclusion of everything else, just as Molly Gleason had long ago recognized.

So now when an occupant of the room, an overwrought young woman, uttered a cry and attempted to kiss him, he pushed her roughly away, and returned his gaze to the figure on the bed. Her arms were outstretched now.

"Tom, Tom," she cried, "I knew you would save me!"

Tom! Mechler wheeled swiftly about and left the room, striding down the stairs until he emerged into the rear yard, and found Cullen, trembling, sobbing, half dazed. So this was what love did for a man! Mechler shivered. He walked up to the policeman and slapped him on the back.

"Molly 's all right, Tom," he said gruffly. "She 's up in the front room on the top floor." He paused as the man stared at him, and then added more kindly: "She thinks you saved her. Go up to her. I 'll never put her wise."

So saying, he strode through the hallway to the front sidewalk, and here he met his captain.

"My God! Jack," he cried, extending his hand. "That was some nerve! Who was the woman?"

"I don't know," growled Mechler.

"And," added the captain, apologetically, "I was just going to ask Flint to shift you because I thought you had a yellow streak!"

"Cap," replied the fireman, solemnly, "you would n't know a yellow streak if you saw one."

FRUITS OF REPENTANCE

BY WILLIAM HOLLOWAY

PICTURES BY JOHN SLOAN

THE prison chaplain almost wept as he stood upon the station platform to bid the departing convict good-by. He was a young, enthusiastic chaplain, with a pale, domed forehead and earnest blue eyes, and "Buck" Thorne, erstwhile gambler and man about town, was his first convert.

"You 'll write often, Buck, old fellow," he admonished. The chaplain had been trained at Northfield, where men learn to put aside foolish dignity and to meet the erring with a hand-clasp. "And you 'll remember your promise."

Buck laughed happily. A bitter winter wind, full of fine snow, was biting his prison-bleached cheeks and stirring the blood riotously beneath the pallor. "Sure, Mr. Irving, I 'll remember," he answered. "I gave that promise of my own accord. And I 'll keep it. No more brace games for mine!"

The chaplain's face grew radiant. "You see, Buck," he argued, "if you had n't been running a brace game, the man would never have attacked you; consequently you would never have done time for killing him. The district attorney told me that the jury went against you just because you were giving the man such a raw deal."

Buck shrugged his shoulders. The district attorney had been a friend of his and had offered him up, Buck believed, as a sacrifice to a reform movement which chanced to be sweeping the town. "I only shot in self-defense, Mr. Irving," he said dryly. "You would do the same."

From the distance came the shriek of the approaching train. The chaplain looked furtively about him. He was a timid young man, and his methods would probably have been decried even in Northfield as faulty; but his heart was pure gold.

"You know your model, Buck," he said gently. "Follow Him and do your best, even if you have to gamble for a living. And you 'll find pretty soon you 'll give up gambling altogether. That 's what I am praying for."

"Give up gambling!" Buck's astonishment was sincere. "How is a man to make an honest living? No, I have n't promised that, Mr. Irving. What I did promise was to gamble fair."

"All right," agreed the chaplain, cordially. "That is the first step on the road. You will find yourself taking others. No man can really play fair and not be, in a way, religious. That 's the way it strikes me. And Rome was n't built in a day. Hope you are not cold in this storm."

Thorne laughed. His fur-lined overcoat contrasted luxuriously with the chaplain's thin and threadbare one. Buck had always been a fastidious dresser, and, despite the years in prison, still carried himself with an air of distinction. "My heart is warm, you know," he said.

The chaplain grew more serious as the train rolled in. "You 'll do your best, Buck, I am sure," he whispered. "If you must play, play fair. And help those that need help."

He caught the gambler's hand and shook it heartily. "Don't mind my sermon, Buck, old man," he ended earnestly; "but do your best to help some one else. That is the way the fruits of conversion show in a man—help some one."

"I sure will," cried Buck as earnestly, his foot on the car-step. He waved his hand in farewell, the chaplain waved his warmly in response, and the train began

to beat its way into the heart of the storm.

As a change from surroundings of chilly stone, the warm, red-plush interior of the car struck Buck as a pleasing change. He removed his gloves, and slowly and caressingly passed his hand over the plush of the seat. It was very good to be there, he reflected; good to watch the houses on each hand slipping past in the snow-drifts and feel the old prison life vanishing into the distance. And then, as though Fate wished to throw the prison past into his face again, the door opened and "Shifty" Bellews entered the car.

"'I SURE WILL,' CRIED BUCK"

The man was good to look at in a dark, saturnine sort of way. His black eyes were marvelously fine, unless one chanced to note the wavering quality that had given Shifty his nickname. But the man himself filled Buck with disgust.

To begin with, he was a sneak thief, which, to Buck's mind, was a mean, petty rôle to play in the big game of life. Ordinarily Buck scorned such little "pikers," but in prison a man cannot be too fastidious, and for nearly two years Shifty had lockstepped with Buck.

The initiated say that to lockstep with a man even for one week is to learn more about his real disposition than is possible by ordinary observation in years. Buck, who had viewed Shifty from this vantage-ground, inclined to the opinion that not half the beauties of Shifty's character had ever been told. Then, there was the question of Shifty's wife.

It was this aspect of Shifty's career that made Buck glare savagely at him as he entered the car. Shifty was a "quitter," and Buck hated a quitter. Shifty's deserted wife had come to the chaplain the week before, a baby in her arms, another clinging to her skirts. Shifty, she said, had vanished. Yet here was Shifty, in a stylish Melton overcoat, swaggering through the car as though he were a government commissioner investigating the line.

Involuntarily Buck straightened in his chair as Shifty came down the aisle: he would tell the fellow some wholesome truths. But the expected opportunity did not arise, for Shifty apparently changed his mind rather suddenly, and, facing about, left the car by the door through which he had entered.

Buck sat staring after him with lively curiosity. He had not the slightest doubt that the man had seen him, and had purposely retreated. Evidently he had his own reasons for wishing to be alone. But Buck was in too happy a frame of mind to bother long about him; besides, he felt he ought to be doing something in his own special line of business. So presently he dismissed Shifty Bellews from his mind and made his way to the smoking-car.

The snow, which earlier in the day had been fine, white powder, was now falling in feathery flakes that hid the country-side from sight. The smoking-car windows revealed a savage, white turmoil, against which the interior of the car took on an inviting look of peace.

Buck sat down, flung back his fur-lined coat, and lit a mild cigar, the parting gift of his friend the chaplain. He puffed once or twice in blissful contentment, then glanced about the car in search of business opportunities.

The only other occupants, two smartly

dressed young men with a certain university air that Buck knew well, were engaged in a game of cards. "Poker!" thought Buck, delightedly, his fingers tingling.

Presently, as Buck's genial smiles and fur-lined coat began to permeate the atmosphere, he found himself invited to join in the game. The two college men, who were specializing in sociology, had instinctively recognized in Buck a worthy object of study.

"Nothing very high, I hope," he remarked as he came forward.

"Dollar limit," explained the smaller of the two, a snappy, black-eyed man of about twenty-two, with a marvelous pink waistcoat. "We can't lose enough at that to make it interesting."

"Can't you?" asked Buck, innocently. And sitting down, he proceeded to play a game of poker that had as much resemblance to the game the young men knew as chess has to marbles. As he played, he seemed rejuvenated. It was as though the bits of colored pasteboard had magic in their touch. His discard was an intuition, his betting mathematically correct, his gains were continuous.

"BUCK CALLED FOR CARDS MECHANICALLY"

Presently the taller of the two men, a blue-eyed, athletic-looking chap, smiled whimsically at his companion. "Losing fast enough to make it interesting, Bobby?"

"Well, rather," said Bobby, cheerfully. "I 'm enjoying it. You play a lucky game," he added, turning to Buck.

"Lucky!" cried Buck, his serene, blue eyes opening wide with amazement. "I don't see the luck."

The two men looked at him curiously. They were young men, Buck reflected, the kind the chaplain was always talking about, and Buck suddenly felt sorry for them. The inefficiency of a college education, which allows a man to dabble with cards without teaching him the science of the game, struck home to him. He was about to volunteer some remarks on the theory and practice of poker, when Shifty entered the car.

Buck never looked up from his cards. Shifty came forward, hesitated, and beat a hasty retreat, while Thorne scanned his hand meditatively. There was a little flaw in Shifty's gait which he himself sometimes forgot, but which Buck remembered—a flaw occasioned by an impromptu drop from a second-story window when in pursuit of his vocation.

"Who is that?" asked Buck as the door closed.

"Funny-looking chap, is n't he?" responded Bobby. "Got a stunning girl with him, though—brown eyes, cold-cream cheeks, and all that sort of thing."

Buck straightened up perceptibly. "Sister, maybe," he conjectured.

The older of the two friends shook his head. "A runaway match," he explained.

Bobby nodded confirmation. "We two sat in the seat opposite for a while, and we could n't help hearing the whole thing. The girl slipped away from her mother at the station and took an earlier train. The girl got a telegram while we sat there. Mama 's sorry for the mistake, and is coming on the next train. Romantic? Well, I guess."

Buck called for cards mechanically. "We are half an hour ahead of the next train," he said.

"And running slap into a blizzard," added Bobby.

Thorne glanced out of the window. Snow was beating against the panes in a white whirlwind that hid everything from sight. The train ran laboriously over the drifted rails, staggering at intervals like a ship in a storm, at other times grinding at a snail's pace over the up-grades.

"We have n't got into the worst of it, either," averred Bobby's companion. "The storm is coming this way, and everything ahead of us must be stalled."

As Buck made his bets, his mind busied itself with the problem of Shifty Bellews, which seemed to be oddly involved in the more interesting problem of Buck Thorne.

The chaplain had said, "Help some one," and he had promised that he would. Buck's creed, as gathered from the chaplain, contained only two tenets: "Be on the level," and "help some one."

Now "help some one," for obvious reasons, could not be interpreted to mean help Shifty Bellews. Just as obviously it must mean the girl with whom Shifty had eloped.

Buck reviewed the situation rapidly. Shifty himself was of minor importance, but behind him loomed the formidable proportions of the "Buckley Gang." Jim Buckley, its leader, was a cousin of Shifty's, and the gang had political affiliations that could make them extremely unpleasant to any one in Buck's position. So Shifty was safe from any direct attack.

He was up against a tough game, Buck decided. He picked up his cards despondently. The tall collegian had dealt him a straight flush.

Diamonds were Buck's lucky suit, and this was a diamond flush. He leaned back in his seat, confident, with the superstition of the born gambler, that the solution of his troubles would come while the hand was being played; as, indeed, it did.

The man with the pink waistcoat drifted into a discussion with his companion regarding the name of the next station. Time-tables were drawn out and examined, and names of stations mentioned; and Buck Thorne, hearing a certain name, knew that his luck held good.

The discussion ended, the men closed their time-tables. In the brief interval before the game was resumed Buck elaborated his plan.

Unfortunately, the plan involved the killing of the goose that laid the golden eggs; but Buck never hesitated. The chaplain had perhaps not made a model convert, as converts go, but he had at least made one who, as Buck would say, was no "quitter."

It was Bobby's deal. Buck pushed his

"'OH, I AM A VERY RECENT ACQUAINTANCE,' LAUGHED THE GIRL"

untouched cards away from him. "Now listen, boys," said he. "I can keep right on winning from you—winning on the level, understand—until the cows come home. Your game is a fair amateur game, but I—" he hesitated a moment; the situation was unpleasant—"I am a professional."

"You held most of your big hands on our deals," said the tall man, quietly. "I am satisfied with the play."

The man in the pink waistcoat nodded. Then with a shrewdly reminiscent glance he picked up a morning paper and held it out. "Nice picture," he said laconically.

Buck glanced at the scare head-lines that surmounted his picture, and his pulses began to beat fast. He was coming back to his own again, he thought triumphantly —back to the big game of life. He nodded to the young man. "And that fellow with the girl is Shifty Bellews, a little piker who served a term beside me."

"Look out there!" cried Buck Thorne, sharply, as the two men started to their feet. "He belongs to that Buckley Gang." Neither of the two had heard of the Buckley Gang, but there was such significance in Buck's tones that they involuntarily paused. "Sit down," he added quietly. "I have a plan."

The unfolding of Buck's project struck two promising sociologists dumb. "There's one weak spot in it, of course," warned its author, modestly. "We may miss the 'phone connection. If we do—" he hesitated a moment; then the light of battle kindled his blue eyes—"if we do miss it, we 'll have to risk the gang, that 's all."

The three men sauntered out of the car, each intent upon the separate task Buck's plan assigned to him. Bobby's curiosity momentarily overcame him. "You don't act like a man who would run a brace game," he suggested.

"I don't run them," said the gambler, shortly. "I promised Irving, the chaplain, up yonder, to make my living honestly, and I don't intend to run them."

The spirit of sociological investigation prompted Bobby to ask another question. "What will you do, then?"

"Gamble fair. See?"

"I see," said Bobby.

The long, crowded car was humming with voices as Buck Thorne entered. Men with connections to make were glaring at time-tables, and calculating the possibilities of making up lost minutes; children were peering through blurred window-panes; and half-way down the car sat Shifty Bellews, talking earnestly to a fair-haired girl who sat beside him.

Buck Thorne walked slowly up the aisle. Shifty was not facing him, so it was necessary to walk to the end of the car, passing him from behind. At the far end of the car the gambler swung about and began to saunter down the aisle again, peering into the faces of passengers as he passed, as though in search of some one. He made the examination so smilingly and so deliberately that presently half the car was watching him. When he reached the middle of the car Shifty Bellews had vanished.

Buck, who had foreseen that Shifty would not dare risk meeting him just then, halted by the empty seat, smiling affably.

"My friend left just before I could signal him," he said with a bow to the girl who sat near the window.

The girl gave him smile for smile. She had fluffy, light hair and a delicate complexion that showed the blood beneath with each passing emotion. Her eyes were of a luminous brown. "Mr. Holland, you mean?" she asked.

"An old friend of mine." Buck's voice was full of restrained enthusiasm, which the girl did not recognize as the enthusiasm of the game; the blue eyes dominating his pale, smooth-shaven face were smiling and friendly. "Such an old friend that I almost feel justified in sitting down here until he comes."

"Oh, do!" said the girl, making room for him on the seat. "He will be so pleased to see you."

Thorne smiled again, this time at thought of Shifty's joy at seeing him. He looked at the girl critically, and was glad that he had looked. "I wonder which of us has known him longer?" he asked.

"Oh, I am a very recent acquaintance," laughed the girl. "Mr. Holland first got to know mama and me a month ago, just after his return from one of his Mexican mines."

"Has he mines in Mexico?" asked Buck, innocently. They were at a station now, and he could see Bobby passing the car window, on his way to the telephone-booth.

"At least a dozen." She looked doubtfully at her questioner. "It seems funny, if you know Bob—Mr. Holland, that is —that you don't know about his mines."

"I fancy he has accumulated some of them since I last saw him," said Buck, gravely. "But I knew him away back, before he hurt his foot."

"Was n't it terrible! A solid mass of silver struck his foot in—what was the name of that mine? I never can remember these Mexican names."

A wild longing to seek out Shifty and kick him swept over the gentle-mannered man with the pallid face. But with the thought of the Buckley Gang in the background, the longing died away. It would be easier and much more scientific to stack the cards against Shifty.

Presently Bobby repassed the car window, waving his hand in token of success, and an instant later the train began to

move. The girl peered out at the storm with some uneasiness. "It 's growing worse, is n't it?" she asked.

"It sure is," agreed Buck.

"But you don't think we shall be snowbound?" There was a touch of anxiety in her voice.

"Oh, we 'll make a few more miles," said Buck, easily. "Then we 'll probably stick until they dig us out."

The girl's face clouded.

"It 's good fun to be snowbound," he assured her; and to kill time, which seemed to drag interminably, he told her the story of a week spent snowbound in Quebec.

She listened patiently. "But don't you see what will happen," she burst out, when he had finished—"mama's train will catch up with us, and there will be an awful scene! You see," she explained, "mama does n't like Mr. Holland."

"There is really no accounting for tastes," he remarked.

The girl seized upon the suggestion gratefully. "You know, when a girl has money," she went on confidentially, "it is always in the hands of hateful old trustees. And mine were asking Bob—Mr. Holland, I mean—very rude questions. So he suggested that we just give mama the slip to-day and get married, and then explain afterward."

Buck Thorne nodded appreciation, while the train staggered slowly on its way. The grinding of the car-wheels on the buried rails was music to his ears. At intervals he peered out expectantly, watching the monster drifts slip slowly into the wrack of the storm, while the girl beside him craned her neck to see if by any chance Shifty had appeared in the doorway. This latter movement, disguise it prettily as the girl might, was unalloyed bliss to Buck's soul, for he knew that the broad-shouldered young man was at that moment entertaining Shifty in the smoking-car. He was to be very friendly and affable, so Buck's instructions ran, but Shifty was to remain in the smoking-car until a certain station had been passed.

"'YOUR WIFE, SHIFTY?' HE ASKED"

The expected station presently came slowly into view. Bobby, his collar turned up to his ears, came out upon the snowy platform. Once more, after a brief interval, he waved his hand in signal to the gambler, and again Thorne gave a little sigh of relief.

He waited until the train was once more on its way, then rose to his feet.

"If I find Bob, I 'll send him to you," he promised.

The girl nodded smilingly, and Thorne left the car. Bobby was waiting in the car adjoining. "A close shave!" that young man cried gleefully, "but we got here."

The gambler stood looking into the heart of the storm. "Pass the word to your friend to let Shifty go," he said abstractedly, "and then watch the way things turn." He sat down in an empty seat and began again to stare at the whirling snowflakes.

There was something very pleasant about the chaplain's advice, he reflected, but it was at the same time certain to lead to complications. To be "on the level" had an alluring sound as Buck mentally pronounced it; but to be "on the level" was worse than foolish unless the other man met him on the same platform. And just then Buck Thorne, looking into the gray of the gale, saw a great light.

"The other guy 's got to be on the level, too," he said to himself belligerently, the blue light of battle flashing from his eyes; "or if not—" He shook his head significantly, and was surprised to find the windows shake in unison with him. Then came a dull, grinding noise of wheels, and the train halted in the midst of a gigantic drift.

The winter afternoon was slowly closing in as Buck took his place on a country fence by the roadside, and the long train, white on top, brown on the side, seemed like some gigantic reptile burrowing painfully through the drifts. At times the engine grew noisy and the train shook hopefully, but the men perched on the rail beside Buck knew it for a vain pretense. "Good for two days right here, gentlemen," said a red-nosed person in a husky voice.

Somewhere from the rear came the whistle of an engine, and a second train loomed dimly through the snow. Buck watched it closely as curious men passengers poured forth upon the scene. Shifty, he reasoned, would try to get away before the girl's mother could join her from the second train. Yet Bobby, who was stationed on the car-step, surveying the other side of the train, made no sign.

Presently, as Buck watched, he saw Bobby's head craned far out over the snow; then he swung around and beckoned to the gambler. "There 's a village over yonder," he cried excitedly. "That fellow is offering a country boy a fiver to drive them over."

Buck nodded smilingly as he swung himself into the snow on the other side of the train. Here a winding country road was faintly visible between clustering drifts, and here, handing the brown-eyed girl into a sleigh, was Shifty.

Buck slapped him hard upon the shoulder. "Hello, old man!" he cried cordially. To himself he repeated, "Be ye wise as serpents."

Shifty grasped Buck's hand with profuse friendliness, while the brown-eyed girl gave him a happy nod. "Your best friend, is n't he, Bob?" she cried.

"My best friend," agreed Shifty, mechanically, his black eyes, true to his name, shifting uneasily to and fro. At all costs he must settle with Thorne. "Just step this way a minute," he said.

There was a sudden movement in the drift behind them, and the tall collegian stepped to the sleigh. "I beg your pardon," he remarked easily, addressing Buck. "I have a bet on you." He held out the morning paper, with the gambler's portrait showing beneath the flaring head-lines. "I bet you were Buck Thorne, the gambler —the one that killed that man, I mean."

"Ah, fade away!" cried the gambler, gruffly. "Of course I 'm Buck Thorne. And just now, young man, Buck Thorne is busy talking to some friends." He laid his hand on Shifty's shoulder. "What do you want, old man?" he asked.

The brown-eyed girl was regarding Shifty with an anxious stare. "What does it all mean, Bob?" she asked passionately. "This convict, whom I read about this morning, surely can't be your friend."

But Shifty found himself too much occupied just then to attend to the brown-eyed girl, for walking carelessly along by the side of the car, tall, blonde, stately even in her shabby clothes, was his wife!

Buck, who had pulled the wires that brought the woman on the scene, knew things would turn out right the minute he caught sight of the diamond flush. Then the men had mentioned the name of the little town where Shifty's wife, as the chaplain had told him, had taken refuge with a brother, who did odd jobs about the station, and who lived near by. It

was a "long shot," but when a man has a straight flush in diamonds, things are coming his way. And Bobby had managed his part of the game to perfection.

Shifty's wife, in her shabby clothes, advanced to Shifty in his new overcoat, flung her arms around his neck and kissed him heartily. Thorne stepped forward with eager interest. "Your wife, Shifty?" he asked.

The brown-eyed girl leaped from the sleigh as though she had been touched by a live wire. She went over to the tall collegian and stood beside him, tapping nervously with her foot upon the snow. For one bitter moment she watched while Shifty and his wife stood side by side, the man's face a dullish green. Then she looked up at the tall collegian. "I see my mother coming," she said quietly, pointing to a gray-haired woman in black, who, accompanied by a porter, was slowly making her way over the snow from the rear train; and without a glance at Shifty, but with a look of limitless scorn for Buck, she went forward to greet her mother.

The gambler lounged over to Shifty. "Say, old man," he said easily, "you have us all beaten to a frazzle." He looked at Shifty's wife, standing trembling with mingled happiness and fear. "Seems to me as if you had the finest wife in the United States. I must pass the word along to the boys."

Shifty's face actually lit up, and Buck knew he had gained his point. The "little piker" would look upon his wife with more respect now that she had gained the approbation of a man as big as Buck. He began to feel in the pocket of his fur-lined coat. "Any kids?" he asked.

"Two—beauties," said Shifty's wife, proudly.

"Let me know next week, and I 'll come to see them, old man," cried Thorne. He drew his hand from his pocket, filled with a huddled mass of notes, the gleanings of the recent game. There were fives, tens, and some twenties. He crammed the whole into the woman's hands. "For the kids till I see them," he said laconically; and, with a nod, swung himself upon the car.

As he walked toward the smoking-car, a strange, new peace diffused itself through every fiber. The first episode in the new life that the chaplain had outlined to him was over, and he had "made good." He would write to the chaplain in the morning, he decided. Meantime—and his fingers began to tingle at the thought—meantime there might be some business doing in the smoker.

DUST

BY J. H. WALLIS

I

CONSIDER: when ten thousand years have passed,
We shall have been but dust, both you and I;
For bones will crumble to it at the last,
And flesh will go soon after we shall die.

We shall be earth or water, grain or trees,
Or parts of all or, haply, parts of none,
Or flowers bees suck, or else may be the bees,
Or be the raindrops silvered by the sun.

In that far time I may be road-dust strewn
On some fair highway that the people tread
To reach their tasks at morn or afternoon,
Not knowing they are walking on the dead.

Along that way so wonderfully wrought
A girl may linger in that failing day
With listless step because of fluttering thought
Or feet grown weary of the perfect way.

Her heels may tramp upon me in the street.
Will her heart stop an instant with surprise
When my heart grates against her tiny feet
Or blows as dust into her luminous eyes?

II

PERHAPS some dust has blown into my eyes,
On restless wings of wind borne from afar,
Which, in the earlier history of the star,
Was plumage of some bird of paradise.

Some strangely painful dust I would believe
Once formed the forkèd tongue that tempted her
To eat (whereby our fate is deadlier),
Or formed those very sinning lips of Eve.

The wizard ways of fate are very strange.
The pure, clean lips that I am wont to kiss
May have been lips of some Semiramis,
Grown purified through centuries of change.

III

DOUBTLESS there blows into the sensitive face
Of her I love full many dead men's dust;
And she, whose flesh is now so joyous, must,
In stated time, be blowing in their place.

O tender frame not made to bear distress,
O little, tremulous lips, how can it be
That you will be the water of the Sea
Or soil that forms the Land of Nothingness!

Surely the very air within your breast
That quickens all your body frail and sweet,
And the live blood that, racing from your feet
Up to your brow, will give your heart no rest,

Will over alien lands and seas be hurled,
A part of that eternal stream that plies
The sighs and groans of all the centuries—
The fierce west wind that shrieks across the world.

CHARM

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

Author of "The Upton Letters," "From a College Window," etc.

THERE is a little village here near Cambridge the homely, summer-sounding name of which is Haslingfield. It is a straggling hamlet of white-walled, straw-thatched cottages, among orchards and old elms, full of closes of meadow-grass, and farmsteads with ricks and big-timbered barns. It has a solid, upstanding Tudor church, with rather a grand tower, and four solid corner turrets; and it has, too, its little bit of history in the manor-house, of which only one high-shouldered wing remains, with tall brick chimneys. It stands up above some mellow old walls, a big dove-cote, and a row of ancient fish-ponds. Here Queen Elizabeth once spent a night upon the wing. Close behind the village, a low wold, bare and calm, with a belt or two of trees, runs steeply up.

The simplest and quietest place imaginable, with a simple and remote life, hardly aware of itself, flowing tranquilly through it; yet this little village, by some felicity of grouping and gathering, has the rare and incomparable gift of charm. I cannot analyze it, I cannot explain it, yet at all times and in all lights, whether its orchards are full of bloom and scent, and the cuckoo flutes from the holt down the soft breeze, or in the bare and leafless winter, when the pale sunset glows beyond the wold among the rifted cloud-banks, it has the wonderful appeal of beauty, a quality which cannot be schemed for or designed, but which a very little mishandling can sweep away. The whole place has grown up out of common use, trees planted for shelter, orchards set for fruit, houses built for convenience. Only in the church and the manor is there any care for seemliness and stateliness. There are a dozen villages round about it which have sprung from the same needs, the same history; and yet these have missed the unconsidered charm of Haslingfield, which man did not devise, nor does nature inevitably bring, but which is instantly recognizable and strangely affecting.

It seems to arise partly out of a subtle orderliness and a simple appropriateness, and from a blending of delicate and pathetic elements in a certain unascertained proportion. It seems to touch unknown memories into life, and to give a hint of the working of some half-whimsical, half-tenderly concerned spirit, brooding over its work, adding a touch of form here and a dash of color there, and pleased to see, when all is done, that it is good.

If one looks closely at life, one sees the same quality in humanity, in men and women, in books and pictures, and yet one cannot tell what goes to the making of it. It seems to be a thing which no energy or design can capture, but which alights here and there, blowing like the wind at will. It is not force or originality or inventiveness, very often it is strangely lacking in any masterful quality at all; but it has always just the same wistful appeal, which makes one desire to understand it, to take possession of it, to serve it, to win its favor. It is as when the child in Francis Thompson's poem seems to say, "I hire you for nothing." That is exactly it: there is nothing offered or bestowed, but one is at once magically bound to serve it for love and delight. There is nothing that one can expect to get from it, and yet it goes very far down into the soul; it is behind the maddening desire which certain faces, hands, voices, smiles excite—the desire to possess, to claim, to know even that no one else can possess or claim it, which lies at the root of half the jealous tragedies of life.

Some personalities have it in a marvelous degree, and if, as one looks into the old records of life, one discovers figures that seem to have laid an inexplicable hold on their circles, and to have passed through life in a tempest of applause and admiration, one may be sure that charm has been the secret.

Take the case of Arthur Hallam, the inspirer of "In Memoriam." I remember

hearing Mr. Gladstone say, with kindled eye and emphatic gesture, that Arthur Hallam was the most perfect being physically, morally, and intellectually that he had ever seen or hoped to see. He said, I remember, with a smile: "The story of Milnes Gaskell's friendship with Hallam was curious. You must know that people fell in love very easily in those days; there was a Miss E—— of whom Hallam was enamoured, and Milnes Gaskell abandoned his own addresses to her in favor of Hallam, in order to gain his friendship."

Yet the portrait of Hallam which hangs in the provost's house at Eton represents a rosy, solid, rather heavy-featured young man, with a flushed face,—Mr. Gladstone said that this was caused by overwork,—who looks more like a young country bumpkin on the opera-bouffe stage than an intellectual archangel.

Odder still, the letters, poems, and remains of Hallam throw no light on the hypnotic effect he produced; they are turgid, elaborate, and wholly uninteresting; nor does he seem to have been entirely amiable. Lord Dudley told Francis Hare that he had dined with Henry Hallam, the historian, who was Arthur Hallam's father, in the company of the son, in Italy, adding, "It did my heart good to sit by and hear how the son snubbed the father, remembering how often the father had unmercifully snubbed me."

There is a hint of beauty in the dark eyes and the down-dropped curve of the mobile lip in the portrait, and one need not quote "In Memoriam" to prove how utterly the charm of Arthur subjugated the Tennyson circle. Wit, swiftness of insight, beauty, lovableness—all seem to have been there; and it remains that Authur Hallam was worshiped and adored by his contemporaries with a fierce jealousy of devotion. Nothing but the presence of an overmastering charm can explain this conspiracy of praise; and perhaps there is no better proof of it than that they could detect genius in letters and poems which seem alike destitute of promise and performance.

There is another figure of earlier date who seems to have had the same magnetic gift in an even more preëminent degree. There is a portrait by Lawrence of Lord Melbourne that certainly gives a hint, and more than a hint, of the extraordinary charm which enveloped him; the thick, wavy hair, the fine nose, the full, but firmly molded, lips, are attractive enough. But the large, dark eyes under strongly marked eyebrows, which are at once pathetic, passionate, ironical, and mournful, evoke a singular emotion. Every gift that men hold to be advantageous was showered upon Melbourne. He was well born, wealthy, able; he was full of humor, quick to grasp a subject, an omnivorous reader and student, a famous sportsman. He won the devotion of both men and women. His marriage with the lovely and brilliant Lady Caroline Ponsonby, whose heart was broken and mind shattered by her hopeless passion for Byron, showed how he could win hearts. There is no figure of all that period of whom one would rather possess a personal memoir. Yet despite all his fame and political prestige, he was an unhappy, dissatisfied man, who tasted every experience and joy of life, and found that there was nothing in it.

The dicta of his that are preserved vibrate between cynicism, shrewdness, wisdom, and tenderness. "Stop a bit," he said, as the cabinet went down-stairs after a dinner to discuss the corn laws. "Is it to lower the price of bread or is n't it? It does n't much matter which, but we must all say the same thing." Yet, after all, it is the letters and diaries of Queen Victoria that reveal the true secret of Melbourne's charm. His relation to his girl sovereign is one of the most beautiful things in later-day history. Melbourne loved her half paternally, half chivalrously, while it is evident that the queen's affection for her gallant and attractive premier was of a quality which escaped her own perception. He humored her, advised her, watched over her; in return, she idolized him, noted down his smallest sayings, permitted him to behave and talk just as he would. She lovingly records his little ways and fancies—how he fell asleep after dinner, how he always took two apples, and hid one in his lap while he ate the other.

"I asked him if he meant to eat it. He thought not, and said, 'But I like to have the power of doing so.' I observed, had n't he just as well the power of doing so when the apples were in the dish on the table? He laughed and said, 'Not the *full* power.' "

Melbourne was full of prejudices and whims and hatreds, but his charity was boundless, and he always had a good word for an enemy. He excused the career of Henry VIII to the queen by saying, "You see, those women bothered him so." And when he was superseded by Peel, he combated the queen's dislike of her new premier, and did his best to put Peel in a favorable light. When Peel made his first appearance at Windsor, shy and awkward, and holding himself like a dancing-master, it was Melbourne who broke the awkward pause by going up to Peel, and saying in an undertone, "For God's sake! go and talk to the queen." When I was privileged to work through all Melbourne's letters to the queen, so carefully preserved and magnificently bound, I was greatly touched by the sweetness and tenderness of them, the gentle ironical flavor, the delicate freedom, and the little presents and remembrances they exchanged up to the end.

Melbourne can hardly be called a very great man,—he had not the purpose or tenacity for that, and he thought both too contemptuously and too indulgently of human nature,—but I know of no historical figure who is more wholly transfused and penetrated by the aroma of charm. Everything that he did and said had some distinction and unusualness: perceptive observation, ripe wisdom, and, with it all, the petulant attractiveness of the spoiled and engaging child. And yet even so, one is baffled, because it is not the profundity or the gravity of what he said that impresses; it is rather the delicate and fantastic turn he gave to a thought or a phrase that makes his simplest deductions from life, his most sensible bits of counsel, appear to have something fresh and interesting about them, though prudent men have said much the same before, and said it heavily and solemnly.

Not that charm need be whimsical and freakish, though it is perhaps most beautiful when there is something of the child about it, something naïve and unconventional. There are men, of whom I think that Cardinal Newman was preëminently one, who seem to have had the appeal of a pathetic sort of beauty and even helplessness. Newman seems to have always been surprised to find himself so interesting to others, and perhaps rather overshadowed by the responsibility of it. He was romantically affectionate, and the tears came very easily at the call of emotion. Such incidents as that when Newman said good-by to his bare room at Littlemore, and kissed the mantelpiece and the bed in a passion of grief, show what his intensity of feeling might be.

It is not as a rule the calm and controlled people who have this attractiveness for others; it is rather those who unite with an enchanting kind of playfulness an instinct to confide in and to depend upon protective affection. Very probably there is some deep-seated sexual impulse involved, however remotely and unconsciously, in this species of charm. It is the appeal of the child that exults in happiness, claims it as a right, uses it with a pretty petulance,—like the feigned enmity of the kitten and the puppy,—and when it is clouded over, requires tearfully that it shall be restored. That may seem an undignified comparison for a prince of the church. But Newman was artist first, and theologian a long way afterward; he needed comfort and approval and even applause; and he evoked, together with love and admiration, the compassion and protective chivalry of his friends. His writings have little logical or intellectual force; their strength is in their ineffable and fragrant charm, their ordered grace, their infinite pathos.

The Greek word for this subtle kind of beauty is χάρις, and the Greeks are worth hearing on the subject, because they, of all the nations that ever lived, were penetrated by it, valued it, looked out for it, worshiped it. The word itself has suffered, as all large words are apt to suffer, when they are transferred to another language, because the big, ultimate words of every tongue connote a number of ideas which cannot be exactly rendered by a single word in another language. Let us be mildly philological for a moment, and realize that the word χάρις in Greek is the substantive of which the verb is χαίρω, to rejoice. We translate the word χάρις by the English word "grace," which means, apart from its theological sense, a rich endowment of charm and beauty, a thing which is essentially a gift, and which cannot be captured by taking thought. When we say that a thing is done with a perfect grace, we mean that it seems entirely de-

lightful, appropriate, seemly, and beautiful. It pleases every sense; it is done just as it should be done, easily, courteously, gently, pleasantly, with a confidence which is yet modest, and with a rightness that has nothing rigid or unamiable about it. To see a thing so done, whatever it may be, leaves us with an envious desire that we might do the thing in the same way. It seems easy and effortless, and the one thing worth doing; and this is where the moral appeal of beauty lies, in the contagious sort of example that it sets. But when we clumsily translate the word by "grace," we lose the root idea of the word, which has a certain joyfulness about it. A thing done with χάρις is done as a pleasure, naturally, eagerly, out of the heart's abundance; and that is the appeal of things so done to the ordinary mind, that they seem to well up out of a beautiful and happy nature, as the clear spring rises from the sandy floor of the pool. The act is done, or the word spoken, out of a tranquil fund of joy, not as a matter of duty, or in reluctant obedience to a principle, but because the thing, whatever it is, is the joyful and beautiful thing to do.

And so the word became the fundamental idea of the Christian life: the grace of God was the power that floods the whole of the earlier teaching of the gospel, before the conflict with the ungracious and suspicious world began—the serene, uncalculating life, lived simply and purely, not from any grim principle of asceticism, but because it was beautiful to live so. It stood for the joy of life, as opposed to its cares and anxieties and ambitions; it was beautiful to share happiness, to give things away, to live in love, to find joy in the fresh mintage of the earth, the flowers, the creatures, the children, before they were clouded and stained by the strife and greed and enmity of the world. The exquisite quality of the first soft touches of the gospel story comes from the fact that it all rose out of a heart of joy, an overflowing certainty of the true values of life, a determination to fight the uglier side of life by opposing to it a simplicity and a sweetness that claimed nothing, and exacted nothing but a right to the purest sort of happiness—the happiness of a loving circle of friends, where the sacrifice of personal desires is the easiest and most natural thing in the world, because such sacrifice is both the best reward and the highest delight of love. It was here that the strength of primitive Christianity lay, that it seemed the possession of a joyful secret that turned all common things, and even sorrow and suffering, to gold. If a man could rejoice in tribulation, he was on his way to be invulnerable.

It is not a very happy business to trace the decay of a great and noble idea; but one can catch a glimpse of the perversion of "grace" in the hands of our Puritan ancestors, when it became a combative thing, which instead of winning the enemies of the Lord by its patient sweetness, put an edge on the sword of holiness, and enabled the stanch Christian to hew the Amalekites hip and thigh; so that the word, which had stood for a perfectly peaceful and attractive charm, became the symbol of righteous persecution, and flowered in cries of anguish and spilled blood.

We shall take a long time before we can crawl out of the shadow of that dark inheritance; but there are signs in the world of an awakening brotherliness; and perhaps we may some day come back to the old truth, so long mishandled, that the essence of all religion is a spirit of beauty and of joy, bent on giving rather than receiving; and so at last we may come to the perception that the fruitful strength of morality lies not in its terror, its prohibitions, its coercions, but in its good-will, its tolerance, its dislike of rebuke and censure, its rapturous acceptance of all generous and chivalrous and noble ways of living.

And thus, then, I mean by charm not a mere superficial gracefulness which can be learned, as good manners are learned, through a certain code of behavior, but a thing which is the flower and outward sign of a beautiful attitude to life; an eagerness to welcome everything which is fine and fresh and unstained; that turns away the glance from things unlovely and violent and greedy not in a disapproving or a self-righteous spirit, because it is respectable to be shocked, but in a sense of shame and disgrace that such cruel and covetous and unclean things should be. If one takes a figure like that of St. Francis of Assisi, who for all the superstition and fanaticism with which the record is intermingled, showed a real reflection and restoration of the old Christian joy of life, we shall see

that he had firm hold of the secret. St. Francis's love of nature, of animals, of flowers, of children, his way of breaking into song about the pleasant things of earth, his praise of "our sister the Water, because she is very serviceable to us and humble and clean," show the outrush of an overpowering joy. He had the courage to do what very few men and women ever dare to do, and that is to make a clean sweep of property and its implications; but even so, the old record distorts some of this into a priggish desire to set a good example, to warn and rebuke and improve the occasion. But St. Francis's asceticism is the only kind of asceticism that has any charm, the self-denial, namely, that springs from a sense of enjoyment, and is practised from a feeling of its beauty, and not as a matter of timid and anxious calculation. It is true that St. Francis was haunted by the medieval nightmare of the essential vileness of the body, and spurred it too hard.

But apart from this, one recognizes in him a poet, and a man of ineffable charm, who found the company of sinners at least as attractive as the company of saints, for the simple reason that the sinner is often enough well meaning and humble, and is spared at least the ugliness of respectable self-righteousness, which is of all things most destructive of the sense of proportion, and most divorced from natural joy. St. Francis took human nature as he found it, and recognized that failure has a beauty which is denied to success, for the simple reason that conscious failure makes a man both grateful and affectionate, while success too often makes him cold and hard.

And there is thus a wonderful fragrance about all that St. Francis did and said, though he must have been sorely tried by his stupid and pompous followers, who constantly misunderstood and misrepresented him, and dragged into the light what was meant to be the inner secret of his soul. There are few figures in the roll of saints so profoundly beautiful and touching as that of St. Francis, because he had in a preëminent degree that childlike freshness and trustfulness which is the secret of all charm.

Charm is of course not the same thing as beauty, but only a subdivision of it. There are many things in nature and in art, from the Matterhorn to "Samson Agonistes," that have no charm, but that appeal to a different range of emotions, the sublime, the majestic, the awe-inspiring, things in the presence of which we are hardly at ease; but charm is essentially a comfortable quality, something that one gathers to one's heart, and if there is a mystery about it, as there is about all beautiful things, it is not a mystery of which one would be afraid to know the secret. Charm is the quality which makes one desire to linger upon one's pilgrimage, that cries to the soul to halt, to rest, to be content. It is intimate, reassuring, and appealing; and the shadow of it is the gentle pathos, which is in itself half a luxury of sadness, in the thought that sweet things must have an end. As Herrick wrote to the daffodils:

> Stay, stay
> Until the hasting day
> Has run
> But to the evensong;
> And, having prayed together, we
> Will go with you along.
>
> We have short time to stay, as you,
> We have as short a spring;
> As quick a growth to meet decay
> As you, or anything.

In such a mood as that there is no sense of terror or despair at the quick-coming onset of death; no more dread of what may be than there is when the hamlet, with its little roofs and tall trees, is folded in the arms of the night, as the sunset dies behind the hill. Beauty may be a terrible thing, as in the sheeted cataract, with all its boiling eddies, or in the falling of the lightning from the womb of the cloud. There is desolation behind that, gigantic movement, ruthless force; but charm comes like a signal of security and good-will, and even its inevitable end is lit with something of mercy and quietness. The danger of charm is that it is the mother of sentiment; and the danger of sentiment is not that it is untrue, but that it takes from us the sense of proportion; we begin to be unable to do without our little views and sunsets; and the eye gets so used to dwelling upon the flower-strewn pleasaunce, with its screening trees, that it cannot bear to face the far horizon, with its menace of darkness and storm.

Yet we are very grateful to those who can teach us to turn our eyes to the charm which surrounds us, and a life which is lived without such perception is apt to be a rough and hurrying thing, even though it may also be both high and austere. Like most of life, the true success lies in not choosing one force and neglecting another, but in an expectant kind of compromise. The great affairs and facts of life flash upon us, whether we will or no; and even the man whose mind is bent upon the greatest hopes and aims may find strength and consolation in the lesser and simpler delights. Mighty spirits like, let us say, Carlyle and Ruskin, were not hampered or distracted from their further quest by the microscopic eye, the infinite zest for detail, which characterized both. No one ever spoke so finely as Carlyle of the salient features of moorland and hill, and the silence so deep that it was possible to hear the far-off sheep cropping the grass; no one ever noted so instantaneously the salient gesture or the picturesque turn of speech, or dwelt more intently upon the pathetic sculpture of experience seen in the old humble workaday faces of country-folk. No one ever delighted more ecstatically than Ruskin in the color of the amber cataract, with its soft, translucent rims, its flying spray, or in the dim splendors of some half-faded fresco, or in the intricate façade of the crumbling, crag-like church front. But they did not stay there; indeed, Carlyle, in his passionate career among verities and forces, hardly took enough account of the beauty so patiently entwined with mortal things; while Ruskin's sharpest agonies were endured when he found, to his dismay, that men and women could not be induced by any appeal or invective to heed the message of beauty.

It is true that, however we linger, however passionately we love the small, sweet, encircling joys and delights of life, the tragic experience comes to us, whether we will or no. None escapes. And thus our care must be not to turn our eyes away from what in sterner moments we are apt to think mere shows and vanities, but to use them serenely and temperately. St. Augustine, in a magnificent apologue upon the glories and subtleties of light, can only end by the prayer that his heart may not thereby be seduced from heavenly things; but that is the false kind of asceticism, and it is nothing more than a fear of life, if our only concern with it is to shun and abhor the joy it would fain give us. But we may be sure that life has a meaning for us in its charm and loveliness; not the whole meaning, but still an immense significance. To make life into a continuous flight, a sad expectancy, a perpetual awe, is wilfully to select one range of experiences and to neglect its kindness and its good-will. We may grow weak in our sentiment if we make a tragedy out of life, if we cannot bear to have our comfortable arrangements disordered, our little circle of pleasures broken through. The triumph is to be ready for the change, and to know that if the perfect summer day comes to an end, the power that shaped it so, and made the heart swift to love it, has yet larger surprises and glories in store. If we do that, then the charm of life takes its place in our spirits as the evidence of something joyful, wistful, pleasant, bound up with the essence of things; that if it disappears, like the gold or azure thread of the tapestry, it is only to emerge in the pattern farther on; and the victory is not to attach ourselves to the particular touches of beauty and fineness which we see in the familiar scene and the well-loved circle, but to recognize beauty as a spirit, a quality which is forever making itself felt, forever beckoning and whispering to us, and which will not fail us even if for a time the urgent wind drives us far into the night and the storm, among the crash of the breakers, and the scream of great winds out of the sea.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

PART TWO: THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES

BY H. BELLOC

Author of "Robespierre," "Marie Antoinette," etc.

(AFTER the successful assertion by the commons of their new usurped powers over the crown, as described in our first paper, a second attempt at coercion, backed by the foreign mercenary troops in the service of the king, failed. The depots of arms at the Invalides and the Bastille in Paris were sacked by the populace, and the latter was taken by force upon the same day, July 14, 1789. The first principles of the Revolution were laid in resolutions of the parliament at Versailles during the summer, notably the declaration known as that of the "Rights of Man" and the abolition of the feudal property of the nobility.

Another popular rising in the capital in the month of October brought the court back to Paris, and the parliament followed it. For eighteen months the tide of democratic reform rose with greater and greater violence, and while the crown still remained the sole executive of the nation, possessed of all immediate control over the regular armed forces and the disbursement of public money, the personal peril of the royal family grew greater, and the term within which it seemed certain that the executive would lose its authority drew near.

There stood between the monarchy—the one vital institution of the French—and its ruin no real forces save the personality of Mirabeau and the regular troops. As against the latter there had been raised and organized a considerable militia, duly armed by law and present in every village and town in the country; while the mass of the regular troops had purposely been stationed at a distance from Paris through the growing power of the parliament. A foreign war was threatened through the desire of every ancient authority in Europe to repress the movement, and with the approaching threat of invasion, which could not but serve the king, the unpopularity, and therefore the danger, of his family grew greater still. Mirabeau, who dominated the parliament by his personality even more than by his oratory and his prodigious industry, had secretly entered into the service of the court in his determination to save the monarchy, in the fall of which he believed would be involved the breakdown of the country. He had drawn up a regular plan presupposing and inviting civil war. He would have the king leave Paris for some post such as Compiègne, not more than a day's posting away, and from that point appeal to the people and to the army to support him. All this work of Mirabeau was being done in the winter of 1790–91.

Meanwhile the personal alarm of the queen, backed by her rare energy, preferred a complete flight with her husband and children, either to the frontier itself or beyond it, a total undoing of the Revolution if that flight were successful, and the return of the monarchy, backed not only by the army, but by the threat of foreign powers and of invasion. In this perhaps impracticable and too heroic scheme, utterly anti-national, her great ally was Fersen, a Swedish nobleman who had loved her with devotion from his first youth, and whom she, since her misfortunes began, had come to love as devotedly in return.

It seems certain that the overmastering ability of Mirabeau would have carried his plan and would probably have saved the French monarchy had he lived. But he died from overwork upon the second of April, 1791, and with him lacking, nothing could prevent the maturing of the queen's plan.

A fortnight after Mirabeau's death the mob had prevented the king from leaving Paris, in a perfectly open manner, for a visit to one of his suburban palaces, and the great militia guard of the palace had not shown discipline or loyalty. After that noth-

ing remained but to fix a date for secret flight, and this date was ultimately fixed for the night of the twentieth of June.

Fersen worked out all the plans in detail. He had the great traveling-coach, or berlin, specially built; the commander of the army upon the eastern frontier, Bouillé, was warned and provided posts to receive the fugitives when they should have proceeded a little more than a hundred miles from Paris, and to conduct them in safety to Montmédy upon the extreme frontier; whence, when he should safely have reached it, the king was to issue his proclamation to the army and to the people. The traveling disguises for the royal family were prepared; three gentlemen of their former guard were trusted to accompany the flight. A passport in the name of Mme. de Korff, a Russian lady resident in Paris, was obtained, and the queen was to travel in that name with her two children, and her husband as a servant.)

UPON the evening of Monday, the twentieth of June, 1791, a little before nine o'clock, Axel de Fersen was leaning, with his chin in his hands, his elbows upon the parapet, looking over the bridge called the Pont Royal, which leads from the Tuileries to the southern bank of the Seine. He watched the dying light upon the river below, and waited with desperate impatience in his heart, his body lounging in affected indolence.

The sky above was cloudy. The day had been hot, but its last hours not sunlit. A freshness was now coming up from the Seine over the town, and the noises of life and movement that rise with the closing of the working hours in the capital filled the streets. He was dressed in the rough habit of a cabman, and the poor coach of which he had the driving stood in rank with others a little way from the gate of the palace.

As he so gazed, two men, one with a sunken, long-jawed face and small, peering eyes, the other frail, slight, and younger, both dressed in a faded yellow livery as of servants to some rich man of a time before the Revolution had abolished liveries, came up to him. He knew already who they were. They were Moustier and Valory, two gentlemen of the king's disbanded guard who, in the disguise of servants, had volunteered to serve Louis in his flight. Fersen gave them the instructions that they awaited, for one was to find and conduct the great coach he had had built and to keep it waiting for Fersen at the gates of the city; the other was to act as outrider and to go before to prepare the relays. A third, Malden, remained hidden in the apartments of the king.

Night fell, an hour passed, and two women in the conduct of a man who hurried them across the bridge were put into a chaise that there awaited them and drove off. Fersen knew that mission also. These were the two waiting-women of the queen, going on ahead through the night to the second posting-station at Claye upon the eastern road. A little while later—it was eleven o'clock, or a little past—a woman came to him leading two children, two girls, it seemed, one old enough to walk alone, the other whom she held by the hand. It was Mme. de Tourzel, the governess of the royal children. The elder girl was the princess royal. The young child, disguised as her sister, was the dauphin, the little heir to the throne. Many were going in and out of the palace at that moment. This small group in somber clothing drew no one's eye in the half-light. The children were put into the cab, the woman followed, and Fersen, with the most cabman-like way in the world, climbed slowly up to his box and drove at a very quiet pace westward along the quay that flanks the Tuileries gardens. He came to the great open place which to-day is called the Place de la Concorde, where the half-finished bridge had only just lost its last workman with the end of the day; he turned to the right across its paving and up the rue Royale until he came to the narrow rue St. Honoré, where again he turned his shabby team to the right and drove as leisurely eastward.

There is a place, now rebuilt out of all recognition, the ways broadened, all the houses modern, where a street still called by the name of "Ladder Street" (the rue de L'Echelle) comes into the rue St. Honoré. It is a very short street leading toward the palace. Between the Tuileries and those few yards of way there stood in those days a number of great houses, the homes of certain nobles who had been

about the court, and in the midst of their confused carved fronts was an archway that led to the royal stables, and by a narrow lane to the courtyard of the palace itself.

In that Street of the Ladder Fersen halted, drawing his cab up toward the curb. The long detour over which he had purposely lingered had taken him nearly three quarters of an hour; it was near twelve. He got down from the box, went to the carriage window, and said a word or two, bidding the woman and the two children wait in patience. Then he paced up and down the rough paving as midnight deepened, sauntering in the fashion of cabmen that await a fare.

Such light as there was between the high houses came from dim oil lamps slung from wall to wall and far apart. There was light also in the guard-room at the corner of the archway, and there a militiaman stood sentry with fixed bayonet, for every issue from the palace was thus guarded. The street was full of people coming and going from that little town the Tuileries, and as the hour wore on, the great equipages of those who attended court passed in to take their masters up at the royal porch and passed out again on their way homeward.

Fersen knew that the last ceremonies would not be over until very late, but that did not relieve his increasing anxiety. The darkness seemed to grow more profound as he waited. He watched with as little show as might be the throngs that passed back and forth through the archway; he saw no figure of those he was awaiting until, when it was quite dark—for though there was a moon, the curtain of clouds was thick—he saw, or thought he saw, seated upon a stone bench against one of the great houses a woman whose attitude even in that gloom he thought he knew. With the same leisurely pace of a man free from employment he sauntered past, noted the gray dress and broad, gray, veiled hat under the dim light of the distant lamps, and the veil about the face, and coming closer still, knew that it was Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister. He spoke in a whisper without turning to her or stopping as he went slowly by. He made an imperceptible movement of the head toward the cab, saying, "They wait for you." She did not move, and he feared for a moment that she might not have understood what he had said or recognized him, for he dared not linger. He paced back again toward his charge and again whispered the words as he passed, still looking down at the ground; and this time the woman rose, went to the cab, and entered it.

The lights behind the shutters of the great houses had gone out, the distant noises in the palace hard by had ceased, the last of the equipages were rumbling through the archway, and still there was no sign of new-comers for him. It was long past midnight, nearly one o'clock. Another of the cabmen in the rank spoke to him. He answered as best he could with the manner, accent, and slang of the trade. He offered this unwelcome friend a pinch of snuff from a rough box; then he went back as though to look to his horses, felt their legs, stood about them a little, and patted them.

There was still, but very rarely, a belated servant or so passing out from under the arch, and at last, when his fever of expectation was at the height, he distinguished two such, a man and a woman, coming toward him unhurriedly. As they came nearer, and the feeble glimmer of the lamps showed them less confusedly, he marked the lumbering walk of the man. He wore a round soft hat, and a big overcoat against the freshness of the night air, and had the air of a familiar upper servant. At his side, with an upright gait and a certain poise of the head that Fersen knew, alas! for him, better than anything else on earth, went the woman. Fersen went forward, mastering his respect, and led them to the carriage; and then, without delay, but still careful to give no cause for remark by his haste, he drove northward over the loud granite sets of the streets.

By what tortuous ways Fersen drove the king and his family one may hardly guess. They were puzzled to find him following many street turnings other than those that would lead them to the nearest gate of the city on the north and so to the great frontier road. But Fersen did what he did knowingly. It was his business in this turn of the night to make sure that the last point of his plan had been obeyed and that the great traveling-carriage had gone on before and was waiting for them

outside the limits of the city. He called at the stables and found one trusted servant of his to assure him that the thing had been sent and that all was ready. Then only did he turn toward the east and the north and make for the barrier at the end of the rue St. Martin, which was then the gate of Paris and the beginning of straggling houses and the open country.

They did not reach that barrier till two o'clock, and already they breathed some faint air of morning. No one challenged them. It was one cab like another, driving to the suburbs with some belated middle-class party that had dined in Paris that night. There were lights and music still in the house of the gate-keeper at the barrier, for there had been a wedding in his family that day, and they were feasting. After the glare of that light, Fersen looked in vain through the darkness for the berlin. Then, with some few minutes so lost, he saw the black hump at last drawn up well to the right and close to the bordering ditch. The guardsman Moustier, and Balthazar, his own coachman, were sitting their horses immovable. They had waited thus immovable for some hours through the night. Very rapidly the travelers passed from the cab to the traveling-coach, and leaned back in the comfortable white velvet cushions of its upholstering. Fersen himself, sending back the cab I know not how, took his place upon the broad box of the berlin, and the four horses felt the traces and started. The journey had begun.

Toward the northeast, to which the great road ran, there was already a hint of dawn, and great Paris just behind would not sleep long into the light. Therefore the horses, Fersen's own, with only a short stage before them, were urged to a vigorous pace through the short, lonely suburb and still more lonely fields beyond, and Fersen's coachman, who rode as postilion upon the leader, spared them little.

It was near three o'clock when they reached the first posting-house at Bondy, three miles from the boundary of the city, and just outside the wall and railings of the park in that place. The guardsman Valory, who was outrider, had been there for an hour; the six horses for the carriage were awaiting it, and the two horses which he and the third guardsman, Malden, were to ride to the next stage. As they unharnessed Fersen's steaming beasts, Fersen himself, as coachman coming down from the box, waited a moment until the fresh team was in and the postilions mounted. Then he looked in at the window of the coach, and taking off his hat to the queen, he said, "Good-by, Madame de Korff," and under the growing light would no longer linger. He was off at once by the by-lane to the Brussels road beyond. He and those whom he had so worked to save were to meet at Montmédy.

The postilions urged on their mounts, the short whips cracked, and they were gone. Fersen saw the great mass go swaying up the road, dark against the growing dawn, and went off lonely upon his separate flight to the north.

As for the travelers, touched by that effect of morning which all feel, by the unnatural exhilaration of those strained hours of no sleep, and of a release apparently begun, they broke into making plans for their disguise, reassuring themselves with every mile that passed and feeling the first sense of relief that they had known for two strained years. The sleepy little boy who was their fortune and the heir was set more comfortably back against the white cushions in his girl's clothes that he might rest. The five others, wakeful and eager, pretended to learn their rôles. Mme. de Tourzel was to be the mistress; the queen, the governess Rochet; the Princess Elizabeth, a companion; and the king a steward under the name of Durand. There was almost a spirit of comedy in the coach. The king talked of his new liberty and of riding, perhaps of the autumn hunting that he loved; and they conversed also of the nature of their journey, where—and upon this perhaps they were more guarded—there might be peril, especially as they passed through the one considerable town of Châlons; but also of how, not two hours beyond that place, at Somme-Vesle, a posting-house in the midst of Champagne, they would meet the first troop of their chain-mounted escorts thrust out from the army, and how with these they would henceforward be safe.

They were late. They were already a full hour behind the time-table that men who understood the essentials of order as the king had never understood them had

laid down for their guidance. But the pace was brisk, the road was passing swiftly by, and the accident of such trifling unpunctuality so early in their adventure did not oppress them. There was no one with them accustomed to command or to understand the all-importance of exactitude in any military affair.

That little company, if we think of it, was an isolated thing and most imperfect for such a task: three women bred to a court and to the habits of leisure or of successive pleasures; two children; the unwilled, heavy king and husband, who never did or could decide, and whose judgment was slow to the point of disease. Beyond these were only the three guardsmen, almost servants.

At Claye, the next relay, they found the queen's two waiting-women, who, abandoned for hours, had awaited them in their chaise, and were bewildered, wondering if they were lost. From Claye onward, the sun having now risen, though hidden behind the level roof of clouds, and the day fully begun, they passed through fields without villages, with scarcely a house, where the peasants in the eager work of the high summer were already abroad. The fourfold rank of great trees which dignified the road went by in monotonous procession. The quick change of horses at Meaux raised their hopes still higher, and as they opened their picnic-bags, bringing out bread and meat and wine to break their fast, they spoke in jests, increasingly secure. To Malden, riding by the carriage door, the queen beckoned, and offered wine and food, and she told him familiarly of how the king had laughed roundly, saying that Lafayette, the master of the militia in Paris, and officially the guardian of the court, would be woundily puzzled that day. So much for that fresh early morning when all was well.

The wide royal road, full of the Roman inheritance, breasts beyond Meaux a sharp, high, wooded hill, and the drag up that hill was long; upon its farther side, on to the Marne again, goes a sharp pitch down which the shrieking brakes betrayed an equal delay. It was fully eight o'clock when they had come along the riverside to the lovely valley of the Sellot, winding between its wooded guardian hills to join the greater river.

There two roads part, each leading equally to Châlons and to the east; the main one still follows the Marne, but the second, somewhat shorter, cuts across the plateau to the south of the river, which few, even in the traveling of to-day, know, and which those who had planned the flight had chosen on account of its few towns and villages and less frequented inns. Yet it was precisely in this chosen stretch of thirty miles, by this less-frequented lower road to Châlons, that their evil was to come upon them.

The hour's delay which one accident and another—the lateness of the moment in which the last of the court had left the palace, the slight time lost in peering for the berlin through the darkness at the gate, the long drag up and down the forest of Meaux—had burdened them with, was now perhaps more nearly grown to an hour and a half; but not one of that little company could guess how much this meant, nor how such errors breed of themselves and add, how one strained and anxious man, watching during that Tuesday at the head of a little troop of horse in the lonely plains beyond Châlons, would be broken, and with him all their fortunes, by such incapacity. For save where it walked the hills, as heavy coaches must, the berlin went bravely enough, covering its eight miles an hour or more; and the sense of speed made up with them for the realities of time and of coördinated distance wherein they were incompetent indeed.

Nor was that error, that growing error in exactitude, all that they had to face.

THE PURSUIT

It was perhaps eight o'clock in Paris, at the most half an hour later, that the whole populace was alive to what had happened. The drums were beating, rallying the militia, the crowd was filling the square in front of the palace. At that moment when strong action in pursuit of the fugitives could not be long delayed, they were only just upon this upland road leaving the Marne; they had a start of, say, forty-five miles, fifty at the most, before the first rider could surely mount and be galloping in pursuit. The carriage rolled on fairly with Valory, its outrider, on before, Malden trotting at the door, and the

chaise with the queen's two waiting-women in a cloud of dust behind. It rolled on eastward through that high, little-known land of wide, hedgeless fields; it was about ten o'clock when it came down into a sort of shallow cup lower than the plain, wherein lies that little place called "Old Houses"—Viels-Maisons. Very few men, I think, of those who travel or speak of their travels know the tiny group of roofs. It has not thirty families round its church, it meant to the travelers nothing but an insignificant posting-house and a relay; but it was there that their fate first touched them, for there a chance postilion, one called Picard, glanced at the faces, and knew them for the king and queen.

Like so many upon that full and dreadful day, he yielded entirely to caution. The king was still the king. There was divided authority in France, and whether reward or punishment would follow any act no man could tell on such a day as this until it was known which of the two combatants, the crown or the parliament, would rule at last. So Picard said nothing; but he had seen. Others also were to prove discreet, but a little less discreet than he.

The coach went on through the lonely land, past one small town, Montmirail, which later Napoleon's resistance was to render famous, and on again into the empty fields, still eastward. It grew to be noon, hot and almost stormy under the lowering sky. Louis the King, with his road-book spread upon his knee, followed with curiously detached interest the correspondence of the map with the dull landscape outside. As the carriage stopped at one posting-house after another, and as he would plunge his hand into his leather money-bag to give his guardsman the wages of the postilions, he was not content thus to show his face at the window, he would even stretch his legs a bit and get down from the carriage to pace to and fro while each fresh team was harnessing.

"We are safe now," he said; and again, "There is no fear of our being recognized now." All the air of that little company had come to be one of security, though one man had already marked them down, and already the galloping out in pursuit from the gates of Paris had begun.

The governess and the royal children caught that air of security, and where a long hill put the horses at a walk, they got out and climbed it on foot. There was only one small incident of which to this day we cannot tell whether it was of any moment or not. The little princess had noted it and had been disturbed. It was the presence of a traveler who for a time rode alone upon his horse behind them, walking when they walked, trotting when they trotted. It may have been no more than the coincidence that his way lay with theirs. Long before Châlons he had turned off by a by-road and disappeared.

There is, making a sort of western wall for the Champagne country, a very sharp and even range of hills running north and south. These are the escarpment of that plateau of which I have just spoken, and through which for many hours the coach had been traveling on. They end abruptly to the south, but just beyond the precipitous slope in which they terminate there stands across a narrow, clean-cut valley one isolated hill called the Mont Aimé; so that the gap is a sort of gate into the flat country below, which stretches eastward in a wide, rolling, chalky plain, the lower Champagne, of which Châlons is the capital and center. Beyond that plain another low, sharp line of hills, the Forest of the Argonne, marks the very distant horizon.

Through this gate, which is a landmark for miles throughout the plain, passes the road; and half an hour beyond, or a little more, where the road crosses the small water of the Soude, three or four houses round one posting-house, by name Chaintrix, break the monotony of the fields. The travelers reached it just in the sultriest part of the day. They had not greatly added to their error in time; they were not much, if at all, behind the hour and a half of debt against fate which they had already suffered to accumulate when fate touched them again, but this time with a stronger gesture than when, four hours before, the postboy at Viels-Maisons had looked askance and known them for what they were.

Here lived one Lagny with certain married and unmarried daughters, and with him, by just one coincidence, his son-in-law from miles away, Vallet by name, who for that one day was there. That son-in-law had been to Paris the year be-

THE END OF THE FLIGHT OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT VARENNES

fore for the Revolutionary feast upon the Champ-de-Mars. He had there stared at the king, and when the berlin stopped at his father-in-law's door, and while yet the relay was waiting, he recognized his sovereign. Now it happened—so the doom of the king willed it—that all the small household, father and daughter and son-in-law, were Royalists of the old kind. They made obeisance openly; the king and the queen accepted that homage with delight, and at parting gave them gifts, which still remain in testimony to the truth of this tale. Vallet insisted upon driving them himself,—with what consequences we shall see,—and what was more, this spontaneous little scene of enthusiasm added by some few minutes again—perhaps a quarter, perhaps half an hour—to the delay. The royal children had gone in to rest a little from the heat and from their fatigue. When they came out and the coach started, the postmaster and his daughters openly acknowledged their hosts before the servants of the farm and the postboys around.

Vallet himself rode upon the leaders—they whipped off before three—proud to be driving his king and filled with zeal. But his zeal was indiscreet. Twice he let the horses fall. Once his off wheel caught the parapet of a bridge. At least twice the traces broke, and time, now so heavily against them, turned still more heavily against them in the necessity of finding ropes and of mending. There must have been one more hour lost somewhere in that stage of the road.

When somewhat after four o'clock the fugitives clattered into Châlons, the whole matter was public knowledge. Whether Vallet had spoken, or whether the news shouted across the fields had been carried by some galloper, or in whatever other way it spread, many knew it while the two carriages were halted for the next relay in the town. The little knot that gathered round the carriage knew what they were gazing at; the bolder among them murmured thanks that the king had escaped his enemies. The postmaster of Châlons knew it, the mayor knew it, and many others whose names have not been preserved, but whose attitudes and words have. None would take upon himself any responsibility in the great quarrel, and only one obscure threat reached their ears. An unknown man did say in a low voice one thing which has been recorded: at least we have it at second hand, but at good second hand, that the travelers heard during a halt a passer-by cry to them that their plans had miscarried and that sooner or later they would be held.

But this general recognition at Châlons disturbed them not at all. They were now not only secure in mind, as they had been for many hours, but also within

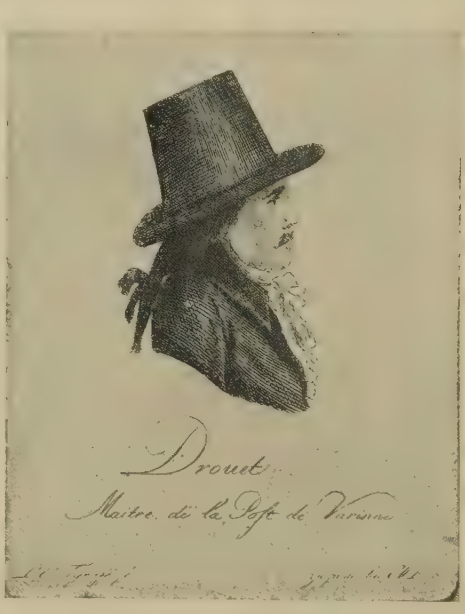
touch of certain and physical security. For at the very next relay, not two hours along the road, was not the first of those armed posts of escort waiting for them, to surround them, to form a rear-guard, which should forbid all pursuit, to roll up further posts as the carriage still went eastward, and to form at last a whole body of cavalry, leading them on to the main army beyond Varennes? At that town, not fifty miles on, was the limit beyond which lay stationed in great numbers the army of Bouillé, the general privy to the plot and ready to do all things for the king.

Here, if we are to seize the last act of this disaster, we must have some picture of the scene in which it was played.

The lower Champagne, "The Champagne of the Dust," as the peasants call it, heaves in wide, low billows that barely disturb the vast sameness of its flat until the Argonne, its limit and its wall, is reached to the east. With the Argonne are great trees again, and lively waters, and the recovery of rich land.

That countryside of the "Champagne Pouilleuse" is strange; it has remained for centuries thus empty to the sky, land often too poor for the plow, everywhere hungry and half deserted. The sluggish streams that make their way slowly through its shallow depressions are milk-white with the worthless chalky soil, and though now too regular plantations of stunted pines diversify it, planted in the hope of reclamation, it is of its nature a country without trees, as almost without men. Small, scattered villages hold its few people, and again and again one comes to patches as great as a rich man's estate that are left untilled and have lost almost all feature save the records of past wars. For here has been a great battle-field for ages. Across its flat one may still trace the lines of the Roman military roads. Here the French have made their chief modern ranges for the training of their gunners. Here Attila was broken in his great defeat, and you may see his enormous oval camp still standing, so large that it looks like the ruin of a town in the midst of the plain. Here also in the very next year that followed the flight of the king were to meet for the first time the armies of the Revolution and of Europe, and from these poor fields were to retreat the forces of the invasion, which did not return until, after twenty-two years, the republic and Napoleon had transformed the world.

Right across this sweep drives the great road from Châlons, twenty-five miles, till it strikes at Sainte-Menehould, a country town at the foot of the Argonne. Only two relays break this long day's stretch, Somme-Vesle and Orbeval, each an isolated farm and standing in one of those slightly depressed muddy-watered dips to which the road falls, and from which it as slightly rises again in its eastward progress across the plain. And there at Somme-Vesle, at the Châlons's end of the stretch, barely ten miles away, should be the first cavalry awaiting them, Choiseul's troop.



DROUET, THE POSTMASTER AT VARENNES

It was in the hours between half-past four and six that the berlin was passing through this stage. That hour and a half of debt to fate which the loyalty of Lagny at Chaintrix had increased perhaps to two, the avoidable accidents under Vallet's posting had stretched to nearly three.

Young Choiseul, the duke, had come in to Somme-Vesle. He had his orders to

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT VARENNES, JUNE 22, 1791

expect somewhat after noon at the earliest, at the latest by three, the carriage which held his master and the queen. His exact time-table said one, and at one that carriage had not yet reached Chaintrix! The officer was mounted, and his troop of forty also—forty German mercenaries esteemed more trustworthy in such a task than any troops of the nation. From one till two they still sat their horses, waiting in the road before the posting-house, with the width of the Champagne all about. A strange sight to see so considerable an escort thus gathered, waiting for they would not say what. But here again, so oddly fast did the news travel, one man knew. As the afternoon wore on, and men sent riding up to the crest of the rise could see nothing coming up the road, the postmaster, as though to make conversation, strolled up to one man in subordinate command and said, "It seems that the king is to pass this way." He was answered neither yes nor no.

Peasants came in from the fields; a little knot of men gathered; rumors went about. In those days all the French had evil words for the foreign mercenaries in the army. Some of the more ignorant of the field-workers began whispering that they were a press-gang, that they had come to seize men for the service; the better instructed were far more suspicious of something far more probable. Three o'clock passed, and there began to be some pressure upon the mounted men. A few were hustled; the gathering of peasants grew. Beyond all essentials was it essential thus far from any support to avoid a rumor of the truth, or at least the spreading of it, and any conflict between his little line of Germans and the gathering peasantry about. And in one of those agonies that soldiers always feel, whether the command be great or small, when synchrony fails and when they are waiting hopelessly for something that never comes, torn as soldiers always are in such delays between two necessities, Choiseul, as the afternoon still drew on and the road for miles still showed quite empty, decided for the more immediate duty. A little longer, and his troop would have suffered assault, and the king, if after such inex-

THE RETURN TO PARIS

plicable delay he did come at all, would come to find a country-side beginning to rise and his chances ruined.

But was the king coming? How often had not Choiseul been told of the perils, of the necessities, of the last moment, of the repeated postponements! How well did he not know himself, he who had left Paris as a forerunner just before, and who had a good eye for the faults of the court! Hour after hour had passed; the king could not be coming, and to linger longer with his little German troop was in any case to insure failure. He would ride away with his men across Argonne and join the main body at Varennes. He would not further rouse the growing talk of the fields by swelling the contingents to the east with his own, and by showing more soldiers than need be along the road. He would cut across the plain and through the woods. He rode away, and his men after him.

As the horses drawing the berlin topped the slight rise which hides from that approach the posting-house of Somme-Vesle, and as the flat dip, with the steading and the long wall of the courtyard, appeared before the travelers, the king from the window, the guardsmen riding at the side, saw in one moment a sudden nothingness, which struck them as though the whole of their chances had turned. Lounging before the gate of the stables were the few hostlers and servants of the place. Of the soldiers in their blue and white, and of their mounts, not a sign. It was inexplicable, but it spoke loudly. And the emptiness of Champagne became in that unexpected shock far emptier than before. The travelers did not speak to one another; they did not even press the relay. For the first time that day a sense of dread was growing in them. They went on under the evening.

For it was now already evening. The reddening sun broke for a moment through a rift in the western clouds; it shone upon tumbled, white fields, bare or with a meager harvest, and, upon its ridge to the left, on the mill which was to be lifted into such fame in fourteen months under the name of Valmy: they were crossing that battle-field.

One more halt, one more relay under the failing light, and the hoofs of the

horses rang over the paving of Sainte-Menehould with the high woods of Argonne right before them. And as they came through the evening street, with all the people out to enjoy the new coolness of the air, that town more than any other they had yet passed knew thoroughly what was toward.

Gossip of it had been passing in the inns for hours. The post of hussars there waiting had angered men, but had been also too well explained, and their captain, as the coach waited for its horses, forgot the official secret and saluted when those within beckoned him to hear the news. Drouet, the son of the postmaster, himself now acting as postmaster of the place, sullenly ordered the harnessing, looking ill-naturedly at the huge, yellow thing, with its heaped luggage and tarpaulin atop, and telling his men in that hill country to spare the beasts. It was perhaps a close thing whether, amid the growing suspicion and anger of the place, one and then another and then a third passing the news, and all aflame against the foreign mercenaries set there for a guard, the coach would be allowed to start at all.

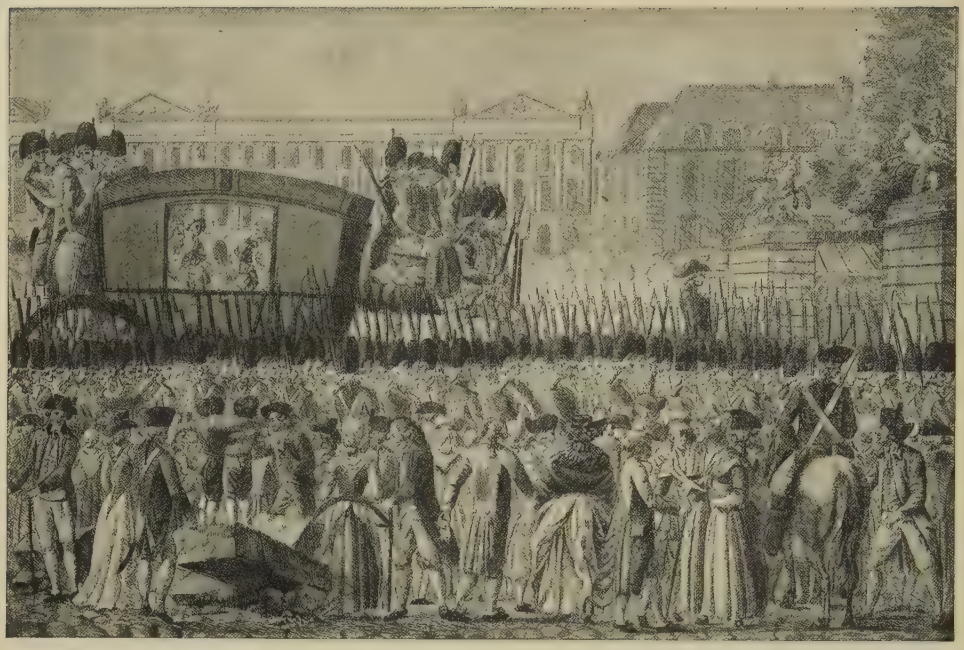
But the same fear and doubt of consequences held them here at Sainte-Menehould as it had held the much smaller number who had gradually heard the truth far up the road hours before. And the travelers began their climb under the falling night up into Argonne. One more relay in the darkness at Clermont, where the road to Montmédy branched off from that to Metz, and they were upon the last stage to Varennes and to safety.

But when they were gone, when they had thus been hardly allowed to go, the captain of the little troop of cavalry, sounding boots and saddles, lit the flame. The militia were summoned by drummers throughout the streets, the German soldiers, mutinous with hunger after their long wait and supported in their mutiny by the town folk, failed to obey. The town council met, arrested, and examined the captain in command, and after one hour of increasing vehemence this decision was taken, which changed the story of France and of the world, "That the fugitives should be followed and detained." And the two men chosen for this task of life or death—for should they fail, it was certainly death upon the return of the armies—were Drouet, the young postmaster, and Guillaume, both ex-cavalrymen and both men knowing, as they had need to know, the darkness of Argonne that night. Both were men of great courage.

The odds against them were heavy. Of eighteen miles their quarry had a start of seven. Further, they thought, as did all to whom the plan had not been given, that the king's flight would be by the main Metz road. They knew nothing of his goal at Montmédy and of the turn-up toward Varennes which he would take at Clermont. They did not know that Varennes meant for him safety and for themselves immediate defeat.

They rode furiously up the road, and as they neared Clermont, nine miles on, having found in all those nine miles no sign of lights before them, in the pass where the great woods come close on each side and through which the road, the railway, and the stream run side by side to-

A SOLDIER OF THE NATIONAL GUARD AT THE TIME OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION



THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL FAMILY IN PARIS, JUNE 25, 1791

day, Drouet heard voices in the darkness. He knew them for his own servants.

He learned in one breathless question and answer that the coach had turned off the Metz road after the relay down toward the north and Varennes. He had to decide in the thick darkness, and at once, between following by the highway and cutting through the woods. He had the soldier in him, and he decided. He would take the chance of the woods, though he had eleven miles to go, and only an hour to ride in. If he did merit anything of fate, he would come in ahead of his prey; and if he failed, he failed.

He took the steep bank up into the trees with Guillaume, and though the two men knew the woods well, it was miraculous that they could thus gallop through a clouded night, through paths which I, who have followed them in full day, found tortuous and confused and often overgrown. He came down with his companion into Varennes town by the lane that leads from the forest above. It was asleep save for one light where men were sitting drinking. The hour was just on eleven. They could not tell whether they had won or lost in that great race. But Drouet, full of immediate decision, roused here a house and there another, blocked the bridge that led eastward to the farther part of the town and out toward the army by dragging across it an empty wagon that lay by, and then strode up the main street of the place to find whether he had lost or won.

He came upon the berlin suddenly under an arch that spanned the way from house to house, the big thing almost filling the arch, and its two round lamps, with their reflectors, shining like great eyes. He heard some altercation, and shrill above the other voices one woman's urging the postilions. They would consent to go only a few yards farther, to cross the river. And there was Bouillé's son and his men waiting for them. Drouet took the leader's reins and threw him back on his haunches. He had won the race.

What followed was the anticlimax and the despair: the mayor, roused and hesitating; the hussars drifting in; Choiseul and the rest, now powerless before an immense armed mob that had gathered under the new day; the gallopers from Paris; the slow, dreadful return under the heat; and the restoration of the crown to the palace, which was henceforward its prison.

(To be continued)

THE HIGHER LAW[1]

AN ENGLISH NIGHT WITH MASTER FRANÇOIS VILLON, SIEUR DES LOGES, AGENT OF HIS MAJESTY LOUIS XI OF FRANCE

BY GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

Author of "The Romaunt of the Rose," "The Oubliette," etc.

PICTURES BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

I

ALLHALLOWE'EN, night of saints by word of mouth, witches by word of deed, when old hob held high court on a haystack, and farm-wives put out porridge for Puck and clotted cream for the pixies. Night of elves and fairies, gnomes and goblins, witch-wives, and werwolves, with ghosts dancing on graveyards under a golden October moon. Night on the Norwich Road in the Norfolk demesne, and the first Hallowe'en matrons remembered there was no sore scraping to spare the little people their provender.

For nigh a year and a half no ricks had been burned, no grain trampled under, no yeomen or small peasantry forced to pay quit-rent to both Yorkist and Lancastrian lords. The moon rose high over pleasant fields as yellow as its own light. Smoke curled over low-lying farm-houses, their owners no longer afraid to light their fires, and the bright blaze of them behind the windows and through the trees was a cheery sight to weary wayfarers. Within, swords were nailed above hearths, powder-rods stirred the porridge or raked the fire.

Yet where roads passed through glen and dell or over heath and moor there was yet danger for the traveler. With the white rose, the fairest flower of Westminster, and the red one drooping forlornly t' other side channel, ruffianly free companions who had lived high and lain soft these many years of civil war, having now only Othello's occupation, had declared private wars. Hence even the fearless young Lord Fitzalan, youngest son of Norfolk's duke, rode into his father's demesne with many sturdy varlets at his heels. The moon's broad face was mirrored on their steel gorgets and helms of proof, its yellow glow mellowed the gilt of his spurs and the silver lilies of his sword-hilt. But they met the moonlight more wanly than was their wont; there was more dust than glitter to them. Hard had Sir Stephen ridden all day, for he must return before the week was out. The young king was bored when his favorite, Etienne le Débonnaire, was away; Master Stephen was a wit, and facile at devising the sort of wickedness that Edward loved.

The young lord and Knight of the Garter had always been York's echo. So, since Edward, for all his lights of love and purple nights, had bristled with honorable intentions toward the Lady Elizabeth, so young Stephen toward the Lady Eleyne. It was to her manor of Lyme that he now rode hot-haste, for thither, bag and baggage, had she fled, and "baggage herself," though he quoth of her, he nevertheless would have her to wife. Married, she should pay for the mock she 'd made of him: Etienne le Débonnaire was also Etienne le Diable, the debonair in love, the devil in war; and hitherto had found maids mighty eager for his court, properly complimented at his complaisance. But this Eleyne would first have none of him, then would have him only, then would flee away. Yet was his desire for her stronger than his rage, so he had sulked till Edward bade him take his sullen face and follow after her. So he rode hard, and his men grumbled.

But hard though he rode, another rode harder, one who had changed his horse thrice since leaving London. My lord Fitzalan had been passed at St. Albans: was now left far behind, while his herald, although unbeknownst, approached jour-

1 Published in collaboration with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

"'I WILL BE LEECH TO ALL OF YOU,' QUOTH HE"

ney's end, the sign of the Red Dragon near Norwich, part of the lands of the Lord of Lyme, and bearing upon its flapping sign-board the device of that house, of which the daughter was that same Lady Eleyne who had departed Londontown a fortnight agone, wending homeward.

Within the tavern sat a number of nobodies, ditchers and plowmen and thatchers, drinking penny ale and listening to a jongleur, a melancholy man with lank locks and a little lute, who had sung the "Rede of Roland," and had now begun upon the "Vision of Piers Plowman."

"I shall apparel me in pilgrim's wise,
And wend with you I will 'til we find truth."

"Art a Lollard, then?" quoth a thatcher; but another caught his arm, warning him. "Nay," demurred the first. "York 's king now, and Lollards helped make him so. King listeneth when commonesse speak these days, and our Ned can have no quarrel with Master Langland's vision nor with any other deed of Master Wyclif's chantry priests. York had never a crown, else."

"Lollardy 's ill hearing in Norfolk, Jack," whispered the weather-beaten ditcher who had sought to stay him, "as you 'd know but for being a thickhead Kentishman.

"Where Howards rule,
The monk rides mule,

and a Howard 's duke over Norfolk again. Wast of No'fo'shire, would know better. Cruel hard on Lollardy is Duke John, and his sons likewise, so 't is said. And Sir Stephen 's cruel hard on all poor folk."

So the whispering went on, and Master Francis Villon, erstwhile poet of the people, but now engaged upon private business for the King of France, heard enough to bring a smile to his lips and satisfaction to his eyes. He had been busy spreading such reports this fortnight until even such clods knew as much of the restored Norfolk as the court itself. And it was Master Francis to whom they owed that hearing of Master Will's vision, for the poet had bestowed it upon the jongleur, and had paid him to learn it and to sing it o'er the country-side. The jongleur had not ceased to wonder how any scrivener might have made letters so alike and lines so even; for word of the Herren Gutenberg and Faust and their books of print had reached only the learned in England. Even Master Caxton knew naught of it in the year of grace 1463.

Of all the perquisites enjoyed by Francis the poet since he had come to serve Louis the king, none pleased him better than that he should please himself as to the books which King Louis's Hussite heretic should perpetuate for the royal universities. But that he had the benefit of other perquisites was plain from his person. Spare always, often of a miserable thinness after prison fare, with ragged locks, patched hosen, and doublet worn thin, the poet had now a pleasing fullness of face and roundness of limb, and his port was that of one accustomed to authority. He wore none but hose of heavy silk; his doublet was of the finest Flemish broadcloth; his surcoat, belted with Cordovan leather, was clasped with a sardonyx mask. Both his sword and dagger had costly hilts of inlaid mother-of-pearl.

But he wore neither surcoat nor weapons as he sat by his bedroom window, which opened on the tap-room, and, as the beam-and-plaster walls of the window bulged over the great hearth, he had only to draw his curtains to hear all that was said below. It was a small inn. A dozen steps upward from the tap, and one stood within any one of the three guest-chambers. Of these Master Villon's was the best, and bad enough at that. But the innkeeper knew nothing of Master Villon. When he came up, on this Hallowe'en's night to learn his lordship's pleasure in the matter of supper, he called him that—"his lordship." He knew the erstwhile vagabond as the Sieur des Loges, a despoiled seignior of Aquitaine, loyal because he was English by his sainted mother. Master Villon's nativity and ancestry were apt to depend largely upon his momentary vicinage.

"Supper," said Master Francis, and dropped the volume of Petrarch he did but pretend to read, minded him of certain delicate dishes, and sighed; these English cooks were not to be trusted for preciosity. But he brightened, recalling certain newly trapped hares brought inward only this eve, and armfuls of freshly

killed pheasants and plovers. "A ragout of hare," said he, slowly, having some ado not to smack his lips. "When it is ready for the fire, I will descend and instruct your villain of a cook. And put by a brace of birds. I will have them spitted when I have begun upon the hare."

He closed his eyes to consider further delectabilities. Outside, the sound of a galloping horse came to a sudden ceasement, a voice was heard calling Will Ostler. Villon dismissed the landlord, whom the sound had made restless to begone, and lifted a hem of his curtain.

"A pox on him!" he said, sighing.

The guest newly arrived was my Lord Fitzalan's herald. Him Master Francis had restlessly awaited these many days, but he took it most unkind that the fellow should arrive at a time when good folk prepared themselves devoutly and ecstatically to dine. But though the gormand grumbled as he got inside his surcoat, the agent of King Louis were a traitor unless glad. Full many a month he had planned and prayed that matters might reach this pass.

So before the rider had knocked upon the door, the poet was ready to depart.

"All 's well?" Master Villon grumbled as he opened to him. "How far behind does he ride?"

Stolid, heavy-featured Jack Messenger shrugged his shoulders.

"Two leagues, doubtless three, mayhap four. These Norfolk roads are made by the foul fiend. My mare went lame, poor beast! Wrenched a hinder foot in four feet of No'fo'shire mud. Roads!" His person, thick with dust where no mud-splashes were, bore out his bitter scorn. But Master Villon found these travel stains no good reason for miseration.

"Good, perdie!" quoth he. "For Master Stephen must tarry awhile and scent his pretty person. 'T is a thing a gallant does before he seeks his lady-love. Aught else?"

"The galloon had weighed anchor before I rode north," returned Jack Messenger. "Should be off No'wich now, awaiting your lordship."

"Good, my friend!" said Villon, and gave him some gold pieces. "Bide here while this Stephen bides. But if he pause only for men and horse to drink, come before him to Lyme Manor, and give me fair warning." So saying, he got him to the stables.

II

The Lord of Lyme, father of Sir Stephen's lady-fair, to whom Master Francis rode from the Red Lion to make his devoirs, was a grizzled old gentleman of threescore, veteran of many wars. He sat in Manor Lyme, king's justice of miles of country-side, Baron of Lyme, landlord to most of the good folk thereof, overlord to knights and freeholders whose interests he protected in return for martial service. He kept high house at Lyme Manor, dining with retainers, servitors, and such free villeins as lacked household. At lower tables were places for parish poor and humble wayfarers. Little had changed since Rolf Hubba, Danish thane of the great Canute, had held the manor.

Nor had the manor changed save for comforts within, carpets to floor, tapestries to wall, damask to table. Outside were the same long, low buildings, and a moat widened during each Hubba's tenancy until the manor ground was a small island, its shore hedged about by what had been sharpened stakes, but was now a stone rampart set with sharp spear-heads of rusty iron. Here had been added a drawbridge and a round, high Norman tower.

Master Francis, having wound horn at gate, passed through gardens and courtyard, led by a servitor to Sir Haco Hubba's retiring-room, where the worthy knight (for all the well born in England must be knights in knightly days) sat reading from the Romaunt of Guy of Gisborne. A fire burned on a hearth the tiles of which, decorated by a great Flemish craftsman, told the story of Amadis of Gaul. Another varlet brought a silver cup of wine, hot and spiced, a third jacked off Villon's boots, took his cloak, gave him slippers and a house-mantle, both lined with marten's fur. Against so leisurely a welcome, the poet made plea and protest.

"There is need for haste," he warned. But Sir Haco would hear none of that; his hospitality was famous. Only when these things had been done would he dismiss his servants and allow Master Villon his private ear. The poet spoke hurriedly, between great gulps of the

warming wine, the Lord of Lyme's fierce old face seaming with thoughtful lines.

"I would I knew why your usurper so much desires this," he said when the poet had done. "I would not have it said a Hubba played traitor by serving England's enemies. And, for all his bigotry, yon spark's father is a gallant knight and great captain, and the lad himself fought bravely enough for the white rose. I gave my word," he added testily, "and my word 's never broken yet. But I have had doubts since I hurried my daughter hither—grave doubts that grow apace, Sir Knight."

"She does not love him?" quoth Villon, aghast. The old lord frowned upon him.

"She loves no light o' love, no evil thinker and worse doer," said he. "No. But that I bade her do so after I had heard your tale, never would she have listened to an idolatrous enemy of her faith. He had besought her often enough, God wot, but she would have none of him. Would even have told him she was Lollard. That would have damped his flame. But 't is a secret even a king's justice does well to keep, as our present business proves."

He shook his head, his manner dolorous, while King Louis's agent shook with impatience ill-concealed, but dared make no open show thereof; the Lord of Lyme's complaisance to his plan must needs become open countenance now.

" 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me so'?" quoth the Lord of Lyme, and closed his eyes and clenched his hands. "Tell me, Sir Foreigner, why do our enemies so confound us that I, who am accounted brave, dare not openly confess my faith? Aye, and ten thousand more, brave men all. Why this great hate of Christian men who do but believe that the bread upon the altar be not the body of our Lord, nor His blood the wine? Nor that Christ, the gentlest *parfait* knight, ordained no mass but simple worship. And who do but deny that a wicked man may consecrate, or baptize, or ordain; aye, be he deacon or bishop or the pope himself; for such are no true servants of our Lord. These be true things, as holy writ doth prove. And did the gentle Jesu live in riches or in Christian *pauvrité?* The holy Apostles besides? And were they ordained by any holy see to preach the word? Yet our enemies do declare us in mortal sin for believing His servants should do likewise. And such false servants did dig up and burn the body and bones of Master Wyclif. But his soul is alive in our faith, though Henry of Lancaster burned a-many of his priests, and even we who were laymen went in fear of the stake. For the which woe has fallen upon Henry of Lancaster's house, and his son, once King of England and a gentle soul, must suffer for his father's sins. So let Edward of York take heed. 'T is but the beginning. God's truth sets afire the mountain and consumes the hill. Let him leave Lollards to worship as they will."

He rocked to and fro in a fine frenzy, then, a swift shudder shaking him, opened his eyes.

"Tell me, Sir Agent, what harm we do that we must worship 'neath the earth or on the lonely heath? And, when we have fought to make the white rose rule all England, it turns poisonous to our touch. Tell me," he said fiercely, "are we wild beasts? Or lepers? Or accursed?"

Villon answered, his tone urgent:

"Take whelps from the leopardess, but not property from Rome. *Poor* priests, quotha! 'T is a jest that smells ill at Sancta Maggiore, *beau sieur*. But you have said it. Lollards fought valiantly for York; and King Edward has no hatred for Master Wyclif's priests or Master Langland's 'Vision.' But Milord Fitzalan doth persuade him out of his own hate and reproaches him for lack of respect for Rome."

The Lord of Lyme interrupted, his gesture peremptory.

"Familiar argument," quoth he. "I doubt nothing of Sir Stephen's evil influence upon the king nor his hatred of Lollardy. Certes, I would set all doubts at rest before listing to you three months agone. And mo'. I know this very day from Master Johns at Oxford, there be a bull of the pope ordering that Canterbury yield authority to Cardinal Monsoretto, who comes to play reynard among our churchmen capons. And if Canterbury yield, all priests who teach as Wyclif taught will be excommunicate."

" 'T is *vérité* this Canterbury only awaits King Edward's rede," quoth Villon, gulping wine to hide his fretful nerves. "And once yielded, there will be

mo' investigate than priests. The Inquisition will be afoot again, mark me. And who more apt to cozen the king than Favorite Etienne? His father 's bound to Rome by every tie, is kinsman to the greatest of Lollard haters, old Arundel. Has it 'scaped you what scath' the Lollards of Winchelsea had at this Etienne's hands? Were other Lancastrires exterminate entire, their churches burned, their children slain?"

"Familiar argument again, Sir Knight," the old lord made answer wearily. "I have said I doubt nothing of his hate. An I did, do we not make sure this very night? And so he is here." He summoned his body-servant, slipped off his signet-ring. "Give to Master Lascelles. Say him he will be off at once and speedily." And when the servant was gone, he added: "He will summon seven in all, three knights, three freeholders, and my own nephew Arthur, stanch Lollards all. 'T is enough: more might blab. So do I keep my word. Yet uneasiness still besets me, my French friend. Your usurping Valois desires this thing too much, nor for any love of Lollards. Wherefore, then? A hundred times have I asked you without answer. Now I say, you must lay quiet these suspicions or my seven shall judge for me. Make sure they will aid no plots of England's enemy. Till now they think this snare my own. Hadst best answer, Chevalier."

There was finality in his tone, and Master Francis knew it was as he said: a great hatred for Frenchmen existed among the petty nobility, the knights, the bourgeoisie; 't was to be expected of the losers in a hundred-years' war. Even among the great lords, few had Sir Haco's lack of prejudice: he had been prisoner of France in other years, and had many Frenchmen for friends.

Villon bowed to fate. Since the old lord could be put off no longer, it was better he knew than any other.

"An you will pledge your knightly word to reveal naught of what you force me to tell," he temporized. Sir Haco pointed to a silver crucifix on the wall.

"An you will swear on yon to speak sooth, and that there be no treason to England in it, gladly will I swear likewise," quoth he. Villon brought it to him. The oaths were sworn.

"It is for peace, then," said the poet—"peace between yours and mine. As one small rat may sink the mightiest ship o' war, so one small human rat the ship of state. This Fitzalan menaces more than Lollards. He would have Edward carry the bloody banner into France, reassert England's suzerainty. It has already cost both kingdoms dear, laid waste half of France, anointed it with half England's blood. Yet so vain and covetous this duke's son, he would spill another half to show his knightly prowess, to win back certain lands of Arundel in Aquitaine, and make himself the count thereof. Even now he has Edward's secret word to war on us. 'T is for that Earl Warwick flares the fleet. What chance, think you, has France? More than half the great princes will desert to England's cause. They do not love King Louis for protecting peasants and burgesses against their rapine and robbery: he curbs them, and teaches them law; would have them, like yourself, protectors of the poor, not persecutors. France is lost if England invades us now."

The old lord's eyes sparkled, his hand trembled. In the days of his youth, before Joan the Maid had put Louis's father on the throne, France had been ruled by an English king. Did this foolish fellow hope to have a Hubba party to the prevention of what would prove his country's prowess once again, a renewal of her ancient glory?

Villon, watching and understanding, answered with a melancholy shake of the head.

"Is it to give France an English king that these princes plot? They will use England's army and England's taxes to help King Louis's younger brother to the throne. He will be figurehead, England cat's-paw. And Edward will return to find England Lancastrian again; King Louis will no longer refuse his cousin of Anjou aid. And think, my lord, will England suffer new taxes for a French war with half her people gone, half her country waste? And will you see it plunged again into murder and rapine? If you have no compassion for unhappy France, think of your own England."

The smile had faded from Sir Haco's face, the sparkle gone from his eyes; gone, too, the memory of his youth, when war was a glorious pageant. His old age re-

membered only blackened fields, bloodied hearths, burned houses, dead men, and the sack of cities.

"You seem to speak sooth," he said, troubled; "but how may this pawn of a Stephen count for so much in so great a game?"

"A knight and many bishops, no pawn," Villon returned, pursuing the Arabian metaphor. "Edward listens to two men above all. To this Etienne, whom he loves; to your Warwick, whom he fears. And your Warwick is against this war, though he must prepare the fleet for a descent upon our coasts. It is planned that he will land, and lead the way for Edward and his army. But if the army does not come,—and it will not, if none fans Edward's sloth to flame,—Warwick returns in peace."

He did not add that the great kingmaker had been caught in another strand of the web that King Louis was spinning for the enemies of France; that Warwick was in secret bonds, if set foot in France he must, to mistake his place and make landing in Brittany, there to ravage the duchy of the rebellious Francis and to aid the spider he was sent to harm. Yet so it was, and Master Francis knew that he himself dared not return to the spider having failed in his part of the pact that was sworn with Warwick. Save for this reticence alone, he had told all to the Lord of Lyme; had held his oath inviolate. Waiting in suspense, he wondered how he might manage the matter if Sir Haco failed him.

"A strange king, this Louis of France," said the old man in some contempt. "How comes it he permits such affronts instead of gathering his armies and crushing rebels and invaders? Failure or no, he covers himself with glory, and if he may not reign a king, at least he dies a hero—"

"He holds such things as childish," Villon returned. "Such is well enough for a knight's creed or even a lord's. In the days of his dauphinate did he not storm Dieppe, tame the Swiss, conquer D'Armagnacs, D'Albret, and De Foix? Was he not a terrible leader of free companies? But a king must think only of the welfare of his people. Such is his creed, learned in the days of his youth from the great patriots Jacques Cœur and Jean Bureau, who, though commoners, counseled his father better than any nobles. For a hundred years there had been war, starvation, disease, decimation, and none had been the gainer. France had fallen apart; some strong hand must piece it together again, but by wisdom, not by war. The world may call him coward, knave, what they like; a king must disregard all save the higher law."

Sir Haco raised his eyebrows.

"Higher law, quotha?" Villon's eyes suddenly shone. He was the poet again, inspired, eloquent, his imagination touched. As he spoke, he was living witness to the wisdom of that king he defended, whose brain, busy with great projects, had yet the time to read the verses of a vagabond and to see that the same talents that had made the crafty thief might make the craftier agent.

"The higher law," he gave Sir Haco back, "the most good to the many, the right of the great to protect the little. Shall one man live that thousands may die? Wilt see Lollards burned, France an English grave again? And to gratify the lust of one lordling? My lord, that life is forfeit. *That* is the higher law."

The old man spoke no word, but, gazing into the fire, sighed heavily. Perhaps he wondered how that perfect knight, Amadis of Gaul, whose pictured deeds the fire lit up, would have viewed it. These were strange, new thoughts, different from the good old days when to ride to the wars with pennons flying and banners waving was the aim and end of all nobility. But in these new days, when his bones creaked too much for him to be in harness, when to sit before the fire with a romance manuscript in hand, spiced posset at his elbow, a warm, soft mantle about him, was earthly felicity, his soul was troubled for its future. He had warred all his life, a score of years in France, half a score for York against Lancaster, yet had gained only grievous wounds and given only sore unhappiness. Many men had fallen by his hand, many cots and castles had been burned by his men, whole counties had been laid waste by his aid. Remembering this, he had been wont to redouble his devotions, to give his people pity rather than strict justice, love rather than law. Therefore his heart had responded quickly when the Frenchman had first come to him with the

tale of Lollard persecution that young Fitzalan urged upon the royal master. And now it seemed that more than Lollards would suffer.

"God pity you if you have lied to me, Sir Knight," he said wearily. "I hear the cuckoo signal at the postern gate. Some of my people are come. Remain. Your master's will shall be done."

III

In the great dining-hall the cressets and the candles burned, lighting up the rabble of hungry men at arms, retainers, and other dependents of Manor Lyme. But the candles on my lord's table were unlit. Neither he nor Lady Eleyne had broken fast this night, though it was long past their hour; nor eke the young Lord Fitzalan, though his men had laid aside steel bonnet, sword, and harquebus, and were guzzling and gorging as they deemed was their right after so long a journey. They fared better than their lord, who, with high spirits somewhat dampened to learn that the Lady Eleyne was indisposed and also that her father had a touch of his old wounds, sat an uninvited guest high up in the Norman tower.

About the whole place, in the demeanor of servants and retainers, lurked a heavy pall that had depressed the debonair one. Even the slight fare sent up from the hall on plates and dishes of silver was too much for his appetite, grown suddenly apathetic since he had come to Manor Lyme. Sir Haco ate not at all. He had the gift of hospitality and could do no harm to one with whom he had broken bread under his own roof. Therefore he sat dull and constrained, and his hunger made him drowsy. But he started out of his doze as Sir Stephen, in sudden irritation, bade the silent servitor take away the last tray uncovered.

"But you will have other wines, my lord?" he faltered, and nodded toward a cobwebbed flask, babbling of its old and noble vintage while the servitor poured some of its golden fragrance into a golden cup. The young lord tasted, drank, and drained it.

"'T is liquid sunshine," quoth he, brightening, and Sir Haco's heart was heavy that one who knew wine so well should be an enemy upon whom it were waste of words to continue his cellar's history.

They had spoken upon indifferent topics. Sir Haco had given orders how his guest's retainers should be lodged. "Of your own accommodation more anon," he had said; had cried him gramercy for the honor he would pay the Lady Eleyne, and prayed his sufferance of the company of a dull old man. And then they spoke of London, of the parlous state of the highways, of Norfolk's duke, Sir Stephen's honored father, and how he meant to mend certain matters.

It was not the same room in which Master Francis had been received an hour or more earlier. This was the highest in Manor Lyme, and reached from the hall only by the flying bridge that made the manor one with the Norman tower, of which this was the turret-chamber, an eery place, low and circular, with long shadows and narrow windows and rustling arras. In it was only one tolerable spot, the chimney-corner, where the fire lit up the rusty bars of an old grate. Yet even here was no great comfort, for a whistling wind in the chimney tickled the toes unpleasantly. It was cold without, and the promise of the early moon had been unfulfilled; a light rain had arisen, and the oaks and beeches had begun to drip slowly, steadily. And then the wind picked up strength from somewhere, and, from whistling, roared. And ever and anon was that rustling behind the arras.

"Pestilential vermin!" said Sir Haco, angered, and he scowled. "Your forgiveness for bringing your lordship to this rat-eaten, mice-ridden tower."

"'T is no matter," yawned the king's favorite. The room and the company had begun to irk him, but without discourtesy he knew no way in which he might be bidden to his bed. If only he could, he might rise betimes and see his lady the earlier.

He roused himself from reverie as he heard what seemed the sound of voices raised in anger. The old lord also listened; then came the scurrying of feet, and the hitherto silent servitor had sprung up the stairs and into the room, seeking to close the door behind him. But there followed a stronger one than he, one who threw his weight against the door so that it yielded slowly inward.

"Nay, my lord is ill," pleaded the servant. "He can hear none such to-night.

And he sits with an honored guest. The morrow, good Sir Knight, the morrow." The man outside bade him roughly to stand from the door. When he would not, he was no longer entreated, and a second time that day Villon came into the presence of the Lord of Lyme.

"A nest of Lollards, my lord!" he cried loudly as he bent the knee. "I call upon you for men in the name of my master, the Cardinal Monsoretto. A pestilential nest, and this very moment in profaning prayer upon Lymington Moor. Give me a score of your varlets, and let me upon them. They shall lodge this night in Lyme gaol."

The young lord leaped up, spilling his wine.

"His Majesty hath yielded to monseigneur? Now the saints be praised!" He put down his cup, and kissed the crucifix-hilt of his blade. "Sly Ned!" said he, joyfully. "'T was a surprise for me he planned, and was angry because I would come here against his wishes, so told me naught to vex me." He looked on Master Francis. "Art of Avignon, of the Pontifical Guard? Welcome, brother." He took Villon's hands.

"How now?" asked Sir Haco in seeming amaze. "'T is your rede that foreign agents, papal or no, shall override English authority?"

"Fie, Lord Hubba!" said Villon, shrewishly. "Hast not seen my warrant from your good archbishop? And while we rede the law, these heretics escape."

"He speaks sooth, good my lord," quoth the young Lord Fitzalan, excited of eye and trembling violently, for he was unused to repression even before the king. Involuntarily, his hand went hiltward. "Give me leave to take my own men. I have oft entreated the king to this, and 't would be a joyful thing to my good father could he know his son had ta'en the first heretics in his duchy of Norfolk. Summon my squire to bring my helm and harness," he said to the servitor. "By your leave, good Sir Haco," he added as one who would take no denial, and, turning, spoke swiftly with Master Francis concerning methods of attack.

Sir Haco nodded, and the silent servitor went, grimly smiling. For the moment, there was only the sound of rain on roof and rustling of arras.

"And when these Lollards be ta'en, what then?" Sir Haco asked. "Hath king's justice and Lord of Lyme naught to say on 't? Do foreign knights say all —and of my own liegemen, Lollards or no?"

The king's favorite restrained his rising temper with even stronger effort than before.

"There be provisions made, good my lord," he said. He dared no show of displeasure, for he feared to anger his lady's father. Yet it was sore restraint, for two of his three mightiest passions consumed him: that of the hunt and of blood-letting for one, that of fierce, intolerant hatred of Rome's enemies for another, a family trait old then in the men of his house, and not dead to this day. So he champed and fretted. "Observe, Sir Haco," said he, further, "this is an affair for holy church herself. An inquisition will be made with certain English churchmen. 'T is all arranged, but I had no thought 't would be so soon. Sly Edward! Ned the Fox! Give me your leave, my lord."

"An inquisition?" said Sir Haco, slow and soft. "Then there will be burning of Lollards, as in Lancastrian times?"

"What matter a few burned heretics if souls be saved? An they do recant, they are spared. Mother Church is merciful," said Sir Stephen, harshly. "But why tarries that villain with my harness? If they 'scape me, I 'll have him whipped from my service with his own saddle-girths and break his brand o'er his back, squire or no. Bid you god-den, my lord. Come, Sir Knight."

He would have opened the door, but the old lord had risen and was before him.

"These men be my liegemen," he said as harshly as his guest. "Lollards or no, they are men of good intent, and till my soil, paying me quit-rent faithful. What matter they read their Book in English, that they suffer their priests to be no richer than was the good knight Jesu? Would burn them for that, and leave their wives and children desolate?"

It was an heretical plaint long familiar to my Lord Fitzalan, and he hated it. Nor could his patience endure longer sith all the while his prey might be escaping him.

"Better desolate than lost eternally," he cried angrily. "Root and branch, her-

esy must end in England. Let thousands be burned if it save the souls of milliards. Is it not so, Sir Stranger?" Villon nodded, and made shift to scowl darkly.

"We must slay, and spare not," Sir Stephen went on, hand gripping hilt savagely. "Gentle kindness, my Lord Hubba, were ill advised for those who come after us. 'T is most mercy to slay a few that many may be saved."

The eyes of the old lord, which had been troubled, were lit with a gleam as fierce as those of the young one.

"Say you so?" he asked. "That 's monstrous wise. Had thought so mineself, but feared me wrong. King's justice in Lyme shall yield to you. As you judge, so will I do. When the death of one can save the many, that one should die? That is your rede?"

"Gramercy for your courteous yielding," said Sir Stephen, and held out his hand. "We nobles have our duty, Sir Haco—to obey not our gentler promptings, but that which is best for all."

"The higher law," said the old lord, and his smile was chilly.

"The higher law," agreed the young lord, and his smile was chillier still.

Sir Haco lifted his voice. "You have condemned yourself, my lord," he said. He raised his hand. From behind the arras and out of the shadows of the tower came men in armor of steel and leather, the firelight red upon their drawn swords.

"You have heard," said Sir Haco. "He has had fair trial. Out of his own mouth he is condemned. These be Lollards, my Lord Fitzalan." Sir Stephen leaped backward, but Villon's outstretched blade touched his midriff.

"We are judges, not assassins," said Arthur of Lyme, who was foremost, though those behind muttered other words. "Choose your man, my brave Roman. And if he falls by your sword, choose another. And yet again another until you or all are slain."

The face of the king's favorite was ashen pale, but he kept courage and defiance.

"If I am murthered, his Majesty will take heavy toll," he said thickly. But there was no answer, only the heavy breathing of the knights and freeholders of Lyme. "A booby-trap, to die in a booby-trap!" groaned the young lord. A very brave figure he made in his short surcoat of ruby velvet belted at the waist with a ruby for clasp, and with the gold and green crest of the Fitzalans on his breast, his slim, jeweled hand on the hilt of his crucifix sword. "But so be it," he said suddenly, and the hard eyes in the young hawk face lit up.

His dagger flashed in his left hand to serve as shield.

"Give me grace, Mother Mary," he prayed. "Aid me to carve their carcasses or turn their heretic souls. As for that Delilah who lured me here, the hussy shall be my leman yet. I swear it."

Sir Haco sprang before him, though unarmed.

"My daughter be true woman," he said. "Serves her father's faith." With a cruel laugh, Sir Stephen thrust at him. Had not the flat of Master Villon's sword struck up the young lord's from behind, it had gutted the old Lollard; and even so it pierced his arm.

The sight of blood drawn raised the Lollard-hater's color high.

"I will be leech to all of you," quoth he, leaping back to the wall. "Wilt need no more blood-letting for a month of Sundays. Come. Save your pouches, brave Piers Plowman and Peter Knight. Come on, brave heretics!"

It was not this that moved them. The knights and sturdy yeomen, seven in all, had already come upon him in a body, all shame and awkwardness banished at his treachery upon an old and unarmed man. No longer was he the youthful and debonair knight, but the cruel cold-heart to whom no life mattered but his own.

"Fair fight," growled the old lord staggering up from his chair.

"Fair fight," echoed Villon from behind. But for answer came only hard laughs from the Lollards of Lyme.

"Fair fight? Would he have been fair to us? Was it fair he would have killed our lord?" Villon's sword flashed beside Sir Stephen's. "Nay, nay," he shouted; "this shall not be." But he was felled by the heavy fist of a farmer, and his sword flew from his grasp. There was a shrill cry of horror, a scream, the clash of steel, and Villon, raising himself on elbow, saw them all crowded in a dark corner, bent over something that lay quiet and still.

"For shame! for shame!" cried the

"THE SHABBY FELLOW SAT FOR LONG WITH CHIN ON PALM"

Lord of Lyme. They turned, their lowered blades not so bright as they had been, some dripping at the point, but with heavier drops than the rain on the roof. Sir Haco, tottering among them, saw the crumpled thing in the corner, the ruby red of his tabard and doublet redder still, a dark red that grew and grew. One dainty, jeweled hand lay flat upon the crucifix sword-hilt, the fingers unclenched.

"Begone! Get you hence!" said the old lord, faintly. "You have trailed my honor in the dust, broken my knightly word. God give me mercy; I am foresworn. It was murther, not justice."

"Murther on a murtherer," quoth Arthur of Lyme, sheathing his wet sword.

"Get you gone!" cried his kinsman, fiercely. "Let me see your face no more until you have gone barefoot to Canterbury and done penance at the shrine. Aye, each one of you, murtherers—begone!"

He sank into his chair by the fire, his eyes closed until he had heard them depart softly on tiptoe.

"Take them by the water-gate, Chris," he said to his servitor; "his men must not know, or we are undone." And so he sat a long time murmuring, for this night had shown him how old he was, how powerless to enforce his will. When the servant, Christopher, returned, he bade him fetch Sir Stephen's squire.

"But, stay! Hast written, Sir Knight?" he asked of Master Francis Villon, who stood staring into the fire. The agent of Louis drew a parchment from his breast, unrolled it, placed it on the old lord's table, his dagger for weight. "Fetch inkhorn first, and goose-quill, my seals, my wax, then go." And when he had signed and sealed the document, he said again. "God pity you if you have lied, Sir Knight! God pity you!"

IV

ACCUSTOMED to the magnificence of the Burgundian court, where a noble's dress might be worth the revenue of a duchy, where more than the price of a war was spent upon a fête, the white villeins starved and their new-born infants were but skin and bones, fresh from the lavishness of Edward of England, where on feast-days wine was wont to run in the fountains and a supper to a king's *mignon* would have sustained a peasant's family a lifetime, Sir Conrad de Metzerott, Knight of the Golden Fleece and of Saint John, wanderer and free companion, arrived at Honfleur, landed from an English cob that traded with the Normans, and looked upon the lodging of the King of France with contempt and disdain. What matter though Louis were traveling. Philip of Burgundy kept court in all his cities, carrying in his train gold plate and tapestries and velvets. But the lodging of this Valois was in the house of a silversmith of Honfleur; there was neither gold plate nor tapestry nor yet velvet, nor aught else save bare chairs and tables. And here sat a shabby fellow in a high-crowned hat, with cheap leaden saints stuck into the brim. Sir Conrad had been told that he would find the king here, so bade the shabby fellow acquaint his Majesty with the presence of a knight of Cologne bearing news from England, a fair lady at the English court having heard he must pass through Honfleur. The shabby fellow took the letter, returning to give him gramercy for the king and a jewel of which his Majesty prayed his acceptance. But, alas! he must see him anon.

"*Pasques-dieu,* what a peacock!" laughed the shabby man when Sir Conrad had gone; then broke the seal of the letter. "News from England, Oliver," he called, and another man, better dressed, but less commanding of mien came from a sleeping-closet. "Listen, Gossip," said the shabby man.

Hastily, your Majesty, for but now a gallant leaves for Honfleur and waits this screed below. Etienne's squire returns, and with him his master's body and a letter from the Lord of Lyme, saying that this false traitor did break hospitality and would have forced himself into the tiring-room of the Lady Eleyne. And, answering her calls, he, her father, did engage Etienne in the dark. But he fell, and his retainers, thinking him slain, slew the young baron.

Edward does vow vengeance, but Warwick hath said it may not be, the Lord of Lyme being in the right to defend his daughter. The storm will pass, since Edward be sore aggrieved that this Etienne left him to follow a wench. Norfolk and Surrey are in the North. More anon. The chevalier who brings this is Conrad de Metzerott,

whom I pray you fitly reward as becomes his station.

The shabby fellow sat for long with chin on palm.

"Clever Master Villon," he said, and his barber scowled, for he liked little to hear others praised. "And they would have wasted him in prison, Oliver, as he would have wasted himself as poet. His poems were good, but how much better this later composition. It hath saved France an English invasion. For the nonce, at least. Now we may bid friend Warwick sail and take his pay from rebellious Brittany. 'T will keep our unruly duke busy with other matters than conspiracy. War! War! Why do they think of naught but war?" He looked from his window at the shining streets of Honfleur, the busy wharves and loaded wagons, the cries of the merchants and hawkers, the smiling faces of the poor. "All this will continue yet a little while longer, Oliver," he mused. "If only Master Villon could tame my own vassals so easily! But haply you may think of a plan, or even I. We must make haste, though; Burgundy is restless again. Sweet lady of Clery! how I hate that Charolais!"

Meanwhile the good Conrad, moving through the city, noted the richness of the houses and the plumpness of the burgesses; noted that even the poor man went in whole hosen and clean smock.

"Pardy, what a town to pill and to sack!" he said to his squire, and smacked his lips. "What a prize for some bold *écorcheur,* eh! But what a king! Small-Wit knows not how to tax, like Philippe le Bon. But what would you of one content to lodge with burghers! A sorry fellow, God wot; no master for a noble knight to serve."

But the king in the shabby clothes and the high-crowned hat stared over his city and was content.

NUMBER THIRTEEN

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

A PRETTY house, with ivy green,
In a small street it stands;
There 's some one there that is not seen,
That has no feet or hands.

A hole made by a wide-flung ball
Lets in the autumn rain;
Something that has no eyes at all
Looks through the broken pane.

After what happened long ago
The house was painted new,
And we saw cheerful people go
To live there two by two.

Something that has no eyes or ears,
And is not seen of men,
In their heart's chamber loosed the fears,
Set free the terrors then.

None of them all but broke their vow
The evil thing to flout;
The bright green door is faded now,
The weeds grow all about.

And when the winds are high at night,
And twelve and fourteen dream,
One without feet runs swift and light,
And has no voice to scream.

The bolts are rusty, and the floor
Lets in the rain, 't is said;
That 's why the threshold of the door
Bears the faint stain of red.

THE ENTOURAGE OF THE COUNTRY HOUSE

BY RUBY ROSS GOODNOW

IT is no longer necessary to preach the joys of country life to the right-minded American. He dreams of a home to such good purpose that eventually he realizes it. But the consideration of the entourage of his country house is new to him. It savors of that expensive new-comer, the landscape-gardener. He fears that some elaborate foreign folderol will be brought into his decent American domain, and he will have none of it. Besides, he argues, his house is a good one.

Your foreigner dreams always of his house and garden as a well-considered whole. No matter how small his little place may be, he finds some way of inclosing it, of making all of it a part of his family life. He works from the outermost boundaries in, with his house always as his point of departure and point of arrival. The disposition of the houses and gardens that surround his place, his own hedges and walls and walks and gardens —everything that is a part of the landscape immediately surrounding his house becomes as important as the house itself. He knows that until his house fits comfortably into its site, until his trees and gardens and vistas hang together in a harmonious series of pictures, until his place offers his family a maximum of privacy and repose and beauty, he has not made the best of his surroundings.

It is not a snobbish selfishness, this inclosing of one's own. It is rather the common-sense practice of people who live simple, sane lives. We have too long lived in a careless neighborliness that passes for democracy. We have sacrificed our possible gardens, throwing them all together into an unbroken greensward, "for the benefit of the town." In European towns it is common practice to plan the house so that it turns its back on the street and faces its own gardens.

Walls with green things growing over them, and slender gardens of old-fashioned flowers creeping along them, are much more interesting than fine gardens spread open in public-park fashion. An occasional patch of color seen through a thick hedge has always its charm for the passer-by.

A wall is the finest thing a man can bring to his habitation. It should be of the same material as the house, or, if the house is of wood, it may be of cobbles, or it may be a graceful lattice with a hedge planted against it. In old European gardens the wall is never forgotten. It is a part of the general plan, often continuing the very house walls, always giving picturesqueness and privacy. Against it grape-vines and small fruits are trained.

Gateways give the necessary glimpses of the pleasure that lies within our walls. Who that has had the thrill of peeping through the great iron gates into one of the old gardens of Charleston or Augusta or New Orleans will ever see a garden so fair?

The house is the final, as it is also the first, consideration of the entourage. It must fit comfortably into its site. The brutal line of the foundations must be softened with a mass of shrubs. Ivy will creep over its wall, and pull it more securely into place. If the house is low upon the ground, and we can enter it without climbing, we are fortunate indeed. If the house is much higher than the main garden, terraces will do much to bring it into the general harmony. When the house has finally grown into its surroundings, and ivy has softened the newness of its lines into mellowness, when trees and shrubs have been planted where dark shadows are needed, and flowers massed where they will be most effective, then will come to pass an intimacy of house and garden that will make the perfect whole.

Photograph by Miss Alice Boughton

ELLEN TERRY'S LITTLE TUDOR HOUSE IN KENT

Photograph by Miss Jessie Tarbox Beals

THE HIGH WALL GIVES THE GARDEN PRIVACY, REPOSE, AND BEAUTY

Photograph by Miss Jessie Tarbox Beals

THE WELL-CONSIDERED ENTOURAGE IS MADE UP OF A SERIES OF CHARMING VISTAS

Photograph by Miss Jessie Tarbox Beals

THE HOUSE SHOULD FIT AS SERENELY INTO ITS GREENERY AS IF IT HAD GROWN THERE

TOWARD FREEDOM

BY DANA GATLIN

Author of "With Loving Wishes for a Happy Birthday," etc.

PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

YOU could have told at a glance to which of the men the affluent-looking hotel bedroom belonged. One of them, big and florid, lounged comfortably in his fat, green-velvet chair, every line in his figure somehow expressing prosperity. The other sat with his leg swinging nervously over the arm of his chair. He was dark and lean, and his eyes had a way of looking beyond what they saw.

Wreathed in cigar-smoke, the two men had talked late. It was past midnight when the visitor, Markham, rose to go. He lifted himself slowly to his feet, and dropped his cigar-stub neatly into the cuspidor, that inevitable adjunct to even the most luxurious hotel bedroom. For a moment he stood with absent eyes on a "Paul and Virginia" who, on the opposite wall, were pursuing their eternal flight within the confines of a bright gold frame.

His brother-in-law rose, too, a faint, solicitous line between his kindly brown eyes.

"Why don't you stay all night here, old man? It 's late, and I 've got plenty of room."

Markham hesitated while his eyes unconsciously passed over the cheerful details of his surroundings. Then he resolutely straightened his drooping shoulders, and started toward the door.

"Thanks, Jim," he said; "but if I 'm to get that early train, I 'd better pack up to-night."

"Oh, you 'll have plenty of time," urged Jim, "and we 'll leave an early call."

"No," said Markham, firmly now; "I 'd better sleep over there."

Such little things life hangs on sometimes! Markham did not want to sleep over "there," mentally shuddered at the prospect; and he had almost decided not to. There was no real reason for his reluctant decision, nothing more than a stubborn flicker of self-reliance such as, half sensed, sometimes spurts up in a man when he is very tired or depressed. And if he had countenanced his desire, if he had stayed, there would have been no occasion for writing this story.

Jim followed him out to the elevator, and delivered a brisk slap on his shoulder as he said heartily:

"Brace up, old man! It 'll come out all right. Get a good night's sleep, and you 'll feel fifty per cent. better in the morning."

"Thanks."

"And remember that business is slower than treacle this year," added Jim.

A smile flitted across Markham's thin face, a quick, boyishly grateful smile.

"*I 'll* remember that; never fear. Let 's hope I can impress the fact agreeably upon the company."

"Well, they can't help facing the conditions," assured Jim. "And if they should n't—"

"Yes, if they *should n't,*" repeated Markham, significantly.

"Well, *they* don't make up the whole world."

"I guess they do, practically, as far as *I 'm* concerned." Markham's tone was that of a man who was very tired.

"Nonsense! Don't ever let *that* notion eat into you. You 've let New York cramp you into a rut. I 'll bet you could make good out here, and be a lot healthier and happier to boot."

Markham made no reply, but punched automatically at the elevator-button.

"I 'd be glad to give you a leg up," continued Jim. "You 'd get out of the grind, could call your soul your own, could—"

"Oh, stop, Jim!" cut in the other, suddenly. "It 's fine and generous of you, but you know I could never—never—"

"Never what?"

The other flushed, half embarrassed.

"Never persuade Daisy to pull up roots. You know Daisy is—is—" He paused lamely.

Jim nodded comprehendingly. He had known Daisy for nearly twenty years before Markham married her, unillusioned, as brothers know sisters. Before he could speak, the elevator, dilatory according to the post-midnight custom of elevators, slid deliberately into view. So he grasped Markham's hand with a parting word.

"Don't forget to show up in time for breakfast, old man."

"Thanks, Jim. Good night."

Markham got out of the car and passed through the lobby—a lobby which capably advertised that here was the city's "best" hotel; that is, the newest and most expensive. All about him were splendors to jar on his sensitive condition: the tiles of the floor, the marble of the pillars, the gilding of the ceiling. Its every feature cried, "Money! Money!" It was a hotel where Jim could afford to stop.

His own hotel was only a few blocks distant, and after a whiff of the clear, crisp night, he started in its direction, walking rapidly, to keep thought away, and to hold the atmosphere of Jim's buoyant optimism.

After a few blocks, he came to the opening of the street on which his hotel was situated. He turned into its deeper gloom, where the heavens were cut narrowly between dark walls. Even by night it revealed itself a rather shabby, down-at-the-heels street, one left behind by a town's quick growth and relentless march. He knew that a decade earlier this had been the hustling business center, but now his sensitive spirit caught a subtle, overhanging breath of decay. Involuntarily he had hushed his whistle, and he shivered as he entered the door of the hotel.

No glitter here. Most of the lights of the lobby had been economically turned out, and the dingy ceiling and furnishings shrank into obscuring shadows. It was as if they, mindful of past glorification, shunned the vulgar gaze of the drummers, who were the favored aristocrats of those who now gathered here.

He shivered again as he took his latchkey and a letter from the yawning night clerk, and started the three flights' climb to his room.

The stairs and the corridors were ill lighted and chilly. Striving desperately to rekindle that lost, warm atmosphere of optimism, he entered his room, and at once snapped on every light before looking round. His distressed view met the storm of pink and yellow roses which raged over the wall-paper, the hideously corniced walnut monster of a bedstead. From beside the bed a variegated "velvet" carpet stretched over to the relic of an elaborate dresser, which vainly tried to veil its scarred bosom with a soiled cover. The cover was ironically labeled, in red machine-stitching, "Hotel Grand."

Quickly he snapped the lights off again. The glaring exposure of that riotously sad room would never incite cheer. A whimsical thought, the pathetic grotesqueness of his attempt, induced a smile as he gently turned on one dim light above the dresser. As he smiled, his reflection in the mirror caught his attention; he saw the lines that had gathered round his mouth.

He looked at himself with unwonted scrutiny. Yes, there were lines about his eyes, too, very many lines. And the eyes were set too deep to signalize an alert, catch-as-catch-can business man. The dark cheeks stretched thinly from the prominent cheek-bones to the tense jaw, and mustache and hair were decidedly gray. Yes, he looked the part: forty—and a failure.

He thought of Jim and sighed. He tried to visualize Jim, who even *looked* successful. What made the difference? Jim was two years older than himself, and looked ten younger. Something had nourished Jim's youth and zest for life—something *he* had missed. If only he—

He sighed again, and drew Daisy's letter from his pocket. Before opening it, he lighted a cigarette; then he crossed over to the window, let it down from the top, and adjusted the curtains. He returned to the dresser, picked up the letter almost reluctantly, it seemed. He put it down again to take off his coat. Finally, he slowly ripped the envelop open. The letter was not very long. She wrote:

I 'm glad you enjoyed your trip. The country must be very beautiful, from your description; but I don't believe you would care for a steady dose of those wild effects. I imagine beautiful places are generally in-

convenient and uncomfortable to live in long, are n't they?

I 'm glad Jim is coming over to see you. I wish you had time to go on out to his ranch; I 'm curious to know whether it is as fine as he would have us believe. Jim always was a pretty big talker, you know. But, then, no one can deny he has a splendid business head. It 's really fortunate he is coming, for you can have him advise you. And be *sure* to tell him all about little Jim. That certainly will please him; it always does old bachelors. And be *sure* to find out whether he has any crazy notions of getting married. *Don't forget.*

I 'm dead tired to-night. I 'd like to take a course of osteopathic treatment, if you thought we could afford it. I believe it would help me. I seem to get tired so easily, and I 'm kept in such a rush all the time. This afternoon it was the auction club. We met at Mrs. Martin's. She had exquisite decorations and a very elaborate luncheon—too elaborate, *I* thought. And *of course* it 's *my* luck to be scheduled to entertain the club next week, so I 'll have to try to keep up to her standard. I 'll have to get an extra woman to come in and help, I suppose.

Then Mrs. Martin made us all promise to join a new dancing-class she is getting up. I tried to hold her off till you came home, but she would n't take no for an answer. Anyway, we may as well do it first as last, for you simply *have* to know the new dances now, to be in it at all. The teachers are a man and woman who are all the rage in New York, so of course they are frightfully expensive. But we *must* do these things, I suppose, if we want to keep up a social position for the children. And then, you know, you *used* to be so fond of dancing. It might be a good thing for you, liven you up again. You 're really getting old-fogyish.

I 'm sorry to have to confess that I fell behind with my allowance again this week. It seems that every day makes some new demand on me. It 's a mercy that the company gave you that big job just now. Of course they 'll raise your salary for putting the deal through, won't they? *Be sure* and don't fail to put it through. I 'm glad Jim is going to be there to help you.

The children are well. I 've begun on their spring sewing. The seamstress came yesterday, and will stay about three weeks. I had to run up quite a bill at Clarkson's, but of course I was getting things to last the children all through the summer. . . .

Markham carefully refolded the sheets, put them back in the envelop, and laid the envelop on the dresser. An ugly little oak "rocker" sat beside the dresser, and he sank into it. His chin fell into his hand.

He wondered what she would say when she *knew*. Daisy could be hard. By an odd mental twist, a picture of his first sight of her flashed into his mind. She wore a pink dress, she looked as soft and sweet and flower-like as her name, her manners were deliciously fluttering. He had fallen in love with her at sight.

The vision passed, and Markham sighed. But then, of course, girls could not stay forever unchanged. And it was perhaps natural that Daisy's life should be filled with her little rounds of gaieties and duties. Then *he* had been a disappointment to her. She had never said so in as many words, but he a failure, a business Malaprop, only half able to hide the vague longings for adventure and romance which, never satisfied, had not properly died with his youth. But she had never guessed how horribly he had hated it all—the days of deadening grind at his desk, the morning-and-evening ride on the commutation train, as inevitable as fate. He was hemmed in by the habits of years.

Even as he thought of that hated monotony, a worse specter forced its way before him—the days that might come when that load of routine was removed. He wondered bitterly whether he should come to a less valuation alive than his insurance policy might claim for him dead.

Markham's depressing reflections continued to beset him as he undressed for bed, and pursued him into his fitful, restless sleep.

When he woke, it was with a start. He first thought that the jangle of cries and confused sounds, the weight on his chest, the strangling fingers at his throat, the fiery irons in his eyes, were of the evil dreams that had been harassing him. Half conscious, he struggled to a sitting posture against the weight, coughed against the clutching hold, and rubbed his smarting eyes; then he leaped from the bed.

A trail of luminous haze led across the room to a bright-yellow glimmering in

the square of the window. Almost before the significance of the wavering glare had reached his brain, Markham was feverishly feeling for his clothes. His shoes on the floor by the bed, his trousers and coat on the chair—these would do. Slipping them on, he ran over to the window and leaned out.

Through the smoke he could discern vague outlines of men running about in the street below, shouting wildly. Just then there was a crash of falling glass, and a long tongue of flame shot out of the window immediately beneath, and eagerly licked up toward him.

Striving to hold his eyes open against the thickening blanket of smoke, Markham turned to feel his way to the door. His fingers, groping for the wall, struck something hard, then something soft and fluid. It was the water-pitcher on the wash-stand.

The crisis suddenly shook out of dormant memory a story he had somewhere once read of a man who had escaped suffocation in a fire by holding a wet towel before his face. Markham dragged a towel from the rack, and plunged it to the bottom of the pitcher. Then he groped his way on to the door, unlocked it, and swung it open to a throttling inrush of smoke. With one hand he held his dripping shield before his nose and eyes, while with the other he guided his way along the wall of the corridor. The wall got red-hot to his fingers as he advanced, but gasping, he reached the stairway. The steps were completely obliterated by smoke, and fiery little points of attack were already showing along the outer rail. There was no longer anything his hands could hold to.

Pressing his smarting eyes again with his towel, he felt his way from step to step. His stumbling feet finally recognized the curving turn of the first flight; but even as they thankfully essayed the turn, a cloud of torrid gas swept up the shaft of space and penetrated his thin defense, filling his tortured nostrils, throat, and lungs. It seemed to him that he could not go on, and, with the despairing thought, his foot missed a step. He fell.

For a long moment he lay nearly insensate. There was only one thread of consciousness—the insurance for Daisy and the children.

Then, compelling, dominating thought, overmastering physical pain, rushed the primal instinct—the desire to live. Somehow he was up on his hands and knees, somehow he had reached the floor of the lobby, fiercely ablaze over there by the desk, somehow he had found a doorway opening out to air.

Air!

He filled his scorching lungs with it, and blessed it, smoke-thickened as it was, for its sweetness and purity. He must have more of it, get to where he could swallow a quart at a gulp.

Half blind to the mêlée surrounding him—the battling streams of fire and water; the heart-stilling attempts at rescue; the huddled, half-naked groups of frightened men and women; the excited, chattering onlookers—and half deaf to the intermingling roar of blaze triumphant over shattering glass, shouts of command, and cries of hysteria, he pushed his way toward air, more air.

He came to the little park which he had passed earlier in the night. A bench was placed just within the entrance, and he gratefully sank upon it. Presently he turned his coat-collar up round his bare neck; then he leaned over to lace up his shoes, but the end of the dragging strings had broken off where he stepped on them.

For a long time he sat motionless, his eyes on the coppery sky, which, high above the black roofs and tree-tops, signaled the tragic horror beneath. At first it gleamed like a sheet of molten metal; slowly it subsided to a sullen glare, occasionally lighting with a fitful flash.

A man turned into the park from the street, advanced, spied the bench and its lone occupant, and shuffled over. He evidently considered that the occasion demanded sociability, for he sat down, saying:

"Well,"—with a nod toward the burning building,—"it certainly was some fire, was n't it?"

Markham nodded a silent assent, and the other continued:

"Know how it started?"

"No," said Markham. "Do you?"

"Nope; but it certainly got a good one. Looks like it 's going to be a clean sweep."

"Yes," said Markham.

For a time the two sat in silence, their faces toward the fading illumination.

Then the stranger gave another nod in its direction.

"Well," he said, "I guess there 's a lot of poor devils out of their troubles, anyway."

"Yes," said Markham, absently.

"They say there 's more than thirty killed," the other went on.

"Thirty!" Markham ejaculated in horror.

"And maybe more 'n that. Caught asleep without a chance. Like rats in a trap, you might say."

Markham drew his breath in sharply, and the stranger, pleased with his appreciation, warmed up further:

"All charred up, they 'll be. Once I looked at some bodies burned like that in a fire. Never again, say I! That 's when I got away from the mob over there—when they commenced talking about the bodies."

"They were unrecognizable—the bodies in the fire you saw?" Markham's voice was slightly uneven.

"I should say so!" The stranger was doubtless as tender-hearted as he averred, but he was proud of the impression his tale was making. "They looked just like chunks of wood. Most of 'em they never did find out who was who."

"And the fire—it was no bigger than this one?"

"Not as big, *I* should say. Building was n't so big or so old. Then it did n't get as good a start. That 's what makes all the difference in a fire—its start. That and wind. Wind 's got a lot to do with it, too, you know."

"Yes."

"That 's what was lucky to-night—the wind. If the wind had been bearing down on it strong, it would have been good night to that whole bunch of shacks in behind there. It sure is lucky there 's no wind to speak of to-night."

"Yes," agreed Markham again.

The stranger, seeing that his listener's keen interest was falling off, turned again to watch the fire.

Markham was watching it, too, reflectively. Presently he began fumbling in his pockets. His hand went up to his collarless throat, pulled his gaping coat-collar together, and then passed up to his head. Stroking at his exposed hair, he looked again at the stranger. The man had a plain, shrewd face, wore plain, neat clothing, and, for all his uninteresting appearance told, might have had any kind of character, personality, or occupation. But he wore a hat, a fair-looking, soft felt hat.

On that hat Markham's gaze concentrated as his fingers sought for and found the wallet in the breast-pocket of his coat.

"I wonder," he said, "if you 'd exchange your hat for the price of a new one. I 've lost mine."

The stranger gave him an amiable wink.

"I noticed you seemed to be sort of airing your head," he said. He took off his hat and swung it gagingly round in his hands.

"I 've got to be getting along," said Markham, "and it would be better if I had a hat. You understand?"

The stranger winked again.

"Well, I guess a two-dollar bill would be about right," he decided.

With the hat on his head, Markham was on his feet, and out of the park.

At first he walked in brisk aimlessness. Pavements stretched themselves in inviting mystery, flanked here and there by dim-revealing electric lights. He breathed deep lungfuls of air, and thanked Heaven that, after all, he was alive.

On and on he went. After a while he amused himself by turning to the right every second block. It was a pleasant pastime because he had no idea where it would bring him. Uncertainty was charming. As far back as he could remember he had definitely known ahead where he would eat his next breakfast.

Gradually the street-lights became more scattered. He reached a sparsely settled district which seemed to skirt the town. The unpaved road was thick with mud, and squalor was hinted under the lifting dark.

The uprising wind of early dawn suddenly pierced his exaltation with its chill. He pried his boot out of a clinging mudhole and recalled suddenly, and without any coördination, the Indian bead bracelet he had bought to take home to little Daisy. How delighted she would have been with it! Her fifteenth birthday was next Saturday. The little rascal was frightfully fond of gewgaws; but then she was so sweet and pretty with her harmless vanities. Just like her mother was when—

His sigh was stilled, half born, by a strange, new sound which cut into the palpitant quiet surrounding him. He bent his ear. The faint rumbling was gradually increasing, drawing nearer. A glimmer of light appeared round a distant corner. It was coming straight toward him. Now it was near enough for him to see that the racketing monster which it convoyed was a little interurban car, so little in proportion to the noise it made that he smiled: it was like a diminutive man with a big bass growl to make up for his lack of stature.

Markham hopped off its track as the car rattled past, and swung aboard, to be carried along into the unknown. He settled in the corner of one of the carpet-covered seats which ran the length of the sides of the car. By the time the red-headed conductor had cheerfully collected his fare, he felt buoyant again.

Soon early-stirring folk began to climb aboard. The most of them were rough of speech and dress. Many of them carried tin dinner-pails; but he was disposed to look upon them with friendly eyes.

He was glad when a particularly pretty girl, with rosy cheeks, beautiful rows of teeth, and a stubby blue feather in her hat, entered. He was gladder when she chose a seat directly opposite him. A youth whose tight garments essayed dudishness crowded in beside her. The youth whispered busily, evidently trying his best to make a favorable impression, and with evident success, for Markham saw her show her teeth in an approving smile and heard her admiring exclamation:

"My! *ain't* you generous, though!"

At intervals the car would stop, so that people could clamber on or off. At every stop Markham peered out the window and almost decided to clamber off, too. But he could never quite make up his mind. The novelty of not *having* to get off at some predecided point fascinated him. In fancy he almost conceived himself riding on forever in that stuffy, little interurban car, deciding against each stopping-place in turn, a cheerful despot over time and space.

He tremendously enjoyed playing with the idea until, with one premonition of a halt, he glanced out the window and caught the saffron of sunrise. A brilliant omen! Here he would get off.

He sprang to the ground with an unwonted agility that for a moment ludicrously disconcerted him. His knees quavered from the shock. He had landed in some very sticky mud, in front of a sickly-yellow livery-stable. The car had racketed away. For a moment a wave of forlornness engulfed him.

Then, directly above the stable, lifting itself with amazing swiftness, the flaming red ball of sun appeared. It was going to be a fine day. With returning enthusiasm, Markham sallied up Main Street. He knew it was Main Street, for a sign-board nailed to a tree-trunk told him so.

He found himself smiling, thinking how there was something decidedly young-looking about the little town. Somehow the street reminded him of a quick-growing child who cannot be kept within the bounds of his clothes, and whose makeshift appendages do not always harmonize with the original suit. The new asphalt sidewalks in front of the obviously newer and more pretentious buildings did not join neatly with the wooden ones in front of their smaller frame neighbors, and the bright, gay-striped awnings gleamed here and there, like set-in patches, in the dulled "stationary" line.

The shop-windows still looked drowsy under the process of the matutinal "washing up." An open door unexpectedly belched forth a cloud of sweepings. Markham choked on them, and hurried on into an unamiable stream of dirty water which swished out of another door over a shiny, new patch of pavement. Following the water appeared the motive power, a broom in the hands of an energetic youth who was performing his duty so zealously that Markham hastily retreated to the display window. Doing so, he observed that there, with the patent "washing-machine," women's cloaks, and the other items serving to advertise a "general store," was an article which at the moment appeared to him the most desirable of possessions. It was a shirt—a gray flannel shirt.

So, at the subsidence of the flood, he stepped inside. There was a whole table given over to flannel shirts, brown and blue ones as well as gray. It was difficult to decide which of them would look best. While he was holding them up, in turn, investigatingly, the arduous scrubber entered, and turned salesman.

The youth was distinguished by an extreme flexibility, and officiated at the rite of shirt-selling with a series of body undulations which excited his customer's keen admiration. His sweeps of arm and oratory were equally enchanting. His eager attention seemed quite unmindful of his customer's unkempt appearance, and Markham, who was uncomfortably aware of it, was grateful. He allowed himself to be persuaded to buy two shirts, a gray and a blue; but his joy in the experience was worth the price of the extra shirt, which he did not need. Taking his package, he made inquiry, and was informed that he could get "fed up" at the Blossom House, two blocks farther up the street.

"Thanks," he said.

"Thank *you,*" insisted the other, with a bend of the torso which caused his customer to back appreciatively out of the store.

Wherefore he conflicted with a missile formed by a tightly rolled morning paper. Long practice in "delivering" had made its small hurler perfect in the art of hitting doorways without glancing at them. But he was blithely whistling a lusty tune; and, having recovered his breath, before he had gone ten steps Markham perceived that he was whistling, too.

As he proceeded up the street, a marvelously designed barber's pole, a blue-and-yellow poster which shrieked a lurid "movies" bill at the "Grand Palace Theater," the ornate architecture of the hitch-racks lining the street—all further enlivened his mood. Not even the sticky mud of the crossings could dispirit him.

And the Blossom House proved to be a veritable flower of the spring, with white-painted shingles and yellow trimmings and neat green shutters. Through the front windows a bright fire could be seen blazing in an open stove, a pleasant-looking ward against the early morning crispness.

As he ascended the steps, the biggest and ruddiest and cleanest Scandinavian maid that he had ever seen opened the front door. She carried a broom in her hand and lifted a steaming pail out after her. Markham instinctively knew that every infinitesimal spot on that porch and those steps was doomed. He even half feared, feeling his unaccustomed ungroomed condition, that she might begin at once on him. But she only pulled her pail to one side, and smilingly held the door open for him to pass in. The extraordinary adventure of being ushered in by a *smiling* Scandinavian left Markham with the feeling that this was a setting for a prince in a fairy-tale.

The door opened directly into a neat "office," placarded in striking black and crimson above the desk. The proprietor advanced to meet him, a middle-aged little man with a pink complexion, stubby hair, and a friendly manner. His greeting was so amiable that Markham again forgot his negligible toilet and luggage.

"Good morning. Come right in. Sort of coolish out this morning." The proprietor ran his sentences quickly together, and ended them with that rising inflection which often accompanies loquacity.

"It is rather chilly," said Markham.

"I *thought* a fire would look pretty good this morning. My wife she thought it was n't necessary. But I myself always like an excuse to get things a little extra cheerful. And it 's been pretty near a week now since we 've had the least call to have a fire."

As he spoke, he moved briskly over to the desk. Pulling the register forward, he blew some imaginary dust off its spotless cover, and opened it.

"Well, mister, will you open up the day's business?"

Markham shook his head.

"Just breakfast," he said. "But if I could have a room—a little one would do—"

"Certainly, certainly," said the little proprietor; "one just to wash up in. Whatever our guests want, and just as much as they want, that 's our motto. My wife she kind of likes to cater to the *regulars,* but I myself say what 's the good of a hotel that don't calculate to look after them that just drop in for a meal or two?"

"Sounds like a good policy," observed Markham.

"Well, we *are* getting a pretty smart transient trade, especially now the inter-urban 's come through."

"It must be a growing town," said Markham, obligingly.

"Growing?" repeated the proprietor. "Growing don't half express it, sir. This town is bound to be a metropolis in fifteen

years. Sure as fate. My wife she sort of wanted to settle in Beagle because it had two railroads; but, Lord love you! La Cygne 's got *four* railroads already, and another coming in the fall. And the interurban that passed Beagle up! *I* picked La Cygne for a winner from the start."

"La Cygne?" smiled Markham. "Is that this town's name?"

"Why, of course. Don't you know where you 're at?" The proprietor edged the register forward again.

But Markham did not heed the insinuation.

"If you 'll kindly have some one show me the room," he hinted.

So the proprietor, amiably tucking away his curiosity for the time, personally escorted his guest up the stairs and into a clean, sweet-smelling little room the window of which looked on hazy, distant mountains.

Here, left alone, Markham duly "washed up" and, after speculatively holding up his two new shirts, donned the blue one. He had not yet come round to thinking much. He did not want to think. He only wanted to look out at the hazy mountains, and wonder whether he might not penetrate what lay beyond them; or wonder what kind of person he would meet and talk with next; or what strange kind of dining-room was awaiting him, and what he would have for breakfast.

He recalled with exactitude how the dining-room at home appeared at breakfast-time: the shades half drawn against the sun, his chair ready pulled out, and his fruit, cereal, coffee, and eggs all awaiting him, silent, half-reproachful reminders that the 8:13 did not tarry for slow breakfasters. Of course the eggs *were* always timed to the second of his appearance, and just as he liked them, for Daisy was one of those excellent housekeepers who can gage the smallest details with wonder-provoking nicety. Yet—

He sighed, then smiled, as he realized what the years—years, with routine and monotony—had done to him. Romance was now spelled by fleeing the accustomed breakfast!

Well, he reflected defiantly, here he was in a big and unknown world, anyway, with no cares, no routine, no foreknowledge of events. Just a pleasant meeting with whatever fate might put in his path. The main facts of his life were henceforth fluid. He would not outline his plan of action.

Only—he put the definite fact to himself half ashamedly—he *did* want to sleep in a barn. Just to be walking along the country roadside, somewhere, with dusk falling, and to come to a nice, hospitable-looking barn, sweet-smelling with hay. A round moon, perhaps, peeping at him through the trap-door. And there would be a round moon to-night.

And back of the moon-shot radiance, the stars shimmering like a million fairy lamps, himself at peace under the starry guardianship. And to-morrow the open road, himself rambling through the spring, the air subtly thrilling with the budding of living things. And, perhaps—

Suddenly and without any coördination, he recalled the Indian bead bracelet he had bought to take home to little Daisy. How delighted she would have been with it! The pretty little rascal and her vanities! Just like her mother was when— Fifteen next Saturday— Her birthday spoiled by—

Swallowing a sigh that seemed to scratch his throat as it went down, he abandoned the window and the misty mountains and the wistful reflections they provoked, and descended to where three or four "drummers" and twice as many "regulars" were gathered round an abnormally long table. A Scandinavian maid, so huge and ruddy and smiling that Markham decided she must be the twin-sister of the dirt-avenger who had greeted his entry, gave him a clean napkin, set a "caster" of salt and pepper shakers beside his plate, and brought him ham and eggs and biscuits which set up in his heart a gentle reverie of long-forgotten boyhood visits to his grandfather's farm.

In his heart the gentle warmth of recollection, and in his stomach the more recent warmth of his breakfast, lingered pleasantly as he parted from his empty dishes and strolled into the "office." The pink little proprietor smiled sweetly, and showed perfect willingness to entertain him further; but Markham slipped past him and out into the lure of sunshine.

The morning chill had gone. Now the air was almost balmy, and sweet with the undefinable odor of spring, all the sweeter to Markham, who wilfully tinged it with

"THE LETTER WAS NOT VERY LONG"

the rare perfume of romance. He sniffed openly at it as he sauntered down a street which branched off Main—Myrtle, it was sign-boarded, though for no apparent reason. On each side multitudinous flower-beds of crocuses and violets and other gay, sweet-smelling things formed delectable wards of their respective bungalows. All gleamed peacefully, colorfully, in the sun.

The street ended abruptly where it ran into a small park. The park had graveled paths which were bordered by evenly distributed green benches—bright green, as if fresh painted for the spring, and almost greener than the new leafage vainly trying to shade them.

Cautiously feeling to find if the paint was as fresh as it looked, Markham seated himself on one of them. Not far away water was gurgling from a wrought-iron fountain that was not ugly enough to efface the charm of its surroundings. The birds above him were singing love-songs. A bushy-tailed squirrel made friendly eyes at him. Kindly faced people now and then passed his bench.

It was spring in the park. Yesterday he had not realized, had not even suspected, the season. To-day his spirits lifted to the lilt of a song.

For a long time he sat there; then he rose and wandered through other streets —Olive Street and Cherry Street and Magnolia Street, a veritable sweet forest of nomenclature.

At last he began to feel hungry again. He turned to find his way back to the Blossom House. He owned to himself that an incipient nomad should not eat two successive meals in the same place; but he had the excuse of having to go back, anyway, to pay for his breakfast and to get his gray shirt.

"Dinner 's not quite ready yet," the proprietor informed him. "Bell rings at 12:33 sharp."

"Why 12:33?" queried Markham.

"Well, the 12:23 generally brings three or four drummers over from Beagle, and they all know that if they hustle, they can get up here in time for the first helping. I give 'em ten minutes. Some of the regulars they 'd like to have their dinner round noon, and my wife she says we ought to cater to them first. But I myself say that a first-class hotel 's expected to look after their transients just the same as their regulars. So I give 'em an equal chance at the hot victuals. Hope *you 're* enjoying *your* stay with us, sir?"

Markham assured his zealous host on this point. The latter cracked his favorite joke, and Markham laughed so wholeheartedly that he won the privilege of first look at the afternoon paper arriving just then in the hotel's mail-bag from the 12:23, a herald of the imminent approach of the hotel bus and the drummers.

The first glance told Markham that the newspaper was published in the local metropolis, the city he had been in yesterday. Yesterday! Already it seemed weeks ago.

Then his attention was seized by a scare-head: "Raging Fire in Hotel Claims Score of Victims!"

He carried the paper over to a window, and stood with his back to the room, so as to hide the expression of his face. Then his eyes flew over the columns. "A flaring gas-jet and a swaying curtain"—"headway before discovery"—"uncontrollable panic"—"fireman's heroism"—"hour of tragedy"—

On the second page survivors told their stories and onlookers added comment, and there, prominently placed, was an interview with Jim, who was characterized as "the biggest fruit-grower in Neosho County." The reporter, evidently sympathizing proportionately with his subject's importance, had written a pathetic account of the well-known fruit-grower's unavailing search for the body of his brother-in-law from the East, who had returned to the burned building only a couple of hours before the fire broke out. The fruit-grower had even heroically searched the ruins himself. At last convinced that his brother-in-law had been charred beyond recognition in the flames, he had given up the search and resigned himself.

Outside the window the floor of the porch gleamed in the sunshine, striped with clean-cut shadows stretching back diagonally from the posts. Later he always remembered that shining surface and the way those dark strips slanted across it. Presently he strolled over to the desk and asked for his bill.

"HE FELT HIS WAY"

"What? Going? Why, you ain't had your dinner yet!" ejaculated the proprietor.

"Well, I guess I *had* better have my dinner first," smilingly replied Markham. "Include that in the bill."

But somehow he had lost the keen appetite which he thought he had. Soon he was back again at the desk for the bill.

Once more the open register was pushed toward him. "I think you forgot to register, did n't you?"

This time Markham did not ignore the insinuation.

It did not take him half a second to make up his mind.

"Why, that 's right; I did n't," he exclaimed. And reaching for the pen, he calmly dipped it into the ink-well, and wrote, in a steady, round, neat hand, "James Cunningham."

It was not until the Blossom House was a couple of blocks behind him that he placed that name, which had suddenly appeared before his mind, leaping a chasm of years, as belonging to the bony youth who had roomed next to him at college and who had languished over a mandolin at distressing hours. It shocked him to reflect that Cunningham was now a middle-aged man somewhere, if he was still alive.

But the memory of that original Cunningham was short-lived. He no longer felt the impulse to rake over the ashes of the past or to reconstruct his might-have-been. By some swift psychological process the thwarted emotions which had shadowed his years had dissipated under his clear resolve.

He was whistling again by the time he crossed a street, which, he observed, was lined with the glistening steel rails of railway tracks.

He was just in time. A down-swinging gate almost shaved his neck, the cause for which was simultaneously proclaimed by a shrill whistle from up the track.

Already Markham could see the locomotive's steam. The station was little

"THE FRUIT-GROWER HAD EVEN HEROICALLY SEARCHED THE RUINS HIMSELF"

more than a block from him, about midway between them.

A swift idea gripped him. He hesitated a second.

Such little things life hangs on sometimes! If he had decided otherwise than he did, his story would have been another story; likewise if he had hesitated one second longer. He started to run at full speed toward the station and the train.

Of course there was no reason, but Markham was taking a holiday from reasons.

He barely made it. Panting, he swung on to the last Pullman step, on the heels of the conductor.

He was still a little breathless when he entered the car and dropped into the first empty seat. His bundle, with the extra shirt, was clutched under his arm. He was shifting it down to the seat beside him when he felt some one behind him grasp his shoulder, heard a familiar voice:

"My God! How did you get *here?* I thought you were dead!"

Slowly Markham turned to look into the blanched face of his brother-in-law. Slowly, over his own face, crept a peculiar, half-smiling expression. Probably he himself could not have told the dominant feeling behind it. Between dismay and thankfulness the scales swung bewilderingly; but now the main facts of his life were suddenly become as fixed as adamant.

FROM THE LOG OF THE *VELSA*

FRENCH AND FLEMISH: FIFTH PAPER

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

Author of "Clayhanger," "The Old Wives' Tale," etc.

PICTURES BY E. A. RICKARDS

WE waited for the weather a day and a night at Folkestone, which, though one of the gateways of England, is a poor and primitive place to lie in. Most of the time we were on the mud, and to get up into England we had to climb a craggy precipice called the quay-wall. Nevertheless, the harbor (so styled) is picturesque, and in the less respectable part of the town, between the big hotels and band-stands and the mail-steamers, there are agreeable second-hand book-shops, in one of which I bought an early edition of Gray's poems bound in ancient vellum.

The newspapers were very pessimistic about the weather, and smacks occasionally crept in for shelter, with wild reports of what was going on in the channel. At four o'clock in the morning, however, we started, adventurous, for the far coasts of Brittany, via Boulogne. The channel was a gray and desolate sight, weary and uneasy after the gale. And I also was weary and uneasy, for it is impossible for a civilized person of regular habits to arise at 4 A.M. without both physical and psychical suffering, and the pleasure derived from the experience, though real, is perverse. The last gleams of the Gris-Nez and the Varne lights were visible across the heaving waste, feebly illuminating the intense melancholy of the dawn. There was nothing to do except steer and keep your eyes open, because a favorable and moderate southwest wind rendered the engine unnecessary. The ship, and the dinghy after her, pitched and rolled over the heavy swell. The skipper said naught. I said naught. The lights expired. The dark gray of the sea turned to steel. The breeze was icy. Vitality was at its lowest. Brittany seemed exceedingly remote, even unattainable. Great, vital questions presented themselves to the enfeebled mind, cutting at the very root of all conduct and all ambitions. What was the use of yachting? What was the use of anything? Why struggle? Why exist? The universe was too vast, and the soul homeless therein.

And then the cook, imperfectly attired, came aft, bearing a brass tray, and on the tray an electro-teapot, sugar-basin, and milk-jug, and a white cup and saucer with a spoon. Magic paraphernalia! Exquisite and potent draft, far surpassing champagne drunk amid the bright glances of beauty! Only the finest China tea is employed aboard the *Velsa*. I drank, and was healed; and I gave also to the skipper. Earth was transformed. We began to talk. The wind freshened. The ship, heeling over, spurted. It was a grand life. We descried the French coast. The hours flew. Before breakfast-time we were becalmed, in sunshine, between the piers at Boulogne, and had to go in on the engine. At 8:15 we ran her on the mud, on a rising tide, next to a pilot-boat, the *Jean et Marie*, inhabited by three jolly French sailors. We carried a warp to the Quai Chanzy, and another to a buoy, and considered ourselves fairly in France.

The officials of the French republic on the quay had been driven by the spectacle of our peculiar Dutch lines and rig to adopt strange, emotional attitudes; and as soon as we were afloat, the French republic came aboard in a dinghy manned by two acolytes. The skipper usually receives the representatives of foreign powers, but as the skipper speaks no French, and as this was the first time I had entered France in this style, I thought I would be my own ambassador. I received the French republic in my saloon; we were ravishingly polite to each other; we mur-

SCENE IN GHENT

mured sweet compliments to each other. He gave me a clean bill of health, and went off with four francs and one halfpenny. There is no nation like the French. A French milliner will make a hat out of a piece of felt and nothing; and a French official will make a diplomatic episode out of nothing at all, putting into five minutes of futility all the Gallic civilization of centuries.

Boulogne Harbor is a very bustling spot, and as its area is narrowly limited, and its entrance difficult, the amount of signaling that goes on is extraordinary. A single ship will fill the entrance; hence a flag flies to warn the surrounding seas when the entrance is occupied or about to be occupied. The state of the tide is also indicated, and the expert can read from hieroglyphics slung in the air the exact depth of water at a particular moment between the piers. In addition, of course, there is the weather signaling. We had scarcely been in port a couple of hours before the weather signaling shocked us; nay, we took it as an affront to ourselves. The south cone went up. We had come in at the tail-end of one south gale, and now another was predicted! How could small people like us hope to work our way down to Brittany in the teeth of the gale! And I had an appointment in the harbor of Carantec, a tiny village near Morlaix, in a week's time! The thing was monstrous. But the south cone was hoisted, and it remained hoisted. And the cone is never displayed except for a real gale, not a yachtsman's gale, but a sailor's gale, which is serious.

A tender went forth to meet a Dutch American liner in the roads. We followed her along the jetty. At the end of the jetty the gale was already blowing; and rain-squalls were all round the horizon. Soon we were in the midst of a squall ourselves. The rain hid everything for a minute. It cleared. The vast stretch of sands glistened wet, with the variegated bathing-tents, from which even then beautiful creatures were bathing in a shallow surf. Beyond was the casino, and all the complex roofs of Boulogne, and to

A GLIMPSE OF THE KURSAAL, OSTEND

the north a road climbing up to the cliff-top, and the illimitable dunes that are a feature of this part of the country. Above all floated thunder-clouds, white in steely blue. The skipper did not like those thunder-clouds; he said they were the most dangerous of all clouds, "because anything might come out of them." He spoke as if they already contained in their bosoms every conceivable sort of weather, which they would let loose according to their caprice.

The rain resumed heavily. The wind compelled us to hold tight to the rail of the pier. A poster announced that in the casino behind the rain, Suppé's "Boccaccio" was to be performed that night, and Massenet's "Thaïs" the next night. And opera seemed a very artificial and unnecessary form of activity as we stood out there in the reality of the storm. The Atlantic liner had now bid good-by to the tender, and was hugely moving. She found sea-room, and then turned with the solemnity of her bigness, and headed straight into the gale, pitching like a toy. The rain soon veiled her, and she was gone. I could not picture the *Velsa* in such a situation, at any rate with the owner on board. We went back, rather pensive, to the Quai Chanzy.

The men in the pilot-boat alongside the *Velsa* were not in the least reassuring as to the chances of the *Velsa* ever getting to Brittany; but they were uplifted because the weather was too rough for them to go out. When the cone is on view, the pilot-service is accomplished by a powerful steam-vessel. Our friends, in their apparently happy idleness, sculled forth in a dinghy about fifty yards from where we lay, and almost immediately rejoined us with three eels that they had caught. I bought the three eels for two shillings, and the cook cooked them perfectly, and I ate one of them with ecstasy a few hours later; but eels are excessively antipathetic to the digestive organs, and may jaundice the true bright color of the world for days.

The transaction of the eels strengthened our intimacy with the pilot's crew, who imparted to us many secrets; as, for example, that they were the selfsame men

who act as porters at the quay for the transfer of luggage when the cross-channel steamers arrive and depart. On one day they are the pilot's crew, and on the next they are porters to carry your handbags through the customs. This was a blow to me, because on the innumerable occasions when I had employed those porters I had always regarded them as unfortunate beings who could earn money only during about an hour each day, victims of the unjust social system, etc., and who were therefore specially deserving of compassion and tips. I now divined that their activities were multiple, and no doubt dovetailed together like a Chinese puzzle, and all reasonably remunerative. The which was very French and admirable. Herein was a valuable lesson to me, and a clear saving in future of that precious commodity, compassion.

In a day or two the horrid fact emerged that we were imprisoned in Boulogne. The south cone did not budge. Neither could we. The tide ebbed; the tide flowed; we sank softly into the mud; we floated again. A sailor cut our warp because it was in his way, and therefore incurred our anger and the comminations of the harbor-master. But we were not released. An aëroplane meeting was announced, and postponed. We witnessed the preparations for the ceremonial opening of a grand new dock. We went to the casino and listened to Russian music, which in other circumstances would have enchanted us.

But none of these high matters could hold our attention. Even when the cook criticized our water-colors with faint praise, and stated calmly that he, too, was a water-colorist, and brought proofs of his genius out of the forecastle, even then we were not truly interested. We thirsted to depart, and could not. Our sole solace was to walk round and round the basin in the rain-squalls, and observe their tremendous vitality, which, indeed, never ceased day or night save at low water, when most craft were aground.

At such periods of tranquillity the trucks of the fishing-smacks were nearly level with the quay, and we noticed that every masthead was elaborately finished with gilded sculpture—a cross, a star, or a small figure of Jesus, the Virgin Mary, or an angel. The names, too, of these smacks were significant: *Resurrection, Jesus-Marie,* and so on. The ornamentation of the deck-houses and companions of these vessels showed a great deal of fantasy and brilliant color, though little taste. And the general effect was not only gay, but agreeable, demonstrating, as it did, that the boats were beloved. English fishing-boats are beloved by their owners, but English affection does not disclose itself in the same way, if it discloses itself at all. On the third afternoon we assisted at the departure of an important boat for the herring fisheries. It had a crew of

A ROCOCO CHURCH INTERIOR, WITH PULPIT

Drawn by E. A. Rickards

A STREET IN BRUGES

seventeen men, all dressed in brown, young and old, and an enormous quantity of gear. It bore the air of a noble co-operative enterprise, and went off on the tide, disdainfully passing the still-hoisted cone.

Perhaps it was this event that gave us to think. If a herring-boat could face the gale, why not we? Our ship was very seaworthy, and the coast was dotted with sheltering ports. Only it was impossible to go south, since we could not have made headway. Then why not boldly cancel the rendezvous in Brittany, and run northward before the gale? The skipper saluted the idea with enthusiasm. He spoke of Ostend. He said that if the wind held, we could easily run to Ostend in a day. He did not care for Ostend, but it would be a change. I, however, did care for Ostend. And so it was decided that, unless the wind went right round in the night, we would clear out of Boulogne at the earliest tidal hour the next morning. The joy of expectancy filled the ship, and I went into the town to buy some of the beautiful meat-pies that are offered in its shops.

TO BELGIUM

At 6 A.M. we, too, were passing disdainfully the still-hoisted cone. Rain descended in sheets, in blankets, and in curtains, and when we did not happen to be in the rain, we could see rain-squalls of the most theatrical appearance in every quarter of the horizon. The gale had somewhat moderated, but not the sea; the wind, behind us, was against the tide, and considerably quarreling therewith. Now we were inclosed in walls of water, and now we were balanced on the summit of a mountain of water, and had a momentary view of many leagues of tempest. I personally had never been out in such weather in anything smaller than a mail-steamer.

Here I must deal with a distressing subject, which it would be pleasanter to ignore, but which my training in realism will not allow me to ignore. A certain shameful crime is often committed on yachts, merchantmen, and even men-of-war. It is notorious that Nelson committed this crime again and again, and that other admirals have copied his iniquity. Sailors, and particularly amateur sailors, would sooner be accused of any wickedness rather than this. Charge them with cheating at cards, ruining innocent women, defrauding the Government, and they will not blench; but charge them with this offense, and they will blush, they will recriminate, and they will lie disgracefully against all evidence: they cannot sit still under the mere suspicion of it.

As we slipped out of the harbor that morning the secret preoccupation of the owner and his friend was that circumstances might tempt them to perpetrate the sin of sins. Well, I am able to say that they withstood the awful temptation; but only just! If out of bravado they had attempted to eat their meals in the saloon, the crime would assuredly have been committed, but they had the sense to order the meals to be served in the cockpit, in the rain, in the blast, in the cold. No matter the conditions! They were saved from turpitude, and they ate heartily thrice during the day. And possibly nobody was more astonished than themselves at their success in virtue. I have known a yachtsman, an expert, a member of an exceedingly crack club, suddenly shift his course shoreward in circumstances not devoid of danger.

"What are you about?" was the affrighted question. He replied:

"I 'm going to beach her. If I don't, I shall be sick, and I won't be sick aboard this yacht."

Such is the astounding influence of convention, which has transformed into a crime a misfortune over which the victim has no control whatever. We did not beach the *Velsa,* nor were our appetites impaired. We were lucky, and merely lucky; and yet we felt as proud as though we had, by our own skill and fortitude, done something to be proud of. This is human nature.

As we rounded Cape Gris-Nez, amid one of the most majestic natural scenes I have ever witnessed, not a gale, but about half of a gale, was blowing. The wind continued to moderate. Off Calais the tide was slack, and between Calais and Dunkirk we had it under our feet, and were able to dispense with the engine and still do six and a half knots an hour. Thenceforward the weather grew calm with extraordinary rapidity, while the barometer continuously fell. At four

o'clock the wind had entirely expired, and we restarted the engine, and crawled past Westend and Nieuport, resorts very ugly in themselves, but seemingly beautiful from the sea. By the time we sighted the whiteness of the kursaal at Ostend the water was as flat as an inland lake. The sea took on the most delicate purple tints, and the pallor of the architecture of Belgian hotels became ethereal. While we were yet a mile and a half from the harbor-mouth, flies with stings wandered out from the city to meet us.

We passed between the pierheads at Ostend at 6:40 P.M., and the skipper was free to speak Dutch again. When he had done manœuvering in the basin, he leaned over the engine-hatch and said to me:

"I 've had a bit o' luck this week."

"With the engine?" I suggested, for the engine had been behaving itself lately.

"No, sir. My wife presented me with a little boy last Tuesday. I had the letter last night. I 've been expecting it." But he had said nothing to me before. He blushed, adding, "I should like you to do me a very great favor, sir—give me two days off soon, so that I can go to the baptism."

Strange, somehow, that a man should have to ask a favor to be present at the baptism of his own son! The skipper now has two sons. Both, I was immediately given to understand, are destined for the sea. He has six brothers-in-law, and they all follow the sea. On a voyage he will never willingly leave the wheel, even if he is not steering. He will rush down to the forecastle for his dinner, swallow it in two minutes and a half, and rush back. I said to him once:

"I believe you must be fond of this wheel."

"I am, sir," he said, and grinned.

We lay nearly opposite the railway station, and our rudder was within a foot of the street. Next to us lay the *Velsa's* sister (occasion for the historic remark that "the world is very small"), a yacht well known to the skipper, of exactly the same lines as the *Velsa,* nearly the same size, and built within four miles of her in the same year! The next morning, which was a Sunday, the sisters were equally drenched in tremendous downpours of rain, but made no complaint to each other. I had the awning rigged, which enabled us, at any rate, to keep the saloon skylights open.

The rain had no effect on the traditional noisiness of Ostend. Like sundry other cities, Ostend has two individualities, two souls. All that fronts the sea and claims kinship with the kursaal is grandiose, cosmopolitan, insincere, taciturn, blatant, and sterile. It calls itself the finest sea-promenade in Europe, and it may be, but it is as factitious as a meringue. All that faces the docks and canals is Belgian, more than Belgian—Flemish, picturesque, irregular, strident, simple, unaffected, and swarming with children. Narrow streets are full of little cafés that are full of little men and fat women. All the little streets are cobbled, and everything in them produces the maximum quantity of sound. Even the postmen carry horns, and all the dogs drawing little carts bark loudly. Add to this the din of the tram-cars and the whistling of railway engines.

On this Sunday morning there was a band festival of some kind, upon which the pitiless rain had no effect whatever. Band after band swung past our rudder, blaring its uttermost. We had some marketing to do, as the cook declared that he could market neither in French nor Flemish, and we waited impatiently under umbrellas for the procession of bands to finish. It would not finish, and we therefore had to join it. All the way up the Rue de la Chapelle we could not hear ourselves speak in the brazen uproar; and all the brass instruments and all the dark uniforms of the puffy instrumentalists were glittering and melting in the rain. Occasionally at the end of the street, over the sea, lightning feebly flickered against a dark cloud. At last I could turn off into a butcher's shop, where under the eyes of a score of shopping matrons I purchased a lovely piece of beef for the nominal price of three francs seventy-five centimes, and bore it off with pride into the rain.

When we got back to the yacht with well-baptized beef and vegetables and tarts, we met the deck-hand, who was going alone into the interesting and romantic city. Asked what he was about, he replied:

"I 'm going to buy a curio, sir; that 's all." He knew the city. He had been to

Ostend before in a cargo-steamer, and he considered it neither interesting nor romantic. He pointed over the canal toward the country. "There 's a pretty walk over there," he said; "but there 's nothing here," pointing to the town. I had been coming to Ostend for twenty years, and enjoying it like a child, but the deck-hand, with one soft-voiced sentence, took it off the map.

In the afternoon, winding about among the soaked cosmopolitanism of the promenade, I was ready to agree with him. Nothing will destroy fashionable affectations more surely than a wet Sunday, and the promenade seemed to rank first in the forlorn tragedies of the world. I returned yet again to the yacht, and was met by the skipper with a disturbed face.

"We can't get any fresh water, sir. Horse is n't allowed to work on Sundays. *Everything 's changed in Belgium.*" The skipper was too Dutch to be fond of Flanders. His mightiest passion was rising in him—the passion to go somewhere else.

"All right," I said; "we 'll manage with mineral water, and then we 'll move on to Bruges." In rain it is, after all, better to be moving than to be standing still.

But to leave Ostend was not easy, because the railway bridge would not swing for us, nor would it yield for over an hour to the song of our siren. Further, the bridge-man deeply insulted the skipper. He said that he was not supposed to swing for *canal-boats*.

"Canal-boat!" the skipper cried. "By what canal do you think I brought this ship across the North Sea?" He was coldly sarcastic, and his sarcasm forced the bridge open. We passed through, set our sails, and were presently heeling over and washing a wave of water up the banks of the canal. I steered, and, as we overtook an enormous barge, I shaved it as close as I could for the fun of the thing. Whereupon the skipper became excited, and said that for a yacht to touch a barge was fatal, because the barges were no stronger than cigar-boxes, having sides only an inch thick, and would crumble at a touch; and the whole barge-population of Belgium and Holland, but especially Belgium, was in a conspiracy to extract damages out of yachts on the slightest pretext. It seemed to me that the skipper's alarm was exaggerated. I understood it a few days later, when he related to me that he had once quite innocently assisted at the cracking of a cigar-box, for which his employer had had to pay five thousand francs.

The barge which I had failed to sink had two insignificant square-sails set, like pocket-handkerchiefs, but was depending for most of its motion on a family of children who were harnessed to its tow-rope in good order.

Now the barometer began to fall still lower, and simultaneously the weather improved and brightened. It was a strange summer, was that summer! The wind fell, the lee-board ceased to hum pleasantly through the water, and we had to start the engine, which is much less amusing than the sails. And the towers of Bruges would not appear on the horizon of the monotonous tree-lined canal, upon whose banks every little village resembles every other little village. We had to invent something to pass the time, and we were unwise enough to measure the speed of the engine on this smooth water in this unusual calm. A speed trial is nearly always an error of tact, for the reason that it shatters beautiful illusions. I had the beautiful illusion that under favorable conditions the engine would drive the yacht at the rate of twelve kilometers an hour. The canal-bank had small posts at every hundred meters and large posts at every thousand. The first test gave seven and a half kilometers an hour. It was unthinkable. The distances must be wrong. My excellent watch must have become capricious. The next test gave eight kilometers. The skipper administered a tonic to the engine, and we rose to nine, only to fall again to eight. Allowing even that the dinghy took a kilometer an hour off the speed, the result of the test was very humiliating. We crawled. We scarcely moved.

Then, feeling the need of exercise, I said I would go ashore and walk along the bank against the yacht until we could see Bruges. I swore it, and I kept the oath, not with exactitude, but to a few hundred meters; and by the time my bloodshot eyes sighted the memorable belfry of Bruges in the distance, I had decided that the engine was perhaps a better engine than I had fancied. I returned

on board, and had to seek my berth in a collapse. Nevertheless the *Velsa* had been a most pleasing object as seen from the bank.

BRUGES

We moored at the Quai Spinola, with one of the most picturesque views in Bruges in front of us, an irresistible temptation to the water-colorist, even in wet weather. I had originally visited Bruges about twenty years earlier. It was the first historical and consistently beautiful city I had ever seen, and even now it did not appear to have sunk much in my esteem. It is incomparably superior to Ghent, which is a far more important place, but in which I have never been fortunate. Ghent is gloomy, whereas Bruges is melancholy, a different and a finer attribute. I have had terrible, devastating adventures in the restaurants of Ghent, and the one first-class monument there is the medieval castle of the counts of Flanders, an endless field for sociological speculation, but transcendently ugly and depressing. Ghent is a modern town in an old suit of clothes, and its inhabitants are more formidably Belgian than those of any other large city of Flanders. I speak not of the smaller industrial places, where Belgianism is ferocious and terrible.

At Bruges, water-colors being duly accomplished, we went straight to Notre Dame, where there was just enough light left for us to gaze upon Michelangelo's "Virgin and Child," a major work. Then to the streets and lesser canals. I found changes in the Bruges of my youth. Kinematographs, amid a conflagration of electricity, were to be expected, for no show-city in Europe has been able to keep them out. Do they not enliven and illumine the ground floors of some of the grandest renaissance palaces in Florence? But there were changes more startling than the advent of kinematographs. Incandescent gas-mantles had replaced the ordinary burners in the street-lamps of the town! In another fifty years the corporation of Bruges will be using electricity.

Still more remarkable, excursion motor-boats were running on the canals, and at the improvised landing-stages were large signs naming Bruges "The Venice of the North." I admit that my feelings were hurt—not by the motor-boats, but by the signs. Bruges is no more the Venice of the North, than Venice is the Bruges of the South.

We allowed the soft melancholy of Bruges to descend upon us and penetrate us, as the motor-boats ceased to run and the kinematographs grew more brilliant in the deepening night. We had to dine, and all the restaurants of the town were open to us. Impossible to keep away from the Grande Place and the belfry, still incessantly chattering about the time of day. Impossible not to look with an excusable sentimentality at the Hôtel du Panier d'Or, which in youth was the prince of hotels, with the fattest landlord in the world, and thousands of mosquitos ready among its bed-hangings to assist the belfry-chimes in destroying sleep. The Panier d'Or was the only proper hotel for the earnest art-loving tourist who could carry all his luggage and was firmly resolved not to spend more than seven francs a day at the outside. At the Panier d'Or one was sure to encounter other travelers who took both art and life seriously.

No, we would not dine at the Panier d'Or, because we would not disturb our memories. We glanced like ghosts of a past epoch at its exterior, and we slipped into the café restaurant next door, and were served by a postulant boy waiter who had everything to learn about food and human nature, but who was a nice boy. And after dinner, almost saturated with the exquisite melancholy of the Grande Place, we were too enchanted to move. We drank coffee and other things, and lingered until all the white cloths were removed from the tables; and the long, high room became a café simply. A few middle-aged male habitués wandered in separately,—four in all,—and each sat apart and smoked and drank beer. The mournfulness was sweet and overwhelming. It was like chloroform. The reflection that each of these sad, aging men had a home and an *intimité* somewhere in the spacious, transformed, shabby interiors of Bruges, that each was a living soul with aspirations and regrets, this reflection was excruciating in its blend of forlornness and comedy.

A few more habitués entered, and then a Frenchman and a young Frenchwoman appeared on a dais at the back of the café and opened a piano. They were

in correct drawing-room costume, with none of the eccentricities of the *café-chantant,* and they produced no effect whatever on the faces or in the gestures of the habitués. They performed. He sang; she sang; he played; she played. Just the common songs and airs of the Parisian music-halls, vulgar, but more inane than vulgar. The young woman was agreeable, with the large, red mouth which is the index of a comfortable, generous, and good-natured disposition. They sang and played a long time. Nobody budged; nobody smiled. Certainly we did not; in a contest of phlegm Englishmen can, it is acknowledged, hold their own. Most of the habitués doggedly read newspapers, but at intervals there was a momentary dull applause. The economic basis of the entertainment was not apparent to us. The prices of food and drink were very moderate, and no collection was made by or on behalf of the artists.

At length, when melancholy ran off us instead of being absorbed, because we had passed the saturation-point, we rose and departed. Yes, incandescent-mantles and motor-boats were not the only changes in Bruges. And in the café adjoining the one we had left a troupe of girls in white were performing gaily to a similar audience of habitués. We glimpsed them through the open door. And in front of the kinematograph a bell was ringing loudly and continuously to invite habitués, and no habitués were responding. It was all extremely mysterious. The chimes of the belfry flung their strident tunes across the sky, and the thought of these and of the habitués gave birth in us to a suspicion that perhaps, after all, Bruges had not changed.

We moved away out of the Grande Place into the maze of Bruges toward the Quai Spinola, our footsteps echoing along empty streets and squares of large houses the fronts of which showed dim and lofty rooms inhabited by the historical past and also no doubt by habitués. And after much wandering I had to admit that I was lost in Bruges, a city which I was supposed to know like my birthplace. And at the corner of a street, beneath an incandescent-mantle, we had to take out a map and unfold it and peer at it just as if we had belonged to the lowest rank of tourists.

As we submitted ourselves to this humiliation, the carillon of the belfry suddenly came to us over a quarter of a mile of roofs. Not the clockwork chimes now, but the carillonneur himself playing on the bells, a bravura piece, delicate and brilliant. The effect was ravishing, as different from that of the clockwork chimes as a piano from a barrel-organ. All the magic of Bruges was reawakened in its pristine force. Bruges was no more a hackneyed rendezvous for cheap trippers and amateur painters and poverty-stricken English bourgeois and their attendant chaplains. It was the miraculous Bruges of which I had dreamed before I had ever even seen the place—just that.

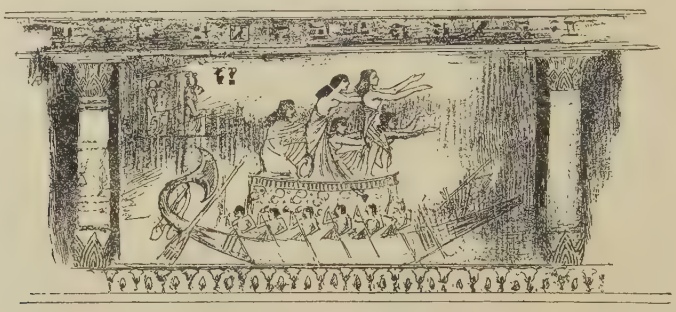
Having found out where we were in relation to the Quai Spinola, we folded up the map and went forward. The carillon ceased, and began again, reaching us in snatches over the roofs in the night wind. We passed under the shadows of rococo churches, the façades and interiors of which are alike neglected by those who take their pleasures solely according to the instructions of guide-books, and finally we emerged out of the maze upon a long lake, pale bluish-gray in the gloom. And this lake was set in a frame of pale bluish-gray houses with stepwise gables, and by high towers, and by a ring of gas-lamps, all sleeping darkly. And on the lake floated the *Velsa,* like the phantom of a ship, too lovely to be real, and yet real. It was the most magical thing. We paused to gaze at her.

We could scarcely believe that there was our yacht right in the midst of the town. This was the same vessel that only a little earlier had rounded Cape Gris-Nez in a storm, and suffered no damage whatever. Proof enough of the advantage of the barge-build, with a light draft, and heavy lee-boards for use with a beam wind. Some yachtsmen, and expert yachtsmen, too, are strongly against the barge. But no ordinary yacht of the *Velsa's* size could have scraped into that lake by the Quai Spinola and provided us with that unique sensation. The *Velsa* might have been designed specially for the background of Bruges. She fitted it with exquisite perfection.

And the shaft of light slanting up from her forecastle hatch rendered her more domestic than the very houses around,

which were without exception dark and blind, and might have been abandoned. We went gingerly aboard across the narrow, yielding gangway, and before turning in gazed again at the silent and still scene. Not easy to credit that a little way off the kinematograph was tintinnabulating for custom, and a Parisian couple singing and playing, and a troupe of white-frocked girls coarsely dancing.

(To be continued)



THE LESSER IMMIGRANT GROUPS IN AMERICA

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

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THE immigration question is a live wire, and whoever handles it may look for tingling surprises. One is a bit startled on realizing that through the "Bravas" from the Cape Verd Islands we are getting a new dash of black from the Senegambian tar-brush. How few are aware that a third of Sicily, from which many immigrants come, is chiefly Saracen in stock, so that the heredity of the Bedouin tribes of Mohammed's time is to be blended with our pioneering breed! Who reflects that, with Chinese and Japanese, Finns and Magyars, Bulgars and Turks, about half a million more or less Mongolian in blood have cast in their lot with us, and will leave their race stamp upon the American people of the future?

THE FINNS

OUR 130,000 immigrants from Finland should be counted in the Finno-Tatar branch of the Mongolian race, although since the dawn of history the Western Finns have intermingled with the Swedes until their blondness and cast of countenance bespeak the Northern European. Nevertheless, here and there among the Finns one notices that inward and downward slant of the eye which proclaims the Mongol.

Ever since the heavy paw of the Russian bear descended on Finland, these people have been seeping into the United States. They come for liberty's sake, bring their families, and expect to remain. Lovers of wood and water, they keep to the North and the Northwest, and are willing to tackle the roughest land in order to become independent. As farmers they are thrifty, but, if left to themselves, not particularly skilful or progressive. Among them survive Old-World ways, such as reaping by handfuls with a sickle and hauling hay from the field on a sleigh. With a sharp ax in his hand, the Finn turns artist, and will hew out a log house so beautiful as to put an American pioneer to the blush. One of the first things he builds is an air-tight bath-house in which he may steam himself by dashing water on hot stones.

Virtually all these immigrants are literate, and they are eager patrons of night schools. In acquiring English they are rather slow. Their native ability is good, but is not considered to be equal to that of the Swedes. They are quiet and law-abiding, but litigious. With his grim intensity of character, the Finn cannot bear to compromise his wrongs, but insists on all he thinks is due him. It is needless to add that a man with so much iron in his blood is honest.

Like the drunken Magyar or Lithuanian, the "loaded" Finn is a terrible fellow. Liquor seems to let loose in him fell and destructive impulses which had been held in the leash by moral ideas. The immigrants realize their danger, and the total abstinence movement is very strong among them. A rival current is Socialism, for, strange to say, thousands of Finns, since coming to this country, have utterly lost faith in the existing social order. The mining company praises the "temperance" Finns, but makes haste to get rid of the Socialists, although they are earnest people of a peaceable temper.

Such movements reveal a thinking mood. Thanks to the long struggle with Russia, the Finnish mind is awake and open to ideas. Our Finns have a real thirst for education, and, besides supporting the best of public schools, they maintain near Duluth a college of their own with 1200 students. In all their discussions the women take an equal share with the men, and when the Northwest adopts equal suffrage, the wives of the Finns will be among the first to vote. The Finns are prompt to acquire citizenship, and they do not abuse the ballot. They will not vote for a fellow-countryman unless he is the fittest candidate for the office.

Their civic attitude is revealed by an incident that occurred at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. A community of agricultural Finns near Carlton, Minnesota, who had settled there in the eighties, came together after the call for volunteers and considered what they ought to do. After deliberation, they concluded that in token of their gratitude for their good fortune under the stars and stripes, they ought to send one of their number to the war; so they picked out as their representative a stalwart, comely farm-lad of twenty-three, and he served through the Cuban campaign as Finnish champion of American institutions!

THE MAGYARS

In the school of Western civilization the Finns and the Magyars sit nearer the front than any other people of Mongol speech and blood. In progressiveness the quarter of a million Magyars among us are as American as any immigrants we receive. A thousand years ago the Magyars, invading from Asia, conquered the Slavs in Hungary, and settled down as a dominant race. Although a minority in the land, they have remained masters and rulers. Hence the Magyar immigrant, however poverty-pinched, feels the constant prick of the spur of race pride. His sense of honor is high. He will not seek charity unless he really needs it. In a Magyar quarter squalor and degeneration are not to be seen. The grass and flowers about the cottages, the clean yard, and the clean children proclaim the presence of a race that cannot bear to be looked down on.

While the Magyars have been political and military leaders in Hungary, the masses are familiar with the struggle for existence. They are exploited in many ways by the Jews, who in Hungary have been treated more liberally than anywhere else in Europe. It is not surprising, then, that few immigrants land here with so little money as the Magyars. Lacking the means to acquire land, they are almost unknown in agriculture. They go straight into the industries, and four fifths of them are to be found in the work-places of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, and New Jersey. They constitute a floating labor supply shifting constantly back and forth between Fiume and New York. In the last five years four Magyars have departed for every five that arrived.

Their illiteracy is 11.4 per cent., a better showing than is made by any immigrants from eastern or southern Europe. They bring more industrial skill than the average Slav, and their earning power is greater than that of most of the Slavic nationalities. They are loath to remain renters, and in their endeavor to acquire a home they will assume burdens heavier than they can carry. Their race pride plays into the hands of the hurry-up

American bosses, with the result that the Magyars injure themselves by overwork more than other immigrants.

In the Magyar stream the men are nearly three times as numerous as the women, and two out of five of the men have left wives in the old country. This means boarding-house life, shocking congestion, and a rich harvest for saloon and bawdy-house. The Pittsburgh Magyar, who earns $1.80 a day, will spend ten cents of it for lodging, forty cents for food, and thirty cents for beer. The Magyars are a wine-drinking people, and the immigrants come from the farms and know nothing of the corrosion of cities. Being high-spirited, however, they want to become American quickly, with the result that often they acquire our vices before they acquire our virtues. In the mill towns they learn to guzzle beer, carouse, and leave their earnings with the caterers to appetite.

Their crime record is bad. No alien is more dreaded by the police than a vengeful or drink-maddened Magyar. The proportion of alien Magyar prisoners who have been committed for murder is 35.6 per cent. higher than for any other nationality save the Russians. Their hot-headed and quarrelsome disposition causes personal violence to bulk very large in their crime. In offenses against chastity their showing is bad, but their bent for gainful crime is slight.

Most Magyars come to America with the expectation of eventually returning to Hungary to live. For this reason few have acquired citizenship, and scarcely any immigrants from southeastern Europe show less interest in the ballot. After a trip or two home and a vain effort to settle down to life in the old country, many return to America, reconciled to the prospect of ending their days here.

THE PORTUGUESE

Mongrelism and social decay have hurt the southwest of Europe even more than the Turk has hurt the southeast. This is why the 60,000 Portuguese in the United States are, in point of culture, behind even the Servians and the Macedonians. In the growing army of foreign-born illiterates they constitute the van. Not even the Turks, Syrians, or East Indians can vie with them. On arrival, not a third are able to read and write. As we find them in the cotton mills fifty-five per cent. of them cannot speak English. Even after ten years or more in this country, two Portuguese out of five cannot manage the speech of the country!

There are two centers of Portuguese distribution, southeastern New England and central California. California has 23,000 Portuguese immigrants, Massachusetts 26,000, Rhode Island 6000. In Boston there are 1225, in Cambridge 2000, in Providence 2200, in Lowell 2200, in New Bedford 4000, and in Fall River 14,000. We understand why Portuguese should settle in California, but what brings these olive-skinned people to chilly New England? The answer takes us into the realm of chance. In the beginning of a stream of immigration there is often romance. Then, if ever, accident counts, and the venturesome individual. Just as a fallen tree on the continental divide may turn certain snow waters from the Pacific to the gulf, so a practice of New Bedford whalers a lifetime ago caused the crowded Azores to overflow into Massachusetts instead of into Brazil. In the old days the whalers, after a summer cruise, touched at the Azores, and each took on from twenty-five to thirty-five natives. When after two or three years of whaling they returned to New Bedford, some of these Azorians remained, and a settlement grew up. To-day their quarter of New Bedford, known as "Fayal," is very prosperous.

All down Cape Cod these fishermen have well-nigh replaced the seafaring Yankees. Provincetown, the spot where the Pilgrims first landed and which was settled by the purest English, seems to-day a southern European town. Handsome dark-skinned Azorians man the fishing-boats. Corea, Silva, Cabral, and Manta are the names on the shops, and the Roman Catholics outnumber those of any other denomination.

When the bottom fell out of whaling, the New Bedford Portuguese went into the cotton mills, and their countrymen began coming in larger numbers. Besides the "white Portuguese," multitudes of "black Portuguese" from the Cape Verd Islands have come in. Three thousand of them work during the season in the cran-

berry bogs of Massachusetts, and all other pickers flee before them. They are obviously negroid, lack foresight, and are so stupid they cannot follow a straight line.

The real Portuguese immigrate in families, and show very little money on landing. At home seventy per cent. of them were farmers or farm laborers. They know sea and soil, but bring no industrial skill. If they cannot farm or fish, they become day laborers, mill-hands, dockers, teamsters, draymen, stationery engineers, or firemen. Many of their women are in the needle trades.

In the mills the Portuguese do not shine. The men earn $8.00 a week, while the rest of the foreign born average $12.00. Their sons and daughters earn $9.50, whereas the second generation of other immigrants average $14.00. They put wife and daughters into the mill, and stay out of labor-unions. In eight cases out of nine they sleep three or more in a room. In Lowell, according to the government investigator, "The standard of living of the Portuguese, as judged by the number of persons per apartment, room and sleeping room, is much lower than that of any other race."

In Boston, we are told that

> Among the Portuguese poverty is greater and more hopeless than it is among the Jews and Italians, although there are no Portuguese in the almshouses. Few of the Portuguese are really well to do, while many are partially dependent because the labor of the women, who are often obliged to support the family, is too unremunerative to insure their independence. Portuguese women who have shown their low moral sense by rearing a family of fatherless children exhibit their courage and industry by sewing early and late to gain a meager living for their little ones.

Although unskilled, ignorant, and segregated, the Portuguese commit very little crime. Nevertheless, their moral standard is in some respects exceedingly low. Says Dr. Bushee:

> The idea of family morality among them is almost primitive, resembling that of the negroes of the South. Not only are elopements made and repaid in kind without involving further complications, but also what anthropologists call "sexual hospitality" is not unknown among the Portuguese. . . . [They] are not free from drunkenness and thieving, but these faults are more carefully concealed among them, and fewer arrests result than would be the case with other nationalities. Many of the Portuguese men are idle and thriftless, and some of the women are suspected of having been public women in the Azore Islands from which they come.

In California the Portuguese live like the Italians, but while the Italians cooperate in leasing land, the Portuguese are so individualistic that they seldom rent or own land in partnership. This has handicapped them in agricultural competition with the Italians and the Japanese.

Their interest in education is of the feeblest. In the mill towns the percentage of Portuguese children at home is much larger than that of the English, although in this respect the showing of the Fall River Poles is much worse. No other mill people have so large a proportion of their children in the primary grades. The retardation of Portuguese school children is high. In California their children are taken out of school early, and the few who go on are sent to "business college" rather than to high school.

No immigrants care so little for citizenship as the Portuguese. Of the men whose length of residence entitles them to claim citizenship only 3.2 per cent. have become naturalized. At New Bedford only one in twenty entitled to citizenship has sought it; whereas, of the other foreign born, over half have taken steps to gain citizenship. The Portuguese farmers of California, although prosperous, care nothing for public affairs, and not half of them take a newspaper. They are interested only in making money, saving, and buying land.

Owing to their extreme clannishness, assimilation is slow. In the city they live in a quarter by themselves; in the country they form a colony. They have their church life apart, and their societies center about their church. Although the thriving farmers are improving their housing and standard of living, they are "inclined to be clannish, partly because Americans do not care for their society." The chief

agents of assimilation are the children. Having mingled with other children in the public schools, the young people are taken into fraternal orders and share the social life of the community. Moreover, the parents unconsciously raise their standard of living through their efforts to gratify the wants inspired in their children by contact with schoolmates coming from better homes. If the second generation are soon to be segregated in parochial schools, as are the children of the Poles and the French Canadians, this happy assimilation of the Portuguese through their children will be checked.

THE GREEKS

VIRTUALLY all our 150,000 Greeks have joined us in the course of a decade and a half. The immigrants are mostly young men, and the proportion of females is negligible. Fugitives from oppression always bring their families; so that this stream almost without women is the clearest proof that the immigration from Hellas is purely economic. The Hellenic Government is democratic and popular, military service is slight, and there is no religious or political oppression. What has happened is that the huge American orb has swam within the ken of a little people about as numerous as the population of New Jersey, and the larger mass is exerting its solar attraction. The peasant living on greens boiled in olive-oil, who eats meat three times a year, and keeps without noticing it the one hundred and fifty fasting-days in the Greek calendar, has sniffed the flesh-pots of America. Hence a wild-fire exodus that has devastated whole villages and threatens to deplete the labor force of the kingdom.

Says the emigrant when questioned as to his motive: "It is hard to make a living here. America is rich, I can make more money there. It is the money." Money is the key-note of Greek immigration. Flashy strangers have gone about talking with the peasant in his furrow and the shepherd on the hillside, exciting their imagination as to the wonders of America, and smoothing out the difficulties in the way of migrating. In the earlier days of the movement one man made $50,000 a year from his network of agencies selling tickets and advancing passage-money on a mortgage. The letter to the home folks, written by the Greek who has found footing in Lowell or Chicago, and which is read by or to every one in the village, has been seized upon by money-lenders, and they have lost no opportunity to encourage both the writing and the wide circulation of such epistles. The result is that, as Professor Fairchild, the closest student of this immigration, has said:

> The whole Greek world may be said to be in a fever of emigration. From the highlands and the lowlands of the Morea, from Attica, Thessaly, and Eubœa, from Macedonia, Asia Minor, and the islands, the strong young men with one accord are severing home ties, leaving behind wives and sweethearts and thronging to the shores of America in search of opportunity and fortune. . . . America is a household word in almost every Greek family. . . . Greek immigrants know to just what place in the United States they are going and have a very definite idea of what work they are going to do.

Although there are 10,000 Greek mill-hands in Lowell, there is a strong tendency for the Greeks in America to take to certain lines of business, such as candy-kitchens and confectionery stores, ice-cream parlors, fruit carts, stands, and stores, florist shops and boot-blacking establishments. This is due to the fact that this catering to the minor wants of the public admits of being started on the curb with little capital and no experience. Once his foot is on the first rung, the saving and commercial-minded Greek climbs. From curb to stand, from stand to store, from little store to big store, to the chain of stores, and to branch stores in other cities—such are the stages in his upward path. As the Greeks prosper, they do not venture out into untried lines, but scatter into the smaller cities and towns in order to follow there the few businesses in which they have become expert.

If the immigration from Hellas keeps up, in twenty years the Greeks will own the candy trade of the country, the soda-fountains, and perhaps the fruit business. Born epicures and cooks, the Greeks are going into the catering of food. In Atlanta they have thirty-five restaurants, in

St. Louis twenty-six, in Pittsburgh twenty-five, in Birmingham twelve hotels and fourteen restaurants.

Although Greeks are very rarely farmers, we hear of them as fruit-raisers in California, miners in Utah, laborers on the railroads, and fishers on both our coasts. In the cotton mills the Greeks are on a level with the more backward nationalities. They show little mechanical ability, and few have reached responsible posts. They are sober and amenable to discipline, but some employers find them too excitable and unsteady to be good workers.

The ugliest thistle-patch we owe to Old-World seed is the serfdom of thousands of Greek boys in the shoe-shining parlors that have sprung up everywhere. In some parts of Greece the peasant sets his children early to work in order that their earnings may leave him free to loaf the livelong day in a coffee-house. Upon them, too, he saddles the burden of providing dowries for their sisters. Accordingly, in certain districts the poor send away their boys to the cities of Greece and Turkey, where they are hired out to peddlers, grocers, and restaurant-keepers, who treat them badly and work them unconscionably long hours. From such parents the Greek in America has no difficulty in recruiting boys, whom he exploits under conditions that savor of slavery.

In thousands of Greek shoe-shining shops are working bound boys who are miserably fed and lodged by their masters, paid from three dollars to four dollars a week, and required to turn over all tips. Often the tips alone cover the boy's wages and keep, so that his labor costs the master nothing. Seeing that from each boy the *padrone* makes from one hundred to two hundred dollars a year, a chain of such establishments yields him a princely income. No wonder the negro and the Italian boot-black have been forced to the wall.

The bound boys are on duty fifteen or sixteen hours a day, and work every day in the year. They get in their eating and sleeping as best they can. They know no recreation. Late at night, completely exhausted, they drop, with their clothes on, into a bed that must suffice for four or five. Boys who have been in a city several years may learn nothing of it save the shop, their living-quarters, and the streets between. Since the *padrone's* game is to keep his boys dumb and blind, they are not allowed to talk freely with Greek customers. The moment a customer talks with a boy, "trusties" crowd round to listen. No truth can be gotten from the boys concerning their age, their work, or their pay. To avoid the arm of the truant officer, no Greek bound boy confesses to fewer than seventeen years. They are ignorant of the rights and rewards of labor in this country, and are told that, if they leave their work, they will be arrested. Even their letters home are read and censored. The effects of this servitude on the boys are shocking. They miss all schooling, and years may elapse before they get their eyes open.

The study of English is the first step toward emancipation; but where work is constant, they miss even this chance, and young men will be found who have been shining shoes for years, and feel no ambition for anything else. The physical ravages of such work and confinement are appalling. In their memorial to the Immigration Commission, the Greek physicians of Chicago say:

> Young immigrants laboring in shoe-shining places for a period of upwards of two years become afflicted with chronic gastritis and hepatitis. These diseases undermine their constitutions, so that if they continue longer at the same work, they become afflicted with pulmonary tuberculosis. Being too ignorant to take precautionary measures, the disease is communicated to others by contagion.

They go on to ask the Government not to allow such bound boys to land.

Through this peep-hole we glimpse one secret of the immigrant's sky-rocket commercial rise. Behold Stephanos, who landed ten years ago without a drachma, and now draws a cool thousand a month from his business, and is one of our solid men!

"Wonderful!" exclaims the innocent American. "What stuff there must be in him! Shows, too, that the country is still full of good chances." The fact is the worthy Stephanos lolls on the backs of a hundred unseen boot-blacks, who are be-

ing ruined that he may prosper. When one considers how mercilessly the immigrant landlord, banker, saloon-keeper, contractor, or employment-agent hoodwinks and fleeces his helpless fellow-countrymen, certain of the "successes" one hears of do not seem so remarkable, after all.

THE LEVANTINES

Our hundred thousand immigrants from Asiatic Turkey introduce us to certain very marked differences between the European civilization and the Asiatic. In general, these Syrians, Armenians, Arabs, and Turks eschew alcohol, shun violence, and give little trouble to the police. They are thrifty, acquisitive, and self-supporting. Their women folk are hedged and virtuous. Their native intelligence is beyond question, they respect learning, and they appreciate educational opportunities for their children.

On the other hand, they tend to crowd, their standards of cleanliness are low, and they are greatly afflicted with trachoma, an excludable eye disease. Their narrow range of interests throws out in ugly relief their lust of gain, especially gain without sweat. The Oriental attitude toward females shows itself in a great difference between the sexes in illiteracy, and in the betrothal of young girls to mature men whom they scarcely know. These people love trade, particularly the individual bargain, which offers scope for what is amiably called "a contest of wits," but is really the ensnaring of the unsuspecting by arachnids. At a time when our retail commerce has happily come to the "one-price" system, the lustrous-eyed peddlers from the Levant bring in again the odious haggling trade, with its deceit and trickery.

That these immigrants lack physical and moral courage is conceded even by their friends. They do not settle their quarrels on the spot face to face, but revenge themselves treacherously from behind when they get a safe chance. Their feeling that truth is a luxury not to be brought out on common occasions gives them an advantage in a commercial system which takes for granted a good deal of Anglo-Saxon straightforwardness. It needs only half an eye to see that the "business ability" attributed to the prospering dealer is often nothing but the practice of Oriental craft among the unsuspicious. As the Romans found these people at the eastern end of the Mediterranean, so we find them to-day, good-looking, pliant, clever, sometimes brilliant, but shifty, and wanting in character.

When two peoples find that their standards repel like oil and water, they do not care to associate. Naturally, then, the Oriental immigrants tend to huddle in colonies in which they may live in the old way, keep their pride, and spare themselves the pains of adjustment to American ideals. Not only do such colonies check the assimilation of those who most need it, but they are apt to be nests of congestion, disease, and depravity, as well as hotbeds for the propagation of false and impracticable ideas of political and social freedom.

THE MAN WHO WAS AFRAID

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Shanty-man," "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

NO coward openly confesses his cowardice; even from himself he tries to hide the shame. He mentally palliates, excuses, glosses over, and haply goes to his grave without ever having openly faced the issue. Now and then Fate, in an ironic mood, takes him in hand, and before his little world strips him bare of all his disguises.

John Ward had enlisted in the East, and with six months' drill at various army posts had been whipped into shape when, with his regiment, he boarded the transport at San Francisco. He was a good-looking, even-tempered boy, gentlemanly in bearing and speech, and thoroughly efficient. He talked little, rarely laughed, but often smiled. In an ineffusive way he was well liked. His regimental companions thought him ambitious, and on the evidence of his manifestly superior training and his rare references to his previous life had come to the conclusion that he meant to win a commission. With mingled derision and respect they had fallen into the habit of calling him "Major Jack." It was only the derision that he felt.

For in truth he was a coward, and a coward of that most complete type—a sensitive coward. In him sensitiveness and imagination swamped reality. He always saw beyond the actual thing, the actual duty; he saw all the consequences of an act—the consequences of possible failure. As a boy he had often hesitated to enter into the hazards of boyish games through the fear of ridicule at failure. What he was told to do by his elders he would do, but he refrained from attempting tasks on his own initiative through fear of rebuke. A reproof hurt him like a blow. Indeed, though it may seem like an anomaly, he was in the army because he was a coward, and this time a moral one. An error, not of moral turpitude, but of carelessness, in his position as a bank clerk in his native town in Massachusetts, had led him to flee from home through fear of a reprimand. Penniless at last, he had naturally drifted into an enlistment office as the one place where he might expect no rebuff when he sought employment.

Now, a sensitive coward suffers more than a stolid one, though he is less likely to be unmasked; for his fear of being unmasked is greater than his shrinking from a mere physical hurt. It happened, therefore, that in the unusually tempestuous weather of the greater part of the voyage across the Pacific, Ward suffered less than in the first week, which had been windless. In rough weather he would sit or lie keenly alive to every roll of the ship, mentally bracing his body against every sickening fall, and relaxing in mental exhaustion as the ship again rose to an even keel, yet with all his fear dreading more the return of fair weather, with its certain renewal of the sports and horse-play that had enlivened the first week out.

Of the boxing-matches in which the en-

listed men had delighted in the first week of the voyage Ward had always been an interested, though silent, watcher, but when put forward as a competitor, had always modestly stated that he knew nothing of the art. But it was inevitable, in the gradual sifting-out of would-be champions, that his company, with a dearth of big men, would insist on his entering the contests, and insist with a vehemence to which moral cowardice in the end would submit. With a smiling face, but a watery heart, Ward finally entered the ring of eager spectators.

His opponent was a sturdy fellow who had already fought his way up through several inter-company trials, and he faced Ward with a swaggering, confident air. To Ward his smiling countenance was the malignant mask of Fate. He saw himself prospectively humiliated, jeered, and in a mental turmoil of sickening fear and hatred he posed himself automatically in approved fashion, and, moving his arms slowly to and fro, watched keenly for the first blow. It never came.

Confidently, airily, with a certain exaggerated action of one playing with a despised inferior, the man lightly circled about, feinting nearer and nearer to Ward's face. As the man thus moved about him, smiling, complacent, the heave of the deck suddenly brought Ward sharply above him, and something of the murderous rage with which a frenzied man sees a feared foe fall helpless before him seized Ward, and with a swift lunge he struck out.

The blow had come at the instant when the man, side-stepping, was caught off his balance by the sharp, upward lift of the deck in an unexpectedly short roll. His feet, misplaced, sent his head sharply forward in the path of Ward's glove. He fell like a log and lay still. A roar went up from the watchers.

The man was knocked out. He angrily tried to explain, make excuses, but the laughing regiment would not hear, and Ward came to an eminence that he feared more than death. His mind saw further competitions, his complete humiliation. His anticipative fear, which his companions misread as modesty, increased his renown.

That night the stormy weather set in, and the ship reached port without a reversal of opinion, and three months in garrison in Manila strengthened his position. Orderly, trustworthy, with no vices, and with all his daily activities rigidly marked out for him by authority, Ward spent thus the three happiest months of his life. Then came a change, and his company was ordered to a garrison in the hills.

He went with no particular foreboding, for the country had long been quiet, and as the troops detrained at a lonely little station in a twilight hastened by a cloudy sky, they had, in the necessity of a twenty-mile march across-country, no concern except that of rain. Indeed, it began shortly after camp was made, and Ward went to sleep to the sound of a deluge beating with a ripping-like roar on the canvas of his dog tent.

He awoke to the notes of the reveille and started up. It was pitch-dark, and only in a degree had the rain slackened. Hastily he crawled out, and, straightening up in front of his tent, looked about him. Here and there a glimmering lantern moved about the encampment in a halo of golden mist. A figure hurried by him.

"What 's up, Sergeant?" he asked. The three-o'clock heaviness of spirit was on him, and a touch of unreasoning concern.

"Break camp," said the sergeant, laconically. "Get a move on." He hurried away.

They were already on the march, moving steadily through the rain and darkness on a wet and uneven road, when the information finally seeped down to Ward through strata of rank that the guide had advised the early start through fear of a rising river in the narrow valley they had to cross to reach their station in the second line of hills.

"*Rising* river!" sneered a voice behind Ward. "Hell! The whole valley 's drowned out by now. It 's a five-mile swim, my dough-boys. You ain't no web-feet. We crossed last year in a heavy dew, and the bridge was gone even then—just a dew. It halted us two days. Now we 'll camp on the slope for a week, sticking like limpets to the rocks."

"Oh, anything to keep us on the move!" drawled another voice in the rear.

"Say, Shorty,"—a tall man at Ward's side turned back to the first speaker,—"was that there the time you was on sentry duty at night, and the officer of the

guard jumped you sarcastic for ruinin' your health settin' down in the wet—*and* on duty?"

"Thank God, anyway, I ain't no bell-tower—with a loose tongue!" exclaimed Shorty, piously.

"And all the while he was standin' up as straight as his knock-knees would let him," the tall man declared musingly. "'T is a great mercy, though, to be as short as him when it comes to a ruction, with the Mausers coughing away in the thickets. *He 's* safe; you could n't hit him unless it was with a plow."

"Speakin' of hittin'," said Shorty in a loud aside, *"he* was hit, last year up in Luzon; but, being so thin, old Saw-bones could n't find the hole, though the ball went clean through him." He added after a slight pause, "We knew he was hit because he turned so white when we heard the Mauser bark."

"Oh, dry up!" growled the sergeant, and in silence the men splashed on in the dark. Ward could see only the faint rise and fall of the shoulders of the men in front of him. The arching trees overhead hid the sky from his uplifted eyes. He was thinking of Shorty's taunt at Long Jim—that his face had grown white at the report of a gun. He wondered what it would seem like to know he was being shot at. Well, these natives were wild marksmen, he had heard; a man had a chance. What he most dreaded, he told himself, was the bolo. All his life one thing had had for him a peculiar horror—the thought of a knife being drawn through his closed hand. To think of that had always had the power to move him to a sort of nervous hysteria. He thought of it now in an imaginative setting—here in the darkness the Moros attacking them, and one striking with a bolo, which he caught with his bare hand, and the Moro pulled free. The very thought sickened him. He shook his shoulders and spit noisily, trying to shake from his mind the clinging antipathy, which seemed to suck at his thoughts like a leech. He wanted to speak, but everything he thought of to say seemed, to his sensitiveness, to lead to some subtle foreboding of peril. Then Jim spoke:

"I wonder if that there guide knows where he 's taking us. Black as a cow's belly, ain't it? I wonder if the lieutenant knows. Some lieutenant if he does."

"You 're right," said Ward, glad for speech. "Well, it 's easy for us—follow the back of the man in front of us."

"Well, there 's times when that 's just about enough," declared the other. "That time Shorty was jokin' about—up in Luzon, you know—we had to make a night hike like this, but by *moonlight,* and the bushes and hills full of them gentle heathen with Mausers. The country was n't pacified then, you know—*insurrectos* and head-hunters and that sort of thing. Say, that night I 'd give' all that moonlight and beautiful white roads you could see a mile over for a nice little hole of blackness like this. Ev'rything in its place, *I* say, so long 's it 's the right place. That 's me down to the ground. I ain't no hog."

"Were you hit up there?" Ward asked.

Long Jim chuckled.

"Lord, no; that 's just Shorty's joke. Him and me 's friends, and always stringin' each other. I would n't lie like that—him setting down on sentry duty, you know—about anybody but a friend. Hello! Daybreak 's comin'!"

Indeed, an impalpable suggestion of light, or, rather, a faded darkness, hung over them, though there was no greater actual clarity to physical outlines. Light was felt rather than seen. For half an hour they had been descending over a steep, slippery road, and the greater light seemed to emanate from the upper eastern sky, toward which their faces were directed. The rain had become a drizzle, when at last they felt the road level under their feet, and, in their relief, quickened their pace.

"Well, now we 're goin' to learn about that there bridge of Shorty's," said Long Jim—"whether he 's a liar or not. If it 's here, after all that rain, he is; and if it ain't, why, then he ain't *proved* a liar. Guess that 's just about all you can say for Shorty any time—judicially."

"If the bridge is gone, what 'll we do?" asked Ward. He had heard of the swimming of streams in the Philippines winning victories and fame, but he was no swimmer. He had a vision of himself being ferried across a swollen river on a log, with an acute consciousness of venomous water-snakes circling about his dragging legs. Long Jim reassured him.

"Oh, the lieut' 's a' engineerin' crank; that 's his song and dance—buildin' pon-

toons and bridges out o' nothin' and fastenin' 'em together with principles. Should n't wonder but what he 'd be glad to see the old bridge gone, so 's he could play at bein' Pharaoh or Moses or God. Which was it? That Red Sea business, you know. Guess I 'm some rusty on the exact party. Anyway, that 's the lieut'."

The bridge was not gone. In a shadowless, dusky dawn, thickened by a penetrating mist, and a swirling fog that momentarily parted, disclosing a water-filled road through a tangled level of tall grasses and thorny bamboos, they paused for a brief halt at the far side. The river swept down in a mighty flood; the bridge swayed and trembled under the shock. The lieutenant walked back to the middle of the bridge and peered over at the supports and anchorage. In a huddled group the men stood and listlessly watched him. Ten minutes later, when the order to advance was given, and the men fell into a more or less regular order of march, the guide was gone. He had slipped away unseen.

"Guess the lieut' 's some hot in the boilers at the non-coms lettin' our little brown brother fade away," Jim said to Ward when at last they took up their march, now at a quickened pace. "Well, another *amigo* gone wrong! There 's brotherly love for you!"

"Think it means anything, his slipping off like that?" asked Ward, with assumed carelessness. He was distinctly aware of a new note in the little troop, a certain strained alertness and quiet.

"Well, it may mean 'most anything on God's earth," Jim replied: "that he has a girl in the next block, or was tired, or expects his friends to rush us, and so thought best to get off the firin'-line. Shut up! Here comes the top-sergeant. Storm-signal 's out."

They received the order to go forward in absolute silence, prepared for a rush. In a new formation Ward found himself at the left side of the road, with Jim at his right, and Shorty beyond him. His heart was beating suffocatingly; his feet felt numb and of an incredible lightness. Tall grass higher than his head lined the road, and as he strode past, he watched it out of the corners of his eyes in a sort of stealthy alertness. It was as though he felt that if he did not show that he saw the foe lurking there, they would be permitted to pass unscathed. Yet he could not help watching. The hum of myriads of insects in the grass rose in waves of strident sound, numbing his brain with the monotony. He had suddenly become very tired. Now and then an extended blade of grass brushed sharply against his face, causing him to catch his breath, like a dash of cold water. Now and then, in his nervousness, he pushed back his cap and brushed his forehead. The drops of perspiration felt cold; his fingers felt cold and numb. He fell in time into an impotent rage against the hidden foe, the god-forsaken country, the lieutenant, his comrades, even himself. It served him right, he thought savagely, for throwing his life away like this. He recalled his desk in the bank at home, the window open at his side, the sound of footsteps on the paved streets, the music of a hurdy-gurdy coming to him from a distance. And he was here—here in this mess. Tears of self-pity sprang to his eyes, and he was near to total collapse. Over at his right Shorty swore softly under his breath.

"Did you notice that guide?" he said in a low voice. "He was squint-eyed. Hope I get him."

"An un-Christianlike beggar, that 's what you are," reproved Jim. "What you want to get *him* for? He prob'ly had a date with his girl."

"But the lieutenant does n't think so," suggested Ward. It seemed to him that his voice trembled, and fearing that Jim had noticed, he essayed bravado. "I 'd like to see what it 's like—a rush," he said.

"Say, did they make you say your prayers when you was a kid?" Jim asked. "What for? Because they expected you to get rushed the next minute, and might need 'em? Not on your life. They done it on scientific principles. That 's what the lieut' 's doin' now; workin' this here business out on scientific principles, learnin' his trade. He 's prob'ly thinkin' of breakfast. I am. Rice, hog-belly out of a can, and hot coffee—how does that strike you, son?" Some one in the line ahead hissed, "Shut up!" and Jim shrugged his shoulders. "All right, all right," he muttered cheerfully.

It came upon them suddenly, though in a wholly unexpected manner. Light had been increasing, the road ascending, and all at once Ward was aware that the grass

at his side had receded. Instead, a bare open space lay at his left, and fifty yards beyond it a slight ridge that seemed wooded. They were coming to the hills, he thought, and nearing their station; his spirits rose.

For a moment they halted, while the lieutenant sent out a small scouting party. But day had not yet come fully; the scouts came back, reporting all quiet, and so they went on, though at a rapid pace. Ward watched the low ridge. Then as his eyes still lingered on it, little dots of flame sprinkled it as with fireflies, and unconsciously he dodged as the muffled bark of Mausers split the heavy air.

He had a confused impression of their crowding together for an instant, of a jumble of sharp orders that he did not understand, and it was only when he saw his companions scurrying across the road and dropping behind the embankment on the far side that he followed and took his place beside them. When they returned the fire, his fingers felt numb. He had not felt the trigger.

"Fire where you see the flash of a Mauser," Jim told him, and he nodded, but speedily forgot. But he knew when Jim turned his head quickly over his shoulder and then laughed. "They 're in the rear, too," he said. "Potted, by thunder!"

In the rear, too—thereafter that thought never left him; it made his backbone crawl. He humped his shoulders together in sheer terror as he turned his head slowly to look back and saw farther away another line of hills and orange dots flickering along its wooded slope. He saw other heads down the long line of prostrate men turn to look back and the lieutenant rise to his feet and coolly survey it.

"The damn' fool!" he muttered in an increasing rage. "The damn' fool!"

It was growing lighter, though a mist still hung over the valley, and he had a sickening thought of what full day would bring to them, lying thus exposed to two fires. He therefore knew the thought that was in the lieutenant's mind when he saw him turn and, crossing the road, advance toward the nearer ridge, step by step carefully feeling the ground with his feet. It was clear he was considering the advisability of a change. Ward forgot to load, and dumbly watched the lieutenant go.

He had advanced twenty yards when they saw him jump back, then slowly turn, dragging his legs curiously. The next instant he dropped to his knees, and, bracing his arms against the ground before him, swayed back and forth, with his chin on his breast. In a sort of numb horror of fascination Ward watched him slowly settling to the ground. From the hill came a straggling yell of exultation.

Ward dimly heard a new order come down the line, and with his companions went forward on the run in open order, dropping on his face again as the line reached a point that brought the lieutenant in their rear. Quickly then they fired. His lock only clicked, and he remembered that he had forgotten to load. Furtively he glanced about him to see if his companions had noticed; but all eyes were directed toward their own guns, and a sharp rattle of thrown-back bolts ran down the line. Then even as they rose to advance again, they heard a wild crying on the ridge, saw the bushes rustle, and darting black heads swarm through the tall grass at the foot and out into the open to meet them. Ward saw the lifted Mausers; he saw the bolos, and thought of his picture of one drawn through his hand. Kneeling at order, they fired again, then rose to meet the onset.

He knew he was running with the rest, and mechanically he glanced right and left to note his alinement. His throat was dry; his breath went out in quick gasps; he tried not to think, but just to keep running. A scattering fire came down from the hills, and to the right of him he saw a companion throw up his arm and collapse in a heap. And he had been told that these devils could not shoot! A blind rage seized him at the thought.

Then as he ran he felt his feet suddenly weighted, and knew that he had come to bogland. He faltered, and cast a quick glance down the long line of his fellows. It, too, had faltered, he saw. The line was uneven, with some glancing down at their feet. He heard some cursing. He paused and half turned. A great self-pity overwhelmed him, and hot tears of rage filled his eyes.

As he stood there half turning, one foot lifted in indecision, his eyes blinded by fear and the tears of his emotional collapse, out of the confusion of sounds that reached his ears in a curious medley of dis-

cordant notes he heard the ascending whine of a bullet, felt a sting on his cheek. Under the emotional shock, which had about it a sort of electrical quality, he spun round and round on his feet. Then terror seized him, and with a hoarse shout he turned and ran with no thought but to reach the road again and try to escape.

The clutching bog seized his feet again, but, with head lowered, he plunged on. He heard shouts behind him, but gave no heed; then almost at his feet a brown-skinned native rose, brandishing a bolo; then another, and another. So they were surrounded! It flashed through his mind that there was, then, no escape, and in a frenzy of fear and despair he swung his rifle in a wild circle, and he saw the foremost foe leap with pain and his bolo go flying from his hand. The second went down with a crushed head, and Ward saw a look of ludicrous terror spring to the face of the third as he turned to flee. He knew it was ludicrous because, as he saw it, he himself had laughed.

He saw then that his friends were all about him, and it gave him a certain degree of comfort in the fellowship of a common fear, though it piqued him, too, that, thus following him, they would draw the attention of the enemy and lessen his chance to escape.

The enemy were fleeing! It came to him with so distinct a shock of surprise that they no longer faced him, but fled like hares before, that he scarcely realized that he was mounting a slope and his friends were all about him, now wildly rejoicing. He reached the crest and paused. In the reaction of his wild rage he felt dizzy and weak. Then he turned and looked back. Wild-eyed, he understood it all: he—he had led a charge up the ridge when he meant to flee to the rear; he had saved the day! Then men crowded around him. Jim pushed them aside and faced Ward. He was breathing heavily, a grin on his face.

"You little rooky, you damn' little rooky!" he gasped. "Said you 'd like to know what it was like. Satisfied? Think you 're the whole U. S. A.? Well, we was just peggin' out for the rear, dead flabbergasted, but when you went roarin' out in front like that, we did n't have the face to desert you. And you won! You damn' little rooky!"

Ward smiled wearily. He was always modest.

And when the lieutenant had sufficiently recovered to hold a pen, his report gave Ward full credit for saving the command from annihilation. He added that the boy was very modest about it.

THE CALL TO ARMS IN EUROPE

THE TASK OF THE FIRST WEEKS

BY MAJOR JOHN BIGELOW, U. S. A., RETIRED

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SOME fifteen millions of men transformed in a few days from peaceful citizens or subjects into belligerent soldiers, contending in two opposing groups of armies on territories of five or more separate nations—that is the spectacle presented to us. Nothing like it is recorded in history. In the Old World people are somewhat prepared for the spectacle. For generations the public of France, Germany, Russia, and Austria has been used to the sight of military uniforms, to officers and soldiers sauntering on the sidewalks, sitting and coming and going in cafés, restaurants, or hotels, or with quick-resounding footfall swinging down the street to a diapason of drum and fife or trumpet, or wrapped in the soft cadences or inspiring strains and clashings of a military band. In no walk of life can a Frenchman or a German lose sight of the fact that his country is an armed camp. But we of the Western Hemisphere stand astounded, aghast, at the grandeur, some say the enormity, of the present contest.

We are bewildered by the complexity of it. Contradictory views as to its origin, conflicting reports of what is happening in the various theaters of operation, make it hard to coördinate one's impressions and draw from them any conclusion as to what the fighting is about and how it is progressing. The cause of a war is a political or racial matter; the course of it is a military one. But neither is independent of the other. The cause determines the object, and this is a factor in the operations. The object suggests the plans of the commander, and has much to do with the inspiration, the morale, of his troops. To follow a war intelligently one must have at least a working idea as to its cause and object.

The present war may be traced back to an antagonism which was the natural consequence of long-continued rivalry and competition between the Slav and Teutonic peoples. This antagonism was locally intensified by the national aspirations of Servia, a Slav country, which under the influence of Russia made herself champion of Slavism, with the apparent object of creating defections in Austria that would cripple that country as an opponent of Russia. As an incident or consequence, perhaps, of this policy, the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, were assassinated on the twenty-eighth of June at Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, an Austrian province.

Austria called upon Servia for reparation and for guaranties that her anti-Austrian agitation would be abandoned. Servia's reply was not accepted as satisfactory. It was considered as evasive, as calculated to reserve the privilege of resuming the objectionable policy if it should be abandoned; in other words, as a virtual refusal to give the guaranties called for.

In our Civil War, in the Austro-Prussian War, in the Franco-German War, and in the present Russo-German War, there was a fundamental, or original, cause to be distinguished from the immediate cause. In our Civil War the original cause was slavery, the immediate cause was secession; in the Austro-Prussian War the original cause was the rivalry between the Austrian House of Hapsburg-Lorraine and the Prussian House of Hohenzollern, the immediate cause was the disagreement between Austria and Prussia over the spoils of their joint dismemberment of Denmark in 1864; in the Franco-German War the original cause was German unification, the immediate cause was the Ems incident; in this Russo-German War the original cause may be considered as Slav-Teuton rivalry, the immediate cause as the Austro-Servian embroglio. These past wars attained their ultimate

as well as their immediate ends. Will it be so with this war? Assuming that the German arms prevail, will they merely establish a modus vivendi between Austria and Servia, or will they settle the question of Teutonic *versus* Slav predominance in Europe? The main issue is between Russia and Germany. The other powers are only allies of one or the other of these. The final decision must take place on Russian or on German soil.

By the time this writing is read, the military situation will be so changed that it is not worth while to discuss it in any detail. All that will be attempted is to present as realistic an image as possible of the gathering of the forces, their disposition on the strategic chess-board at the beginning of the war, and a few of the earlier movements on both sides.

MOBILIZING A GREAT ARMY

Putting a modern army like that of Germany in the field involves two separate processes, mobilization and concentration. Mobilization consists not only in fitting out the men already with the colors, or the standing army, but, more particularly, of reënlisting and equipping the additional men that are necessary to bring the standing army to war strength, which is, roughly speaking, about twice its peace strength. The military forces of an invasion may be divided into three general classes:

1. Active armies, forming the first army line.

2. Forces in the enemy's country in rear of the active armies, either on the communications or occupying adjacent country, forming the second army line.

3. Troops in the home country, garrisoning its defenses, guarding prisoners, depots, arsenals, etc., drilling other men, or otherwise employed and available, forming the third army line.

The great problem of mobilization is to apportion the military population to these three army lines without reducing the industrial population to the point of enfeebling rather than strengthening the military establishment. The portion of the military population not already incorporated in the army may be resolved into three divisions: the reserve, the landwehr, the landsturm.

Men in the reserve and in the landwehr are classified according to date of graduation, or temporary exemption, from service with the colors. The latest graduates are taken to fill up the units of the peace army, and together with older men to make up the depot units for the training of recruits and of men returning to the service. A German regiment comprises three mobile battalions and one depot battalion. The three mobile battalions go to the front as part of an active army. The depot battalion remains at home to prepare reservists for active service and to forward them as they are called for. When an active battalion has lost about ten per cent. of its strength it calls upon the depot battalion for a corresponding contingent of reservists. In this way the depletion of active units to a half or a quarter of their original strength, as commonly happened in our Civil War, is effectively prevented. The landwehr is used to replace the reserve, should that be necessary. A portion of it is formed in battalions, regiments, and larger units for service either at home or in the enemy's country. The landsturm consists in general of the men fit for military service who have not been required to render any or who have been graduated from the landwehr. They are not organized, except as a last extremity, to repel or prevent an invasion. Some of them are exempted from military service to discharge important civil or industrial functions. Under ideal conditions the reserve would furnish all the men necessary to fill up the units on the outbreak of war and to keep them full during the war. But such conditions are rarely realized. In the Austro-Prussian War (1866) and the Franco-German War (1870–71) the Germans had to call out their landwehr. In neither of these wars did they draw on their landsturm. It is significant of the intensity of the present conflict that Austria called out her landsturm simultaneously with her mobilization, and Germany hers a few days thereafter.

The details of mobilization are very simple. Every reservist or landwehrman has a soldier's pocket-book containing explicit instructions as to what he has to do when called to the colors. He is moreover practised in doing it at manœuvers in time of peace. Various means are employed for

transmitting the call to individual men, but it is usually spread by rumor or by the press and anticipated in execution. The young clerk, artisan, student, or teacher drops his vocation and betakes himself by a prescribed route to the depot, where he is furnished a brand-new uniform and set of equipments. Here he has perhaps a few hours in which to renew his military acquaintanceship and to linger with his civilian friends, his parents, brothers, sisters, or sweetheart, if any of them have followed or joined him there. As a reservist of the first class, he is not likely to have a wife.

CONCENTRATING FORCES IN WAR

THE mobilization being completed, the next step is the concentration. The assembly is sounded; the roll called, the last time on that ground for many a loyal name; the battalion is formed. It breaks into column, and, following the band to the strains of some foreign equivalent of "The Girl I Left behind Me," escorted by throngs of youths and maidens, cheered and saluted with voice, flags, and handkerchiefs from doorsteps, windows, and housetops, tramps impressively, aye, how impressively to many a heavy-hearted witness, through the town or city to the railway station. A few minutes for parting words, looks, embraces, and then the embarkation begins. In perhaps twenty minutes more it is completed; the interval between trains is attained; a whistle; the train moves, is off, is out of sight.

This process is repeated until the whole field army is under way or at its destination. The unit of embarkation is what one engine will draw, which, expressed in infantry, is about a thousand men. The distance between trains that is necessary to safety and efficiency may be taken as ten minutes. Under favorable conditions trains follow one another at this interval, with only necessary halts for refreshment and rest or exercise. The officers and some of the men ride in passenger-coaches. The rest have to put up with improvised seats in freight-cars—board benches built across the cars, without backs. Both the point of debarkation and the zone of concentration must be at a safe distance within one's own territory, and protected by troops which in peace as well as in war are on the frontier in full war strength. These are called covering troops.

At the end of the railway journey comes the debarkation. If this does not take place as fast as the trains arrive, and it is not likely to when they follow one another at intervals of ten minutes, allowance must be made for it in calculating the number of trains to be despatched per line of railroad per day, or the rate of concentration. In Germany, in 1870, a single-track road could forward twelve, a double-track road eighteen, trains per day. In the present war a German double-track road may forward as many as twenty-three trains a day.

On debarking, the troops, or many of them, are stiff and sore from long cramping on a hard seat, and in poor condition for marching. So only after a rest they are moved by short marches to the zone of concentration. It is apparent from these general considerations that the railroads are a factor of capital importance in seeking the advantage of the initiative, of determining the general course of operations, for the enemy as well as for one's self. To secure and to keep this advantage both in strategy and in tactics has long been a first principle of good generalship.

FRANCO-GERMAN METHODS IN 1870

IN the Franco-German War the French estimated the army to be encountered at about 550,000 men and their own at about 300,000. They expected to compensate for the German preponderance by rapidity of movement. Their plan was to dash across the upper Rhine, separate northern from southern Germany, securing incidentally the alliance of Austria and Italy, and throw their main force against isolated Prussia, the armed force of which they reckoned at 350,000 men. The French had virtually only four lines of railroad; the Germans had nine. As a consequence, the French forces, instead of mobilizing first and then concentrating, concentrated first and undertook to mobilize afterward. They failed partly from want of experience in such an operation and partly from interference by the advancing Germans. For while the French began their preparation before the Germans, the latter completed theirs and began operations before

the French. The German plan, based upon a project of Moltke's made in the winter of 1868 and 1869, was a simpler one than that of Napoleon III, who commanded the French army. It was to push westward into France, and, by manœuvering around the French right, force it northward against the neutral territory of Belgium, where it would have to surrender, or drive it into that territory, where it would have to lay down its arms or suffer such losses as the Germans suffered in this war in forcing their way through Belgium.

If the French evaded this by moving southward, the Germans would direct their march upon Paris. On account of the centralization of the French Government, the command of Paris meant the control of France.

In the Franco-German War the order to mobilize was issued in Berlin on the fifteenth of July, 1870; the mobilization of 850,000 men and the concentration of 450,000 of them were completed by the second of August. This was the day settled upon in the French army for a reconnaissance at Saarbrücken, on the German border east of Metz. MacMahon's command, which was to have split northern and southern Germany apart, was not ready for active operations. On the second the Germans met the French forces in an affair at Saarbrücken; on the fourth and sixth they attacked and defeated them at Weissenburg and Wörth, driving MacMahon in the direction of Châlon, and on the sixteenth and eighteenth, at Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, throwing Bazaine back upon Metz, where he was later invested. MacMahon undertook, with the main French army, to go to the relief of Bazaine. He was intercepted, and surrounded at Sedan; the emperor, being with the army, was compelled to surrender with it on the second of September, two months to a day after the first encounter. This caused the fall of his dynasty, terminating the war against the empire. The war against the republic consisted mainly in the siege of Paris, and may be considered as ending with the conclusion of the preliminaries of peace on the twenty-sixth of February, 1871. But it was not until the sixteenth of September, 1873, that the last German soldier was withdrawn from French territory. The fighting had been followed by two and a half years of occupation as a guaranty for the collection of the war indemnity of five milliards of francs.

In the present war, the contending coalitions are composed of Russia, France, Servia, Montenegro, Great Britain, Belgium, and Japan, against Germany and Austria-Hungary.

Other things being equal, a single nation is more formidable as a military power than a coalition, and a coalition of two or three powers more formidable than one of six or seven. This should be borne in mind in comparing the German army with the joint force of France and Belgium or of France, Belgium, and Great Britain, or the German coalition with the Russian. But the advantage of the German coalition lies not wholly in its relatively small membership. It consists also in its comparative homogeneity of population, similarity of language, government, traditions, etc.; in its geographical compactness, the countries adjoining each other; in its lying between its two strongest opponents, thus hindering their cooperation and commanding interior lines for operation against them. It may be assumed that the German coalition has an advantage over the Russian which the South had over the North in our Civil War, of having for a longer time foreseen and anticipated the irrepressible conflict, of being better prepared with plans, methods, and resources to meet the novel, unprecedented contingencies as they arise. All this points to better leadership and greater endurance. The French have been credited with superior armament, especially in their artillery, and better aviation, but history has shown that success in war is due less to military technology than to leadership and endurance. The great advantage of the Russian coalition lies in its command of the sea. Will the British and allied navies, acting on the precedent set by Germany in Belgium and Luxemburg, violate the rights of neutrals so far as that may be necessary, and effectually blockade the German coalition? And if they do, will that prove decisive of the war? In our Civil War it was the blockade that broke the strength of the Confederacy, but it took us two years to make the blockade effective, and two years more to overcome the starving,

ragged armies of the South. The forces which each of the European coalitions is capable of putting in the field cannot be stated with accuracy, and at this stage of the war are immaterial. It may be assumed that the Russian side can muster about twice as many men as the German. But the important thing to know is what forces are in or near the principal theater of war for the time being. This we shall rarely learn.

In the Franco-German War the German field army was divided into three minor armies, the first, second, and third, commanded respectively by General Von Steinmetz, Prince Frederick Charles, and the Crown Prince Frederick William. These armies were marshaled from north to south in the order named, all under command of King William of Prussia.

So in the present war the German army is fractioned apparently in three masses, one moving through Belgium, one through Luxemburg, and one through Alsace. Liège corresponds in this war to Metz in the Franco-German War. Even its unexpected resistance, if it was unexpected, may be paralleled by the unlooked for tenacity of General Bazaine for Metz. The Germans expected Metz to be abandoned, as it should have been, when the Germans manœuvered to cut it off from Paris. They had a special force ready to garrison it. But they had to lay siege to it and construct a railroad to turn it. Will they do something like this at Liège?

The Franco-German campaign is likely to be short and sharp, but may not decide the war, and in that case may be followed by a comparatively long tussle on Russian or German territory or both.

The advance of Austria into Servia is apparently abandoned, Austria giving her attention to France and Russia. How different from the conditions in 1870, when Austria, far from being a help, was a cause of anxiety to Germany? Her neutrality then was due to three causes: the early successes of the German arms in France; the consideration shown by Prussia to Austria in 1866 in abstaining after Sadowa from marching upon Vienna; an understanding between Russia and Prussia that, in case Austria violated her neutrality, Russia would immediately proceed to paralyze her by moving an army of 300,000 men into Galicia, where she is now operating against Germany.

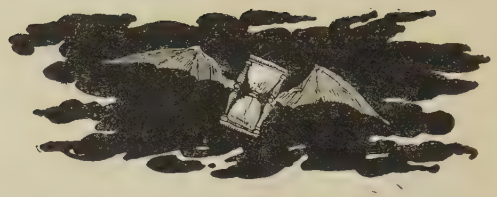
Russia, the best friend that Germany had in 1870, is her most formidable enemy in 1914.

WILL THE WAR BE SHORT?

PREDICTIONS that the war will be a short one are apparently based on expectations of lack of food or lack of money. It is hard to see how either side can suffer greatly from lack of food if it has command of the sea or communicates through neutral territory with over-sea countries. The Russian coalition has both, the German coalition has the latter means of supply. As long as the rights of neutral nations under so-called international law are respected, food supplies may go to Germany and Austria through Holland, Italy, Albania, Greece, and Bulgaria.

The lack of money will not be felt while there is credit, and whether there is credit will depend largely on the fortune of war: it will be a matter mainly of military success or failure. As a sinew of war, money is not of such importance as is commonly thought. The financing of a modern war takes place before and after rather than during its occurrence, especially if it is a short one. But assuming this to be a long one and that funds and credit run low or give out, does an army stop fighting from lack of money, of equipment, of transportation, even of ammunition, as it does from lack of food? Nothing will take the fight out of it as that does, except lack of success, hopelessness, which comes only from conscious inferiority to the enemy. Despite a dearth of money, the war will go on, provided the dearth is not all on one side, or that both sides are about equally straitened.

As friends of both, having on one side our mother-country in alliance with the country that sent us Lafayette and fought by land and sea for our independence and the one that befriended us in our struggle against disunion; and on the other side the people that gave us Steuben, Kalb, and the thousands of kindred spirits that have helped to make and preserve our nation and to furnish it ideals of art, literature, trade, and citizenship, we cannot afford to identify ourselves with either.



TIME'S VISION

BY NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

WE drifted away in the distance,
Through the cold September rain;
You in the carriage for New Ross,
And I in the Kerry train.

Sad was the heart in my bosom,
More sad than the desolate day,
When Nature seemed sharing the sorrow
I had for your going away.

Gaunt were the trees at the castle
(The lime-trees that shadow the drive),
With a glimpse of sky through the branches
And leaves that yet lingered alive.

You have gone from the place where I knew you,
The ocean must keep us apart;
But the sight of you lingers forever
In the shrine I have made of my heart,

While Time goes steadily reaping,
And binding the sheaves of the years—
Binding with bands of pleasure
The harvest we watered with tears.

Yet swift is the passing of seasons,
And soon will the new summer be,
When you come over the channel,
And I come over the sea.

And Love will then grant us a vision
Of joy above sorrow and tears;
And God will look down from His heaven,
And Time cease reaping the years.

In Lighter Vein

JOUEZ BALLE!

BY LAWTON MACKALL

NEW and better ideas of child education are steadily making their way. Nearly every one now acknowledges that the school-room should be primarily a place of entertainment, that the true vocation of the teacher is to amuse in an instructive manner, and that study is really a scientific form of play. Also, it is quite generally admitted that methods which involve mental effort on the part of the child are not to be tolerated.

So much progress has already been made. But now there has just appeared a book which bids fair to carry the educational advance as far ahead again. This book, entitled "A Base-ball Primer of French," substitutes for the conventional pedantry of conjugations, syntax, etc., a vivid account in French of an imaginary world's series. Any boy who studies it will understand it instinctively; for if the foreign text prove obscure, he has only to read the English translation underneath.

The author, Frank Scrimmel,—who, it may be remembered, was captain of his college nine,—shows a profound knowledge of base-ball. Indeed, it is on account of his ability as athletic coach that he holds his position of instructor in French at the Crampton Academy for boys.

The following extract gives an inkling of the rare pedagogical value of the book:

Dans le dixième point, avec deux
In the tenth period, with two

hommes sur bases et un sorti, Harburg
men on bases and one out, Harburg

éventa. Alors Bill le Rosseur ramassa
fanned. Then Bill the Walloper picked up

sa chauve-souris et marcha à grands pas
his bat and strode

à l'assiette. Hank Harrigan, vrai à ses
to the plate. Hank Harrigan, true to his

lauriers de plus grand vivant tournoyeur
laurels as the greatest living southpaw

sud-patte, partit avec un tirer-dedans qui
twirler, started off with a zipping in-

faisait zip-zip, entaillant une frappe. Le
shoot, scoring a strike. The

suivant fut un bal. Dugan, au premier,
next was a ball. Dugan, on first,

descendit avec son bras et vola la deuxième
went down with his arm and stole second

base, mais Brown fut mis en dehors au
base, but Brown was put out at

troisième. Alors la cruche mis en dessus
third. Then the pitcher put over

un bal saliveux: frappe deux. Puis, vin-
a spit-ball: strike two. Then came

rent encore deux bals. Le comte était
two more balls. The count was

maintenant trois à deux, et les éventails
now three to two, and the fans

s'asseyaient sans haleine.
sat breathless.

Bill assomma une longue mouche qui
Bill knocked out a long fly which

tomba volaille. Il suiva celle-ci avec une
fell foul. He followed this with a

volaille poppeuse, qui l'aurait fini n'eut
pop fly, that would have

été un manchon stupide de la part de
finished him, but for a stupid muff by the

l'attrappeur.
catcher.

Harrigan devenait grincé, et Cathaway,
Harrigan was becoming rattled, and Cathaway,

voiturant de la ligne de côté, lui criait,
coaching from the side-line, yelled at him,

"Bras de verre! Il monte! Il monte!"
"Glass arm! He's going up! He's going up!"

La cruche envoya une goutte facile; Bill
The pitcher sent an easy drop; Bill

débarqua là-dessus carrément, le menant
landed on it squarely, driving it

par-dessus la tête de l'arrête-court, loin
over the short-stop's head, far

dans le champ gauche. C'était un oiseau
into left field. It was a bird

d'une frappe. Dugan entailla, et puis
of a hit. Dugan scored, and then

Bill, gaiement circlant les sacs, glissa sauf
Bill, gaily circling the bags, slid safe

chez soi, pendant que les blanchisseurs
home, as the bleachers

allaient sauvages.
went wild.

Drawn by C. Forbell

"THAT 'S RIGHT! RUB IT IN!"

WHAT PERFECT NONSENSE!

VERSES BY HARRIET LANE PICTURES BY NINA A. HOMOLACS

I. SENSE OF DIRECTION

"OH, come with me," cried the forward girl, "and try the world so wild!"
"I cannot," said the little boy; "I am a backward child."

II. CONSCIENCE

Unsuspected by the customs, to myself my sin is bared:
Think of all the foreign notions that I have not yet "declared"!

OUR ZOÖLOGICAL SECTION—I

Drawing by

THE HOME

Drawing by J. B. Graff

SYMPATHY

ARTIST: "You had to turn my drawing down?"

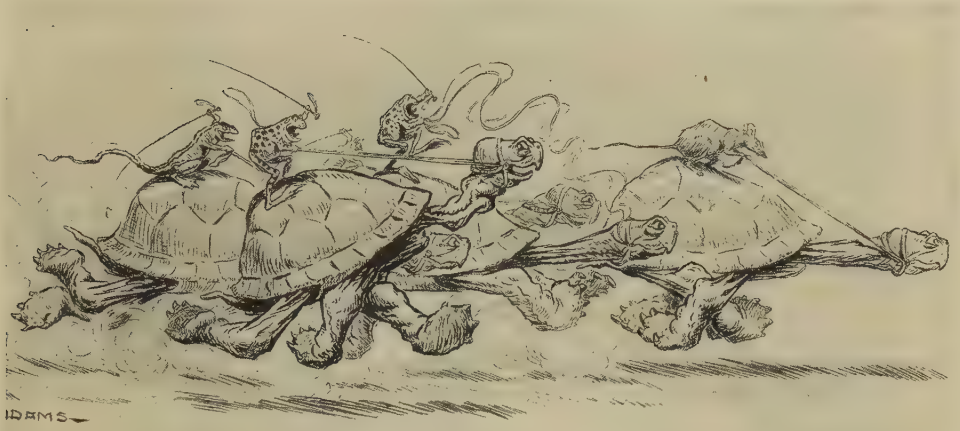
ART EDITOR: "Yes, it 's too bad!"

Drawing by A. Z. Baker

ENVY

THE VULTURE: "I say, old man, I wish you 'd give me the name of your hair-tonic."

OUR ZOÖLOGICAL SECTION—II



Bob Addams

STRETCH

Drawing by Walt Kuhn

"Awfully nice of you, Henry, to offer to take us for a walk, but the children have n't got a thing to wear!"

Drawing by Robert L. Dickey

A CHEVAL GLASS

ATALANTA

A MODERN VERSION

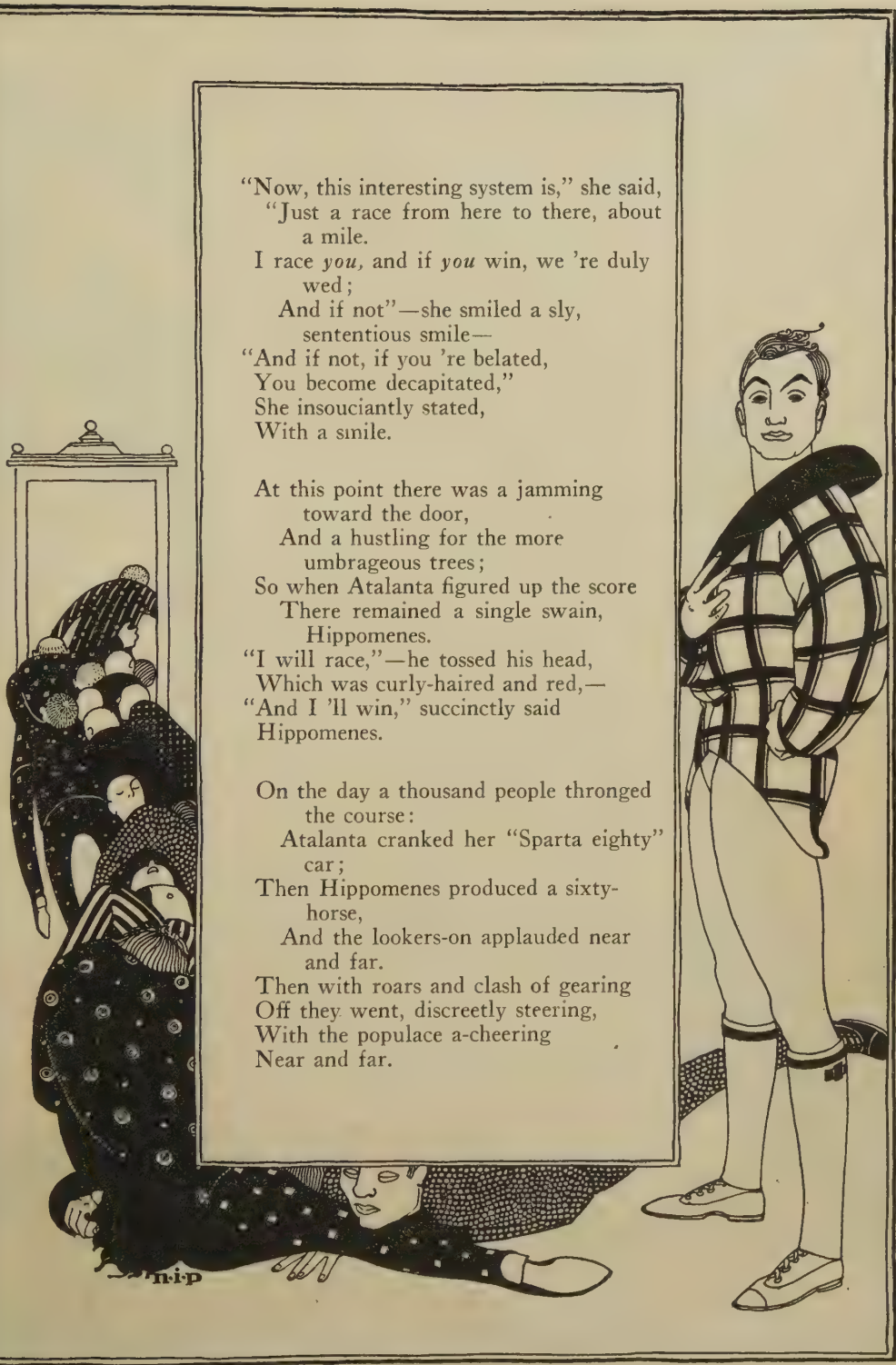
BY E. L. McKINNEY

DECORATIONS BY NOEMI I. PERNESSIN

IN the ancient Grecian ages lived a maid,
Quite attractive as Hellenic ladies are,
And around about Arcadia she played
In a sputtering and speedy motor-car;
And in races fast and flitty
She would dash about the city
In her powerful and pretty
Motor car.

As befell all ancient heroines of note,
She was wooed by all the suitors of the land,
For her beauty caught the most reluctant goat,
And their owners sought in shoals to win her hand.
All day long was seen the streaking
Of the motors, sirens shrieking,
As the myriads came seeking
For her hand.

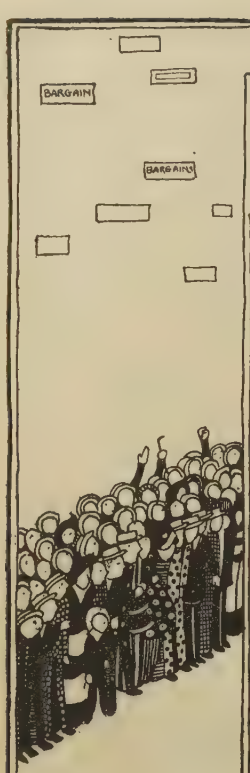
But she had a clever system, as it were,
To preclude an overcrowding in the hall;
With her suitors she would carefully confer
And announce: "It is a race, and that is all;
Hubbies looking for positions
Note the following conditions
Of these open competitions,
That is all.



"Now, this interesting system is," she said,
"Just a race from here to there, about
a mile.
I race *you,* and if *you* win, we 're duly
wed;
And if not"—she smiled a sly,
sententious smile—
"And if not, if you 're belated,
You become decapitated,"
She insouciantly stated,
With a smile.

At this point there was a jamming
toward the door,
And a hustling for the more
umbrageous trees;
So when Atalanta figured up the score
There remained a single swain,
Hippomenes.
"I will race,"—he tossed his head,
Which was curly-haired and red,—
"And I 'll win," succinctly said
Hippomenes.

On the day a thousand people thronged
the course:
Atalanta cranked her "Sparta eighty"
car;
Then Hippomenes produced a sixty-
horse,
And the lookers-on applauded near
and far.
Then with roars and clash of gearing
Off they went, discreetly steering,
With the populace a-cheering
Near and far.



Now, Hippomenes had learned a
wondrous lot,
For ex-suitors' fates had caused him
some concern,
And he knew what women liked and,
then, what not,
And he used his knowledge well at
every turn.
So a sign, with this weird warning,
"Bargains, only for this morning,"
Atalanta found adorning
Every turn.

Though she led, at every placard she
would stop,—
It 's remarkable she never smelt a
rat,—
While young Hippie pushed the throttle
to the top,
And the race was easy going after
that;
For he triumphed while she tarried,
So Fate's thrust was deftly parried.
They were subsequently married
After that.

Moral

Now the moral of this story we thus
carefully compress:
"Though equipped with speed, a woman is
a woman none the less."

n·i·p

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